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MODERN SCREEN

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City.....State.....

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hearts surrender to a radiant smile!

To give your smile extra sparkle and appeal, brighten your teeth with Ipana and Massage!

TAKE COURAGE, plain girl—and smile! You don't need beauty to win your heart's desire. Just glance about you at the girls who are well-loved—the brides-to-be—the happy young wives—

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You, too, can have that same magnetic appeal—compelling, irresistible. So smile, plain girl, *smile!* Let your smile turn heads, win hearts, invite new happiness for you.

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"Pink Tooth Brush"—a warning!

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist.* He may say your gums have become tender—robbed of exercise by today's soft, creamy foods. And, like many dentists today, he may very likely suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

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The greatest star of the screen!

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★ ★ ★ ★

She was twelve, she came from Grand Rapids and had rhythm. She sang like a lark on the beat. While her mother accompanied her on the pianoforte. M-G-M cheered.

★ ★ ★ ★

What an electric little spark was Judy. She was destined for stardom.

★ ★ ★ ★

Today is destiny day. See "For Me and My Gal."

★ ★ ★ ★

Judy Garland is a great star. As a matter of fact, she is the second most popular actress in the nation by actual poll. And no wonder.

★ ★ ★ ★

How she sings and dances and acts! But above all, she has feeling—that's what makes her so good.

★ ★ ★ ★

It's what distinguishes "For Me and My Gal" from all other musical movies you've seen. Feeling.

★ ★ ★ ★

The plot is as warm and friendly as your fireside. Convincing dialogue. Infectious song rendering.

★ ★ ★ ★

George Murphy and Gene Kelly play with Judy. Murphy is at his best. Gene Kelly is a "find." Broadway saw him first in "Pal Joey," but you'll never forget him in "For Me and My Gal."

★ ★ ★ ★

It's not necessary to predict a future for Gene Kelly. His future is here. What a performance he gives as a heel with a heart.

★ ★ ★ ★

The dramatic and humorous screenplay has been provided by Richard Sherman, Fred Finklehoffe and Sid Silvers from Howard Emmett Rodgers' original yarn.

★ ★ ★ ★

Busby Berkeley, the screen's greatest director of musical pictures, directed it and Arthur Freed produced it. The two work well together.

★ ★ ★

"The bells are ringing For Me and My Gal."

—Leo

P. S. We recommend "Random Harvest" as the greatest dramatic film since "Mrs. Miniver." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, of course.

MODERN SCREEN

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GEORGE MURPHY · GENE KELLY · Marta Eggerth · Ben Blue · Directed by BUSBY BERKELEY Produced by ARTHUR FREED

Screen Play by Richard Sherman, Fred Finklehoffe and Sid Silvers · Original Story by Howard Emmett Rogers · A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

MOVIE REVIEWS

Gene Kelly, featured with Judy Garland in this saga of vaudeville, racketed to glory in "Pal Joey." Judy's a trouper of the vaude circuits from away back.

Judy's brother, Richard Quine, leaves to make the world safe for Democracy. (Richard was in "Babes on Broadway" with Judy, too.) Gene, Lucille Norman and George Murphy look on.

By Zachary Gold

FOR ME AND MY GAL

Vaudeville may or may not be dead; we wouldn't know. We only know what we read in "Variety." But as far as Hollywood is concerned, two-a-day is ancient history; it happened way back in the nineteen twenties, didn't it? So for Hollywood, at any rate, vaudeville falls into the class of costume pictures, twenty-three skidoo and a comic in checkered pants, derby hat and spats. "For Me And My Gal" falls back a notch beyond that and sets its tale against the background of the last war; by that coincidence, it can be flavorful and topical at the same time, nostalgic and full of the current emotional punch of a world at war.

And make no mistake about it, "For Me And My Gal" touches the heart and stirs the memory. Vaudeville may be a corpse, but the story of it has a warm and living quality. There's nothing particularly new about the picture, but it's told simply and with an eye for detail and with just the right proportions of ham and hoke. And certainly it doesn't suffer because its leading roles fall into such capable hands as those of Judy Garland, George Murphy and Gene Kelly.

It's about the Palace and Orpheum time, about the train jumps to make a "split week" in Minneapolis, about the big time and the hicks. It tells the story of Jo Hayden (Judy Garland), a girl with a voice and a pair of dancing legs. Jo was playing the smaller circuits with Jimmy Metcalfe (George Murphy) when, in a small Iowa theater, she meets Harry Palmer (Gene Kelly). Palmer is all bluster and big front; he's headed for the big time and the Palace, he says. And Jo falls; not for the line but for the guy himself. There's something about Harry, despite all his bluff and talk.

So Jo teams up with Harry and salves his pride when the going gets tough. It's a long, slow climb to the Palace; but Palmer and Hayden are on their way. They've even received promise of a chance when the War breaks on America and Harry gets his draft notification. He crushes his hand deliberately in order to be deferred long enough to play the Palace. And that's too much for Jo. She quits Palmer and goes back to Metcalfe.

But War is a great teacher in some respects, and in France on the battlefields Palmer learns he's not heaven's only gift to humanity. He comes back after the war different and chastened. He comes back to an act named Palmer, Hayden and Metcalfe; but he learns that in Jo's heart the billing is still just Palmer and Hayden.

The story of "For Me And My (*Continued on page 8*)

Don't judge her by the way she looks

or by the things she's done to her Sister!

THERE ARE TWO SIDES TO EVERY STORY–AND EVERY WOMAN!

IDA
LUPINO
DENNIS
MORGAN
JOAN
LESLIE

Supported by
JACK CARSON
GLADYS GEORGE
FAYE EMERSON · *Directed by*
VINCENT SHERMAN
Screen Play by Daniel Fuchs and Peter Viertel

☆

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS
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"The Hard Way"

A Great WARNER BROS. Picture!

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WANT TO BE THE KIND OF A WOMAN MEN FLOCK AROUND?

Would you like to have that "something" that draws men like a flower does bees? Any woman or girl of ordinary intelligence, beautiful or plain, can learn to be attractive to men.

It's the way she dresses—and the cute way she smiles. The eager and interesting way she talks—and the poised and graceful way she walks. It's her enthusiastic manner and gay personality—and it's always so easy and pleasant to be with her. Every little thing counts—and it all adds up to cast that spell, that "something"—called CHARM!

YOU can develop that magic charm! YOU can make yourself attractive, interesting and desirable. CHARM IS LIKE A BEAUTIFUL DRESS! It can be acquired and put on. Learn how in amazing, new book, BETTER THAN BEAUTY—"A Guide To Charm" by Helen Valentine and Alice Thompson (famous beauty, fashion and personality authorities). This complete book covers EVERYTHING—the beauty aids, the clothes, the grooming, the etiquette, the personal manner and the active mind—which all together give you that power called CHARM!

Take the Kinks Out of Your Appearance and Personality!

If you have a large nose, small eyes, short neck—if you are short, tall, fat or thin, or have any other physical fault—this book tells you EXACTLY what to do. If your clothes never look well—if you don't know what to talk about—if not sure of your manners—if you are moody—if you have rasping voice or giggling laugh—or troubled by any problem—this complete book will guide and help you to minimize or correct every difficulty or fault!

WHAT THIS BOOK WILL DO FOR YOU

Here are a few of the subjects covered:

- How to add beauty and allure to your face and figure
- Care of skin and complexion; professional make-up
- Secrets of smart hair-styling
- Selecting most becoming clothes and accessories for every type figure
- How to meet and make new friends; become liked and popular

APPENDIX: An 8 page caloric Table of everyday foods—a grand help in watching your diet, to lose or put on weight.

172 pages 49 illustrations

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Gal" is only half of the picture. It's the flavor of the period, the songs and the dances that make up the other half of the film. Judy Garland, in one of the best parts of her career, sings and acts her way through a juicy role; some of the songs are old and some of them are new, but they all get the Garland treatment. The little lady has been growing up, and in "For Me And My Gal" she makes her bid for mature stardom.

"For Me And My Gal," too, acts to serve up Gene Kelly on a large platter. He's something of a new face in films with a sensational New York stage success behind him. There's George Murphy, of course, of the pleasant Irish face and the nimble feet; and Ben Blue, Keenan Wynn and Marta Eggerth. As they may have said at the Palace: it's a solid bill. Ring up the curtain!—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

Judy Garland was the first official "customer" at the new M-G-M Emergency Hospital. She limped in with blisters on her feet from a 3-day dance routine . . . Buzz Berkely, rehearsing Ben Blue for a corny vaudeville dance act, didn't like the way things were going. Ben was supposed to dash onstage just as the curtain fell, run under it, be hit on the head, etc. The timing was wrong, so Berkely said, "Here—I'll show you," and ran under the curtain. It conked him on the head with a bang and he hit the floor! He'd forgotten that Blue wore a heavy rubber pad under his cap for the scene! . . . Keenan Wynn, son of Ed, had a part as a vaudeville star playing the old N. Y. Palace. Funny coincidence is that his Pa was on the opening bill of that famous variety house, as well as in the closing show. A decade later, another Wynn is playing the Palace, even if it's only a picture . . . "Oscar" trophies are losing their prestige, claims the cast of "Me and My Gal." Each time one of them does an extra-good scene, Director Berkely rewards him with a lump of sugar—"The Academy Award of Today" . . . One of the sets was a 1915 restaurant, and among the authentic "props" was a large glass globe on the counter, stocked with sugared doughnuts, a custom in those days. Judy, who loves doughnuts, ate one between each "take," and the property man had to keep replenishing the globe. "Serves me right," he cracked, "for not laying in a supply of rubber ones before they put the ban on tires" . . . George Murphy and Blue had trouble finding jokes so bad that the audience wouldn't laugh. Sample—Ben: "What's that mark on your forehead? A birthmark?" George: "Yeah, I got into the wrong berth." . . . Gene Kelly got the biggest surprise of his life when Marta Eggerth handed him a glass of champagne in a scene. "Holy Cats," he exploded, "it IS *champagne!" "The holy cats were convincing," observed Buzz, "but why the rest?" "Because it* IS *champagne, taste it!" They did and discovered that an old bottle of champagne lying around in the property department had been unearthed!*

CASABLANCA

We are learning our geography lessons these days in the painful school of war and battle. And it's a tortured geography that does not move in straight lines and set patterns; it skitters over a world made shapeless and horrible by the Nazi shadow. The refugees who seep out of Europe must move a cautious, round-about, danger-ridden path to safety: Paris to Marseilles, a dash by night across the Mediterranean, from Oran in Africa to Casablanca in French Morocco, and from there, with luck, to Lisbon, and from Lisbon, for a few, to America and safety.

"Casablanca" puts a magnifying glass on this way station in the new Underground Railway. Here in this Moorish city, sweltering under the African sun, the hopeless of Europe gather for the dash to Lisbon; here you might find a haunted Austrian seeking a visa, a Belgian on his way to the Free French forces in the Congo, a Pole hunting passage to England and the RAF, an underground leader on his way back to the death-house of Europe, Gestapo agents and Nazis, thieves and smugglers, women and the men who love them . . .

You would find them, most probably, gathered under the bright lights of Rick's Cafe. For Rick's was the center of everything that went on in Casablanca, the good and the bad alike. And Rick himself (Humphrey Bogart) knew all the secrets of Casablanca, all the whispered stories of its back alleys and hideouts. Rick . . . the American who had come from Paris, whose own past was a secret, and who watched life and death in Casablanca with the same cool eyes.

"Casablanca" tells a tense and taut story of action here on the rim of Africa. For Rick's own past rises out of the ashes of Europe one night when Ilsa Lund (Ingrid Bergman) comes into his cafe. Rick had known Ilsa in Paris, known her as the woman he had loved. But Ilsa is not alone in Casablanca; with her is her husband, Victor Laszlo (Paul Henreid), secretly the head of a vast underground movement in Europe. Events move with a harsh swiftness when the Nazis discover Laszlo's presence. They'll stop at nothing to prevent his escape; he is determined to return to Europe.

Caught up in this net of intrigue, caught up again in his love for Ilsa, Rick must move on a dangerous tightrope between the Nazis and safety. Inevitably the action centers in the brightly lit arena of his cafe. There Laszlo comes to plead with Rick for help, there the Gestapo agents come to bargain and threaten, and there Ilsa comes, bringing alive memories Rick had thought long dead. Over the harsh pounding music of Sam, the Negro, at the piano, over the click of the dice and the roulette wheels of the gambling room, over the inane chatter of the bar-room, the drama of "Casablanca" moves to a climax.

Warner Brothers has gathered an all-star cast for "Casablanca." Besides the stars you'll find Claude Rains as the French Prefect of Police, Conrad Veidt as the unyielding Nazi, Peter Lorre and Sydney Greenstreet as characters of the

(*Continued on page 70*)

He Kissed Her All Over The Map

ON ANOTHER FELLOW'S HONEYMOON!

THAT EVENING IN PARIS

SOUL KISSES IN PRAGUE

LOVE UNDER FIRE IN WARSAW!

VIENNA WAS HEAVEN

Whirlwind romance that races headlong through the tumbling capitals of Europe! ...A truly great picture that catches the courage, the drama, and the flaming spirit of a blitz-torn world, in the most *exciting* story of this war!

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More Spectacle! More Comedy!
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and Smiley BURNETTE with George "Gabby" HAYES
IN
HEART OF THE GOLDEN WEST

with
BOB NOLAN and the SONS OF THE PIONEERS
RUTH TERRY
WALTER CATLETT PAUL HARVEY EDMUND McDONALD
LEIGH WHIPPER WILLIAM HAADE
AND THE HALL JOHNSON CHOIR
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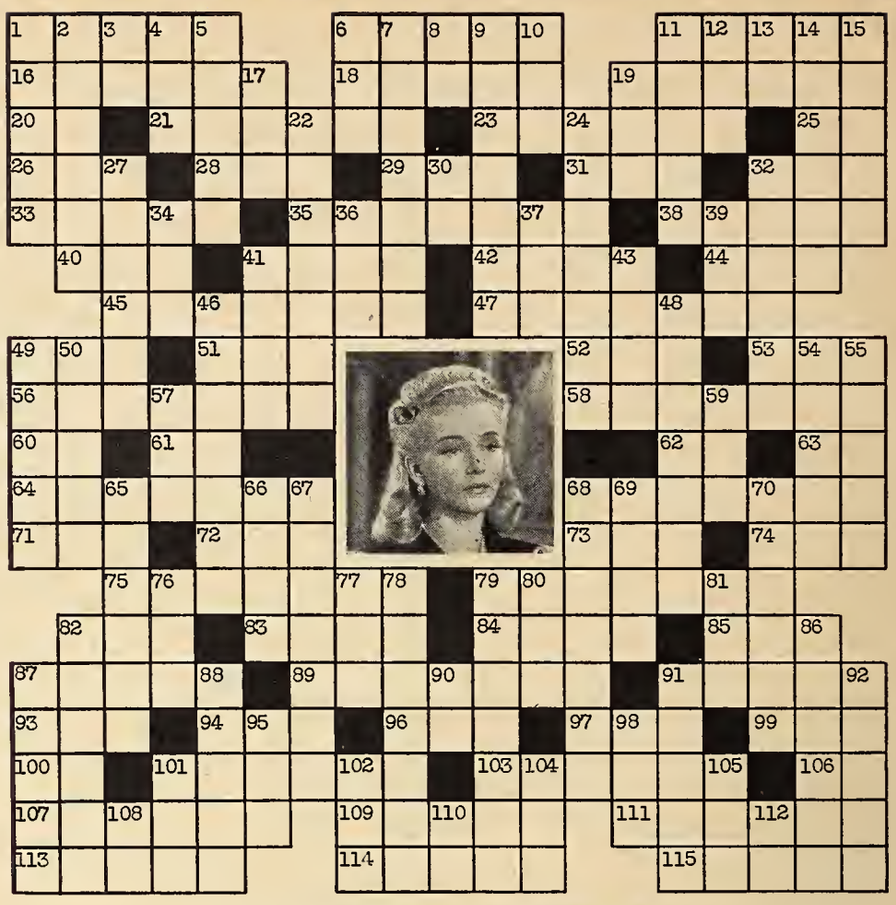

Puzzle Solution on Page 99

ACROSS

1. Star of "Iceland"
6. Col. Brossley in "Escape from Hongkong"
11. - - - - Hope Crews
16. Unfastened
18. Badman Jack - - - -
19. - - - - - - Gurie
20. Steamship: abbr.
21. Kind of acid
23. Miss Pollard
25. Olivia - - Havilland
26. High mountain
28. Golf mound
29. Cover
31. Male star of "Panama Hattie"
32. Dolores - - - Rio
33. Star of "Her Cardboard Lover"
35. Director Litvak
38. Gallery: Hist.
40. Court
41. Gordon in "Remember Pearl Harbor"
42. College miss
44. Printer's measures
45. Femme in "Fingers at the Window"
47. Pert. to motion
49. " - - - Husbands Necessary?"
51. Twice 44—Across
52. Compass point
53. American humorist
56. Largest
58. Daily
60. Band leader in "Pride of the Yankees": init. & last name
61. "Tales - - Manhattan"
62 "- - The Shores of Tripoli"
63. Femme in "Bedtime Story": init. and last name
64. Ted in "Holiday Inn"
68. Hero in "The Mystery of Marie Roget"
71. - - - vyn LeRoy
72. Sign of assent
73. Even: poetic
74. Affirmative vote
75. Opens something stuck
79. His first name's James
82. "Pride of the Al - - -"
83. Repeat
84. Implement
85. Femme of "Moontide"
87. Femme in "Ten Gentlemen from West Point"
89. Nick in "Babes on Broadway"
91. Select body
93. Rowdy in "Panama Hattie"
94. Obtained
96. "B - - - Geste"
97. Male lead in "Sunday Punch"
99. Depressed
100. "To Be - - Not To Be"
101. Make object of love
103. Mac in "You Can't Escape Forever"
106. L - - se Rainer
107. Dinner course
109. DeMille's first name
111. Wandering
113. Prophets
114. Group of three
115. Spars

DOWN

1. Gal in "Young and Willing"
2. A heavy named Stevens
3. Northwestern state: abbr.
4. Hero of "Invisible Agent"
5. The beauteous Louise
6. Bridge expert Culbertson
7. Max in "All Through the Night"
8. Stammering sound
9. European robin
10. Yes
11. Marjorie Reynolds in "Holiday Inn"
12. Lifetime
13. Abraham's birthplace
14. Equestrians
15. Joan Merrill in "Iceland"
17. Summer: Fr.
19. "- - - Devil Island"
22. One devoted to actuality
24. Prinked
27. Sawfly's fleshy leg
30. "Swing - - Soldier"
32. Snuffy in "Snuffy Smith, the Yard Bird"
34. Extinct bird
36. The blonde Grey
37. - - s January
39. Hawaiian wreath
41. Old Dutch measures
43. Lucille Ball's husband
46. Reducing sail
48. Ancient Germans
49. Father of the Hebrews
50. Wash lightly
54. Dick in "Panama Hattie"
55. - - - - - Knox
57. Tibetan gazelle
59. "King's - - -"
65. Campbell in "The Night Before the Divorce"
66. Screen part
67. Teach
68. Tumors
69. Actor Hamilton
70. Our star in "My Gal Sal"
76. Likewise not
77. Town Ehlite is named for
78. Grew solemn
79. Tuscany's old name
80. Monster in "The Ghost of Frankenstein"
81. "- - - for the Lamps of China"
82. Joan Fontaine's husband
86. Shipshape
87. Wind instruments
88. Fanny in "The Magnificent Ambersons"
90. Rochester's real last name and init.
91. Excessive: Scots Law
92. Revises
95. Short poem
98. Morris Ankrum in "Ride 'Em Cowboy"
101. Go astray
102. Perform on a set
104. "In - - - California"
105. Epoch
108. Tellurium symbol
110. Edward - - anelli
117. "Tough - - They Come"

Keep ém pretty

Keep your nails pretty. Dura-Gloss does it. If, like so many others, you're busier than ever with war duties, you'll find Dura-Gloss nail polish a real ally. Dura-Gloss contains a special ingredient (Chrystallyne) that makes it last longer on your nails (and it's important now to make things last)—this ingredient gives it a special sparkle that brightens you up. You just can't help *feeling* better after you've used Dura-Gloss! Get it today.

See these handsome Dura-Gloss colors—

Blackberry
Wineberry
Mulberry

DURA-GLOSS *nail polish*

Cuticle Lotion Polish Remover Duro-Coat

10¢
PLUS TAX

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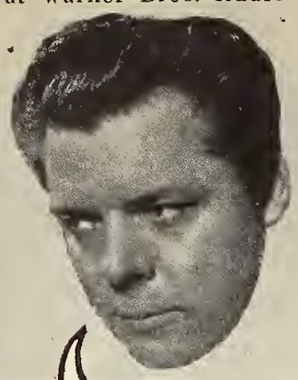
Paterson, N. J.
Founded by E. T. Reynolds

PERC WESTMORE, Head Make-up Artist at Warner Bros. studio



ANN, I'M TRYING TO TELL EVERY GIRL IN AMERICA WHAT WONDERS OUR FOUNDATION CREAM CAN DO FOR HER

ANN SHERIDAN, co-starred in "GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE", the Warner Bros. hit.

WELL I CAN VOUCH FOR THAT, PERC! AS YOU KNOW I USE IT CONSTANTLY... AND IT'S WONDERFUL!

Westmore Foundation Cream . . . wonder-working powder base in six skin-tinted shades (there's blending face powder, too!)

- Developed by the famous Westmores.
- Creates a smooth, even, glowing tone.
- Helps conceal little complexion faults.

50¢

Regular size at drug stores everywhere. "Get-acquainted" size at variety stores. (Add 10% Fed. tax.)

House of WESTMORE Inc.
HOLLYWOOD

MOVIE SCOREBOARD

175 pictures rated this month

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults.

Picture	General Rating
Across the Pacific (Warners)	3½★
Affairs of Jimmy Valentine (Republic)	2½★
A-Haunting We Will Go (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Almost Married (Universal)	2½★
Always in My Heart (Warners) C	3★
Are Husbands Necessary? (Paramount)	2½★
Atlantic Convoy (Columbia)	2½★
Bambi (RKO) C	4★
Berlin Correspondent (RKO)	2★
Between Us Girls (Universal)	3★
Beyond the Blue Horizon (Paramount)	3★
Big Shot, The (Warners)	3★
Big Street, The (RKO)	3★
Boss of Hangtown Mesa (Universal)	2½★
Broadway (Universal)	3★
Busses Roar (Warners)	2½★
Calling Dr. Gillespie (M-G-M)	2½★
Canal Zone (RKO)	2½★
Corpse Vanishes, The (Monogram)	2★
Counter Espionage (Columbia)	2½★
Courtship of Andy Hardy, The (M-G-M) C	3★
Crossroads (M-G-M)	3★
Danger in the Pacific (Universal)	2★
Dangerously They Live (Warners)	3★
Desperate Journey (Warners)	3★
Down Rio Grande Way (Columbia)	2★
Dr. Broadway (Paramount)	3★
Drums of the Congo (Universal)	2★
Eagle Squadron (Universal)	3★
Enemy Agents Meet Ellery Queen (Columbia)	2½★
Escape from Hong Kong (Universal)	2½★
Falcon Takes Over, The (RKO)	2½★
Fighting Bill Fargo (Universal)	2★
Fingers at the Window (M-G-M)	2½★
Fleet's In, The (Paramount)	3★
Flight Lieutenant (Columbia)	2½★
Footlight Serenade (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Friendly Enemies (United Artists)	2½★
Gay Sisters, The (Warners)	3★
Ghost of Frankenstein, The (Universal)	2½★
Ghost Town Law (Monogram)	2½★
Girl From Alaska (Republic)	2★
Give Out Sisters (RKO)	2½★
Gold Rush, The (United Artists)	4★
Grand Central Murder (M-G-M)	3★
Great Man's Lady, The (Paramount)	3★
Her Cardboard Lover (M-G-M)	2★
Holiday Inn (Paramount)	4★
I Married An Angel (M-G-M)	2½★
In Old California (Republic)	2½★
In This Our Life (Warners)	3½★
Invaders, The (Columbia)	3½★
Invisible Agent (Universal)	2½★
It Happened in Flatbush (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Jackass Mail (M-G-M)	2½★
Jesse James, Jr. (Republic)	2½★
Juke Box Jenny (Universal)	2½★
Juke Girl (Warners)	3★
Just Off Broadway (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Kid Glove Killer (M-G-M)	3★
Klondike Fury (Monogram)	2½★
Lady Has Plans, The (Paramount)	3★
Lady In a Jam (Universal)	2½★
Larceny, Inc. (Warners)	2½★
Let's Get Tough (Monogram)	2½★
Little Annie Rooney (United Artists) C	2½★
Little Tokio, U. S. A. (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Loves of Edgar Allan Poe (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Mad Martindales, The (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Magnificent Ambersons, The (RKO)	3★
Magnificent Dope, The (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Maisie Gets Her Man (M-G-M)	2½★
Major and the Minor, The (RKO)	4★
Male Animal, The (Warners)	3★
Man Who Returned to Life (Columbia)	2★
Man Who Wouldn't Die, The (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Manila Calling (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Mayor of 44th Street (RKO)	2½★
Meet the Mob (Monogram)	2★
Meet the Stewarts (Columbia)	2½★
Men of Texas (Universal)	2½★
Mexican Spitfire at Sea (RKO)	2½★
Mexican Spitfire's Elephant (RKO)	2½★
Mexican Spitfire Sees a Ghost (RKO)	2★
Mississippi Gambler (Universal)	2½★
Moonlight Masquerade (Republic)	2½★
Moontide (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Mrs. Miniver (M-G-M)	4★
My Favorite Spy (RKO)	2½★
My Gal Sal (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Mystery of Marie Roget, The (Universal)	2½★
Native Land (Frontier Films)	3½★
Nazi Agent (M-G-M)	3★
Night Before the Divorce (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Night in New Orleans (Paramount)	2★
Pacific Rendezvous (M-G-M)	2★
Parachute Nurse (Columbia)	2½★
Pardon My Sarong (Universal)	2½★
Pied Piper, The (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Pierre of the Plains (M-G-M)	3★
Powder Town (RKO)	2½★
Pride of the Yankees (RKO)	4★
Priorities on Parade (Paramount)	3★
Private Buckaroo (Universal)	2½★
Raiders of the Range (Republic)	2★
Reap the Wild Wind (Paramount)	3★
Remarkable Andrew, The (Paramount)	3★
Remember Pearl Harbor (Republic)	2½★
Ride 'Em Cowboy (Universal)	3★
Riders of the Northland (Monogram)	2★
Riders of the Range (Monogram)	2★
Rings on Her Fingers (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Rio Rita (M-G-M)	3★
Romance on the Range (Republic)	2★
Rubber Racketeers (Monogram)	2★
Sabotage Squad (Columbia)	2½★
Saboteur (Universal)	3½★
Sergeant York (Warners)	4★
Shanghai Gesture, The (United Artists)	3½★
Sherlock Holmes and the Voice of Terror (Universal)	3★
She's In The Army (Monogram)	2½★
Ship Ahoy (M-G-M)	3★
Ships with Wings (United Artists)	2½★
Silver Bullet, The (Universal)	2★
Sing Your Worries Away (RKO)	2★
Sleepytime Gal (Republic)	2★
Somewhere I'll Find You (M-G-M)	3★
Song of the Islands (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Sons of the Pioneers (Republic)	2½★
Sons of the Sea (Warners)	2½★
South of Santa Fe (Republic)	2★
Spoilers, The (Universal)	3½★
Spy Ship (Warners)	2½★
Stage Coach Buckaroo (Universal)	2½★
Stage Coach Express (Republic)	2½★
Stick to Your Guns (Monogram)	2★
Submarine Raider (Columbia)	3★
Suicide Squadron (Republic)	3½★
Sunday Punch (M-G-M)	2½★
Sweater Girl (Paramount)	2½★
Sweetheart of the Fleet (Columbia)	2½★
Syncopation (RKO)	3★
Take A Letter Darling (Paramount)	3½★
Tales of Manhattan (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Talk of the Town (Columbia)	3½★
Tarzan's New York Adventure (M-G-M)	2½★
Ten Gentlemen From West Point (Twentieth Century-Fox)	3★
They All Kissed the Bride (Columbia)	2½★
This Above All (20th Century-Fox)	4★
This Gun For Hire (Paramount)	3½★
Tish (M-G-M)	2★
To Be or Not to Be (United Artists)	3★
Tombstone (Paramount)	3★
Top Sergeant (Universal)	2½★
Tortilla Flat (M-G-M)	3½★
Tragedy of Midnight (Republic)	2½★
True to the Army (Paramount)	2½★
Tuttles of Tahiti, The (RKO)	3★
Twilight on the Trail (Paramount)	2½★
Two Yanks In Trinidad (Columbia)	2½★
Valley of the Sun (RKO)	3★
Vanishing Virginian, The (M-G-M)	3★
Wake Island (Paramount)	4★
We Were Dancing (M-G-M)	2½★
What's Cookin' (Universal)	3★
Who is Hope Schuyler? (RKO)	2★
Wife Takes A Flyer, The (Columbia)	2½★
Wings For the Eagle (Warners)	3★
Woman of the Year, The (M-G-M)	4★
Yankee Doodle Dandy (Warners)	4★
Yokel Boy (Republic)	2★

YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER

HAYWORTH'S *Glowing* BEAUTY!
ASTAIRE'S *Glorious* RHYTHM!
KERN'S *Greatest* SCORE!

A big tuneful dance film to blow your blues away! Kern's best songs since memorable "Show Boat"!

Hits already being hummed everywhere:
"I'M OLD FASHIONED"
"YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER"
"DEARLY BELOVED"
"WEDDING IN THE SPRING"

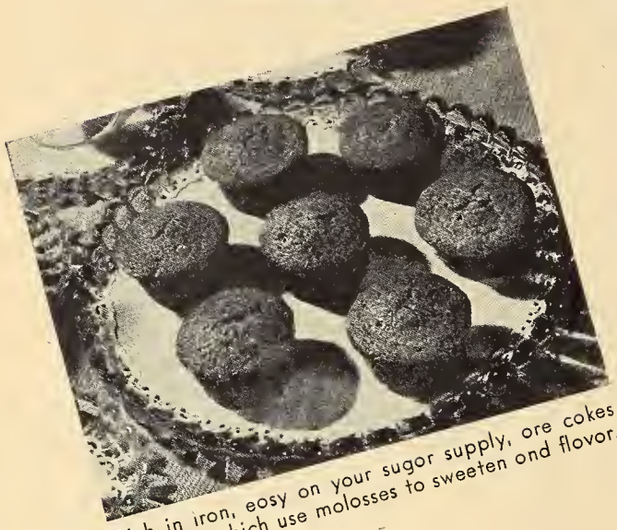
Fred ASTAIRE · *Rita* HAYWORTH
in
You Were Never Lovelier
with
ADOLPHE MENJOU
Music by JEROME KERN

Screen play by Michael Fessier & Ernest Pagano and Delmer Daves
Directed by William A. SEITER • Produced by Louis F. EDELMAN
A COLUMBIA PICTURE

Gay . . . Grand music-making by
XAVIER CUGAT
and His Orchestra
Hear their hit tune . . .
"CHIU, CHIU"!

BUNDLES FROM BRITTON

By Marjorie Deen



Rich in iron, easy on your sugar supply, are cakes like these which use molasses to sweeten and flavor.

Almost ready to take out of the oven—a batch of those spicy Gingercakes which this young star of "Star Spangled Rhythm" loves to bake.

In the family kitchen, at Long Beach, Barbara wraps sweet surprises for studio friends. Soon she'll be mailing Xmas goodies to our boys.

When Barbara's Paramount pals tasted her cooking they wanted to try her recipes—and so will you!

Probably the best, and certainly the shortest, way to describe starlet Barbara Britton is to say that she is as unspoiled as she is charming. But since this is, after all, a food page, let's add that she is a *honey* blonde with a *peaches and cream* complexion—and incidentally, she's a *darned good cook!*

Barbara's pulchritude was originally noted when she appeared as Queen of the Long Beach float in California's Tournament of Roses. After this auspicious debut she stepped from inevitable Westerns to small roles, to good parts—in short, onward and upward until she happily found herself in the star-studded cast of "Star Spangled Rhythm."

The fact that she also possesses marked talents along cooking lines made itself apparent when crew and cast started receiving attractively packaged food gifts—usually of a Monday morning—amusingly marked "Bundles from Britton." When this bit of culinary gossip reached my ears you can be sure I rushed over to talk to the young lady herself.

"I especially love to bake," Barbara assured me over a late breakfast which we enjoyed together shortly after her return from her very first trip East—a most exciting visit, and a much photographed one as you can see from the cute shots on our fashion pages, taken of Barbara in New York.

"During the week," she continued, "I live just a short bicycle ride from the Paramount lot, at the Studio Club, a place for girls who, like myself, are already in the movies, and for others who aspire to film careers. But on weekends I go home to Long Beach, to be with the family and to revel in Momma's homemade cakes and cookies and the other dishes she prepares for me. Then I take a turn in the kitchen and make special little gingerbread cup cakes—sometimes as many as six dozen of them—to take back with me."

These same spicy morsels, together with other goodies, will find their way into the Christmas boxes Barbara and other girls will be packing for those soldiers and sailors in nearby camps who will not be able to get leave during the Holidays. You, too, should try your hand at making these special treats of Barbara Britton's, soon. Then you could plan on including them in gift boxes that you will be preparing for members of our armed forces who—although they have not left our shores, will still be far from their own homes, this year.

BRITTON GINGERCAKES

2½ cups sifted flour
½ teaspoon soda
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1½ teaspoons ginger
¼ teaspoon ground cloves
½ cup shortening
½ cup sugar
1 egg, beaten
1 cup molasses
1 cup hot water

Sift flour, measure; add soda, salt and spices and sift together twice. Cream shortening thoroughly, add sugar gradually, creaming well together. Add beaten egg, mix thoroughly. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with the combined water and molasses. Fill well-greased muffin pans 2/3 full. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 20-25 minutes, or until cake tester comes out clean.

OLD FASHIONED TAFFY

2 cups New Orleans molasses
1 cup sugar
2 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon vinegar

Place ingredients in heavy kettle (preferably one of iron or granite). Bring to a boil, stirring constantly; then continue boiling, without stirring, until a little of mixture becomes brittle in cold water (260°F. on candy thermometer). Pour into buttered pan. When cool enough to handle, butter your hands and pull candy until light-colored and hard—about 10 minutes. Pull out into thin strips, cut with buttered scissors. Cool on greased cookie sheet, wrap each piece in waxed paper.

CANNON BALLS

2 quarts popped corn, or an equal quantity of ready-to-eat crisp rice or wheat breakfast cereal
⅔ cup molasses
¾ cup sugar
¾ cup corn syrup
¼ cup boiling water
¼ teaspoon vinegar
⅓ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons vanilla
3 teaspoons butter

Place freshly popped corn, or breakfast cereal which has been crisped in the oven, in large buttered bowl. Combine molasses, sugar, corn syrup, water and vinegar in heavy kettle. Bring to a boil slowly, stirring constantly. Cover and simmer for 5 minutes. Uncover and boil, stirring only occasionally, until a little mixture becomes brittle when dropped in cold water (260° F. on candy thermometer). Remove from heat, add salt, vanilla and 2 teaspoons of the butter. Pour immediately over contents of bowl, mix well with fork or large spoon. As soon as mixture is cool enough to handle, form it into balls with hands greased with remaining butter. Wrap each ball separately in colored cellophane.

HONEY BARS

1 cup mild flavored honey
3 eggs, well beaten
¼ cup melted vegetable shortening
1-1/3 cups sifted flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
1 pound dates, chopped
1 cup chopped nut meats
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
1 teaspoon vanilla

Combine honey, beaten eggs and melted shortening. Gradually add flour sifted with baking powder and salt. Stir in dates and nuts with the last of the flour mixture. Add lemon rind and vanilla. Spread thin in long, shallow tin which has been greased and lined with waxed paper. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 15-20 minutes. Cut into ¾-inch-wide strips.

"Time for your FELS-NAPTHA Beauty Bath"

The lady knows her laundry . . . she knows Fels-Naptha Soap will change that basket of limp, bedraggled 'wash' into clothes so crisp and fragrant it makes a person perk up just to put them on.

She knows another thing . . . a Fels-Naptha washday *won't* leave her a limp, bedraggled woman. That tireless washing team —gentle, active naptha and richer, *golden* soap—takes the work out of washing as surely as it gets dirt out of clothes.

How long since you've washed with Fels-Naptha Soap? Today's Fels-Naptha is milder, quicker-sudsing. A better washday and household helper than ever. *And—Bar or Chips—a better value for your money!*

Golden bar or Golden chips_FELS-NAPTHA banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

Co-ed

Buck up, you crepe-hanging co-eds! You and your ideals are what the guys are fighting for. Don't let 'em down!

By Jean Kinkead

Yesterday we were downing Pepsi's in our favorite jernt, and in came two queens from high school. But queens—with smoothie long sweaters and pale blue reversibles and endless shiny blond hair. We couldn't take our eyes off them, they were so cute. And as wholesome-looking as a couple of Ivory soap babies. It ain't legal, but we eavesdropped on their chatter thinking to hear nothing more hair-raising than who was taking whom to Saturday's game. Which just goes to show how wrong you can be. The gist was this:

"I'm flunking Latin and English cold, and last year I would have been frantic. But jeeps! This year who cares?" "Yeah, doesn't everything that seemed so terrific last year just seem completely *futile?*" "Mmm. School and careers. And marriage! 'Member when we used to think all we had to do was get out of school, dabble around a bit, then take our pick of the horde and settle down?"

Much more in the same vein. Their whole attitude seemed to be, why not neck and drink and flunk math? The war was going to go on and on. The men were going to get fewer and more incapacitated. There wouldn't be any little vine-covered love nest for years, maybe never. This would probably be the last year that America would be America. Whereupon we left. That last we couldn't stand.

Those were a pair of pretty typical kids. Probably knitting sweaters like fiends for the Red Cross, sending brownies to innumerable camps and selling bonds every spare second they had. And simultaneously doing about the neatest demoralization job Hitler ever pined for. This then is in the way of a spanking for all you crepe-hanging co-eds from Weehawken to Wisconsin.

Granted the war is lousy. It's messing up our lives. It's strictly no fun. But remember this. The only darn reason our brothers and cousins and beaux are in there batting is that they're very, very fond of America. They're fighting to keep it the way it is now. When they come home, they want to find things pretty much untouched by what has happened. Won't you see to it that the very things they're fighting for don't cease to exist while they're gone? Won't you promise not to change, except maybe a wee bit for the better?

Specifically, don't lose interest in school and in getting good marks. Your education is more vital now than ever because more and more important jobs will have to be done by women, and the more you know the more useful you'll be. Study all your assignments and a little bit more. Honestly, there's comfort to be found in Caesar and Cicero. Think how many world cataclysms those two old guys have survived. Realize how many upheavals civilization can take and still stick around. Believe that there have been other girls in other eras who have felt as confused and bewildered as you, and who came out of it finer and more tolerant people.

Try to feel that every "A" you pull down is making you that much more valuable to America. Give the old books a whirl every day, won't you? (*Continued on page 103*)

First on your list of glamour aids!

SILKIER, SMOOTHER HAIR...EASIER TO ARRANGE!

Dress up *and vary a simple, basic dress with smart new, hair-dos and change of accessories! The gorgeous, beaded collar shown here ties at back. Makes an office dress look like a "date" dress. The lovely new hair-do is suitable for any evening occasion.*

This film illustrates how all soaps and soap shampoos dull lustre of hair!

All soaps—and liquid soap shampoos—always combine with the minerals in water, to form a sticky scum. (Bathtub ring.) This scum leaves a film on hair that dulls the natural lustre—and clings stubbornly, no matter how thoroughly you rinse with clear water.

But Special Drene is different! It is made by an exclusive, patented process. Its action in water is different. Special Drene does *not* combine with minerals to form a scum—so it never leaves any dulling film on hair. Instead, Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than even the finest soaps or soap shampoos!

New Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added gives thrilling new beauty results! Leaves hair far more manageable, more alluring, too!

Every beauty expert knows that lovely hair, beautifully arranged, is any girl's first step to glamour! So don't put off trying our new, improved Special Drene Shampoo! Because Special Drene now has a wonderful hair conditioner in it, to leave hair silkier, smoother, and far easier to arrange—right after shampooing! If you haven't tried Drene lately you'll be amazed at the difference!

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

Are you bothered about removal of ugly, scaly dandruff? You won't be when you shampoo with Special Drene. For Special Drene removes that flaky dandruff the very first time you use it—and besides does something no soap shampoo can do, not even those claiming to be special "dandruff removers". Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than even the finest soaps or soap shampoos!

Be sure to ask for this wonderful improved shampoo by name . . . Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added. Or get a professional shampoo with Special Drene at your favorite beauty shop!

Replacement or Refund of Money — Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — If Defective or Not As Advertised Therein

Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
Procter & Gamble

Special DRENE Shampoo with HAIR CONDITIONER added

It's Bigger AND BETTER THAN "SUN VALLEY SERENADE" BECAUSE IT'S GOT UNCLE SAM'S FIGHTING NEPHEWS...THE U. S. MARINES!

Sonja
HENIE
John
PAYNE
in

ICELAND

with **JACK OAKIE**

FELIX BRESSART • OSA MASSEN • JOAN MERRILL • FRITZ FELD • STERLING HOLLOWAY

SAMMY SWING and SWAY **KAYE**

AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Directed by BRUCE HUMBERSTONE
Produced by WILLIAM LeBARON
Original Screen Play by ROBERT ELLIS and HELEN LOGAN

A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

Songs by
MACK GORDON
HARRY WARREN

"You Can't Say No To A Soldier" • "Lovers Knot" • "Let's Bring New Glory To Old Glory" "There'll Never Be Another You" • "I Like A Military Tune"

WATCH FOR IT AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE!

Roman Freulich

Theresa Wright," wistfully breathes the younger contingent, naming its favorite actress. Like them, she's a natural from her starry eyes and shy grin to her straightforward, unfrilled "I don't smoke . . . I'm no sweater girl, and I know it. I just want to be an actress." (Wish granted in Univ.'s "Shadow of a Doubt.") That, in a H'wood crammed with successes built on jaded private lives and purple lipstick!

Henry Fonda may have got A in something called Polymorphism at college, but he enlisted as an apprentice seaman with the rest of the guys. Then he went around looking for recruits, and the first one he signed was his make-up man. 20th-Fox, scared that he'd Pied-Piper the whole place away, hurried to wangle him a deferment until he could do "The Immortal Sergeant." (His last film was "The Big Street" for RKO.) So now Henry's in the process of selling his cars and horses. His dog has already left.

Wandered over to Linda Darnell's and is so fond of her, he won't come home. Unless they can persuade him to tear himself away, long enough to come kiss Hank "good-by."

John Miehle

Denison, Iowa, breaks out in a 5-alarm celebration whenever local-gal-made-good Donna Reed's name hits the marquee. She's the town's favorite daughter and vice versa. Skims home for crucial moments like birthdays, tonsillectomies . . . and romance! That sparkler she wears hails from a local high school flame that's still smoldering. She hasn't forgotten any of her old tricks, either. Just the other day she won a $25 defense bond from Lionel Barrymore when he bet she couldn't milk a cow! Only changes made since she went away are in her eyes—from velvet brown to hazel—"bleached" by the kleigs, claims owner Donna, who sparkles 'em to advantage in M-G-M's "Eyes in the Night."

Clarence Bull

Enter the service? "Uh, uh—you're sick, fella," they told him. But he wouldn't listen. "I've got to do something—" So he'll be a foreign correspondent, and soon . . . He's Warners' "Gentleman Jim," wide-shouldered, slim-flanked, matching his cocky grin and blasting fists against the pulverizing legend that was John L. Sullivan. . . . He'll be Gunnar Brogge, grim-eyed Norwegian fisherman, pitting his brains and the courage of his brawny, slow-spoken fellows against the brutal Nazi stranglehold on his native land. . . . He's Errol Flynn, the guy who banged his head and his fighting heart against a draft board doctor's instruments—*but*—who never went down for the count!

Longworth

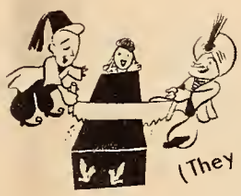
WERE OFF ON THE ROAD TO MOROCCO

We're off on the road to Morocco
This taxi is tough on the spine
Where we goin'? Why we're goin'—
How can we be sure?
I'll lay you eight to five that we meet
Dorothy Lamour.

We're off on the road to Morocco,
Hang on till the end of the line.
I hear this country's where they do the
Dance of the seven veils . . .
We'd tell you more but we would have
The censor on our tails.

We're off on the road to Morocco
Look out! Well, clear the way!
Cause here we come.
The men eat fire, and live on nails,
And saw their wives in half.
It seems to me that there should be
Easier ways to get a laugh!

(Dance of the seven veils)



(They saw their wives in half)

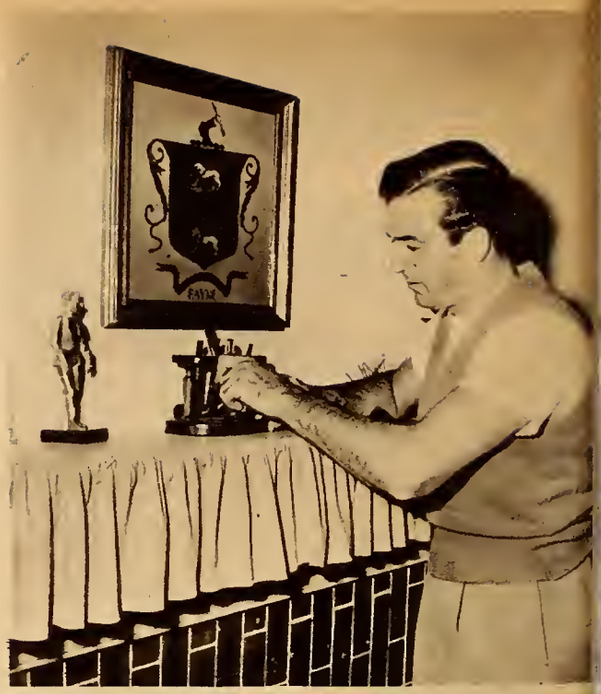
FOUR BIG SONGS

"Moonlight Becomes You"
"Constantly"
"Ain't Got A Dime To My Name"
"Road To Morocco"

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

The best son a mother ever had

"Who could know him better?" figured Modern Screen. So here are facts—straight from an exclusive interview with Johnny Payne's Mom!



John says he can't think for an hour after rising. Is currently in "Springtime in the Rockies." That coat-of-arms he's standing under is 700 years old.

Mother Payne and John, below. He went home for a visit last year, reveled in Virginia hams and waffles. Found a first edition of Scott's poems among his father's things and brought it back for his library.

By Ida Zeitlin

Although he's been dating Jane Russell almost every day, there are still many who say John would do anything to effect a reconciliation with Anne. Above, with Jane at "Pied Piper" premiere.

Always a health-fiend, Johnny really concentrates on physical culture. He eats four meals a day, and each of these is measured beforehand for total calorie and vitamin content.

John Payne's mother has just spent a month with him in Hollywood—her first visit. It's hard to uproot her from her Virginia home. But when John phoned and said, "Mom, I've got this beach house now, so why don't you come out and stay a while?" she packed bag, baggage and a dozen napkins embroidered by Rosie, and went.

Though he rents his place furnished, linens and all, Rosie insisted on sending the napkins. A relative by marriage, seventy-five, perky, the world's best needlewoman, she lives with Mrs. Payne, and her favorite character is John. "He doesn't sit me in a corner at parties with a glass of sherry, but pours me drink for drink with his own."

Mrs. Payne herself is a native of Colorado, who's lived in Virginia so long she's acquired the accent. When her husband's business associates, entertained at her home, murmured compliments about Southern hospitality, she'd reply sweetly: "As dispensed by a daughter of the West."

She had a wonderful time in Hollywood. She met John's friends. "Dear Anne"—which is how she refers to her ex-daughter-in-law—sent the baby over every day. She satisfied herself that John was well taken care of. When he was busy, she explored the country alone. He used his motorcycle, leaving the car for her. They celebrated her birthday together—just the two of them. And like any American boy's mother, she was only too glad to reminisce about her son.

She's a gracious person, but you don't take liberties with her. There's one, however, which as a reporter, you're forced to take, since you can't talk to his mother about John Payne and pretend Anne Shirley doesn't exist. So you close your eyes and plunge—and bless the lady for a thoroughbred, who takes the unhappy business quietly in stride.

Yes, she'd been delighted when Anne and John were married. They'd phoned her after the ceremony. Anne had talked to John's brothers, too, and bubbled over at the wonder of having a family—she'd been an only child so long. Having borne three sons, Mrs. Payne felt just as excited over the acquisition of a daughter. John had brought her down home after the baby was born. They'd all fallen in love with her. The separation came as an utter shock. John phoned his mother the night before the news broke. He didn't want her to learn it

CONTINUED ON FOLLOWING PAGE

from the papers. He said he thought he'd come home. She said, "Do, son." When he got there, he didn't talk much, didn't explain.

"I don't know," he said. "I don't understand myself how the thing happened."

Not being the kind to probe, she left him alone. "He was always one to carry his own load." In Hollywood she saw Anne, but Anne doesn't talk, either. One thing she's sure of—there was no other man or woman in the picture. For the rest, "I don't know," she sighs, echoing John. "I still can't understand it—

"He was always one to carry his own load." If her story of John has a theme, that's it. From babyhood almost, he went his own way, quieter, more self-sufficient than the other boys. His feeling for music showed itself early. Before he could talk, he'd lift an eager head to listen when his mother played or sang. Later he took lessons, but only for a year or two. "I can't learn that way," said the twelve-year-old individualist. "I've got to find things out for myself." That was all right with her. She believes in letting people follow their own bent and, unlike some, considers her children people.

They moved from Roanoke to their beautiful home on a fifty-acre farm at Ft. Lewis—a dream of John's father come true. The boys rode as naturally as they walked, had their own chickens to look after, learned to milk cows. Each boy had his own dressing-room and a big sleeping porch. George was five years older than John, Ralph, five years younger—too far apart to be playmates in their early days. They called George, Bill, to distinguish him from his father, and Ralph was called Pete for no particular reason. John was never anything but John. The other two tagged around with a bunch of kids, John went off by himself. Not that he was unsocial. If there were people around, he enjoyed them. But they weren't essential to him, and he didn't seek them out. He could always have a good time on his own, swimming, hiking through the woods, building model airplanes. He'd spend hours in the big ballroom on the third floor—which wasn't used for balls—building planes that would fly two or three miles. The epic battle of those years was brought on by his failure to turn a sheet into a parachute. "Yah!" yelled the other kid, "it doesn't work." So John lit into him.

His fights were his own business, but this time he got home so gory that Mrs. Payne couldn't smother an exclamation. " 'S'all right, Mom. I won." As soon as she dared, she followed him to the ballroom where, still blood- and dirt-caked, he was trying to make the parachute work.

He was headstrong, but not hard to handle. There's a difference, his mother maintains. Once set on a thing, he'd move mountains. Tell him he couldn't or he mustn't, and he wouldn't hear you. But he had a logical mind, and if you took the time and trouble to reason with him—as she did—you could make him see the light. Except on one point. There were certain vegetables he wouldn't eat. When sweet reasoning failed, Mrs. Payne turned in desperation to more Spartan measures.

"We'll sit here," she said, "till you've eaten them, if it takes all night."

They sat till his head drooped, and she had to pick him up and carry him off to bed. "After all," she protests, as if to some invisible accuser, "you can't force food into a sleeping child's mouth."

So she gave him his vegetables in Brunswick stew, a Southern tidbit he dotes on. Traditionally, it's made with squirrel. Mrs. Payne didn't fancy that. Being one of your creative cooks, she fooled around till she got the right effect with a streak of lean and a streak of fat. Where food was concerned, John presented no other problems. He'd drink his daily half gallon of milk—still does—and consume a pound of bacon at breakfast if he could get it. Balked by paternal veto, he'd stroll out to the kitchen and snitch a few strips from the cook.

One year he grew seven inches, so where the other kids had two and three suits, he was rationed to one at a time and would barely get it settled over his frame before the frame started cracking the seams. John wasn't exactly awkward, says his loyal mother, but you couldn't be sure, when he was around, whether a pitcher would stay on the table or hit the floor. His dad split no hairs on the subject. "Put a bucket of water in a ten-acre field," he'd say, "and John will land in the bucket."

It was an idyllic kind of boyhood. Their place was the happy hunting ground for the crowd. They always brought their dates home, and why not. You couldn't have a better time anywhere (*Continued on page 83*)

Out of the past—18-year-old Anne and husband John as they used to be. Music had a special spot in their hearts, then.

2. The Corbetts were a wild and spectacular family. Pat (Alan Hale), his father, and Ma (Dorothy Vaughan); Mary (Marilyn Phillips) and Harry (Pat Flaherty); George (James Flavin) and Jim. They lived in a whirl of talk and action. Together they knew no peace; apart they never forgot one another. And for every argument, Pat had one solution: "Let's go to the stable," he'd shout. And there in the sawdust, with the horses looking on somewhat bewildered, the point at issue would be settled peacefully in the Corbett manner . . . with fists.

3. Banking wasn't long for Corbett. In San Francisco's Olympic Club, sporting center for the Comstock Lode millionaires, Corbett began his long climb. There for the first time he met wilful, impulsive Vicki Ware (Alexis Smith), beautiful daughter of Buck Ware (Minor Watson). "So you say you can fight?" she said to him . . . "Yes" . . . "We'll see," Vicki said coolly. In the Olympic Club, too, Corbett met Carleton DeWitt (John Loder), Vicki's fiancé. "So you're going to marry him?" Jim said . . . "Yes" . . . "We'll see," Jim said coolly.

5. He was angry and bitter after the fight. He wasn't a fool; he knew they'd hoped he'd be beaten. What did they expect him to do—these Olympic Club swells? Did they want him to go bowing and scraping before them? At the dance after the bout that night he drank heavily and talked big. Walter Lowrie (Jack Carson), his only friend there, tried to stop him. But he went on drinking. And talking. Until they threw them out, threw out Corbett and Lowrie, with Vicki Ware looking on, her eyes cool but something like a frown around her mouth.

6. "What do we do now?" Lowrie said . . . "Let's get drunk," Jim said. They woke up in Salt Lake City with a worry-faced, anxious little man (Wm. Frawley) hovering over them. "Who the devil are you?" Corbett said . . . "Your manager. Name's Delaney" . . . "Manager?" . . . "Sure, I got you a fight here. Remember?" . . . "No." . . . "Well, we got it anyway." So Jim Corbett, ex-bank teller of San Francisco, became a professional fighter, trading on his fists and his fighting heart He came to San Francisco to meet Joe Choynski in his first big fight.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 80

Bette Davis wouldn't swap one homesick soldier boy's grateful smile for a

Queen Bess

By Kirtley Baskette

On her last visit to New York, Bette Davis took in a Broadway play one evening with an old girl friend. At intermission time, Bette started for the lobby and a cigarette. The audience popped up, *en masse*, stretching necks, craning for a look. Bette stared at the rising crowd.

"What is it—the Seventh Inning?" she whispered to her friend. "Why is everybody stretching? What are they looking at?"

Her friend laughed. "Don't you know?"

"No," replied Bette impatiently. "What is it?"

"*You*, Silly. They're staring at Bette Davis!"

"Why?" asked Bette. "What's *wrong* with me?"

That may sound incredible, but Bette Davis is an incredible person. Hollywood has never boasted a more universally acclaimed, distinguished dramatic actress. In Bette's Hollywood career she has collected more Academy nominations, critics' kudos and world-wide bows than any other star. She has been swamped with glamour and smothered with success. Millions have envied and copied her. Bette has had enough honors heaped on her ash-blond head to set it spinning like a top.

Yet today, Bette Davis is as unimpressed, unfeazed and unflattered as the day she arrived from skeptical, practical New England. There's not an ounce of pretense or pose about her, and she's strictly allergic to sham. As a Hollywood natural in a land of make-believe, that alone makes Queen Elizabeth an outstanding freak.

Bette Davis was born in April, which makes her an Aries person. Thumbing through my zodiac book for a clue to Bette, I find Aries people do such startling things as eat, sleep, breathe, dislike pain and enjoy pleasure. But one special item hits Bette right on the button: "Those born under the influence of Aries," (*Continued on page 88*)

Bette's something of a talent scout and discovered Ernest Anderson, chauffeur in "In This Our Life." On her army camp tour, she was besieged for autographs.

Long famous for her infectious giggle, she's got Arthur doing it, too. Her role of a 39-year-old in "Watch on the Rhine" requires padded togs which leave her prostrate under heat of klieg!

for a dozen solid gold Oscars!

MODERN SCREEN GOES TO A *Victory* PARTY

Takes more than tire shortages and dimouts to put a damper on Jinx Falkenburg's gang!

Forrest Tucker perennially squowks becouse he never can kiss a girl in pictures, so he wos pleosed os Punch when his cooperative Pepsi bottle pointed toward Linda. Perfect hostess Jinx oided and abetted the proceedings!

Glenn had eggs flipping in and out of his sleeve and hat without breaking so much as a single yolk! Held Larry, Jinx, Evelyn, Forrest and Gussie Moran entranced. Gussie, 18-year-old tennis champ, was Jinx's house guest. Idolizes J., apes her walk, talk and laugh!

Left: Spinning the Bottle far a kiss—Glenn Ford, Linda Darnell, Jinx, Forrest Tucker, Evelyn Keyes and Larry Parks. Loser of each game paid "Little Orville," the piggie bank, 25c, and proceeds were given to charity.

Jinx was embarrassed when she beat Evelyn and her other guests at a potato race. She was beaming all p.m.—over dream man, writer Tex McCrary, who planed East from Cal. day before and was phoning that midnight.

Next on the roster was a peanut nose-race up the roam. Glenn officially refereed entrants Larry, Jinx, Linda, Forrest and Evelyn. Made E. start over when she pushed hers out of bounds. Nuts were used instead of pennies so expensive noses wouldn't be skinned!

Larry and Forrest cheered Jinx and Glenn racing on the Falkenburg boys' trikes. Larry, 25, was in line for a major studio build-up till IA put the kibosh on it! Lives with 10 other fellahs in a cooperative house.

CONTINUED ON FOLLOWING PAGE

Yum, Yum! Glenn, Linda and Evelyn gobbled the peanuts that had just mopped up the floor in the nose race. Linda refused to shed her jocket all evening—probably because it was the immortal one that had witnessed the Lona Turner nuptials this summer.

Most popular game was sniffing paper from one nose to onother. Linda, Glenn, Jinx and Larry Parks maneuvered successfully, but Evelyn and Forrest dropped theirs. That dress Jinx wears was made by Mrs. F. at a cost of $4.

Lorry, Evelyn (blindfolded), Jinx and Farrest played Pin the Mustache on Hitler. Drawing came from anonymous genius discovered by Linda in Col. art dept. Forrest opologized when his mustaches, cut out of Bobby Falkenburg's personal stationery, looked like butterflies!

Can you guess name of the song Larry and Evelyn are charading? It you can, you're better than Glenn, Gussie, Forrest and Jinx! Gussie wos too nervous to think, onyway, since this was the day of her Col. screen debut. Ans. to icky charade: "Fram Taps ta Reveille." Catch?

S-s-n-n-if-f . . . Linda was so jittery nosing paper to Glenn, she scratched off her nail polish. Her newest pic for Col. is "City Without Men"; Glenn's is "The Desperadoes" in which he stors with fellow guest Evelyn Keyes.

For the first time on record 6 actors congregated ond talked about something besides shop. Draft had conversational priority with Parks and Tucker 1A, and Coast Guard Glenn studying navigotion 2 nights o week and going on active duty weekends and holidays.

"Going to Jerusalem" narrowed down to a fight to the finish between Evelyn, Forrest and Jinx for two coveted chairs. During Tex's visit, he slipped a gold and diamond-set zircon on Jinx's third finger, left hond. Yet she swears they're not engaged!?!

CONTINUED ON PAGE 76

When Vic showed up 7 mins. late for Coast Guard roll call, his leaves were concelled (with exception of "Tales of Manhattan" premiere with Rita). Recently spent 10 days in brig.

Why Vic will never forget Rita!

By Daphne McVicker

Rita and Fred Astaire are currently tapping it out in "You Were Never Lovelier." Hard work on her recent U.S.O. tour resulted in a complete collapse upon her return to H'wood!

Out of a jungle of nightclubs with too much praise, too little love, he found a candle at a window . . .

Vic Mature lounged onto the set and stared at the girl they'd picked for him to kick around in this script.

"My God," someone whispered. "What a gorgeous combination. Add up a couple of beautiful humans like that—Vic Mature and Rita Hayworth. What if—"

Hollywood is always ready for a new "what if." Even though Vic was still married, and Rita and Ed Judson Hollywood's prize couple. Ed was a husband who helped her with her career, adored her—and Vic was the man with a hundred girls. But "what if" they said. And, of course, Vic knew they were saying it. He grinned across at the red-headed gorgeous gal whose dark, shadowed eyes lifted to his with a question. "We know the answers, don't we?" Vic seemed to say.

Did Rita know the answers? A little southern girl named Cansino had danced to Bobbie Maytorena's orchestra down at Caliente. She was lushly beautiful—grandly gifted. She thought you could marry your good friend who offered you freedom and success. That would be a partnership and a partnership was fine.

A starry-eyed child swaggering under the new name of Mrs. Judson. With a million-dollar budget for her year in pictures.

The stars in her eyes went out.

Rita was growing up and the beautiful body was tense with frustration. She danced and sang through her days, and then turned back to the black shadows that reached clutching fingers of scandal for her till she screamed aloud in the night.

Now, they'd disappeared for the moment, for she was working on a new picture. With a towering, sulky lad opposite her whose eyes asked her a mocking question. "We know all the answers, don't we, Rita?"

Did they?

There was a long, whistled—"Whee—iooo!" at the magnificent love scenes as the picture went on. And Rita was laughing again. Vic kept her merry. He was swell. Sometimes they were just a couple of roistering children together. Vic thought she was super—not only beautiful. "A peculiar kind of a gal—with a heart that is mellow but dead on the level—" Well, that was a new one or Vic. A girl—love interest—dead on the level? In Hollywood? That was funny, that was.

The last day of "My Gal Sal," after the final scene was completed, Vic beat loudly on Rita's dressing-room door.

"Come on out, 'Sal'," he ordered. "We've got to launch this picture right. Break a bottle of champagne over your head. Drink a toast to it."

Hair flowing, lips curved and gay, Rita came to the door. "But I don't drink," she protested. "And I have to get home, because—" (*Continued on page 85*)

"CRASH DIVE"

Ty Power, Lieutenant Junior Grade, U. S. Navy, grins happily after having blundered into Anne Baxter's berth.

By MARIS MacCULLERS

Later, Ty's feeling low, because he's been ordered to give up his PT boats and go back to a nasty old submarine, when whom should he spy in his hotel lobby but Anne. He fixes it so she'll be shown to *his* rooms.

After learning from the desk clerk that she's from New London, Conn., and in charge of 6 various small girls, Ty wends his merry way suiteward. Is Anne upset? Anne is annoyed. "Go far away," she suggests strongly.

Navy-bound Ty Power salutes the bold men who go down in ships in this saga of submarines and fighting hearts.

When she finds the suite's really his, she asks Ty to let them stay. "Date with me, or I'll call the manager," says that wily Power, and the poor kids are simply too tired to be moved, so she's just *got* to go.

Ty is smitten, and gets himself assigned to a New London base (unbeknownst to Anne). Aboard his new ship are Officer Dana Andrews (Anne's beau, but Ty doesn't know it) and "Pop" (Charlie Grapewin).

Their sub sets out to attack a German base, and in the hard fighting any personal quarrel is forgotten. Ty, remaining behind to cover for the others after their mission is accomplished, barely escapes.

He returns a hero. Congratulations from Dana and Charlie are in order. Then Dana steps aside, like the officer and gentleman he is, and leaves the fair maiden Anne to Ty, which, in Ty's opinion, is some leavin's!

STORY

The Lieutenant Junior Grade, United States Navy, was in his pajamas. He was sprawled rather comfortably in his berth listening to the click of the train wheels as they carried him to Washington. He was holding a magazine in his hand, but the Lieutenant was not reading it. He was watching a girl; in the Lieutenant's expert opinion, the girl was beautiful.

She was also, at the moment, sitting on the edge of his berth, evidently quite unaware of him. She sighed once, as if she were tired and then she yawned. Still seated, she slipped out of a night robe. She was, the Lieutenant decided, more than just plain (*Continued on page 93*)

PRODUCTION

Tyrone Power was a terrific surprise to the Navy men at Newport.

They'd always thought of him as being just strong enough to chase Loretta Young around a drawing room, but Ty shared jolt for jolt with them in the PT boats and acted besides. They watched him effect a make-believe rescue, 20 miles off shore in an actual combat zone, that would have claimed their complete attention. Yet Ty had to listen to shouted directions from Director Archie Mayo, remember at all times where the cameras were and keep the right expressions flitting across his face.

Another tough scene was a crash (*Continued on page 98*)

Reflections on Beauty

Your mirror reflects your beauty habits. Learn the rules of lovely-skin care.

Ann Morriss of M-G-M has fair, delicate skin and massages it often with rich emollient cream.

Pat Morison uses extra-soft puffs to powder her silky skin. See her in "Are Husbands Necessary?"

How'd you like your mirror to picture o complexion lovely as Marsha Hunt's?

Beauties are made, not born! Movie stars plot their good looks campaigns with as much care and forethought as you use in planning to meet the cute-looking boy down the street. Hedy, Ginger and the rest don't spend their days loitering in beauty parlors, either. Do you know what a screen star's schedule is like? She rises at six to be on the lot at seven, spends two hours dressing her hair and her face to match yesterday's "takes," and starts shooting pictures at nine. Noon brings little time for lunch, what with "rushes" to view, reporters to see, make-up and coif to be touched up. In an hour our star is back on the scene, to shoot and re-shoot until six or seven. Then she takes

Evelyn Keyes has soft, smooth lips. She's in "The Desperadoes" with Randy Scott and Glenn Ford.

Loraine Day sees a lovely skin in her mirror. Her forthcoming attraction is "Journey for Margaret."

By Carol Carter

off her costume and make-up, and heads for home, supper and a couple of hours' work with her script. We'll wager our pet lipstick that your calendar is no more crowded than that, but is your skin movie-star soft and smooth? The girls who dwell in Hollywood budget their time to include their beauty duties. You can do the same.

It's All Done with Mirrors

Brenda Marshall quips, "Women wouldn't be beautiful if it weren't for their mirrors." The reflection that smiles out of yours can encourage admirers or discourage suitors—and it all depends on you. Remember the saying, "Pretty is as pretty does"? You can make it come true, if you study the beauty-book and practice the "do's."

Face Facts

Rule number one for skin beauty is scrupulous cleanliness. Most movie stars have discovered that to get a face really clean you need cleansing cream, soap and water. The cream goes on first, to dissolve make-up and loosen dirt, and is removed with tissues. Remember to use upward motions in applying the cream and wiping it off because you don't want to encourage droop-lines in your face. After the cream is removed, use soap suds lavishly on a firm-textured wash cloth and rinse at least twice with clear water. Bonita Granville is a busy young lady, yet she says she goes through this routine no less than three times a day. Do the same if you possibly can—and without fail before you jump into bed. Wearing an accumulation of soil and stale make-up overnight is a fine way to get blemishes, large pores and a sallow complexion. You don't want to turn up with any of those at the next USO dance you attend!

If your skin is what Alexis Smith calls "dry as the Libyan desert," the cleansing cream you use should be the rich, fatty kind. Let it stay on as long as possible. Steaming it in while you're taking your bath is a fine idea. You also need an emollient or all-purpose cream, to follow up your cleansing. The glands of your skin need more oil, and the cream will supply a film of moisture to keep it soft and unwrinkled. Massage it gently around the eyes, nose and mouth, and on the forehead and also the throat. As you have heard before, it's best to leave the cream on overnight. If you rebel at that, compromise by wiping off the excess layer after fifteen or twenty minutes, and leaving a light film to soften your skin while you sleep.

If your skin is oily, it is because your sebaceous glands are over-active. You need to cleanse your face even more frequently than the dry-skinned lass, to avoid the ills of blackheads and enlarged pores. Use the liquefying type of cleansing cream or a liquid cleanser, and follow with lots of soap on a rough cloth, or better still, a complexion brush. Finish off by patting astringent or ice-cold water briskly over the surface to help contract the pore-openings and counteract the over-oiliness.

Those pesky skin blemishes that seem to delight in appearing when you want them least are usually warning signals. Perhaps you are not cleansing your face as often and thoroughly as you should. Maybe you're not drinking enough water (six to eight glasses a day) or getting the proper amount of air and outdoor exercise. Your diet is probably part of the trouble, too. Keep a diary of what you eat, and you'll find yourself scanning the menus for wholesome foods. Fewer chocolate sundaes and more raw vegetables and fresh fruits will make your complexion look brighter and clearer. You might also try using a medicated night cream, especially prepared for externally caused pimples, or ask your doctor to prescribe a lotion to help dry them up. When there are so *(Continued on page 104)*

Beauty...

By Carol Carter

Take to frosty weather as gracefully as Claudette Colbert zooms through the snow. Read, then practice, these beauty hints.

Hankys of paper . . . are safer!

Drink your water Like you oughter!

Shiny face? Make-up base!

A beauty out in the cold, cold winter weather . . . with shining eyes, rose-tinted cheeks, wind-tossed ringlets, glowing vitality. That's the pictue Sonja Henie presents even when the weather is so frosty that your breath would form ice cubes. But when the cold is in your head instead of the thermometer—it takes a bit of doing to look as charming as a movie star!

When the Cold Strikes

You shouldn't, of course, catch cold at all. It's your duty today to keep fit. But germs don't read Uncle Sam's health posters. They're likely to strike you down with a cold just when that date you've been hoping for finally does come through. We may not know all Dr. Kildare does about warding off a cold, but we do know that with the proper beauty aids you can avoid that red, pathetic look even if you do have the sniffles.

She's "Dot a Told in Her Dose"

Mocking little boys sometimes shout, "You look like death warmed over." Cold or no, don't let anyone think that about you. To achieve a more reassuring complexion, use a powder base. Try a ruddy shade of make-up. A vibrantly toned base under a lighter powder is good. If your nose glows with a W. C. Fields candescence, let your make-up blend it in (*Continued on page 102*)

MODERN SCREEN'S *Menu* FOR SKIN BEAUTY

RECIPES FOR	INGREDIENTS TO USE	METHODS TO FOLLOW
Dry Skin	Rich cleansing cream Lubricating emollient Cleansing tissues	Massage rich cleansing cream into skin. Let it remain on for a while. Remove with soft tissues. Apply softening emollient or all-purpose cream. Leave on overnight.
Excess Oiliness	Liquefying cream Liquid cleanser Soap Complexion brush Astringent	Frequently (at least twice daily) cleanse with liquefying cream or liquid cleanser. Follow by soap-and-water scrubbing with complexion brush. Finish with astringent.
Blemishes	Medicated lotion or cream Make-up base	Cleanse as for oily skin. Apply medicated healing lotion or cream at night. Rest, exercise and well-balanced diet are important. Dermatologist should be consulted if condition persists. Camouflage with cover-all make-up foundation (lotion or cream) to blend with skin coloring.
Chapped Skin	Soft cloth Soap Rich emollient cream Softening lotion or cream Make-up foundation	Wash area very gently with soft cloth and lukewarm sudsy water. Spread rich emollient cream on chapped spots and allow to remain on as long as possible. When skin is exposed outdoors, be sure that it is further protected with softening lotion, cream or make-up foundation.
Weekly Facial	Mask Emollient cream Cotton Skin freshener or astringent	Start with immaculately clean face. Apply favorite mask, following package directions. Completely relax while mask is on. Remove and smooth on emollient cream. Finish with cotton saturated in skin freshener or astringent.
Hand Care	Hand cream or lotion Soap Cotton gloves Manicure accessories	Wash, rinse and dry thoroughly. Push cuticle back with towel. Apply cream or lotion after each soap-and-water cleansing (in-between times, too). Lubricate nightly with soothing hand cream and wear gloves to protect bed clothes. Manicure regularly. Wear gloves outdoors.

BIG SISTER

When Pat Tierney come to H'wood gossips ran wild with rumors of Gene's attempts to keep the kid sister from a career. But it's Gene who'll orronge for Pat's test. Above, reading lines together. G.'s now in "Chino Girl."

By Rosemary Layng

hese gay sisters mother each other. But comes a showdown, it's Gene who wears the slacks!

The emcee at a New York premiere noticed this luscious dish approaching upon the arm of an admiring escort. "Well, fold my retractable landing gear," said he in a glow, "if it isn't Gene Tierney. But where, oh where, is Cassini?"

The emcee dashed over with his microphone. "Won't you say a few words to your radio fans, Miss Tierney?" he begged.

Miss Tierney favored him with a brilliant smile. "What should I say?" she asked.

The emcee was bowled over by such naivete on the part of the famous. "Oh—anything. Tell them how much you're going to enjoy this picture. If you know the star, Tyrone Power, say something about him."

Miss Tierney leaned forward and in dulcet tones told the mike, "I know I'm going to enjoy this picture, as Tyrone is one of my favorite actors. If I ever have the good luck to meet him, I'm going to ask for his autograph."

The emcee, growing more dazed by the minute, mumbled into the mouthpiece, "Ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience, that was Miss Gene Tierney speaking. She is wearing . . ."

"Oh, no," corrected the individual with the gorgeous gams, "I'm Patricia Tierney — Gene's younger sister."

This will give you an idea of how closely the sisters resemble one another. They interchange clothes glibly and even wear the same size shoe and glove. When Gene came home the other day, wearing a pair of new navy blue suede shoes, Pat emitted a cry of sheer delight. "They'll be perfect with my navy slacks," she opined.

"But I gave you my red ones to wear with your blue outfit," Gene protested.

Pat stood quite still, looking at the blue shoes. Very lightly she bit her under lip, and her eyebrows were arched wistfully. She said nothing. She didn't have to talk.

"Oh, all *right*," sighed Gene. "Stop looking like that. You may wear them any time you want to."

Pat is just a trifle heavier than Gene is and perhaps half an inch taller, but she likes to wear her dresses shorter, (*Continued on page 99*)

Gene, Ma and Pat on the home front. Pat's knitting socks for Oleg, and the other girls are working on a tableclath set for Gene's new house. She and Ollie lived in a tiny cottage on the grounds, while house was being built.

The uniform means Mr. Cassini is in the U. S. Coast Guard, and without waiting 'round for a fancy commission. He's an ordinary seaman and proud of it. Above, Sat. night off, at Mocamba.

Did'ja know that Lana Turner's wedding present to her Stevie was a gold watch with all kinds of gadgets on it? 'Tis reported that he's to have an M-G-M contract, too. Above, at Mocambo.

Candidly Yours

Wanta glimpse of the latest thing in premieres? Ciro's? The Grove? You name it—Walt Davis has it covered!

Betty Hutton can work oll day, jitterbug till morn at Mocambo. Sad note: She loses beau Edmond O'Brien (shown with her) to ormy. Glad note: She, not Ann Sheridan, will play Tex Guinan.

Premiere of the "Pied Piper" grossed $4000 which will provide nurseries for children of the Navy's fighting men. Gene Tierney and Oleg finished up at Ciro's. They have a cute habit of talking French to each other.

Alan Gordon dated Carole Landis for "Pride of the Yankees" premiere. The first dim-out premiere in nineteen years of Hollywood history, all proceeds went to the Naval Aid Auxiliary.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Berle step out. Milt's busily writing an article called "How to Be Funny and Retain Friends," and is one of the latest entertainers to be signed by the Treasury Department. (He'll do 26 broadcasts.)

Time out from the war. Lt. Ronnie Reagan and Jane were snapped at the Ice Follies. Janie contracted food-poisoning on a recent bond tour; sold $12,000 worth of war bonds in Albuquerque, alone!

A new Twosome at the Cocoanut Grove—George Montgomery, whose salary has racketed to $1,000 a week, and Anne Shirley. Trying to squelch reports that she and Eddie Albert will wed?

Poor Ann Sothern's all tired out. First her 86-year-old grandma insisted on doing the town, and then Bob Sterling decided she ought to learn golf, and well—Above, The Inseparables.

LIFE WITH FATHER

That's what Denny Morgan's kids got a taste of when Mom was in the hospital, and they're ready to tell brand-new James what a swell guy Pop is!

Dennis Morgan, Jack Carson, Ida Lupino and Joan Leslie were doing a series of recordings for "The Hard Way." For one of Dennis' song specialties in the picture, a Chopin concerto had been grooved, streamlined and given a lyric. Dennis was keen on that number. "It really hits me, and I know I'm going to be able to sock it over," he confided to Jack during rehearsal.

But, on the morning the recording was set, Dennis stalled as long as possible. He said his voice didn't feel quite right—maybe he'd better get another cup of coffee. Then he said he kept getting the words mixed up—he'd go into the dressing room and study.

Finally, the recording couldn't be postponed another minute. Dennis walked over to the mike and took a firm grip on his composure. The orchestra completed the overture while Dennis waited with gritted teeth. Perspiration began to bud on his forehead, and his white shirt clung to his big shoulders. He went into the first bar, faltered . . . tried to control himself. Then his voice broke.

Shaking his head, the lovable guy known to everybody from third assistant prop boys to studio executives as "Stan," walked away to the sidelines and sat down to rest his head in his big hands. "I'm sorry," he apologized.

By Fredda Dudley

Stan and his pap use their front lawn for a rifle range. Patriotic Denny's turned his workshop into a cannery open to neighbors, in a campaign to preserve fruit and vegetables!

"There's something doggoned wrong here," Jack Carson mumbled, hot-footing it over to sit down beside his friend.

"Got a cigarette?" Dennis asked. "I feel like a fool —breaking up like that. I'm shot, Jack."

"Better spill it, kid. What's wrong?"

Dennis studied the toe of his shoe. "They took my wife to the hospital this morning. We're expecting our youngster in about three months, and the doctor doesn't know whether Lillian will pull through or not. Ichabod —crazy name, but that's what we've been calling him between ourselves as a family joke—sure isn't very crazy about coming into this old world."

Jack handed his friend another cigarette and held the match for him. "Tough break," he said.

"I'm half out of my mind," Dennis went on. "I took Stan and Kristin up to my folks in Beverly Hills this morning. Kids are wonderful philosophers—no matter what happens, they enjoy it. They got an awful kick out of knowing that they're going to live with their grandparents for awhile."

"That's one worry off your mind," Jack pointed out. "It *would* be a mess if they set up a howl about being away from home. Come on, Stan, snap out of it. Considering the miracles of medical science today, I'll bet little Ichabod and your wife get along just swell."

"Thanks, Jack. Well, guess I'd better take another crack at that recording," Dennis sighed. But, no matter how hard he tried, the recording couldn't be made that day, nor the next. Not until the doctors—a week later —had announced that Mrs. Morgan was responding to treatment, could Dennis sing the Chopin concerto.

Dennis wasn't getting much sleep those nights. He had been used to the racket caused by the squabbles between Stan—aged 8—and Kristin—aged 5. He had been accustomed to stopping pillow fights . . . or, more likely, getting into the thick of the fracas himself. He had grown wary of walking through darkened hallways for fear of doing a half gainer off a small iron firetruck. While he read the paper in the evening, he had frequently minded one of Kristin's ailing dolls. "That doll has a bad tem-mature," Kristin would confide. "On the ther-monitor her breath makes it say forty below zero. She's very sick."

Now, at night, the house was a model of order. Nothing out of place. All the toys tucked away or taken down to Beverly Hills. No arguments between big brother and little sister to be arbitrated. No calls from their mother, "Dennis, will you change the light globe in the service porch—the old one's (*Continued on page 53*)

The week baby Jimmy was born, Denny's mom broke her leg, his purp Brude had an eye infection and he was reduced to a frazzle wondering when *his* time was coming! On Warner lot (above with Bruce Cabat) he was peppered with baby presents!

Kristin dotes on a ride around the yard whenever Dad mows the grass—but note a motor does the pushing! As soon as "The Hard Way" is reeled, he'll concert tour.

Dennis Morgan

LIFE WITH FATHER

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51)

burned out and cook's stumbling all over the place."

He could read his paper in perfect peace. He could work in the garage with his hacksaws and hammers without interruption. And it was no fun at all! The headlines—without punctuations of family noise—had no flavor. Fussing with his carpenter tools couldn't seem to hold his interest unless he was nagged by the hazard of disturbance.

He wandered around the house, restlessly, then went to bed only to toss and turn and wonder what made the darkness so quiet.

Finally, toward dawn, he would fall into a troubled sleep. Later, when he came out of the fog, he would blink hazily at the clock, turn over with a sigh, then explode out of bed. He was due at the studio in five minutes!

While Dennis was stifling a yawn at luncheon the other day, he told Jack Carson, "I'm certainly looking forward to the day when the whole family will be living under one roof again, so that I can get a good night's sleep, roll out of bed on time in the morning and get to the studio fully dressed and in my right mind."

The first Saturday after Lillian had gone to the hospital, Dennis had a free day from his "Desert Song" shooting schedule. Mentally rubbing his hands together, he thought, "Now—with nobody around to interfere—I'm going to clean every gun in my collection. This is gonna be a great day!"

He rummaged around, finding an old towel (which afterwards turned out to be one of Kristin's doll quilts), his cans of oil and all the rest of a man's gun-cleaning paraphernalia, and went briskly to the gun cases in his den.

Sliding back the doors, the first thing Dennis saw was Stan's BB gun and twenty-two, solemnly stacked up beside his dad's rifles and 12-gauge blunderbusses.

A tide of loneliness flooded over the big man. Biting his lips, he swallowed hard to get rid of the lump in his throat. It was no use. Dropping his equipment on the floor, he grabbed Stan's .22 and his own pet rifle and zoomed out of the door (forgetting to lock the house). Jumping into the car, he fortied (saving tires) to Beverly Hills.

He was determined to be nonchalant when he drove up before his father's home, but when the two youngsters catapulted out of the house and down the walk, roaring at the top of their lungs like a pair of pursuits, he grabbed them into his arms and stood there, laughing.

"Gosh, I'm glad to see you two monkeys," he managed to admit. He took a long look at one, then the other.

Virginia Patton initiated Denny into the Spike the Rumor Club on "The Desert Song" set. While on desert location, an Indian air raid warden rode up and made Morgan put out his campfire!

"Same to you, Pop," yelled Stan. "But, for gosh sakes, don't get gooey about it."

"It's just this cold I've got," explained the father, acting like a parent.

Stan nodded. "Yeah—the same one Kris had the first night we slept here."

Kris extended herself to full height and announced with great dignity, "That was *not* a cold. That was hay fever like Mother's friend gets. It makes your eyes and nose run."

"And it makes you go boo-hoo," added Stan, leering at his little sister.

Dennis forestalled hostilities by saying, "How about our going hunting, Stan? I brought along your gun as well as my own. I thought we could drive out to our special field and . . . well, sort of hike along the creek."

Stan let out a war whoop that could have been heard by Indian ears on the Utah reservation. His grandmother came to the front door to caution him. "You mustn't make so much noise, dear. Those two children who live next door play quietly in the yard for hours at a time and never disturb anyone. Why can't you act like them?"

Stan agreed. "Sure—but then they're much better trained than Kris and I are. They're townies, and we're used to the country, huh, Dad?"

"Because Mommy's in the hospital, we aren't being trained at all. We're just being spoiled," elucidated Miss Kris, beaming at her father. (*Continued on page 104*)

Ingrid Bergman

"WHO'S GIG YOUNG?"

By Ruth Frank

Worners' new stor, Gig Young, spends a doy off set at home. That's Gig Young number two, who's helping him build a model plone. Gig (number one) will soon be seen in Worner Brothers' new "Air Force."

You can bring a light to Gig's eyes by feeding him thick steaks and baked potatoes. Recently gained 10 pounds (no connection); favorite books are "Days of Our Years," "The Importance of Living."

You'll find out if you stick around. Here's an introduction to someone new and exciting!

Gig Young—Gig Young—Gig Young—he's getting used to his crazy new moniker now, but he still turns around faster when someone from back home yells, "Hey, Buster!"

The "Buster" tag developed long before anybody was making a fuss about him. In the halcyon days when he was just Byron Barr to the teacher and "Buster" to the kids. First thing Hollywood did was to wipe out the folksy stuff and set the Barr boy up as "its newest romantic discovery, Bryant Fleming."

O.K. So he was Bryant Fleming. He could get used to a change. They all did. But then came fast and sudden-like his big chance, a sizeable role with Barbara Stanwyck, the gal he had more than once spent his last thirty-three cents on, just to see her in his neighborhood movie palace.

Acting the role of Gig Young, Stanwyck's artist friend in "The Gay Sisters," unknown Bryant Fleming did such a good job that wily previewers, always on the lookout for new talent, rushed their cards in to Director Irving Rapper, demanding to know the background of this bird, Gig Young. They couldn't stop to find out his real name—Gig Young was enough identification. Everybody at Warners' began calling him Gig, the gals at the switchboard dubbed him Gig, and to simplify (or maybe complicate) matters, the studio decided to change his name (*Continued on page 106*)

Robert Sterling

She's Engaged!

HOPE BULKELEY of New York—another beautiful Pond's Bride-to-Be—is engaged to Arthur Clarke Sutherland of Canada. *Hope's Ring* (below) is set in platinum, a smaller diamond each side of the blue-white solitaire.

HE IS GOING TO SEA—SHE IS MAKING THE SEAS SAFER—Her deft fingers turn out miraculously sensitive aircraft instruments. Hope studied for a stage career—"But, I wanted to do something *specific* in this war," she said, "so I went to the U. S. Employment Service, and the next day started work. I'm thrilled by my job, and every little glass tube I handle, I think, '*this* one may help Arthur.'"

She's Lovely! She uses Ponds!

HOPE IS TYPICAL of so many plucky, darling girls today who have given up all personal ambition so as to become "production soldiers" behind their fighting men.

"We like to feel we *look* feminine, even if we are doing a man-size job," she says, "so we tuck flowers and ribbons in our hair and try to keep our faces pretty as you please.

"My stage work taught me how awfully important a good cleansing cream is if you want a really lovely complexion. I use and *love* Pond's Cold Cream because it's such a splendid cleanser and softener. It's a grand value, too. A great *big* jar of Pond's *costs you less* than a *small jar* of many creams."

Every night Hope smooths Pond's Cold Cream over her face and throat. Pats in. Then tissues off well. This is to soften and remove dirt and make-up. Then, she "rinses" with a second Pond's creaming. Tissues off again—and "my skin feels angelic—so *clean* and so *smooth*," she says.

Do this yourself—at night, for daytime clean-ups, too. You'll soon see why war-busy society women like Mrs. John Jacob Astor and Mrs. Victor du Pont, III, use Pond's, why more women and girls use it than any other face cream. Ask for the *larger* sizes—you get even more for your money. All sizes are popular in price. At beauty counters everywhere.

HOPE AND ARTHUR greet two R. A. F. friends at the Waldorf, before Arthur enlisted. With her adorable smile and flower-fresh look, it's no wonder the boys can't see anyone else.

IT'S NO ACCIDENT SO MANY LOVELY ENGAGED GIRLS USE POND'S!

Maureen O'Hara

Can your Hands hold his Love, too?
WILL HIS HEART quicken at the ecstasy of your touch . . . the exquisite softness of your hand in his . . . the thrill of your fingertips caressing his cheek? Or will rough red hands disappoint him when he comes home?
MAKE THIS TEST! Brush your lips lightly across the back of your hand . . . as he might! Do they feel dry and uninviting, neglected? Ah . . . they need the delicate care of Cashmere Bouquet Lotion.
IN JUST 10 SECONDS Cashmere Bouquet Lotion can have your hands alluringly smooth, temptingly kissable! Yes, just massage a few drops of Cashmere Bouquet Lotion into your hands, and in 10 seconds it's dry, leaving no trace of stickiness to smear your gloves! And your hands seem transformed! Surface roughness is already gone . . . they feel luxuriously well-kept and satin-smooth!
AND NOW—THE PROOF! Make the kiss test again . . . feel the romantic softness and smoothness Cashmere Bouquet Lotion imparts to your hands. Daintily scented with rare Cashmere Bouquet perfume, the fragrance men love! Get two bottles today, one for the kitchen, one for the bath.
In 10¢ and larger sizes at all toilet goods counters.
NET CONTENTS 4½ FL. OZ.
Cashmere Bouquet
LOTION
COLGATE-PALMOLIVE-PEET CO. JERSEY CITY, N.J. MADE IN U.S.A.
Cashmere Bouquet Lotion
A Member of Cashmere Bouquet—the Royal Family of Beauty Preparations

GOOD NEWS

BY SYLVIA KAHN

Shhh! It's strictly against army rules to pose for publicity shots, but if Bill Holden's caught off guard, whose fault is that? He and Brenda were ecstatic the 2 weeks he was making army shots on the Coast. She tearfully drove him to the train back East.

Payne volunteers in Army Air Corps! Jane Withers nixes two proposals. Gable sheds 27 lbs.!

HOLLYWOOD DIARY

Fri., Sept. 4th: Strange and a little sad that Glenn Ford must go off to war feeling his Hollywood career is ended. Visited him and Eleanor Powell at Elly's home and was shocked to hear Glenn say he's washed up in pictures. No amount of argument can convince him fans will give a darn about Glenn Ford after the war. Bill Holden was in town a couple of weeks ago, and he and Glenn had one of their old-fashioned bull sessions. Only this time they didn't talk about career; they talked about war and future. Bill feels exactly as Glenn does—that he's out of pictures for good because no one will want him back. Bill is still kicking around a few ideas for a post-war profession. But Glenn, who spent two and a half years studying to be a doctor, expects to return to medicine. However, I'll make bets they'll return to acting. Both of these swell boys would wither without their daily daub of greasepaint. If only someone could make them understand that fans are not fickle, disloyal pinheads, but good and faithful friends who will love them all the more for signing up with Uncle Sam!

Janie Withers phoned, thrilled to pieces. Received her first proposals this week, one from a civilian, the other from a marine. Of course, Jane's never laid eyes on either man, but she couldn't be more excited if George Montgomery popped the magic question.

Wed., Sept. 9th: Lunched at Warners' with Olivia de Havilland, who's having a devil of a time hunting a new house. Can't find one furnished to suit her tastes. Liv recalled the time Errol Flynn rented Roz Russell's home. Errol was enchanted by the wide, modern living room and the book-lined den. They were so ideal he kissed the rental agent and signed the lease on the spot. Not till he came 'round the next day and toted his clothes up to the bedroom did he realize what he was in for. Roz, the ultra-sophisticate, had gone completely feminine in her boudoir! Errol's feet froze on the furry white rug, and his eyes glazed when they took in the flouncy dressing table and curtains, and the satin padded bed that would have done justice to DuBarry. But it was too late; the contract was signed. To this day Errol blames his habit of keeping late hours on Roz's bedroom. He used to stay awake half

the night dreading to go into that beruffled insult to his masculinity!

Dennis Morgan and Fredda Dudley were at the next-door table trading talk about Lillian and the new baby. Thought Dennis would go to pieces before my eyes. The poor guy has an advanced case of jitters. Lillian's illness and the constant fear that something terrible would happen to her and the child put an awful strain on ol' Pop Morgan. He brought 'em home from the hospital yesterday, and they're going to be all right. Now it's Dennis who's the patient! He leaves tomorrow on a three weeks' fishing trip to rest his nerves. Lillian wants him to go. Says watching him fidget and squirm around the house would only delay her recovery.

Mon., Sept. 14th: Set called at Columbia. First stop: "City Without Men" to see Linda Darnell and find out what goes with her and Pev Marley, the handsome 41-year-old camerman who was once married to Lina Basquette. Linda repeatedly denies there's anything between them, yet town talk still has 'em on the way to the altar. "That's because we won't let gossip kill our friendship," Linda says. "Certainly I realize Pev is old enough to be my father. But we can still go out together, can't we?" Anyway, Linda says she has more important things on her mind. She and Ann Miller are opening a day nursery to provide for the children of women war workers. They will charge a very small fee, maybe $1.50 a week. The children will receive their lunch, playground facilities and medical attention.

On the "A Night To Remember" stage found Brian Aherne, Loretta Young and Joan Fontaine. Brian and Loretta co-star in "A.N.T.R." but the studio's thinking of writing in a part for Mrs. Aherne because she's around so often.

Skirted the "Something To Shout About" troupe. This was Jack Oakie's first day on the set since he and Venita Varden announced their separation—and definitely the wrong time for a social call. Jack, I'm told, is willing to talk about his estranged wife. Unlike Mickey Rooney who followed his divorce announcement with orders that "The Human Comedy" set be closed to every reporter who's ever even heard of Ava Gardiner. No question, the Mick's been dealt a hard blow. Must of struck deep because he isn't trying to clown it off like he does everything else. Hollywood hears Ava is asking $100,000 along with her freedom. She'll probably get it, too. No wonder Mickey tells friends he's sorry he wasn't drafted a year ago!

Fri., Sept. 18th: Surprised to find Alan Ladd and Sue Carol in the Paramount publicity department this A.M. Only a few days ago they were full up about their coming vacation—the first real one since they married. They were to leave the next morning to be gone two weeks. And today I found them, on the fourth day of their holiday, sitting in the studio studying some new portraits of Alan!

Seems they drove to Santa Barbara and checked in at the swankiest hotel in town. Unhappily, the big hotel was half vacant, and they had all the swank to themselves. The huge, deserted lobby and the long, empty hallways depressed them. They were the only couple on the dance floor, and at dinner they could hear a napkin drop. But they wouldn't admit they weren't having a good time. It was their precious vacation and neither would confess it was a disappointment. On the third evening they sat in the dining room bent dolefully over their soup. All of a sudden they looked up at each other and shouted: "Let's get out of here!" Without stopping to finish their meal, they zoomed to their room, packed their bags, and in a half hour were headed back to Hollywood and home, sweet home.

Window shopping on Sunset Strip and ran

(Continued on following page)

SAYS VERONICA LAKE

(CAMEO SKIN TYPE)

VERONICA LAKE, CO-STARRING IN "THE GLASS KEY", A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

"I've met my Match!"

"I'VE BEEN SEEKING a powder shade that would 'do things' for my very fair, hard-to-match coloring.

"And now comes Woodbury's luscious new Color Controlled Natural shade. It's so clear and alive, I know—at last, I've met my match."

Of course, Veronica! So have thousands of girls when they've smoothed on Woodbury's new powder. You see, Hollywood directors have collaborated with Woodbury to classify skin types and create glamour shades for each.

And a new Woodbury process, Color Control, blends color into powder with new clearness, finer texture that clings. So buy Woodbury Powder. A chart in every box shows you your type, your shade. Large boxes are $1.00, 50¢. Introductory sizes, 25¢, 10¢.

You'll love the look this new powder gives you—*so will he.*

WOODBURY
Color Controlled powder

Beauty Bonus!
Now with your $1.00 box of Woodbury Powder, you also get Rouge and Lipstick, a complete Matched Make-up—all three for $1.00.

FREE . . 7 NEW GLAMOUR SHADES
Paste this on penny postcard. We'll send you, fast, all 7 shades of Woodbury Color Controlled Powder. *And* a helpful little color chart so you can find your type. Address, John H. Woodbury, Inc., 8128 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ *State* _____

Dave May and Bun Granville at "Talk of the Town" premiere. $5,000 proceeds went to H'waad Canteen, which is madelled on N. Y.'s Stoge Daor and guests abaut 5,000 men per day! Civilians must pay $25 ta came in and sit at the "ongels' table"!

Photographers had a heyday clicking the Cary Grants. Tickets ta premiere entitled holder ta ofter-theater Cira party where an impramptu all-star was given. Jahn Charles Thomas not anly song but paid $11 far privilege af being there!

Ellie Pawell and Glen Ford came ta "Talk" premiere cram-jammed with 6 athers in Harry Cahn's station wagan. Bets are an they'll merge ere he takes Navy aath.

GOOD NEWS

(Continued)

into Banita Granville giving that far away look to a pair of antique chairs in William Haines' decarating shop. Her mind wasn't an the chairs, though, 'cause all she talked about was Jackie Caaper and how unhappy she was not ta be able ta meet him in Cincinnati for a bond tour through the Midwest. She was set ta leave the other night, but the studia phoned to hand her a juicy assignment in "Hitler's Children." She'd rather have had the bond tour than the role, but arders are orders and she starts tomorrow. She wired Jackie to go on without her, and she knows he's just as unhappy as she is. Deplores the story that she and Jackie had planned to see an Ohio preacher and turn the bond trip into a honeymoon. Someone cooked up the tale because it made good copy, which is unfortunate because Granville and Cooper are a pair of nice, wholesome kids wha don't deserve to have the details of their romance booted around the newspaper columns.

Thurs., Sept. 24th: Looks like Hallywoad's headed far a mass nervous breakdown!! Rita Haywarth is the latest to crack up. Back from a bond tour yesterday and, plop, into the hospital she gaes! Daphne McVicker tells me when she saw Rita last night, Rita was nervous as a cat. Kept knitting and unknitting her fingers, jumping up, sitting down and smoking furiously. And today she's in bed. No wonder. Her tour was a tremendaus emotional and physical strain. The bond-buyers were grand, but some of the weirdies who sprang out af the crawd just pecked at her nerves. Like the woman who elbowed her way through the mob, carrying a small child in her arm. When she came clase to Rita, she pushed the child into Rita's face and commanded: "Naw reach out and tauch her. Touch her on the head, ar touch her on the nose—but tauch her!" The child obediently yanked Rita's hair. The mother muttered a brief "thank yau," and the pair of 'em disappeared into the crowd.

Fri., Sept. 25th: Ta Paramount and the "Bells" set. Ingrid Bergman and Gary Cooper were between takes. Found them facing the sun, inhaling and exhaling like a pair of kids in a school raom drill. Looked a little queer, but wha am I to question the breathing habits of Caoper and Bergman? If they want ta "inhale 1-2-3-4, exhale 1-2-3-4" that's all right with me! Was a little relieved though, when Ingrid explained. The company just returned from Sonara location where they spent six wonderful weeks in the clean, wide-open spaces. First day back Ingrid and Gary were stuck in a cave sequence, and from 9 ta 6 labor aver a vile-smelling kettle af rabbit stew. The change is tao much. To prevent suffocation, they stumble out of the airless cave and onta the lot soon as Director Sam Wood gives 'em the okay.

Ingrid still studies English with Ruth Roberts, the tall charming girl who ironed the accents out of Jean Gabin, Ilana Massey and Hedy Lamarr. She's a diligent student, that Bergman. Even carries on a bi-lingual conversatian with her husband Dr. Lindstram. He speaks Swedish; Ingrid answers him in

English. Sometimes she "rolls up her arm" when she means sleeve, and "leons against the ceiling" when she means wall. But shucks, those are minor errors!

Short Shots

Johnny Payne's enlistment in the Army Air Corps was no surprise to Jane Russell, the only gal who shares his confidences . . . Anne Baxter's grandpappy is famed architect Frank Lloyd Wright . . . Glenn Ford's photo still graces Joan Crawford's baby grand piano—and no squawks from Phil Terry!

Richard Denning, a whiz at shorthand and typing, will steno in the Navy . . . There will be no dirty glances if Van Heflin runs into his visiting "ex," Mrs Eleanor Heflin. They parted friends . . . "Boot training" whacked 27 pounds off Clark Gable's frame . . . Unexpected twosomes: George Raft and Simone Simon; Vic Mature and K. T. Stevens . . . Frances Rich, daughter of Irene Rich, is a Lieutenant in the WAVES . . . Raymond Massey will be a Major in the Canadian Army by the time you read this . . . And Ray Milland would like it known he is not joining the British forces. He's been an American citizen for five years, and his services belong to the USA . . . Norma Shearer signs her personal notes "Norma Shearer Thalberg Arrouge". . . . Hedy Lamarr would like to know Randy Scott.

What Price Glamour

Charles Boyer has had a nice long career in the cinema. For years he's been a top movie lover, and he's made a big pile of dough. So he really shouldn't mind yielding his glamour crown to a better man—when that man happens to be Benny Goodman.

Yup, Benny has entered the Pretty Boy Sweepstakes! The word is out. Goodman is gonna get gorgeous. Strenuous dieting has already whittled fifteen pounds off his chassis. And his conservative wardrobe has undergone a revolution; it's now strictly streamlined and just a trifle zoot-suity.

Benny's transformation is painful to the boys in his band. They usually pretend not to notice. But sometimes it's more than they can bear. Like the day the gang was rehearsing at N.B.C. Benny was late and the boys were beginning to worrry. At last the door opened and the maestro walked in. The musicians took one look and gasped. Because Benny was bravely groping his way toward them—without his glasses!

"Sweet glamour!" said one of the boys, disgustedly. "What a leading man he'll make . . . if someone gives him a Seeing Eye dog!"

Autry is Grounded

Sgt. Gene Autry's cowboying may be great stuff to his 'teen age fans—but it doesn't mean a darn thing to Uncle Sam.

As every Autry-ite knows, Gene is so accustomed to toddling around on high-heeled boots, a pair of regular shoes throws him off balance. When he joined the Army Air Corps, he quite naturally took with him his favorite footery—a pair of green and yellow Westerns, with three-inch spikes.

The first morning Gene showed up for inspection, his superior officer gave him a quick once-over and moved on. The second and third days Gene again received nods of approval. But on the fourth day a new Captain appeared to review the rookies. Going down the line, he suddenly halted—spotted the silver spurs.

"My dear Sergeant Autry," began the officer, sweetly but firmly, "you will please remember you are now a soldier in the United States Army and not a member of

(Continued on following page)

Normo Sheorer proudly introduced hubby Marty Arrouge to chums ot dimmed-out premiere of "Pied Piper," benefit for Novol Aid Auxiliary. Chief Petty Officer Rudy Vollee led the Coost Guord Bond in a musicol prologue including mony of his old-timers.

GOOD NEWS

(Continued)

the Texas Vigilantes. Hi, ho, Silver is out —for the duration. Remove those boots immediately and report to me at headquarters!"

The next day Autry was down to earth—breaking in a new pair of shoes without a whimper.

Disa and Data

George Sanders and the Army are looking into each other . . . Katharine Hepburn was surprised as anyone when Ludlow Ogden Smith, the man she married in 1928 and divorced in 1934, divorced *her* this September . . . Artie Shaw is waving his baton over a 15-piece Navy band . . . Alice Faye will do ten new song numbers in "Hello, Frisco, Hello" . . . Hollywood hears the recently-widowed Virginia Bruce will retire from pictures to devote full time to her children.

Michele Morgan's shining-new hilltop home is up for sale. Love's the reason. Bridegroom Bill Marshall insists they live within his means—and "his means" means an attractive little cottage in Brentwood . . . Note to Gypsy Rose Lee: Miss Fay Bainter, no less, plays a curvy burlesque queen in her next Metro flicker . . . Errol Flynn is learning to step faster under the personal tutelage of Arthur Murray Dance instructress, Shirley Cowan . . . Phil Harris challenged billiard Champ Willie Hoppe to a game of pool—and beat him 61 to 10 . . . It's Capt. Glenn Miller now. He'll make music for the Army for the duration. Harry James takes over his radio spot . . . Bette Davis may yield to fan pressure and remake "Of Human Bondage" . . . The violin Jack Benny tortures with his rendition of "The Bee" is a genuine Amati, insured for $100,000 . . . It's the Army for Claude Thornhill, while Clyde McCoy gets into Navy blues.

Ensign Vaughn Paul passed through town on a quick furlough and brought the twinkle back to Deanna Durbin's eyes . . . Jane Withers is papering the walls of her den with letters from boys in the service. One entire panel is reserved for the poetry the lads send her . . . Bob Stack practiced shooting the soft talk at Showgirl Elinor Troy before he enlisted in Naval Gunnery School.

See Here, Private Lynn!

If you think Army life doesn't change a man, consider the case of Jeffrey Lynn. Before turning soldier Jeff was the shyest man in town. So what happens? Jeffrey Lynn becomes a buck private—and displays more brashness than he ever had as a movie star!

Jeff recently trained into Hollywood on an Army job. Fellow soldiers who left him at the station felt a little sorry for the guy. His best girl, Margaret Hayes, was married to another man. His home was rented to strangers. His family was in the East. They expected Jeff to curl up and die. But Jeff showed 'em! He pulled a nickel out of his khakis, dipped into a phone booth and—although he had never met the lady—called Hedy Lamarr!

Unfortunately Hedy was in bed recovering from a bond tour and couldn't come to the phone. She did let it be known, however, that she was not unwilling to talk to Mr. Lynn the next time he was furloughed.

What puzzles Hedy is how Jeff got her phone number, which she has changed almost as often as her bed linen. Reason for the changes, say insiders, is that George Montgomery, still a very persistent suitor, won't stop calling. And Hedy, still a very hurt young woman, doesn't want to speak to him.

Although she come to "Tolk" with Wynn Rocomoro, Dottie Lomour spent intermission kidding with Hope. At Ciro's every guest from Turner to B. Dovis' mom shook o leg to Goodmon, Stuff Smith, Motty Molneck ond o superb Sonto Ano Novy Bond chockfull of big-time swingsters!

Photo Phobias

When they see the candid cameraman heading their way: Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz duck their cocktails and reach for a tumbler of ice water . . . Cesar Romero warns his girl friends with a quick nudge, so they too can get a beeg smile working . . . Edmond O'Brien, on the other hand belongs to the "every man for himself" school. He mugs fearfully when the shutter clicks, and doesn't care whether or not his date is snapped off guard . . . Norma Shearer strikes a pretty pose. Norma is the one star who is never caught napping. She can sense the lens-boys' approach even when her back is turned . . . Marlene Dietrich stops eating (a fork piled high with mashed potatoes or broccoli is seldom glamorous) and quickly lights a cigarette . . . Joan Bennett whips off her glasses. Not 'cause she's vain. She's just smart enough to know that a flash bulb catches reflections from spectacle lenses and sometimes ruins the picture.

The Uninvited

That glamour queen who mopes around the house waiting for John Carroll to call might as well give up. The only way she can see Johnny is to pay fifty cents at the box-office and watch his latest movie. For John has tossed away his telephone numbers, and the only gal he's courting is pretty Martha O'Driscoll.

Must be love, too. The other evening John called the O'Driscoll home and discovered Martha had left an hour earlier with Edmond O'Brien. He rushed out of the house and began to make the rounds of all the clubs where the pair might be. He finally located them at the Mocambo.

Sauntering up to their table, he eased into a vacant chair beside Martha. Ignoring the burning O'Brien, he proceeded to tell Martha how wonderful it was to be with her. Eddie stood it as long as he could.

"Mr. Carroll," he said furiously. "Will you please leave!"

"Certainly," replied John rising. And turning to Martha. "Call me, honey, when you get rid of this guy. Good night!"

We don't know whether O'Brien has dated Martha since. But we do know Carroll is moving fast to eliminate all rivals. Last we heard, Martha was going to dinner at the Carroll home, to meet John's mom.

Love is in the Air

Last month Paramount Studios was thrown into a panic by the sudden blast of an airplane diving overhead. As the deafening roar came closer and closer, there was a mad scramble for shelter under desks and behind waste-paper baskets. Suddenly, a few feet from the roof tops, the big ship pulled out of its dive with a sickening whine, and disappeared into the blue.

Every day for the next two weeks the mystery plane returned. Studio executives were frantic, actors refused to act, and crew members threatened mutiny. Finally, when it appeared Paramount would have to be evacuated, Betty Hutton spoke up. It was all her fault, she confessed. The pilot of the plane was her new boy friend. His name was Sid Luft, and he was a test pilot at Douglas. And all those power dives and barrel rolls—well, that was only Sid's way of showing his affection!

Betty and her test pilot have since broken up, maybe at Paramount's urging. But the

(Continued on following page)

Dimmed-out "Tolk" premiere was held at Four Star Theater without benefit of searchlights or batteries of arc lights. Doughboys had time of their lives dancing with gals like Janet Blair (above) at Ciro's.

At "Pride of the Yankees" premiere for Naval Aid Auxiliary, 3500 fans jammed bleachers in front of theater to glimpse stars like Ann Rutherford and Rand Brooks. San Diego Naval Band played for early birds.

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GOOD NEWS

(Continued)

Luft menace has struck again. This time it's Columbia that's being victimized, thanks to Sid's latest heart interest, Starlet Alma Carroll. No one knows how long this new blitz will last. But we wouldn't be surprised to see Columbia sprout a balloon barrage any day!

Surprise Party

Those who saw Camp Beale the day the news came from Hollywood say it looked like a college campus just before a prom. Excited soldiers were clustered around the barracks, laughing and joking as they hadn't laughed and joked in ages. Spirits were high and the world was good. For the news from Hollywood had been wonderful news. Movie actresses were coming to Camp Beale! Two of them! They would arrive next morning to spend the day with the boys, many of whom hadn't seen a pretty girl in months.

Next day, the men lined up, hearts a'poundin', and watched a big black limousine thread its way along the rough path to the camp. Someone had started a rumor that the Turner kid, a new transfer, was really Lana's brother, and Lana herself might be coming to see them—probably bringing Hedy Lamarr. The boys sighed and prayed a little harder.

The car rolled to a stop. Several hundred men held their breath. The rear door swung open, and out stepped—Hedda Hopper and Maria Ouspenskaya!

"After we recovered, we had a swell time," said a young corporal. "It was like looking forward to seeing your best girl, and having your mom arrive instead. And is that so bad?"

Turn Off the Heat

Another story from Camp Beale concerns Lieut. Jimmy Stewart who was sent there on a special government mission.

Jimmy arrived at the camp one night when the mercury was snuggling close to zero. A stove was sent to his quarters, and Jimmy was gratefully thawing out when someone informed him that, being a guest of the camp, he was the only soldier enjoying the luxury of a private heater. Jimmy waited to hear no more. Without a word, he struggled into his overcoat, detached the stove and marched it back to headquarters!

By the way, Jimmy told a pal he was mighty embarrassed by radio commentators, columnists and people everywhere who insist on making a martyr of him because he joined the army as a buck private. They imply it would have been a cinch for him to get a commission or snag a soft job. Actually, he had no choice. He was simply drafted, like a million other Americans. "So what's all the fuss about?" says Jimmy.

The Rising Sun

When Hedy Lamarr moved back into the hilltop home she used to share with Gene Markey, she decided to have the whole place revamped. A host of decorators and painters were immediately set to work with yardstick and paint. (Continued on page 98)

Janet Blair and Roz Russell on "Mail Call" show over CBS to soldiers overseas. Roz lost 12 pounds in 10 days entertaining soldiers at Camp Choffee, Ark. Later went on to sell $15,000 worth of bonds in 15 mins. Now she wants to go abroad to bolster morale!

When Monty Wooley invited Bette Davis to premiere ot his picture, "The Pied Piper," she innocently replied. "Oh, that's the film little Roddy McDowall is in. I'd love to go." Later in evening he mognonimously took her to Mocombo with party of friends!

Stars of "Tolk of the Town," Jean Arthur, Cary Grant ond Ronold Colman (right, with Mrs. C.) saw to it that servicemen hod tickets to premiere and party.

Claudette Colbert STARRING IN "THE PALM BEACH STORY"

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For the

"This is what we do with them in California," offers Ann Rutherford as we bring out the new, delicately woven red scarf. So we tell her to hold that pose. But even she agrees the scarf will better cheat the chills if you pull it close around your shoulders and loop, ascot-fashion.

Rutherford Is Ready

If you could have seen the way Ann Rutherford whizzed into one change after another, blithely announcing, "Rutherford is ready," you'd understand how she managed to land in New York without collapsing after that last strenuous Bond Tour. The girl does things that easily. She did claim lack-of-sleep circles under the eyes, but it must have been her imagination because we couldn't see any. She looked dyed-in-the-wool glamour in her beautifully fitting, knit suit.

When we asked her about CLOTHES on the Bond Tour, she did have a story to tell. Seems she started out in one of her loved suits, but by the second day found that wasn't what the public wanted. So between the morning and afternoon rallies, she whipped into a nearby department store, bought two basic navy dresses and proceeded on tour, using a full bag of clothes tricks that any one of you could copy to advantage. Mornings it was a simple white pique collar and cuff set and unadorned pompadour hat with the basic dress. Afternoons she whisked off the pique, substituted pearls, added a veil and on to the next rally. Believing "There's nothing worse than tired veiling," she packed her suitcase with yards of fresh veiling, as well as bright-colored gloves, important-looking bags and flocks of feathered birds which she pinned in her hair in place of ribbon bows.

Ann's next comment, "These ARE wonderful," is just what you'll say of the bright weskits with suede front, knitted back, to sport at home on bound-to-come heatless days. They cost so little, you can add four 25c war stamps to your bond book as change from a fiver.

Ann Rutherford is now in 20th-Fox's "Orchestra Wives."

"We'll probably all be much healthier with less heat, anyway," is the way Ann feels about the 65 maximum temperature decree. But whether you're an oil-shortage worrier or not, you'd better take a sweater inventory, then add at least one cheery, cable-stitched cardigan.

By Elizabeth Willguss

Modern Miss

The Girl Next Door

"I don't LIKE my hair this way," was eye-compelling Barbara Britton's whispered greeting as soon as she arrived at the fashion studio. "I'd much rather wear it—you know—down. But this is for the opening tonight, so—" So for the New York premiere of Paramount's superb "Wake Island," she was to look chic, sophisticated. An easy feat with her looks.

But actually she is just as natural and friendly as the girl who sits next to you in Ec or Math. Her first trip to New York, what did she do but sight-see all the well-known places of interest. Almost all, that is. A disappointed girl was going back to Hollywood next day, because there would be no time for a jaunt up to the much-heralded Bronx Zoo.

Barbara's face lighted up as she told of running into a boy from home at the service dance the night before, and we can imagine how glad he was to meet a now-famous school chum. Showing us a pin with anchor she'd designed, she explained it was meant as a gentle hint to boys at USO dances that her heart was already taken. This sounds like a good way to make friends and discourage wolves, doesn't it?

"A girl should dress up every now and then," believes Barbara Britton, and rightly so. A black velvet suit dress spells money doubly well spent. Warm enough to wear in homes without a crackling fire in the hearth, versatile enough for all sorts of doings, with a mere change of collar.

Don't discard your warm, bright sweaters for something dressier when you entertain the boys at Sunday night suppers. Use your bean about embellishing them. Dedicate one set to the cause by sewing on sequins or braid in a design dreamed up by you.

See page 92

One case when a fur that isn't a fur looks mighty like it and gives out with a new type of warm sweater cardigan. The spotted leopard cloth version of the panda cardigan is bound with brown, and cut so well that you wear it downtown just like a jacket, as Barbara Britton demonstrates. A jive adaptation!

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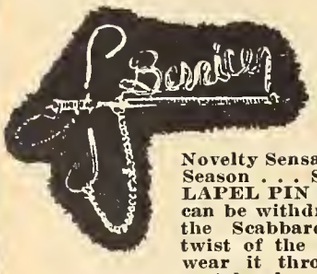

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MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 8*)

Casablanca underworld, S. Z. Sakall and Leonid Kinsky in supporting roles. It's a big picture directed by Warners' ace Mike Curtiz and produced with care. "Casablanca" is a romantic melodrama, in a striking setting; it's packed with the danger, thrills and heart of our world today.—*War.*

P. S.

Humphrey Bogart drove Sydney Greenstreet quietly mad with his nonchalant approach to his art. Before a scene, Greenstreet goes over his lines, works up a mood. Bogey stays completely out of character, wanders around trading laughs with the crew. The minute the cameras start rolling, Bogart is right on the beam, every line, every piece of business delivered right.

For one whole day, Claude Rains did nothing but raise his eyebrows. The scene was a key one, with the camera panning around a room, resting for a few significant seconds on a table, a piano, a chair and, finally, Rains' face. While Claude was standing in the cafe, raising and lowering his brows at the command of Director Mike Curtiz, Bogart wandered onto the set and gave his fellow actor a thorough heckling.

Peter Lorre chalked up his most embarrassing moment to date during production. His big scene was a noisy escape, with the police hot on his trail. Screaming at the top of his lungs, he dashed through the cafe set, overturning furniture, staring wildly in every direction, looking for a good spot to run out of camera range. Seeing a woman "extra" player he knew, he used her as a focal point and headed right for her. Literally foaming at the mouth, and with those incredible Lorre eyes popping almost out of his head, he decided to follow through, and when he came to the gal, he grabbed her shoulders with both hands and glared. She fainted dead away, and only then did Lorre discover the dim light had deceived him. He had never seen the woman before, and found out later she was an important visitor to the studio, the wife of a prominent Iowa theater owner.

Everyone in the cast but Bogey spoke with a foreign accent. Paul Henreid, Conrad Veidt, Peter Lorre, Greenstreet, S. Z. Sakall and Claude Rains. By the end of the production, Rains, who soaks up others' accents like a sponge, was speaking with a brand new accent, combining the best of Swedish, Austrian, French and Russian.

More than half a million cubic feet of vaporized oil was used to "fog" the sound stage used as a setting for the airport . . . Technical director was Lieut. Robert Aisner, an authentic refugee via Casablanca . . . Madeleine LeBeau, French newcomer who came to this country with Michele Morgan, had to do some of her scenes with Marcel Dalio, whom she's divorcing. Dalio himself is another Gallic actor who has found safety and work in America.

ONCE UPON A HONEYMOON

History, or what passes for a reasonably accurate facsimile thereof, is the theme of "Once Upon A Honeymoon." Supporting the stars, Ginger Rogers and Cary Grant, are such assorted characters as Chamberlain, Daladier, Adolph Hitler and a bit player named Mussolini. Opening in the Vienna of 1938, it skips, at the properly critical moments, to such spots as Munich, Danzig, Warsaw, Latvia, Rotterdam, Denmark, Norway, Belgium and ends in Paris as the Germans take over. The picture screens as if it were sired by a newsreel out of a radio broadcast.

"Once Upon A Honeymoon" is a comedy.

It tells the story of one Katherine Butt-Smith (Ginger Rogers), a beautiful American girl, who marries a foreign title named Baron Von Luber (Walter Slezack). A roving radio correspondent, Patrick O'Toole (Cary Grant), suspects that they are both phonies and, as Hitler's troops march in to take over Austria, he is hard at work trying to prove it. While Austria dies, O'Toole skips nimbly in and out of Miss Butt-Smith's bedroom with hilarious results.

They meet again in Warsaw. The Baron and his wife have just returned from a Czechoslovakia betrayed and dead. O'Toole has just come in from Munich, where as radio correspondent he got off a gag or two about Chamberlain's umbrella. The bombing of Warsaw finds O'Toole quite innocently sporting about Miss Butt-Smith's boudoir in his pajamas while the Baron comes thundering up the stairs. This provides quite a bit of sport for a couple of hundred feet of film. Outside the windows, Warsaw is a shambles.

At this point, Miss Butt-Smith decides that the Baron is a fifth column agent for the Nazis and, properly

shocked, she plans to escape with O'Toole. Unfortunately, the pair of them are mistaken for a Jewish couple named Beckstein and wind up in a Concentration Camp. The horrors of this are suggested when, as presumably husband and wife, they are alloted only one blanket to sleep on. Cowed by it all, Miss Butt-Smith confesses to O'Toole that she is really Kitty O'Hara, a former burlesque queen, who thought she had something good in an honest-to-goodness Baron, except that he turned out to be a Nazi. Thus, O'Toole confirms his theory that both of them were phonies. While he does nothing about the Baron, at the time, he falls in love with the beautiful Kitty.

Love and the American Embassy manage to get them out of the Concentration Camp and on their way to Latvia. Following history, they find themselves bombed from Latvia to Belgium, where they join a stream of refugees heading toward Paris. In Paris, shined up again, they're all set to call it a day. O'Toole wants to get back home to do something

patriotic; he's going to write a book. O'Hara (née Butt-Smith) wants to get to Reno as fast as she can. They're held up by a spy plot and the fact that the Germans take Paris.

But they get passage eventually, and are all set for a voyage to America. The Baron shows up momentarily, but Kitty shoves him overboard and that's the end of *him*. And O'Toole changes his mind about the book; he's going to do a coast-to-coast lecture tour instead.

Thus ends the saga of the O'Toole and the O'Hara.

This is history; or, as we said, somebody's idea of a facsimile.—*RKO*.

P. S.

The three stars—Rogers, Grant and McCarey—have more in common than their opinions on timing or how lines should be read. Each one is a better-than-average piano-player and singer, and there was always a rush to see who could get to those 88 keys first. McCarey has a mighty repertoire of original tunes, never published, but well known to his friends. Most-often-requested: "Sitting on Your Patio," written by Leo years ago for the Duncan Sisters.

Grant and Rogers discovered they harmonize well, and Rogers discovered Grant dances well. Cary and Leo whip into a vaudeville routine they've worked up to the tune of "Lorelei" that's so good they could have headlined at the Palace any time. For an encore, the boys sing their own verses to "The Strip Polka."

At the beginning of the picture, Ginger Rogers' dressing room door had nothing on it but her name. By the time the film was finished, the door looked like a bulletin board. Everytime a member of the crew ran across a picture or newspaper cartoon he thought Ginger might like, he'd paste it on the door to surprise her.

This is villain Walter Slezak's first picture. The man was bogged down with advice and hints, and ribbed constantly. For one scene, he had to turn his back while phoning so he wouldn't see Ginger cross the room and enter another door. McCarey told him to keep talking until he got a cue that would mean Rogers was safely out of sight. Walter grabbed the phone and began ad libbing. Ten minutes later he began running out of things to say. When he ventured to peek around, he discovered the entire company had quietly left the set for lunch, leaving him to act, undisturbed.

Ginger treats cast and crew to ice-cream bars every afternoon, but this time the tables were turned. For the first time since she's been in pictures, her birthday has rolled around while she was working. McCarey shelled out for the frozen cream, plus cake, and cast and crew bought her three albums of music they knew she didn't have. When she entered the sound stage that morning, the entire company was lined up from the door to her dressing room, and as she walked along, each one handed her a gaily wrapped, beribboned recording.

Two of the most important events in Cary Grant's life occurred during production. First, he became an American citizen; second, he married the woman he loves, Barbara Hutton. He took but one day off for each event. McCarey kiddingly allowed him an extra hour for his honeymoon, told him he could report for work at ten instead of nine. Any other star would have kidded right back and come in when he felt like it, but

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not C. Grant. Knowing the company couldn't get rolling 'til he got there, he showed up on the dot at ten!

There were no gifts handed to him, no fuss made. After all, what can you give a guy like that?

WHO DONE IT?

The round little fat man and his partner are back again, and it hardly seems as if they were gone. Abbott and Costello must own a merry-go-round, their pictures come whirling by so fast these days. It seems only yesterday and maybe it was, that they were wrestling with a gang of cannibals in "Pardon My Sarong," and here they are once more with not a trace of a headhunter to be found. The boys are quite civilized in their new picture, parading nonchalantly through the lush interiors of a super-duper radio center. They're pretending to be script writers in "Who Done It?" but when did they prove they could read and write?

Not that there's much time for such quiet habits as reading and writing when Abbott and Costello are around. These boys can make even a Union League Club look like a madhouse once they begin their horseplay. "I got to see a doctor about my face," says Costello at one point. "What's the matter with it?" asks Abbott. "It talks too much," says Costello. It talks enough to keep "Who Done It?" going at a zany clip from the opening shot to the fadeout.

As you might guess from the title, "Who Done It?" is concerned with a murder. Not too seriously concerned, though. Of course, there's the usual list of suspects, and the mystery is finally cleared up, but with the script the murder is played strictly for laughs. You might, for instance, be slightly puzzled as to how a murder investigation could lead Abbott and Costello into a mix-up

with a troupe of flying acrobats; and in between questioning of the suspects, Costello manages to walk off with the $10,000 prize offered by a radio program known as the Wheel of Fortune. It's all in fun, though, and, when you come right down to it, which is more important anyway—crime or Costello?

The boys get a little support in this one from a subordinate love story handled by Patric Knowles and Louise Albritton; and just to show what real police officers look like, there's William Gargan and William Bendix on hand to flash their shields and act tough. Jerome Cowan leers through a slightly sinister role, and Ludwig Stossel, Don Porter and Mary Wickes chip in when a little plot filler is needed between Abbott and Costello routines. You won't find any music except such stray strains as may blast through a radio station occasionally, but Universal is betting that you won't miss the songs if they can keep you laughing long enough.

Whether or not they can, is strictly a matter of your own funnybone. Since they first burst on the screen in "Buck Privates," these two clowns have gagged their way through a respectable library of old joke books and have had enough left over to keep their radio program rating high. If nothing else, they've proved that they certainly can raise cob with their corn. As a matter of record, they go by the names of Chick and Mervyn in their latest picture; at other times they've been known as Wellington and Alsey, Duke and Willoughby. What's in a name? Somehow or other, they always come out Abbott and Costello, the funny little fat man and the exclamation point.—*Univ.*

P. S.

Both Lou Costello and Bud Abbott got paid for their work in this one, but only Lou got the dough. Bud lost most of his earnings to his chubby partner in gin rummy games between scenes . . . The boys always wear black ties when they're working. They don't know why, except that when they wore blue ones, business was terrible . . . Walter Tetley, "brat" actor, heckled Lou so beautifully in his one short scene, Director Earle C. Kenton called him back for more work, had his part built up via extra scenes . . . Louise Albritton is afraid of being typed. This is the fourth time she's played a girl named "Jane" . . . During production, Lou met Charlie Chaplin at Chaplin's house. After a little discussion, the two of them made tentative plans to make a picture together . . . Patric Knowles doesn't have to worry about what people will say if he's not in uniform. He was one of the first men in Hollywood to answer the call to service, and acted as flying instructor in Canada until an eye injury, sustained in a forced landing, washed him out of active duty for some time to come . . . Dan Porter, the heavy, got his choice of being the hero or the heel. Decided more people remember the villain . . . Assistant Director Howard Christie's toughest job was tossing eggs at little Lou so they'd land directly in the middle of his face. After four tries, he got it right on the nose (literally) . . . Funniest off-stage gag was pulled by a grammatically-minded assistant. Making out the call sheet for the following day, the guy crossed out "Who Done It?" and wrote in "Who Did It?" Or so the publicity man told us.

THE DESPERADOES

Here's a big, fast, lurid picture spilling over the screen in gorgeous Technicolor with a sound track full of gun blasts and loud talk, a brace of straight shooting and hard riding heroes and two—count 'em—two beautiful ladies for the close-ups. It's a Western, of course, but a super edition, bringing back many of the favorites who made last year's "Texas" such a success at the box office. Bringing them back, we might add, in roles and a story very similar to the last-named opus. William Holden is in the Army now, so you'll find Randolph Scott riding the range in his place; but Glenn Ford, Claire Trevor and Edgar Buchanan are back at the old stand again. The charming Evelyn Keyes is the added starter.

We have a theory that no one really likes to see anything new in a Western. They're like familiar music, the more often heard, the more beloved they are. This reviewer stubbornly maintains that he can watch a group of

hard-riding horsemen thundering into a canyon against an immense sky over and over again without palling to the thrill a single jot; this reviewer likes his gunfights exactly as his Papa before him saw and enjoyed them. So let's check through "The Desperadoes" and see which of your old favorites you'll find.

THE BANK ROBBERY: a whopper, in fact a couple of whoppers.

THE HONEST SHERIFF: There's no one on the screen today who can look quite so sturdy and honest in chaps and sombreros as Randolph Scott. And Randolph wears a shiny badge all the way through "The Desperadoes."

THE HERO WITH A PAST: Glenn Ford comes drifting into town with a ten thousand dollar price on his head and the quickest draw East or West of Cheyenne.

THE LADY WHO RUNS THE GAMBLING PALACE: You'll find Claire Trevor done up in ostrich feathers and sweeping satin gowns sitting bank at the town's classiest roulette layout. And, yes, she has a heart as well as a purse of gold.

THE SALOON TRIAL FOR MURDER: A pip, here. With a judge who's anxious to get the trial over quickly so that he can get out and build the best gallows the West had seen to date.

THE JAIL BREAK: Rip-roaring and fast in "The Desperadoes" and hinging on a neat piece of business—a thundering herd of wild horses, and you can imagine how that films in Technicolor.

THE CROOKED BANK PRESIDENT: Right.

THE WILY UNSUSPECTED "BRAINS": He's there, all right, and probably I shouldn't

tip you off; but it's not a secret for very long. And if you saw "Texas," you'll probably be watching Edgar Buchanan anyway.

And also assorted brawls, thundering hooves, minor gun fights, a yellow villain and—all right—some love stuff, too. As you can see, "The Desperadoes" rates high on most counts, and what it misses probably isn't worth bothering about. If you don't see it, you're crazy; you might even, if you're lucky, catch it on a double feature with "Texas."—*Col.*

P. S.

Exterior shots were made at Kanab, Utah, in a spot 103 miles from a railroad . . . During the three weeks the "Desperadoes" company was there, 13,895 pounds of food were consumed . . . Temperatures of 137 degrees in the local canyons were every-day occurrences, but no one fainted away . . . Edgar Buchanan and Big Boy Williams got involved in a gin rummy game, starting June 19 and finishing August 28, when the troupe returned from location. When the score was finally tallied, Big Boy owed Buchanan 28 cents . . . Evelyn Keyes was honored by a local electric company with the title "Queen of the

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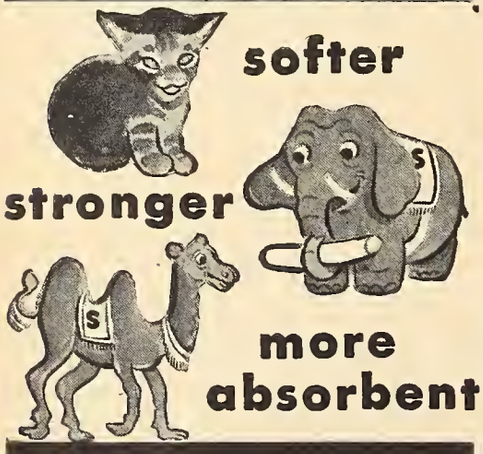

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Kilowatts," and is waiting patiently for a crown of assorted light bulbs . . . Because the film is in Technicolor, 600 pounds of red Utah dust had to be shipped back to the studio, so the actors' clothes in the interior scenes would match those worn in the wide open spaces . . . All night scenes had to be made in the daytime, to conform with dim-out regulations. How the effect was obtained is Photographer George Meehan's secret . . . The engine, Old No. 22, was built in 1865 for use on the Virginia Truckee Railroad. Now that it's been converted into an oil burner, it can do 60 miles an hour . . . Fifty local cowboys spent two weeks rounding up the thousand unbroken horses used in the stampede scenes . . . The rescue race in the special rodeo staged for the visiting film troupe was won by Hollywood cowboys Glenn Ford and Big Boy Williams. The cowpunchin' natives were plumb tore in half with amazement . . .

THE GLASS KEY

"The Glass Key" takes this reviewer's award for the year's most bewildering picture because it is, by turn, very good, very bad, gripping, preposterous, exciting, incredible and just plain dull. Over the long run there are more cons than pros; but still there's something there. Perhaps the something is Alan Ladd in his second shot at fame and fortune; or more probably, if you believe press agents, it's the glossy Veronica Lake.

The story of "The Glass Key," is one of political intrigue and murder. The unnamed big town (probably Los Angeles because it rains a good deal) is run by an organization that calls itself, pleasantly enough, the Paul Madvig Voters' League. Paul Madvig (Brian Donlevy) and Ed Beaumont (Alan Ladd) are the brawn and the brains of the League respectively. Madvig, at the time the story opens, has thrown his weight into the camp of Ralph Henry, the Reform candidate. This isn't insanity on Madvig's part; it's love. For Henry's daughter, Janet (Veronica Lake) is as neat a dish as you'll ever meet on Plate

Night at your neighborhood theater. Unfortunately, Henry has a son, too; and this lad is a nasty mixture of snobbery, insolence and general depravity. It's this blight of the younger generation who's murdered.

Madvig falls under suspicion for the murder, and Ed Beaumont sets out on the trail, sure that Madvig had nothing to do with it. The trail leads to the oddest places; to Opal, Madvig's sister, who had been in love with the late young Henry; to Nick Varna, the underworld boss; to a crooked publisher; and to the beautiful Janet Henry herself. As you can easily see this leads Ed into as many salons and saloons as there are in town; in the salons Ed kisses the misses, in the saloons Ed get his kisser mussed. He finally tracks down the killer in time for election so that the voters can vote for the Machine with a clear conscience.

In all this hodge-podge some things stand out like the good deed in a naughty world. Ladd himself, turns in an effective performance; he's asked to do some weird things through the picture, but he manages to project a taut and neatly conceived character through all the shenanigans. It's no mean trick. He's come out from behind the gun (remember his first: "This Gun For Hire?"), and he acts this one with only his fists and his ability as an actor. He still speaks his lines with that tight-faced intensity, but he smiles a good deal more, and that should please his fans. He's a welcome new face, this Alan Ladd, and due for a stay.

Perhaps the best bit in the picture is turned in by a supporting actor. William Bendix, playing an underworld tough, has a scene that will move you to the edge of your seat, if not to the floor. Don't miss it. On the other hand, Margaret Hayes, through no fault of her own, is the center of a most preposterous piece of business. Learning that her husband has gone broke, she promptly takes a drink and curls up on the couch with Alan Ladd. Her husband, thereupon, goes upstairs and shoots himself. Don't miss that scene either; it's the best unintentional laugh in this year's crop of films.

Veronica Lake looks more like a wax mannequin than ever and quite as impossibly beautiful. The rest of the supporting cast are all effective when they're given the chance to be. There's Brian Donlevy in a role similar to his McGinty, Joseph Calleia leering in a tight black coat, and Bonita Granville who used to be a brat and who is quite pretty now. As a matter of fact, while we can't recommend "The Glass Key" for its story, you might drop in and meet the actors. They're a pleasant bunch. —*Par.*

P. S.

Bonita Granville turned on the weeps for seven hours straight and finished her crying scenes in one day. Only top actresses can do it. Amateurs lose control and wind up with hysterics . . . Paramount made a silent version some years ago, starring George Raft. Leading lady—Ann Sheridan . . . Brian Donlevy climbed into his lucky coat again, a wildly checkered number he's worn in every film since "The Great McGinty" . . . Reward for the Surprise-Discovery-of-the-Month went to the two stunt men who tangled with Alan Ladd. Found out to their sorrow that he, too, has muscles . . . Author Dashiell Hammett ("The Thin Man" and "Maltese Falcon" are his also) enlisted in the armed forces shortly after the picture finished production . . . No one knows who suggested Veronica Lake cut her hair, but the answer was "No!" by Veronica herself . . . For the first time in her cinema life, she gets a chance to wear some Edith Head creations. Doesn't have to worry about material restrictions because any one costume in wardrobe contains more than enough to drape the Lake 5 foot, 90 pound chassis . . . Lake, Ladd and Donlevy zoomed into public favor playing heels, so now they're worried about playing goody parts. They know their fans love to hate 'em . . . Dick Denning quietly campaigned to get himself a good action role, wound up playing a corpse . . . All the Hollywood Press correspondents were given a Glass

Key at the beginning of the picture's production, with instructions to use it any time they wanted to visit the set. Veronica was so intrigued with them (the keys, not the correspondents) she begged some extras from the publicity department and had them fashioned into buttons for her newest suit.

GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE

The delights of the country, so long celebrated in song and story, are open to a few healthy doubts, if you can believe "George Washington Slept Here." And in Jack Benny's capable hands and nimble tongue, you can believe it easily enough between chuckles. There are, it seems, many a city slicker who wouldn't trade the blast of a single taxicab horn for all the sweet-singing birds of Bucks County, Pennsylvania; to their eyes, the sheen of a cement sidewalk is far more beautiful than an acre of wheat rippling in a breeze. They hate flowers; they love modern plumbing.

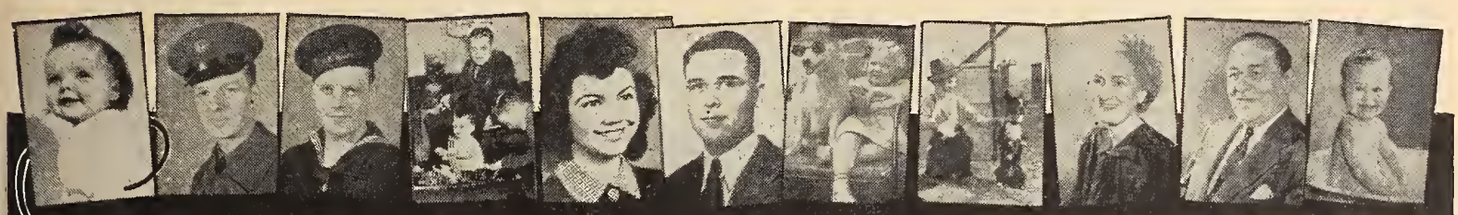
Take just such a specimen and plant him suddenly in the country in a tumbledown house where the Father of Our Country reputedly spent a night, and you can see the possibilities. Well, that's exactly what "George Washington Slept Here" does to Mr. Benny. And Mr. Benny rises magnificently to the occasion; or rather falls to it. For a good part of the picture is spent in watching Jack drop through rotten plank floors, into lightly covered wells, and down lovely wooden staircases where, unfortunately, a few steps are missing.

Mr. Benny's bitter hatred of the country ranges from Ants to Zinnias. After being struck violently by a piece of loose timber, he asks weakly for a drink of water; there's a brook, he's told, "only" two hundred yards away. He's warned by his handyman that the trees need spraying. "Who," asks Mr. Benny with magnificent scorn and infallible logic, "sprays the trees in the forests? Why don't the bugs eat them?" The same tight-lipped handyman hints that Mr. Benny ought to be buying some dirt for his garden. "Dirt? Buy dirt?" screams Mr. Benny. "What have I got here if I haven't got dirt?"

As you can see, whether by intent or accident, the picture is a one-man romp for Mr. Benny. And there lies its weakness. For while Mr. Benny is immensely funny in his casual way, the script writers forgot to provide him with enough story for ninety-three minutes of movie-making. Once the situation is set up, the story lags and piddles to its finish, despite Jack's best efforts to keep it afloat. After all, once a man has vented his spleen on the birds, the bees and the bugs, there isn't much else to draw on.

Nevertheless, Jack is surrounded by a competent supporting cast even though they don't have much to do. Ann Sheridan, lovely as ever, as Mr. Benny's spouse in the film, seems restricted to calling anxiously: "Are you all right, darling?" as Mr. Benny takes his various tumbles about the house. Charles Coburn, as a blow-hard uncle, has a scene or two for his own, and Hattie McDaniel shares her big moment in the kitchen with a wandering horse. John Emery, Harvey Stephens and Franklin Pangborn stroll in and out occasionally, but they don't stay for dinner. As a matter

(*Continued on page 77*)



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MODERN SCREEN GOES TO A *Victory* PARTY

(Continued from page 37)

Col.'s just cast Jinx in "Laugh Your Blues Away." That's just what she and Evelyn tried to do after Forrest's grim fiasco. That beard he sprouts is a hangover from charades in which he was the Lee of "From Taps to Reveil*lee*."

Whoops! Tucker flew into a tailspin and landed plumb in the middle of a vase. Jinx, who's anything but fuss-budgety, assured him it was worthless, let guests tear house apart to their heart's content!

Soup's on! The whole kit and caboodle pounced on the dining room table at the mention of *food* and devoured sandwiches, ice cream, cake and Pepsis! The Falkenburgs are all enormous eaters and insist on keeping guests equally well-filled!

Linda, Glenn and gong regretfully so-longed as clock struck 2 A.M., said they had a simply super time. No one won prizes except Orville, the piggie bank, who collected $19 for Red Cross!

(Continued from page 75)

of fact, only the handyman, Percy Kilbride, keeps pace with Mr. Benny in his unsmiling and very funny role.

For half of its length "George Washington Slept Here" is an hilarious comedy, light-hearted, entertaining and gay, making full use of Jack Benny's brand of humor. Perhaps it's in comparison with those early guffaws that the last half of the picture seems flat. After a belly laugh, a chuckle makes only a small sound. Perhaps they might try running the picture backwards. Mr. Benny probably wouldn't mind for that would leave him, at the end, in his Central Park apartment with all the conveniences of home at hand. Including running water, hot and cold.—*War.*

P. S.

An eager publicity man drummed up a campaign to find a bed actually slept in by G. Washington . . . Hundreds of folks wrote in, saying they had such a bed, so Warner Bros. built one of their own, to avoid controversy . . . After each successful take, Charles Coburn does a couple of quick steps, learned once upon a time from a vaudeville pal . . . For the dream sequence, Jack Benny is George Washington, Ann Sheridan plays Martha. The real surprise is Hattie McDaniel as Pocahontas! . . . The music box prominent in the first scenes is French, 200 years old, and one of the few in the world combining organ music with bells and drums . . . Harvey Stephens, a pioneer in glider training, was ordered by the government to open a new Glider Training School in Arizona . . . Baldy, the horse, has been in pictures 27 years, is now 35 years old. Had his biggest acting job in "Gone With The Wind." . . . Percy Kilbride is the only member of the original stage play working in the film. Jack B. signed him for a guest shot on his radio show . . .

Near-accident occurred when falling tree crashed in Ann Sheridan's direction. Benny became hero, pushed Annie out of the way in time to see the toppling timber smash his famous violin . . . Charles Coburn collects monocles and out-of-the-way eating places that serve foreign dishes . . . Joyce Reynolds, being given a big build-up by the studio, is 17 years old, formerly a U.C.L.A. co-ed . . . War-conscious prop men allowed no metal cooking utensils in the kitchen scenes—everything possible was made of glass . . . Bill Tracy signed up for the service the minute he finished his part . . . Famous gag man Wilkie Mahoney. pumped funny stuff into the script.

JOURNEY INTO FEAR

The Wonder Boy of Hollywood has failed to pass a miracle with his latest picture, and his license as Hollywood Genius Number 427 is hereby revoked. The Orson Welles production of "Journey Into Fear" falls short of being a good picture, either artistically or commercially. It's a weak exhibit for the man who made "Citizen Kane" and "The Magnificent Ambersons." Orson has gone to the Welles once too often.

All of which is a shame, since "Journey Into Fear" could have been a tense thriller, somewhat in the Hitchcock vein. Certainly the story was there, but somewhere between the script (which Mr. Welles had a hand in fashioning) and the sound stage, everything was lost except a couple of moody camera angles. It's a shame, too, because a competent cast is wasted; Joseph Cotten, Dolores Del Rio and Ruth Warrick deserve better than they receive.

The story of "Journey Into Fear" has to do with an American engineer on his way back from Turkey, where he's been engaged in a survey of the Turkish navy. Carrying back facts and figures to the States, he's the target for Nazi agents determined to waylay him. Narrowly escaping murder, he's finally cor-

★ Pepsi-Cola is made only by Pepsi-Cola Co., Long Island City, N. Y. Bottled locally by Authorized Bottlers. ★

nered on a tramp steamer beating it from Istanbul to Batum. He's forced to fight for his life, and the cutting edge of the story is that Graham, the engineer, is just an average American, a fellow with a job, who's never shot a gun or fought a dirty fight in his life. He's no hero; all he wants is to get back to his wife and home. Instead he finds himself tangling with killers and Nazi agents, involved in a mess of international intrigue.

It's a story with possibilities of terror and tense action, but sadly, all the possibilities are ignored, and the action seems mainly concerned with watching the hero walk cautiously up and down dimly lit corridors. While this makes for artistic photography, it hardly helps build suspense. In its main outlines, "Journey Into Fear" is only a rather mild sketch.

Certain details stand out: the sound track, for instance, is consistently inter-

esting. Jack Moss as a killer named Banat is properly scarifying. Frank Readick in the role of a perky little Frenchman has a wonderful recipe for all henpecked husbands. Joseph Cotten, where the script allows, acts the American engineer admirably. But opposed to these, we wish someone would tell us what Dolores Del Rio was doing in the picture; aside from a few close-ups which accented her Latin beauty charmingly, Miss Del Rio seemed completely useless to the story or the action. Ruth Warrick, although starred, is wasted in a minor role. For Mr. Welles himself, in the role of a Turkish colonel — well, Welles.

But Mr. Welles needn't be counted out because of the failure of "Journey Into Fear." All the hullaballoo which accompanied the Welles Hollywood venture, the fancy adjectives pro and con thick in the air, obscured certain facts. Orson Welles has, certainly, a flair for the dramatic, a generous slice of originality, an admirable willingness to experiment. He has used his camera more daringly and more effectively than directors and producers who have been in the business twice as long as he. With all his excesses, Hollywood needs him.—*RKO.*

P. S.

Leering villain Jack Moss is a new face to movie fans, but not to Hollywood folks. For years he was Gary Cooper's business manager, now has the same job, plus producer rights, with Orson Welles . . . How he worked out a deal with himself to turn actor is a classic . . . As Jack Moss, Producer, he tried to brow-beat Jack Moss, the agent, into letting him contract Jack Moss, the actor, for as tiny a salary as possible. JM, Producer, argued that JM, Actor, had never been in a picture, was a rank amateur and couldn't expect a large hunk of dough . . . JM, Agent, fought back, told JM, Producer, that Welles had interviewed dozens of prospective villains, and none of them was right for the part. Only JM, Actor, would do. JM, Actor, kept quiet during these discussions, rousing himself from time to time to mutter, "Anything for my art!" . . . He finally signed himself on a one picture deal . . . Welles, the realist, wasn't content to use only half a boat as a set. He insisted an entire ship be constructed on a sound stage . . . He had to hurry to finish his role in the film, so he could keep his assignment for the Whitney Committee in South America. Between scenes, he studied Portuguese with a tutor . . . Orson and Joseph Cotten adapted the screen play from an original novel by Eric Ambler. Swiftly changing war developments made it necessary for them to do most of their writing on the set . . . The picture was originally intended as a comeback film for Dolores Del Rio . . . Del Rio left Hollywood for Mexico without seeing a single foot of the film, still hasn't seen it.

ROAD TO MOROCCO

Those fabulous "Road To" pictures which Bing Crosby and Bob Hope have been making at odd moments down Paramount way have now reached Morocco, and they're still the same miraculous mixture of mirth, madness and music. They're as easy to take as a two week vacation with pay, relaxing as an ocean breeze on a hot July day. Look down, look down that lonely road; here come Crosby and Hope to brighten up the landscape.

Just what it is that makes these pictures the frothy entertainment they are, is rather hard to define. They romp to the head of the class where many a more spectacular musical just falls by the sheer weight of elaborate production numbers. These Road pictures are cozy and familiar. Crosby jaws along nonchalantly, and Hope acts as if he were on his way down to the corner pool-room. The boys are out strictly for a good time, and they pass it right along to the cash customers.

As for plot, the "Road to Morocco" gets along with the bare minimum that the union allows. There are these two guys, Crosby and Hope, and they get tangled up with a couple of girls in Morocco, and then a couple of things happen and then, yeah, I forgot, Hope gets sold as a slave and Crosby— See what we mean? As one camel remarks to his mate at a peculiarly outlandish turn in the story: "Ridiculous!" A talking camel? Sure, there's one in the picture: what's more, there's a talking ghost, too.

Or to be more specific about the plot. There's one point where Crosby and Hope are trussed up like truffled chickens, neatly encased in a couple of nets and dropped in the middle of a blazing desert. When next we see them they're strolling along a sand dune. "Don't you think we ought to tell them how we got out of those nets?" Hope remarks. Crosby shrugs: "They'd never believe it anyway," he says. "Let's not tell them."

That's the way the whole picture runs from beginning to end. It's easy and sly, and nobody takes it at all seriously, least of all the actors; and oddly, no one minds at all, least of all the audience. A trick like that isn't as easy as it sounds for the twists have to be ingenious, and the chatter always bright, and the tone always just right or the whole thing would collapse like a bride's first cake. "The Road to Morocco" comes perilously close to it at times. But Crosby and Hope are old hands by now, and they never falter for a minute. For that matter the whole cast chips in to keep the ball rolling, and Director David Butler never lets the pace slip into a crawl. There's a nod due, too, to the script writers.

Dorothy Lamour is on hand for the love scenes and the occasional songs. Miss Lamour is in fine voice and fine figure; she doesn't wear a sarong in the "Road to Morocco," but she manages to look as if she might be wearing one. Miss Lamour sings very effectively as do Bing and Bob.

Anthony Quinn, Dona Drake and Vladimir Sokoloff are around whenever the plot demands them, but it's Crosby and Hope who do most of the work. At one point, Hope begins to recount everything that's happened since the picture began. "What are you telling me that for," Crosby says. "I know it." Hope answers reasonably enough: "Yeah, but the people who came in the middle of the picture don't."

They'll do anything to keep you happy.—*Par.*

P. S.

Crosby had to don one glamour outfit for the film, a pair of sky blue and maroon Arabian pajamas. Said he looked like a spear bearer at Minsky's . . . Technical director Jamiel Hasson was a member of the Turkish Cavalry during World War 1, later joined forces with the British and became one of their intelligence officers. Expects to be sent back to North Africa soon to serve as liaison officer between that country and ours . . . Cute kid Dona Drake and pal Dottie Lamour had 12 changes of costume. Total material used: 26 yards . . . Martha, the camel, wouldn't mug for

the camera unless cigarette smoke was wafted in her face . . . Desert backgrounds were shot at Yuma, Arizona, but for close-ups, 50 tons of sand were dumped and arranged on Stage 9 . . . All the gals working at Paramount made excuses to visit the set to see Anthony Quinn. Done up in burnoose, fancy coat and riding boots, he's the closest thing to Valentino since Rudy strode around the lot . . . Most of the ad lib stuff pulled by Hope and Crosby was written into the script. Dottie Lamour thinks it's a pity they pay her for working with the boys, 'cause she has so much fun . . . Toughest problem of the Special Effects Department was Hope's shoes. Velvet slippers, the tightly curled toes in the Turkish manner, had to straighten out and snap back—bang—when Bob kissed Dottie. How they did it is a secret . . . The steamed whole goats' heads were specially prepared in the Paramount commissary, but the bread came from a local Arabic bakery . . . All the food used in the bazaar

scenes was later taken to an orphanage. Hollywood never wastes anything.

SHALL I TELL 'EM?

John Beal is asked to portray a starving young actor in this one. He and his motherless child and a Russian are all starving together, despite the efforts of Margaret Lindsay, artists' agent, to find them work. Well he takes to driving a taxi, and one day up pops Maggie with a show job. What goes with the job though, is leading lady Constance Worth, and what goes with her, is John.

He has to play up to her, of course, and break Margaret's heart because after all, one must feed one's motherless child, but alas, when Constance learns of this motherless child, she burns. And whoops —John's on the prowl for another hack. But that Russian sells a play called "Road to Siberia" to some radio company, finances another play, Margaret gets John and the soon-to-be-no-longer-motherless child.—*Col.*

A NIGHT TO REMEMBER

This concerns a dwelling called No. 39 Gay Street, which was anything but. Brian Aherne and the little woman Loretta Young discover this when they move there. Housekeepers scream, mon-

sters (who turn out to be turtles named "Old Hickory" and don't ask us why) slither across ladies' feet, pinning said feet to the floor, and eventually, someone is murdered. Unfortunately, the victim chose to be murdered with a horseshoe belonging to our hero (whatever the heck *he* was doing with a horseshoe), and not only that, he is drowned in our hero's bathtub.

Well finally you know whodunnit, and there is always this to be said: Any picture which offers Gale Sondergaard is bound to make little kids scream. —*Col.*

THE HIDDEN HAND

It seems that Morton Parsons, a mad killer, "as shrewd and crafty as he is evil" escapes from the booby-hatch, and presents himself at the estate of his wealthy but equally wicked sister, Cecil Cunningham. She dresses him up in black and lets him play butler. Then she calls a conference of her greedy nephews and nieces and tells them they can't have her money. She's leaving it to her secretary. Suddenly it looks as though she may not live too long, what with her affectionate relatives rather accurate aim in throwing flower pots, so she bribes a Dr. nephew to drug her, make like she's dead, bury her (she wants to see how those cut-ups'll act after she's gone) and then give her an-

antidote after a while, so she can come back and laugh at 'em. But knowing he's not to be trusted, she has another cohort bring her back and finds that while she's been dead, all the wretched nephews and nieces who didn't fall thru a certain trap-door—well, Mortie got 'em. So Cecil gives herself up to the police who are probably damned if they know what to do with her, and the sweet secretary lives happily ever after. —*War.*

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"GENTLEMAN JIM" (Continued from page 31)

7. They came to see him, all the Olympic Club nabobs. They came out to a barge in San Francisco Bay, out of curiosity or boredom, perhaps. The Corbetts were there in all their wild pride. And Vicki Ware. It was a brutal fight, hammering and cruel, twenty-seven rounds of bare-fisted hell before Choynski finally fell. Then Jim had only one bare moment of triumph looking out over the seats, looking at Vicki Ware. For the police had discovered the barge and there was no time to talk to anyone—even Vicki Ware.

8. After that Corbett's beating fists rapped hard on the doors of the fistic world. Jake Kilrain . . . in New Orleans. San Francisco, again. Barns and barges, beaches and fields, Corbett fought wherever there was a fight to be had. They spoke of Corbett in the drawing rooms of the East and in the saloons of the mid-West, Mississippi, Texas and the West. He was famous enough to tour in a play called "Gentleman Jim." And with the money he set up his family in a new house in a new neighborhood closer to the world of Vicki Ware . . .

11. The Sullivan-Corbett fight took place in New Orleans. Climbing into the ring young Jim Corbett still looked brash and savage. But this was a climax; here between the four strands of the ring lay a whole future. He climbed in that September day in 1892 remembering the stables where he had early fought . . . smelling the sawdust . . . hearing Pa's voice. He remembered San Francisco . . . the Olympic Club . . . Vicki Ware . . . Vicki Ware . . . Vicki Ware . . . He hardly heard the referee's voice: Winner and New Champion.

12. There was a gala party for the new champion that night. Everyone crowded into the room, all the glad-handers who swarm around a winner. It should have been a moment of triumph, for even the nobs of the Olympic Club came to pay their homage. And it was good, now that he had reached the top, to see Pop and the Corbetts in all their glory. But it wasn't complete. That is, until Vicki Ware came. She brought him a gift. "What is it?" he said . . . "It's a hat," Vicki said solemnly. "Too large for anyone to wear."

9. They asked him what he wanted and he said: "I want Sullivan" . . . "He's the Champ, Jim. You'll never get him" . . . "I'll get him." He went to New York after Sullivan (Ward Bond), after the great John L. himself. He went backstage at the "Honest Woodman," and he said in the cocky, brash Corbett way: "You're afraid, Sullivan" . . . "Careful, sonny" . . . "I've got ten thousand dollars that says you're afraid. And a twenty-five thousand dollar purse to boot" . . . "Winner take all?" . . . "Winner take all." It was a fight.

10. In New York, too, he met Vicki. "Do you remember what you told me in the Olympic Club?" he said. "I said I was a fighter and you said you'd see. Well?" . . . "There's still Sullivan" . . . "Do you remember what I said to you that day? You told me you were engaged to Carleton De Witt and I said we'd see. Did you marry him?" . . . "No" . . . "Then there's only Sullivan between us?" . . . "You're still so sure of yourself?" . . . "Why not?" he said quickly. "Only Sullivan, then?" . . . "We'll see," Vicki said coolly.

13. Sullivan came. When he entered the room, it became suddenly quiet; they all turned to look. The old champ was carrying his championship belt, symbol of his fame. He extended it gravely to Corbett. "Wear it well," he said. "There's only one like it in the world" . . . "I'll try," Jim said simply . . . "It takes a champion to wear it," Sullivan said . . . "A champion wore it a long time," Jim said softly. "There'll never be another like you, Sullivan." In the back of the room Vicki put the outlandish hat back into its box.

14. He asked her about that later, when they had a chance to be alone. "Where's my hat?" he said . . . "It wasn't funny anymore, Jim. Or true" . . . "Don't you think I could wear it?" . . . "You wouldn't want to now. What you said to Sullivan proves it" . . . "Does it make any difference, Vicki?" . . . "It makes all the difference in the world. That's what I've been waiting for" . . . "I haven't changed entirely," Gentleman Jim said softly. "I still want to kiss you." After all, you can't say no to a Champion of the World.

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Compare Your Handwriting with

Hedy Lamarr's

by Shirley Spencer

Would you suspect that the gorgeous Hedy was not as sophisticated as her background would lead one to believe? Whenever you see handwriting in which the letters increase in size at the end of each word, you may be sure the writer is naive. Take a look at Miss Lamarr's signature, and you will see what I mean. Not only are the last letters larger, but that "r" stands out as the most emphasized letter in the name. This indicates her well-known love of clothes and jewelry, and this in addition to the very heavy pen pressure, gives us the clue to her sensuous response to perfumes, too. Miss Lamarr mixes her own perfumes and designs jewelry.

The roundness of her letter formations, the slow deliberate way she writes, and the garland connecting strokes are all indications of a kindly friendliness, but a cool, detached attitude. She isn't excitable, and she hates to be put under pressure to do things without warning or preparation for she enjoys her comfort. She prefers to take her time and will prove stubborn if pushed. That tied-up "y" loop reveals quiet resistance and persistence underneath a calm and tolerant exterior.

Her writing is very large with wide spacing so we know that she likes to do things on a large scale and is not interested in detail. She is extravagant and indulgent and has the naive simplicity of a good-natured child.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

of MODERN SCREEN, published monthly at Dunellen, N. J., for October 1, 1942.

State of New York } ss
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of MODERN SCREEN and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Albert Delacorte, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Helen Meyer, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Margarita Delacorte, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her.

HELEN MEYER, Business Manager,
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of September, 1942.
GERVASIO LOPEZ
Commission Expires March 30, 1944

BEST SON A MOTHER EVER HAD

(*Continued from page 28*)

else. Dad set up a billiard table in the ballroom and taught them to play. The gardener thought they were nuts. "A special table? Just to run a little ball around on?"

Or you'd hear John yell, "Mother, we're short a man. Help us out till he comes?" So she'd pull on her catcher's mitt. She even tried football once. Only once, though. Or they'd all troop into the kitchen from the swimming pool, for milk and cookies hot from the pan. Mrs. Payne looked contendedly on while a week's supply vanished in twenty minutes. That gave her an excuse to bake again tomorrow. Offer John cake or cookies today and he'll turn you down. Hot from the pan is the only way he'll eat 'em.

His father was a great hunter. So was brother Bill. They'd come home laden with quail and partridge or deer. John loved the woods. He'd take his gun and go out and stay just as long, and come home empty-handed. They'd razz him then, for he'd eat the venison with as healthy an appetite as any of them. "When it's steak," he'd explain, "I can't see his eyes."

All sports were his meat, but if he had to pick one for a desert island, swimming would be it. Dave, his great Dane, would follow him to the pool and, sick with worry, bark his fool head off while John swam under water. Dave weighed a hundred and ninety and ate like a horse—two quarts of milk, eight eggs, three pounds of meat mixed with three pounds of cornmeal in pones. John had raised him from a pup, and Dave was the light of his life.

One day the game warden sent for him to come down to the hollow. There he found Dave, trapped in a pen. He'd been caught on a neighboring farm, and a steer was dead of a broken neck.

"He's a killer," the warden said. "We'll have to shoot him."

John's heart stopped. "Dave never killed anything. He's like a kid. Might have been chasing this beef around—knocked him down maybe, in play—but Dave's no killer—"

"Well, the beef's dead, and we'll have to shoot the dog—"

The warden was the law, and John was only fifteen. He didn't know then that he could have appealed the sentence. All he knew was, he couldn't stand there any longer, with Dave's sad trustful eyes fixed on him through the bars. So he turned and ran, till the sound of a shot stopped him short, then crawled under a hedge and went through his agony alone. Not till he had himself in hand, did he turn up at home.

growing up . . .

His father's death the following year brought an end to boyhood and probably changed the course of his life. Mr. Payne had figured M.I.T. for John, though he loathed mathematics. Mrs. Payne thought he'd go in for music or writing. Had it been ditch-digging, that would have been all right, too, providing it was what he wanted and not what somebody else thought he should have. When he told her he'd enrolled at Roanoke, she offered no protest, though she knew he was staying to be near her. By both their codes, people must work out their own salvation. Anyway, she felt sure Roanoke wouldn't hold him long.

He hung on for a year. Roanoke was one of those colleges where you're bound to take certain prescribed courses that bear no relation to your current interests or future needs. One day the stink of preservative in his nostrils was more than John could stand. He dropped the frog he'd been dissecting, went home and told his mother he might as well cut his throat as stay there.

"Where do you want to go?"

"Columbia. To the School of Journalism."

"Then that's where you're going."

Money being scarce, John took on a variety of jobs while he studied, to help cover expenses. It was often tough going, but his mother didn't hear about that until it was over. He's not what she'd call a letter-writer. In his scribbled notes and when he came home for holidays, everything was fine. Though Christmas vacations were brief, he'd always manage to get there. "If I had to walk! Christmases don't come lovelier than we have them in Virginia."

He told her he'd been taking part in college theatricals and that Mrs. Coit,

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head of the drama school, thought he had talent. She said Mrs. Coit must be a discerning woman. When the Shuberts offered him a stock contract, he wired: "What do you think?"

"Darling," she wired back, "I wouldn't presume to give you advice. If that's what you want, take it."

A year later she went up to New York to see him in the Bea Lillie show. "At Home Abroad." Far from nursing illusions about the glamour of his situation, she tells you he was "one of these chorus boys and could hardly make ends meet." But she remembers that he led her to a window and pointed to the teeming city below.

"Mom, one of these days you'll see my name plastered all over this town."

"Son, you're crazy as a coot." The funny part is, he was just talking, while she practically saw the lights blinking JOHN PAYNE.

reel boy . . .

She was thrilled when the movies took him, though she had her qualms and revealed them to Rosie. "John's a quiet guy, and movies are a showy business. It won't be any cinch."

"Leave it to John," said Rosie.

Of course after sitting tremulously through his first picture, they didn't see how anyone could resist him. "But I'm his mother. Could be I'm prejudiced."

"Well, I'm not his mother," snapped Rosie. "And you take it from me, that child has oomph."

Needless to say, John's the perfect son. Still no letter-writer, he patronizes Tel. and Tel. generously. Mrs. Payne could live without bread, not without flowers. No birthday, no Easter, no Mother's Day but brings blooms from John. And a check tucked inside for something he thinks she should have—like a radio-phonograph. She couldn't understand why he never gave her a toby jug, for which she has the collector's passion. So she asked him.

"Woman, you've got five hundred."

"Five hundred and one would be nice."

John and his mother together are a pleasant sight. He towers above her, his arm draped round her shoulder, their eyes laughing at each other. Coming and going, he kisses her where he hits her—nose, chin or ear. She thinks the beach house was a grand idea. John loves the ocean. Little by little she watched the strain of the last months dropping from him as he rode the surfboard and swam with her by moonlight, recalling their moonlight swims in the Ft. Lewis pool. Then they'd play records, though they never got to the end of his marvelous collection. Or, by request, he'd plank himself down at the piano and sing. There's a quality in his singing voice, she says, never caught by the screen. Rosie would doubtless call it oomph.

After such an evening he'd sleep like a babe, with the boom of the surf in his ears. The beach house is what the ballroom used to be—a refuge where he can get off by himself, yet not too isolated for guests. Several times he had people in to dinner—couldn't wait for his mother to meet Fieldsie and Walter Lang.

Mrs. Payne paid Jerry, John's man, high tribute—called him a cook. "And when *I* say a man's a cook, he's a cook!" She tried to sneak into the kitchen herself, but John steered her out. "I can't afford to get fat." He can cook, too—learned hanging around his ma's kitchen—tosses off a mean batch of hot biscuits, for which he recommends Bisquick. To John a woman who can't make with the stove is nature's freak.

At the ripe age of two, Julie Ann takes after her dad in at least two particulars — won't get chummy with strangers and stuffs herself with all the bacon she can hold. Mrs. Payne is Grum-ma and wouldn't be anything else. Modern-minded in most things, she'll have no truck with this newfangled notion of being first-named by your juniors. "I'd spank any grandchild of mine who called me Ida."

She can't resist the back of Julie's neck. "What for you kiss me there?"

"Because that's my sugar." After which Julie always presented the back of her neck, explaining gravely to the uninitiated: "That's Grum-ma's sugar."

The baby's a fair-haired, brown-eyed roughneck who resembles both parents. John throws her around like a baseball and she hollers: "More!" Like any minx, she knows he adores her, and she also knows just how far she can get away with murder. Worshipful or no, her father has a theory that kids should mind. "Julie," he says and she pays no heed. The second time he says "Julie!" his tone is different. She comes a-runnin'.

On Mrs. Payne's birthday she arrived with a box of flowers somewhat larger than herself and stayed for breakfast, happily filching her father's bacon. "Mom," John had said, "we're going to have the kind of birthday I think you'd like best." So he drove her up to the Biltmore, which overlooks the ocean at Santa Barbara — where, incidentally, Anne and John were married. They had dinner by themselves. The dessert course was an elegant birthday cake.

There was no need for words between them as they drove home along the dimmed-out coast. He knew how she felt about birthdays—that they should be family celebrations, just for your own. This was the kind she'd always given the boys. "Thanks, John," she said when he kissed her goodnight.

Just before she left he took her to the ranch he's bought on a knoll in Malibu.

"I might have known you'd buy a place like this."

"Yes. It's like home. I won't be able to build till after the war. But some day I hope to live here—"

"Then here's where you'll live."

His big arm tightened round her shoulders. He said nothing then, but at home in Virginia a package was waiting for her. On the card he'd written: "To the most understanding mother a guy ever had."

Inside was a toby jug—numbered 501.

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WHY VIC WILL NEVER FORGET RITA!

(*Continued from page 39*)

"Sure, sure," he cut in. "But this is champagne, and that doesn't count. And besides, you wouldn't want people saying, 'Why, Mature drank that whole bottle alone, the hog!'"

They had the drink and a lot of laughs.

They had raised their golden glasses in a toast. Their lips were parted on merriment. And then their glances met, and they set the glasses slowly down. Something lonely and terrified had looked out of each pair of eyes, and retreated, alarmed.

"Hey, Mature," Vic told himself, backing away, "that's the old trap that's baited there. And remember the feel of the trap—the snapping of iron, tearing shrinking flesh? The shout of the pack as it closes in? Remember?"

He tried to remember that—scandal blazoned across white pages. Mockery and sneers and heartbreak. A lonely boy backing into his corner, striking back the only way he knew. Memory was playing ugly tricks tonight—instead of remembering what he wanted, it had stretched a screen before him, and it was throwing close-ups here before him. The way she looked when the lights touched her hair—as if her head were on fire. The gleam of perfect teeth, ashine. And how her eyes almost closed when she laughed—gee, you could scarcely see them then, her lashes were so thick.

Memory and solitude were betraying Vic. So he had to try something else. Must stay the same old Mature, loving not at all, loved a lot. Head-free. Heart-free. Since his last marriage mess, he had learned to spot heartbreak and stay away.

So he dragged out his "Grummet Book" (Mature diction for dames, frills, wenches) and dialled another number.

That's all brother. "Your sorrows, troubles and care—she was always willing to share—" Well, we won't ask her. We know the answers. Don't we?

There was an evening, much later, when Vic went over to the Beverly Brown Derby for dinner. He stopped outside and bought a paper. Someone said, "Hi yah, Vic," and he saluted. He was going through the motions. To forget something a girl had just said to him. "Why, Vic," the girl had said, in her faintly accented, gentle voice, "you're the loneliest man in the world."

"Hey," Vic had gasped, startled, "you're off the routine—"

But she went on.

"You pretend to be gay and careless of life. But you run from something. You run from love—like the burned child. But never can you escape it. It will catch you some day. And you'll find no happiness till it does."

A laugh. He laughed now, to prove it—the harsh, scoffing merriment that he used as a shield. But his face refused to play the role right tonight. It got that funny, lost expression on it, the one he didn't put out for the public.

sheep in wolf's clothing . . .

Now looking like that, he sat at the Brown Derby ordering a thick steak from Everett, watching Rudi mix a Scotch and soda. (Rudi mixes that with a knowing look, for Vic hates the brew unless he's low.) He listened to the sounds around him but they played obbligato only to those echoing, soft, insistent words, "Why, Victor you're the loneliest man in the world—"

He tried to brush away the echo with a shrug of his big shoulders. He opened the evening paper.

The headlines read "—Hayworth-Judson Divorce Scandal—" There was a big picture of "Sal" on the front page. . . . Why, kid, that's not my girl, that laughed with me—what have they been doing to you, Babe, to make your eyes look scared, to make you seem so alone? What were you seeing when you forgot to smile at me over the champagne? What are you seeing now? . . .

His steak got cold and his Scotch got warm. He was holding her in his arms, her soft, fragrant body relaxed and confiding—but that was in the picture, of course. He was tipping her face up and bending his mouth down—only in the picture, of course. He was remembering the love scenes—but his thoughts got off the track, somehow. He was remembering her shy gaiety as if she were afraid to let herself go and have fun. He was remembering how unobtrusively "nice" and fastidious she was—when the off-color stories broke out, she wasn't there, somehow, till afterwards. Her voice was awfully soft, always—and what perfume did she use that clung so to her red-gold hair?

He called Western Union on the phone. The operator must have been a little excited, a little suspicious of a hoax—"send a telegram—signed Victor Mature—yes, that's it—to Rita Hayworth—you got it. Here it is—"

It was a screwy message because he wanted her to laugh. To tilt that round chin and shake the tears out of the half-shut eyes. He told her, in his fashion, that he was sorry she had to go through this kind of a deal. It told her, though, still in his fashion, that he wasn't too sorry—not too sorry that bonds were breaking—

When he put down the phone, he wasn't quite so lonely.

Rita phoned to thank him, and he was the swaggering, pleased kid when he answered. "Why, that's all right—I'll send one of those every day if you'll phone to say you got it," he laughed.

But you can't just be a couple of wistful kids in Hollywood if you have names that burn in scarlet across a headline. Vic remembered that and his mouth twisted sardonically. They weren't Agatha Williams, say, school teacher, and her boy friend. There were guests in Vic's

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EGGS

. . . at least 3 or 4 a week, cooked any way you choose—or in "made" dishes.

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Then eat other foods you also like

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house always, drinking his liquor and eating his food. If they answered the phone and got "Miss Hayworth," headlines would blossom.

jingles for Aggie . . .

And then Vic's mocking face relaxed and his lips were strangely gentle. They weren't Aggie Williams and her boy friend. But they could be. Vic couldn't see her with the two divorces hanging fire—but Aggie could phone.

So he told her. During all those hectic days, Rita only answered phone calls for Agatha Williams. Pat, her secretary, knew before anybody else how her eyes lighted up when "Telephone for Aggie" was the news for Pat's beautiful employer-friend. When those calls came, the bitter, aching disillusionment that blanked out Rita's gay child dreams vanished—and that was odd. The wolf rampant, the world-hater on the phone, and they'd talk for an hour—and somehow Rita was back in her little girl world where the wolf was only Red Riding Hood's grandmother and life was fun.

Vic's and Martha's lawyers had been talking divorce for weeks. Finally Martha filed suit, officially.

The ink was still wet on the first edition of the afternoon gossip columns when the telegram came from "Aggie." The same sort of wire Vic had sent to her. "A peculiar kind of—a gal—" He was telephoning at once. Saying, stiffly, slightly tongue-tied, "Thanks a lot, Rita. Thanks for the message." And she, like a frightened school girl, pushing back her hair, swallowing, said, "Why—that's all right—"

Poor, funny kids, not believing in life when it was gentle, not able, quite, to take it in.

"How about a consolation dinner?" And then surprisingly, Vic remembered his new, anxious, careful desire that no publicity should touch his girl,—"over here? Katie will fix something?"

Something in this struck Rita a little roughly. Just a little bad taste, perhaps, to celebrate—And again that new, wondering understanding came to Vic.

"Let's celebrate 'Sal's, success, Rita. Bring Pat—we'll be all chaperoned—Hedda Hopper may walk in—"

He walked over to the window and stood staring out. She'd said she would come — funny that he was so excited about that. Funny that he, Victor Mature—say it slowly, the million-dollar words — Vic Mature — was getting so steamed up about a little girl with big eyes who wouldn't come to dinner unless she was chaperoned. Why, that was strictly off his beat—

His mouth twisted down at one corner. That was the thing you read about—big wolf lures little lamb to his apartment. Soft music—Vic grinned. They'd have music, all right, on that screwy phonograph he'd ordered in a hurry one night, which had never been adjusted. With a turntable that went too slowly, dragging Frances Langford out into an off-center Bing Crosby. Soft music—low lights—but he wanted the lights high so he could see Rita's eyes shut when she laughed. A something served in a silver bowl—but Katie fried chicken like nobody's business. The Gorgeous Gal dimpling at him with a leg of fried chicken in her fist—

Vic laughed harshly and his laughter died. He swallowed.

Why—this was funny, wasn't it? He'd thought a good while ago that he had achieved the thing he'd fought and kicked and slammed his way up from a battered boyhood to get. And it had gone sour in his mouth and left him empty. Was it, maybe, that he hadn't found the thing at all? That what he wanted was a girl coming in out of the wind, her hair blowing, her eyes—that was it—her eyes—trusting?

He called up a friend—one of the real pals. And at the first whistle, he said stiffly, "Stow it. That isn't the way it is. It's—different."

That night, when Rita and Vic stopped talking, the records were giving a final howl. It sounded a little like the lone wolf surrendering.

"Gee," Vic said, wonderingly, "I've had fun"—and Rita said, softly "The phonograph is better—at my place."

Vic said, quickly, "I'll be there—tomorrow night."

But he wondered, afterwards. What was this—it was different, but what WAS it? Two scared children, dating—afraid to believe, afraid to face each other.

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They went to the Navy Relief Ball, and that was their first time in public.

Life was trying to get tough with Vic again. He was signing up with the Coast Guard, and the public that he'd kicked around so long was slapping back. With nasty little lines in print, with tongues in cheeks. It was funny that this time it didn't hurt, didn't even faintly bother him.

Because he could laugh at it and for the first time, he could laugh like a wide-awake, carefree kid. He afraid of the army?—why, he'd kicked his way up from hard labor, sixteen hours a day, worked at anything that would get him a sandwich. And now there was somebody to listen when he told about that, his words falling over themselves, his eyes lighted.

Love that is rooted in friendship is hard to uproot, and Vic was forgetting to try. His jaw was still hard but some of the cockiness was gone.

He had to laugh at himself sometimes. When he remembered, in the middle of a poker game, that he was to call Rita to say good night at nine, he tossed in his hand. And when he came back and met the hoots of friends who had found it was a pat flush, he grinned and went back to call Rita again. Okay, he was crazy, but he liked it. He no longer cared if they laughed.

A kid with a present under his arm for his girl.

Simple things—things that were right for my gal Sal. Once or twice some splendid gifts.

So he was ready, now, for the Coast Guard. Ready—and eager to go. He'd be razzed, maybe, for being a glamour man, but he could take that and dish it out. He'd weathered that sort of thing before. He drove down town and stopped at the Biltmore Coffee Shop for breakfast. And then his eyes went absent, and he got up and completely forgot to order.

Was he worrying about something, somebody wondered — contracts — troubles —

closed corporation . . .

He was at the candy counter and his hands were spread apart—measuring. And the girl brought him his order—a huge box of candy covered with pink bows, saying "To my Sweetheart" across the top of it. He came back to exhibit it to some friends.

"Do you think she'll like it? I'll be busy at the Coast Guard and can't call her up—"

Like it?

Rita will like it.

She won't say much. They don't talk a lot, now, the two of them. The lost, shadowed look is gone from her face, though, and when, for a second, her fingers twine with those of her sailor lad, something almost too bright to be looked at shines in her face.

He's a sailor now. His house is closed. Rita has his record collection, his cook, Katie, and his prized English bull dog, Genius, Jr.

But if you see them at a premiere, or somewhere, when he's on leave, close together, you know that she's keeping something more precious for him. He has a new short hair cut and a sailor suit. He says, introducing people, "You know Rita?" He looks different. She's keeping things for him while he goes away—she has custody of something else—his life. And he's willing to throw that away, if she needs it, to protect her and the new-found, shining thing that can only exist in the America of today.

MODERN SCREEN QUIZ

Think you know a lot about Hollywood? Well maybe you do. Try these questions on your gang if there's a lull in the party—or just spend an enjoyable half hour by yourself, some rainy evening. . . .

1—Frances Gumm is the real name of what actress?

2—Jimmy Stewart is now a a) Private b) Sergeant c) Lieutenant in Uncle Sam's Army.

3—Can you name 2 of the 3 men whose names are most frequently romantically linked with Dietrich?

4—With whom do you associate the following phrases? a) I dood it! b) Coming, mother— c) Man to man— d) Who's Yehudi?

5—"The Moon and Sixpence" is really the story of a) Reynolds b) Gauguin c) Rembrandt.

6—Hope and Crosby are expert a) riders b) poker players c) golfers.

7—Polly Benedict is the character played in movies by what ingenue?

8—Michele Morgan was recently a) married b) divorced c) made a citizen.

9—Who is Hollywood's "sweater girl?" "one-eyed girl?" "oomph girl?"

10 —Who turned his Martha's Vineyard estate over to the navy?

11—What couple said to be planning marriage, played mother and son in the movies?

12—D'ya know which stars were born with these monikers? a) Pauline Levy b) Frederick Austerlitz c) Jack Kubelsky d) Alice Leppert.

13—Famous scientists Pasteur and Ehrlich have both been portrayed on the screen. Who played Pasteur? Ehrlich?

14—Veronica Lake, at one time, studied to be a) a lawyer b) an engineer c) a doctor.

15—And speaking of professions, what star was at one time a) a radio announcer (sports) b) in the textile business c) a high-diving champ d) a Wisconsin lumberjack?

16—In what branch of the service are a) Glenn Ford? b) Ty Power? c) Bill Holden d) Clark Gable?

17—Whose sister is Frances Raeburn? Joan Fontaine? Sallie Blane?

18—Which 2 of the 3 following actors have been "The Saint"? Leslie Howard, Louis Hayward, George Sanders.

19—Who are two movie actresses with English titles?

20—Buck and Bubbles are a) a song and dance team b) a pair of trained seals c) Hedy Lamarr's cook and butler.

Answers on page 94

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QUEEN BESS

(*Continued from page 33*)

recites this tome of cosmic wisdom, "are frank, determined, energetic, impatient, intelligent, talented, honest and, above all, true to themselves." The stars aren't kidding there. That, ladies and gentlemen, is Miss Bette Davis.

I have known Bette a pretty long time. She has always been herself, and I've never heard anyone size her up as a phony. The first time I really got to know Bette she was living in a motor court in Daly City, California, a suburb of San Francisco, which is definitely across the tracks and down by the water works. The place had all the charm and elegance of any Dew Drop Inne or Spare Tyre Taverne of the Motel class. The tariff was a buck-and-a-half a night. Bette was spending her vacation there because her then husband, Ham Nelson, was playing in a nearby night club. She was having a wonderful time cooking meals and playing just wife. I came up for a story because all Hollywood was bubbling over Bette's performance in "Of Human Bondage" and sore, too, because it hadn't won her the Academy award.

Bette thought I was nuts. "You mean," she said, "you came 'way up here just to see me?" I said I sure had. "Well," sighed Bette, very perplexed. "As long as you're here, let's all have fun." We did—for several days, chasing around San Francisco. I'm sure nobody suspected that Bette was a famous Hollywood movie star. In a little while I even forgot it myself. I know Bette never gave the fact that she was something special a thought. Nor does she today, in her private life. All the acting Davis does is before a camera.

floods to come . . .

"River Bottom," where Bette lives today, stands, as its name flatly states, in the bed of a river. Being the Los Angeles River, it is usually dry, but sometimes it isn't. Houses around Bette's "River Bottom" were swept to Kingdom Come in the big California floods a few years back. The impending Noah's Ark fate leaves Bette unperturbed. So does the fact that "River Bottom" is not in the swankiest part of town. Officially it's in Glendale, sometimes called "the bedroom of Los Angeles." Glendale is about as fashionable as Brooklyn or the Bronx.

Bette bought her home for typical Davis reasons. (1) Because it was comfortable and (2) because it suited her and (3) because it was handy to her work. She has always been that way about places to live. When she won her first Oscar, Bette was dwelling in a little, brown California bungalow (years out of style) on busy Hollywood artery, Franklin Avenue. Cars whizzed by day and night. She paid $75 a month rent. The reason she lived there was because it was close to her work and her husband's. I lived right around the corner, and I used to drop in often. Inside, Bette's old rented bungalow was the most comfortable, homey little joint you ever saw.

inner sanctum . . .

Bette has always reasoned that that's what a house is made for—comfort, not show. Her friends call the front room of "River Bottom" "the best rest home in Hollywood." It's crammed with deep chairs, chaise longues, sofas and divans. In the center is a mammoth "lazy Susan" with a revolving shelf for drinks and sandwiches. Color is all through the room. The decoration frankly announces Bette and Farny's mutual horse-happiness. English sporting prints hang around amid all kinds of equine equipage modified to front room uses. Bette's andirons in her fire-place, for instance, are made from two old iron hitching posts. There was no base for them when she found them, however, so they stand today on two pieces of sewer pipe! And they look swell. That was Bette's idea. "River Bottom" is a house which would make an interior decorator throw up his hands in despair—only an interior decorator wouldn't get the chance. Bette's house is Bette's business. Or rather, Bette's and husband Farny's business.

Bette already owned her ivy-covered river bottom retreat when she married Arthur Farnsworth a year and a half ago. She was grateful that sensible, easy-going Farny (who matches Bette in his complete lack of pose and pretense) had no inhibitions about moving into her house. But she realized that a new marriage ought to have some sort of a new setting. The result was a wall torn out between the library and one bedroom to make a bedroom-sitting room. That's where the Farnsworths live.

The wall is lined with books (Bette's major extravagance), and in the center a big double desk sees double duty every day. Both Bette and Farny have heaps of work to attend to at home. They burn electricity far into the night

WERE YOU BORN BETWEEN OCTOBER 24 AND NOVEMBER 22?
Then read on—You and Hedy Lamarr are sisters under the skin . . .

Hedy Lamarr's exotic charm, sometimes known as sex appeal, comes, according to astrology, from the fact that she was born in the sign Scorpio. Everyone born between October 24 and November 22 is influenced by this sign, thought by many to be the most powerful of the twelve. It gives, among other things, intuition, the power to understand and influence others, dramatic ability. Hedy's wise, aware and tender look that seems to see through you without effort is characteristic of Scorpio. So is the temper that boils out of her usual calm like the fire of a sleeping volcano suddenly come to life. Lucky the man with a Scorpio girl, but woe to him who betrays her. She never forgets or forgives. But if he's true to her she'll follow him to the ends of the earth, be still a sweetheart after fifty years of married life and make him the happiest of men. Maybe, too, the most successful, for Scorpio likes nice things and has a way of uniting the practical with the romantic to create, for herself and those who share with her, a life of perpetual glamour.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Last summer, my family and I visited N. Y. C. While there, we went to a theater featuring Tommy Dorsey and his band on the stage. Once seated in the theater, I noticed a man behind me was wearing sun-glasses. I nudged mother and said loudly, "Someone ought to tell that man the sun is outside." The man in question merely smirked nastily. After the feature, a community sing was flashed on the screen, and I just love to sing—I even forgot the "man with sun-glasses," but not for long. Someone in back of me was bursting a vocal chord and who should it be but him! The louder he sang, the louder I sang, and we kept exchanging dirty looks till I was ready to clout the guy. Then came the climax—A sweet trombone and Tommy Dorsey in person. What would the folks back home say? Tommy introduced his featured vocalist. Who was it? Heh, Frank Sinatra, no less, the "man with the sun-glasses."

Miss Dorris Stechmann
1710-23d Street,
Galveston, Texas.

—Bette hard at her mail, household affairs and war work detail—Farny at his aviation business homework.

When Bette entertains, it's always in her home. She doesn't belong to any particular Hollywood set, never has, although no star knows more people. Olivia de Havilland and Geraldine Fitzgerald are probably as close to her as any actresses. But Bette is not one of the "between-us-girls" gossip type. She's entirely too opinionated and frank. She doesn't play bridge, and she can't stand groups of hen parties, society or Hollywood social struttings. Her social appearances are always in the interest of something important to her as a person or she can't be bothered.

Once a month Bette likes to step out to a currently popular Hollywood night spot. She thinks it does her good and keeps her young. "It makes me enjoy home more," is the way she puts it. Bette loves to dance. Her one gnawing regret is that she has never had time to learn the rumba properly. Once she stole away on an odd night and took a lesson. The latin instructor sashayed around with her for hours and kept saying, "Miss Davis—please—just relax! Relax!"

"I've never relaxed in my life," replied Bette. "If it takes that, I guess I'll never learn." That was the last lesson she took.

One thing hostess Davis insists on, however, at her own parties is that her guests relax and do as they please. She hates regimenting of any sort. She never plans programs of games or any fun schedule. Once she attended a party where the host went in for that sort of thing. At the same party was a Broadway actress fresh out from New York. As she was hustled here and there doing things she didn't feel like doing, she whispered to Bette, "You know I must seem awfully old-fashioned out here in Hollywood. But in New York when we go to parties, we just enjoy ourselves!" Bette heartily agreed.

People who expect a great glamour queen to be a sparkling Miss Personality in all her off hours are usually disgusted with Bette. Recently one visitor pumped her about her home life and got nowhere fast.

"But Miss Davis," she said, "what do you *do* with yourself in the evenings?"

Bette thought up a comeback she has heard plenty of times around her New Hampshire homestead. In a cracker barrel twang she answered solemnly, "Wal, some of the time I just set and think. But mostly I just set!" That isn't the truth, of course. When Bette is alone around the house, she's never idle.

Bette is a night owl. She hates to go to bed, but when she does she sleeps like a top. And no matter if she's about ready to give up the ghost the night before, a night's sleep always makes a new woman of her. She gets up fresh as a daisy—if she can skip the grim early morning hours. Bette rates mornings the most deadly part of her day. If she had her way, she'd have dinner every night at eleven o'clock, and never get up before noon!

level head . . .

Bette has a good sense of art—she'd have to to be the artist she is. But she hates any "art for art's sake" pose. Her taste in paintings runs to things she calls "beautiful to look at." She likes familiar scenes. Abstractions, surrealism, impressionism and the more puzzling phases of painting leave her cold as a pickle. The critics can have them. She has collected several Stanley Woodwards, one of her New Hampshire home, "Butternut," which she particularly prizes. What Bette really likes is her speed in everything cultural—not what's considered elevating.

She's a great reader, almost a book worm. Most rooms in her house, look, as she says, "like the public library"—stacked with books and magazines. But few of them are classics or deep, intellectual tomes. Bette is a popular reader. "Reading," she thinks, "is to be enjoyed—there's no other excuse for it." So she reads what she likes. One of her particular idols is Somerset Maugham, who wrote the novel that first made Bette a Grade-A star, "Of Human Bondage." A while back she had a chance to meet Maugham. Bette was as nervous as a witch, because she knew Maugham was extremely sensitive about the dramatization of his works. In fact, he seldom sees his plays or movies made from his stories, because he has to get up and leave if it doesn't set just right. While in Hollywood recently, he took a look at Bette's movie of "The Letter" alone in a projection booth. "I enjoyed it. I sat through the whole show," he told Bette. She thinks that laconic statement is one of her nicest compliments.

nothing but the truth . . .

Bette is not averse to compliments (and she's had plenty), but bald flattery makes her toes turn up. She can smell false praise a mile off. For that matter, her very pet peeve is indirection and insincerity and beating about the bush. She goes right to the point in everything, and she likes other people to treat her the same way. At the studio today they talk man to man to Bette about everything, and today Bette and Warner Brothers get along, you'll notice. Most of her early battles, strikes, suspensions and court suits sprang from attempts to handle her with hocus-pocus.

Once for instance, when Bette was a newcomer, the wardrobe department scheduled her for a certain dress. When she came in for a fitting they ex-

Eyes that won a chance at stardom

"Loveliest eyes", was the thrilling verdict judges gave MARY ARMSTRONG, of Beaumont, Texas, first prize winner in the "Lovely Eyes" contest sponsored by Camille Glamor-Eyes Makeup. Now, as guest of *Republic Pictures*, Miss Armstrong goes to Hollywood to begin work in a Republic film. She also will be presented with a stunning fur coat by *I. J. Fox*, "America's largest furriers".

OTHER PRIZE WINNERS: *Doris Jackson*, Long Island—a striking 6-piece wardrobe by *Townley Frocks; Bettie Reid*, Sacramento—an exquisite diamond wrist watch by *Gruen; Mary Brennan*, Philadelphia—scholarship in fashion modeling at *Mayfair Mannequin Academy; Dolores Miller*, Hollywood — genuine *Tecla* pearl necklace. And the following winners each receive a set of lovely *Karu* costume jewelry—*Mary Le Blanc*, Baton Rouge; *Jean Burkhart*, Louisville; *Rosanne Perry*, Buffalo; *Olive Midgetto*, New York City; *Adeline Andreis*, Long Island.

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ADOLA, 31 W. 27 ST., N.Y.C.

plained vaguely that "the material doesn't suit your personality, so we've chosen something else." Bette smelled a mouse. She found out the real reason was—another star with more influence had spoken for the dress material—and got it. That didn't make her mad. But the fibbing did. She spoke her piece right there and then. Gradually, every department at Warners' has learned that the only way to get along with Davis is to call a spade a spade.

Clothes, incidentally, are not too important with Bette. Although what she calls her "practical New England conscience" dictates that she never let her public down, Bette would never appear publicly in a sloppy get-up, although by instinct she's a slack and blouse girl. When she goes out, she's always immaculately groomed, mostly in tailored things, which she considers her true type. Bette wears a size 10 dress, but her waist is wasp-small. All her clothes have to be tailored for her. She likes fancy dresses least of all, but when an important premiere comes up, she goes for a new evening gown and can look as glamorous as the next star, as she did at "Yankee Doodle Dandy" just the other night. Her favorite dress up colors are reds and blues; for things tailored, dark greys and browns.

Yankee thrift . . .

Bette has no odd clothes collections. She is a mild sucker for nice handkerchiefs. But no rows of bizarre hats or trick shoes line her shelves. Clothes to her are like paintings—they have to be "beautiful to look at," not attention compelling. The only place where she sports a decorative quirk is in costume jewelry. Bette has always loved bracelets that jingle-jangle-jingle. Her favorite is what she calls her "goose bracelet." It's a gold chain, with a gold goose and four golden eggs. Her sister Barbara gave it to her, inspired by a favorite family crack, that Bette is "the goose who laid the golden egg." The four eggs represent Bette, her mother, sister Barbara and her baby daughter Fay, Bette's niece, who looks a lot like her famous aunt.

Bette has a peculiar complex about jewelry. Someone has to give it to her. She can't buy it for herself. For years she has loved diamonds. She has even tried to talk herself into the idea that diamonds are good investments so she could load up on them. But somehow she's never been able to buy anything for herself. Farny has promised her a diamond necklace one of these days, and Bette is living in hopes.

Bette is canny about money. She has made plenty of it and spent a good deal, too. But she has never taken any flyers on the market or risked big profit investments. She keeps a business manager; none of this "know it all" financial confidence is evident in her make-up. In peace times Bette socked her sugar away in insurance and annuities and government bonds. Since the war she's gone in heavily for War Bonds.

She's no gambler in any sense of the word, if you except gin rummy and poker for small stakes. Bette's one trip to Santa Anita was sensational. Bette picked every horse in every race for a winner and cleaned up. "That's just Satan's trick," grinned Massachusetts Bess, "to make a sucker out of me!" She never bet a cent again on the ponies.

The only major money extravagance of Bette's is comfortable living. She owns her home and the 2,000-acre New Hampshire farm, Butternut, which she has completely equipped with a fortune in early American antiques by now, but she's still too wise to sink her dollars in a farming enterprise. Butternut is where she hopes to retire one of these days when she's "Dame Davis." In Hollywood, being a strong family girl, Bette is lady bountiful to her family, and while not a major contributor to organized charities, she's always helping private deserving cases. Recently a man she heard of faced losing his four dogs for a veterinary bill. Bette paid the ransom. Her Yankee heart can turn soft as an Alabama watermelon, where dogs are concerned.

For herself, perhaps the only big time indulgence is keeping her horses, Chief and Chappie. She could go overboard on sporty automobiles, Bette admits, as they are a definite weakness, but since the war that's necessarily out. The war, by the way, has doubled up on Bette's petty pet economies, always an item in her existence. She's a saver by nature. Last summer at Butternut her brother-in-law stayed under the shower what seemed to Bette an unreasonably long time. Bette's water supply on the farm stems from springs, and she could see them dwindling away to mudholes by the minute. Finally she rapped on the door. "For heaven's sake," yelled Bette anxiously, "turn off the water! There won't be any left!" Her in-law gravely appeared wrapped in a towel and explained how four thousand gallons welled up every minute, or something like that.

Bette is notorious around Hollywood for never having a nickel in her purse. She has to borrow quarters all around the lot for cigarettes and things. Wisely, her maid sneaks a few bills out of

WIN $5.00 in WAR STAMPS

We're a little amazed by the wonderful ideas from our readers all over the country, and are only sorry we can't use all of them. Since we can't, we chose this month a letter which shows how little things that anyone can do will make the stamps sprout into bonds. And we bet you never thought of either of the Churches' simple activities! Well, perhaps your own family is doing something surprising. . . . Let us know, and maybe you'll be $5 closer to your next war bond.

When Dad's shirts are worn at the neckband and front and the material is still good-looking, Mom, instead of putting them in the ragbag, takes out the backs, cutting around the neck and arm seams, and then binds them with rickrack or bias braid in bright colors. From the good part of the fronts she cuts "tiebacks" and then she transfers the pockets — binding them, too, with the braid. Result? Aprons! She gets from 25 to 50 cents for them at church bazaars and Field Days. This goes for war stamps. I, myself, go from door to door with a basket of electric light bulbs of different watt sizes. So many women forget to buy bulbs that I make a sale at almost every house. That's how I'm filling my books with stamps.

W. O. Church,
R. F. D. Allen Road,
Woburn, Mass.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Here's my inside story—The following incident occurred when Jeanette MacDonald was on tour in Denver. My little sister wanted an ice-cream cone, and I told her she was grown up now, and ice-cream cones were for little girls. However, we would go into the drug-store for a "coke." We walked in, and there sat Jeanette MacDonald nonchalantly eating an ice-cream cone! Was my face red!

Miss Joan Morris,
Tobey-Kendel Hall,
Greeley, Colorado.

the cookie jar so she won't be too embarrassed. But only her famous face has kept Bette from washing dishes to pay for her lunch in more than one Hollywood restaurant.

To her Yankee conscience about a dollar's value, Bette excuses her horses as necessary exercise. She never makes excuses, by the way, to anyone but that conscience—about anything. But riding, after all, is Bette's one outdoor conditioning effort. She swims—was a lifeguard once (really). Golf, tennis and things—well, there isn't any time. But she can always canter in the mornings or evenings. Bette's major sports fan interest is prizefighting. She likes to go to the Hollywood fights and listens eagerly to big time cauliflower epics over the radio. Last year, at a smart afternoon affair, Bette asked her hostess the time and then cried, "Oh, I must run home!"

"Why?" asked the lady. "It isn't late."

"I know," apologized Bette, "but I might miss the Joe Louis fight. It comes on at six!"

daily dozen . . .

Bette keeps in battle trim herself without diets or daily calisthenics. She has a massage four times a week and swallows daily doses of calcium and vitamin pills for energy. Outside of an occasional throat that acts up she's healthy, and, as I said, wiry as a chicken fence. As she has grown into her thirties, she has lost the nervous intensity that used to make her flare up and get jittery. Betty smokes, too much probably, has a drink or two before dinner—that's about all the vices. Eating, as always, is only a necessary business of living to her.

Bette is no gourmet. Fancy foods leave her unimpressed—as anything affected does. She hates foreign foods, intricate sauces and complicated dishes. She likes plain fodder, and if she wanted to go straight to the devil, she could on hot dogs. When she starts to get chubby Bette sometimes lays off potatoes—for a couple of days. But keeping the Davis figure is really no problem. In fact, Bette is lucky as looks go. I've known her almost ten years, and she looks exactly the same to me.

But she keeps up to snuff in the beauty department, "just in case somebody *does* notice," Bette grins. She uses bright red lipstick, a touch of mascara and the powder base that Perc Westmore brews. She likes cologne instead of perfume. Bette has always been extra neat and clean about her person. She gave up painted nails, for instance, because she was never quite sure whether or not her nails were clean underneath. Bette is a tub, not a shower girl, a once-a-day bather and a hot-tub soaker when she's tired. Since the war she has become a hoarder of soap leftovers which she used to toss grandly away. Other wartime economies, by the way, are telephone calls and flowers (both of which used to nick her budget substantially).

Bette is up to her elbows in war work now. The last time I saw her she had been at it five nights straight, working on Hollywood's version of the Stage Door canteen, which she launched with John Garfield. As usual, Bette was sensible and as direct as a kick in the pants about this. Bette's idea was that soldiers like to look at screen stars, and maybe have them serve coffee—give autographs and shake hands—but darned if they're going to have a good time palling around with them. They'll be too shy. And the stars won't know soldier chatter and jive. So Bette enlisted the cuties in the Hollywood Studio Club to really get in there and entertain the boys in khaki—and from early reports, the Hollywood Canteen is going to be famous wherever gobs and doughboys gather.

That, of course, is only one item in Bette's war effort. She sponsored the recent Hollywood Guild War Relief garden party at Pickfair, gathered all the prizes, auctioned them off and ran the show like an old ringmaster. She's on the executive committee of Hollywood's Victory Committee. She launched a Liberty ship and smacked it right on the nose with the champagne bottle, too. Then, like other Hollywood stars, Bette hikes off numerous nights to army camps around Hollywood. The last one was a negro camp down near the Mexican border. The boys there hadn't had any entertainment for six months. When Bette recited "The Star Spangled Banner" as only she can, the sea of black faces was shiny with tears. As you read this, Bette will be spending her hard earned vacation on a strenuous Eastern bond-selling tour.

On this circuit she'll be doing a bit of high voltage dramatic acting every night of the week for weeks. Arch Oboler wrote Bette's skit, "Adolf and Mrs. Runyon." It's a tense fantastic thing, in which a lady (Bette) whose husband has been killed in Germany, gets a crack at Hitler. (She kills him, too.) Some well wishers told Bette it would take too much out of her to tear herself to pieces every night. "That's the only way I can sell bonds," countered Bette. "I'm not an orator or a dream to look at. But I can act!"

I'll say she can. All through this piece, I see, I've mentioned everything except what Bette Davis is best known for. The best may come last, but acting is still the greatest thing in Bette Davis' life. A hundred percenter in

MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me your newly revised chart listing the heights, ages, birthdays and marriages, etc., of all the important stars. I enclose 5c (stamps or coin) to cover cost of mailing.

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WHENEVER I NEEDED a laxative, I'd take down the bottle, pour out a spoonful and hold my nose while I swallowed the nasty-tasting stuff. And how it upset me! It was just *too strong!*

THEN I WENT to the other extreme. I tried another laxative which I thought would be easier on me. But the medicine only stirred me up and left me feeling worse than before. It was just *too mild!*

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If Child Has a Cold

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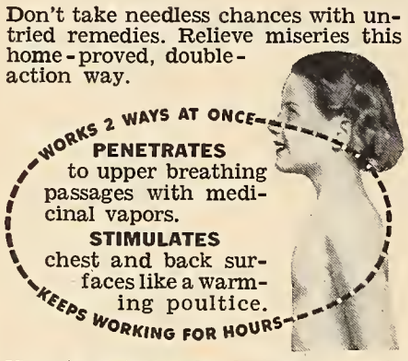

Now to get all the benefits of this combined **PENETRATING-STIMULATING** action as shown above, just rub throat, chest **and back** with Vicks VapoRub at bedtime. Then . . . see how this family standby goes to work **instantly—2 ways at once**—to relieve coughing spasms, ease muscular soreness or tightness—bring grand relief from distress! Its soothing medication invites restful, comforting sleep—and often by morning most of the misery of the cold is gone. Tonight, be sure that you try Vicks VapoRub.

POEMS WANTED

For Musical Setting

Mother, Home, Love, Sacred, Patriotic, Comic or any subject. Don't Delay—Send us your Original Poem at once—for immediate consideration and **FREE** Rhyming Dictionary.

RICHARD BROTHERS 49 WOODS BUILDING CHICAGO, ILL.

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Complete, efficient hair care . . . cleansing, waving, dressing . . . with these three inexpensive Dr. Ellis' Beauty Aids. Ask for all three at your favorite 5 & 10 or drugstore.

Beauty is your Duty!

everything else, Bette bats a thousand in every picture she makes, every acting job she undertakes. That such a real, unphony person as Bette should be such an important part of artificial Hollywood may be the height of something or other, perhaps, but it is a fact nevertheless.

local booster . . .

"Bette Davis," a big producer told me recently, "has never stopped selling Hollywood for one minute." That's because Bette honestly loves Hollywood, her work, the screen and the people of it. She has never hesitated to do anything she thinks will boost the business of making movies or of making movies careers, and this she has done unfailingly.

I can recall the time brand new director Irving Rapper in his first picture was surprised to find Bette Davis a bit extra in that picture which was so important to him. She waited around all one morning in dark glasses dressed as a nurse for the scene. When Rapper called for his extra nurse, up stepped Bette. She played the bit part for fun and to help his picture. She likes to do things like that. In "The Man Who Came to Dinner," aside from suggesting him for the role, Bette boosted along the career of a young leading man she had faith in, Richard Travis. She played chess with him, talked and encouraged him and did her darndest to take his mind off his severe case of jitters! Bette has never turned down anything, deed, sponsorship, or whatever else it entailed, that would help somebody or some phase contributing to a better motion picture world. She has proteges by the carload you never hear about, and you never will, if you wait for Miss Davis to advertise the fact.

Sometimes her judgment fails her about her own career. Bette has made some not so good pictures by her own choice, such as "The Bride Came C.O.D." She has deliberately gone into others where she knew she'd be out-acted, like "The Man Who Came to Dinner," where Monty Woolley was bound to steal the show. Bette has her own personal estimates of herself. She thought, for instance, that she was bad in "The Little Foxes" when it was all the Academy could do to keep another Oscar off her mantel. Her favorite picture to date is "Dark Victory." Her movie idol—Greta Garbo—who, to Bette, sums up everything a screen personality should be.

bugaboo . . .

Bette has only one superstition about herself and her acting. Once, in her early New York days, she hit three green lights in a row driving down Sixth Avenue in chase of a job, and she got the job. Today if the light is green as she drives in Warner Brothers' gate, she knows she's okay. If it's red and stops her—she knows everything will go wrong—and it usually does. It isn't red very often, I might add. Bette has the signal pretty well figured out by this time.

But, red light or green, a lady like Bette Davis can't go wrong very much whatever happens to Hollywood or this world. Because, Bette Davis is real and honest. "To thine own self be true" might have been written for the vital, electric lady with the big round eyes, and the mind which is most assuredly her own.

Bette tells a story on herself—about the time she toured with her family across the country, back to Hollywood from New Hampshire via the Pacific Northwest. For days she rolled along disdaining road advice, and each night her family group anxiously asked if she was *sure* she was headed the right way. "Of course," said Bette haughtily. "We're headed right for Columbia River Highway. Anyone can see that on the map." And even if "anyone" couldn't, he didn't dare argue, when Bette got off on that high and mighty tone.

One morning in a highway lunchstand the question came up again. "Don't bother me with silly questions," snapped Bette in annoyance, "I know I'm headed right for the Columbia River Highway!"

Two truck drivers sipping coffee stared at her.

"*Where* you going to hit it, lady?" they asked mildly.

Bette flared in her rare but most *grande dame* manner. "Please!" she snapped. "Don't worry about *me*. I know where I'm going!"

"Hope you do, lady," said one truck driver politely. "But I've been driving in these parts for twenty years and I'd sure like to know. *Where are you going to hit it?*"

It turned out that Bette was miles off her course and had to drive hundreds back to get on the right track. Today her family still kids her with "Where you going to hit it, lady?" whenever she gets uppity.

But it isn't often that Bette Davis, headstrong or not, gets off the track. Most of the time, by and large, so far she has hit it all right. It's hard for a straight shooter like her to miss.

10 YRS. AGO IN MODERN SCREEN

November, 1932, was the month in which Governor F. D. Roosevelt of New York defeated President Herbert Hoover of California to win the national elections. . . . And in Europe, President Von Hindenburg offered the German Chancellorship, on a parliamentary basis to one Adolf Hitler. He did not accept. . . .

While in MODERN SCREEN—The latest Hollywood gossip was that: Charlie Chaplin and a certain Paulette Goddard were a very special item. . . . Lupe Velez was suing H. B. Warner for damages because his "great beeg car a mile long" smashed into hers. . . . Sue Carol and Nick Stuart had been a new Mama and Papa for 3 months. . . . George Brent announced that in Ruth Chatterton, he had "found every single thing a man might seek in a woman." . . . And Thelma Todd wed Pat de Cicco. . . .

FASHION MERCHANDISE

Shown on Pages 68 and 69

The red, ice-mist scarf on Ann Rutherford, a Glentex design, is available at your favorite department store. The suede-front weskit is designed by Leon, likewise the Tish-U-Knit cardigan sweater.

The black velvet suit dress shown on Barbara Britton is a DuPont rayon fabric, brightened with pink butterfly collar.

"CRASH DIVE" STORY

(*Continued from page 41*)

beautiful; entrancing, maybe, exquisite. Also very sleepy.

"Hello," the Lieutenant said. "I'm Ward Stewart. Have we met before?"

The girl turned with the snap of a whirling propeller.

"Surprise!" Ward said pleasantly.

scram, please . . .

In rapid succession the girl grabbed for her robe, reached for the curtain, turned for one more shocked look at the pajamaed Lieutenant and said: "What are you doing here?"

She had, Ward thought, a particularly lovely voice. "I believed," he said, "that I was going to sleep here."

"This is my berth."

Ward reached patiently for his wallet and took out his ticket. He read it through once and then shrugged. "It seems you're right," he said. "My ticket does call for the upper. I hope you don't think—"

"Get out!"

Ward gathered up his things, slipped into his bathrobe and stepped out into the narrow corridor between the lines of berths in the Pullman. "Goodnight," he said cheerfully. "If you want anything, I'll be right up above."

The curtains around Berth No. Lower Six closed with a savage snap.

"I don't suppose," Ward said, "that you'd care to tell me your name."

She didn't.

Washington was a mass of hurrying people, of uniforms and clerks, congressmen and dollar-a-year men, bureaucrats and patriots. Washington was a subway jam on a city-wide, all-day scale. Ward Stewart ducked through the crowds and into the welcome shadows of the Navy building. He was in the Admiral's office precisely at the time of his appointment.

"Hello, Ward," the Admiral said. "Glad to see you. Sorry to get you off your PT boat in such a hurry."

"She'll be waiting for me, Uncle Bob," Ward said.

"I'm afraid you're not going back to PT boats, Ward. I'm reassigning you to the submarine service."

"Subs!" Ward said violently. "I finally got my feet on something that runs on top of the water, and you're sending me back to those tubs."

"We need experienced men, Ward."

"I won't go."

"Orders," the Admiral said sharply.

Ward said: "Yes, sir."

"Any preference as to base? Hawaii, Panama, San Diego, New London—"

"What's the difference?" Ward said gloomily. "The bottom of the ocean looks the same all over."

So that was that. It was back to subs for Ward Stewart, Lieutenant Junior Grade. Back to those crawling crabs. By Heaven, his PT boat could make Panama in the time it took a sub to get out of the harbor. He crossed the street toward his hotel wondering whether he ought to get roaring drunk that night or only shouting drunk. He whirled through the revolving door and into the lobby. He threw a disgusted glance at the hordes circulating in the lobby, at the knot of people who always surrounded the desk clerk these days in Washington, clamoring for rooms; fat men from Iowa and sunburned men from Alabama, ladies for the WAACS, ladies for the WAVES, girls—

As a matter of fact there was only one girl at the desk, and she was pleading in an oddly familiar voice for a room. Ward ducked around an ornate column for a better look. No doubt about it. It was the girl.

Ward made a rapid circle of the lobby toward the phones, keeping an anxious eye on the desk. At the switchboard he asked for the desk clerk. He spoke hurriedly into the phone. *Lt. Stewart was checking out; but Lt. Stewart was checking out only on condition that his suite was given to the girl who was now at the desk; was Lt. Stewart clearly understood?* He was.

reunion in Washington . . .

Ward stood at the other end of the lobby, watching the expression of pleased surprise on the girl's face. He watched her start for the elevators followed by six little girls chattering away madly. Then he crossed to the desk, paused to ask a few pertinent questions. The girl was Miss Jean Hewlitt of New London, Connecticut; she was evidently in charge of six little girls who had come to make a tour of Washington. Ward thanked the desk clerk and grinned, jingling his key to the suite in his pocket.

Why should a man get drunk on wine, when he might get drunk on kisses?

Jean Hewlitt was ordering her charges to wash up and rest when Lt. Stewart blithely opened the door and walked in.

"Hello, there," Lt. Stewart said.

"Look here," Jean said. "I don't know how you discovered where I was. And I don't much care how you did it. Please get out before I call the manager."

"But this is my room," Ward said.

"Are we going to start that again," Jean said frigidly.

Ward held up his key: "Look! I didn't make it. The hotel gave it to me."

Jean paused uncertainly: "Perhaps—"

I SAW IT HAPPEN

A few years back, Freddie Bartholomew went on a P. A. tour. During his appearance in Jersey City, he consented to meet all the high school reporters en masse at a stated time. Before he showed up, there was much discussion as to what he'd be like—sissy? spoiled brat? regular guy? Then he came in, impeccable in his Eton suit, with perfect manners, though he was slightly shy (probably because he was being stared at by contemporaries and not grown-up reporters). While the others were scribbling in notebooks that he was nice but a little too perfect, my attention was drawn to the silver dollar he was flipping, and it was then I noticed his hands were the dirtiest I'd ever seen. I nudged the girl next to me and soon the observation went around the room. Suddenly the tone of the interview changed. It was agreed Freddie's costume belied his personality. Here indeed, was a regular guy.

Kay Hamill,
306 Varick Street,
Jersey City, N. J.

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Here's new amazing mouth comfort without risking a single cent . . . enjoy that feeling of having your own teeth again. Satisfy your desire for food . . . eat what you want. CROWN RELINER TIGHTENS FALSE TEETH OR NO COST. PERFECT FOR PARTIALS, LOWERS AND UPPERS.

JUST 3 STEPS

No.1 CLEAN WELL

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Don't suffer embarrassment and discomfort caused by loose dental plates. Apply CROWN RELINER. In a jiffy your plate fits like new and stays that way up to 4 months. No old-fashioned heating to burn your mouth. Just squeeze CROWN from tube and put your teeth back in. They'll fit as snugly as ever. Inventor is a recognized authority in dental field. A patent has been applied for CROWN RELINER to protect you from imitators. After you reline your plate with CROWN, take your false teeth out for cleaning without affecting the CROWN RELINER. CROWN RELINER is guaranteed . . . it's harmless. NOT A POWDER OR PASTE! DOES NOT BURN OR IRRITATE. If not satisfied, even after 4 months, return partly used tube for full refund.

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"Besides," Ward continued, "this is Washington. Priorities, you know. The Navy gets them."

"I don't know whether you're telling the truth or not," Jean said. "But if you are, you must let us stay. The children are exhausted. We've been trying to get accommodations ever since early this morning. For their sake, please."

hard bargain . . .

"On one condition," Ward said.

"Condition?"

"That their teacher give me the pleasure of her company this evening. There's an embassy party tonight, and I'd hate to go alone."

"I'm terribly tired," Jean said.

"Shall I call the manager?" Ward said. "Remember priorities."

"You're blackmailing me."

"See you at seven," Ward said.

The Embassy was alight with glitter and brilliant talk. Through the stately rooms the diplomats walked on careful toes. But the Embassy Gardens were quiet, and the formal hedges and the fountains were touched with moonlight, gleaming softly like golden shadows. They were sitting, Ward and Jean, on a bench that nestled between two towering bushes. They could hear the music faintly.

"Glad you came?" Ward said.

"I've had a wonderful time."

"I wanted you to," Ward said. "I wanted you to have the best time you've ever known."

"I'll always remember it," she said simply.

"I want to be around to remind you," Ward said.

"The only thing I know about the Navy," Jean said, "is that they're always casting off lines. Is this one?"

He didn't answer her. He reached for her in the darkness and she made no protest. The music stopped, but he didn't know that while he was kissing her.

"I know another embassy for tomorrow," Ward said softly. "Will you come?"

She hesitated for a moment. "Yes."

The music started again; it was something very loud and military.

But she was gone the next day. The desk clerk informed the Lieutenant that Miss Hewlitt and her six charges had checked out an hour before. No, there was no note for the Lieutenant. The desk clerk was positive. She hadn't left any word at all.

Ward cursed and thought harshly: she didn't believe me, she thought it was all a line, she's run out, she's run away, she's gone home, home to New London.

New London!

Lt. Stewart cut across Washington like a PT boat pressing in for the attack. He was in the Navy building and up to the Admiral's office like a destroyer making port after convoy duty.

"Do I still have my choice of bases, sir?"

"Why, yes, of course," the Admiral said. "Where'll it be, Ward?"

"New London!" Ward said.

"You like the fish there better?" the Admiral said drily. "Or are you the one that's hooked?"

The Albacore lay at her slip in the Naval Base at New London, a long slim murderous sliver of steel. On her deck two men in soiled dungarees watched disconsolately as several subs, whistles tooting, slipped their lines and pointed out to sea.

"Nothing come through yet for us, Ed?" Dewey Connors asked his companion.

Ed McDonnell shook his head: "Not yet, skipper."

"Will we rot in port before that replacement shows up? They probably can't unswivel him from the swivel seat he's in."

Standing on the wharf, Ward Stewart called brightly: "Paging me, gentlemen?"

He leaped down lightly to the deck of the Albacore. "Lt. Jr. Grade Ward Stewart reporting, sir," he said to Connors.

"Glad to have you aboard," Connors said. "Nothing personal, Mister Stewart. We were just getting a little land edgy tied up at the base."

"Right," Ward said.

"Care to look over the ship?"

"If you don't mind, sir," Ward said, "I've got a few calls to make before we shove off—"

Ed McDonnell said thoughtfully: "Looks like our new man's got a couple of other things besides subs on his mind."

Connors watched the figure in trim blue disappear at the end of the wharf. "Yeah," he said. "As a matter of fact, so have I."

"Jean?" McDonnell said.

Connors nodded: "We'll be sharing some chop suey if you have to get in touch with us in a rush."

Jean was somehow different, Connors noted that night in the Chinese restaurant. She seemed edgy; sometimes she didn't seem to be listening when he spoke to her.

"How'd you like the Washington Monument?" he said brightly.

She looked up, frowning, slightly: "What? The Monument? Oh, it was fine." She hesitated for a minute and then said abruptly: "Let's get married, Dewey. Quick. Tonight."

"Is that what's been on your mind, Jean?"

"Yes."

"You know I'd do it like a shot. But we planned to wait until I got a Lt. Commander's rating, and we've waited so long. It won't be very much more."

Answers to MODERN SCREEN QUIZ

(*page 87*)

1—Judy Garland.
2—c) Lieutenant.
3—Rudolph Sieber, Jean Gabin, Eric Maria Remarque.
4—Red Skelton, Henry Aldrich, Andy Hardy, Bob Hope and Professor Colonna.
5—b) Gauguin.
6—c) golfers.
7—Ann Rutherford.
8—a) married.
9—Lana Turner, Veronica Lake, Ann Sheridan.
10—James Cagney.
11—Greer Garson and Richard Ney (Mrs. Miniver).
12—Paulette Goddard, Fred Astaire, Jack Benny, Alice Faye.
13—Muni, Ed. G. Robinson.
14—c) a doctor.
15—Ronald Reagan, George Sanders, Alan Ladd, Dennis Morgan.
16—Coast Guard, Marines, Army, Army Air Corps.
17—Kathryn Grayson, Olivia de Havilland, Loretta Young.
18—Louis Hayward and George Sanders.
19—Dame May Whitty, Lady Merle Korda.
20—a) a song and dance team.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

I was sitting on the side-lines at some shooting on "The Commandos Come At Dawn," a picture directed on Vancouver Island by John Farrow, starring Paul Muni. It was a hot day in August, and everyone had been feeling it. Mr. Farrow, a very genial fellow had been struggling with a certain scene all morning and had finally arranged it just the way he wanted it. The cameras began to grind when suddenly there was a very loud sneeze. The director uttered a moan. "Who did that?" he demanded sternly. "Now we'll have to start all over again!" A small voice behind piped up: "It was me, Daddy." And Mr. Farrow turned around to see his impish small son Michael, grinning apologetically, while Momma Maureen O'Sullivan looked on, dismayed.

Doris L. Davies,
Box 503, Vancouver, B. C.
Canada.

"I don't care about the stripes on your sleeves, Dewey."

"It's not the stripes. It's the paycheck."

"Maybe you're right," Jean said. "But remember I asked, will you?"

The Chinese waiter padded into the booth: "Telephone for the Lieutenant."

Jean sat at the table, staring at the little fortune slip that she'd found in her rice cake: SPEAK NOW OR FOREVER HOLD YOUR PEACE. Well, I spoke up, she said softly to herself, but I don't know if it's going to bring me any peace. When Dewey came back, she was slowly tearing the fortune slip.

"This is it, Jean," he said. "I've got to get back to the base."

"So long, sailor," she said. "So you won't marry me, and you can't even take me home. Good luck, skipper."

The Bromley School for Girls was a dark mass of bricks as Jean drove up. She parked her car outside the Dormitory and slid out from behind the driver's wheel.

"Hello," a voice said.

She wasn't surprised, not really; somehow, she'd half expected to hear that voice at any turn, at any corner. Somehow she'd been half waiting for it.

"Care to drop in on an Embassy?" Ward said.

"I'm sorry," Jean said gravely. "But I had to run away."

"And I had to follow," Ward said.

"You're stationed in New London?"

"Right."

"I don't want to see you."

"I can't argue that with you tonight," Ward said. "I came to say good-by."

"You're going to sea?"

"We may row out a little way," Ward said, "if the waves aren't too high."

He reached for her, then, as he had that night in the Embassy Garden. And he kissed her swiftly and surely, like a man putting his seal on something he especially prized. Then he was gone, and there was only his voice from somewhere a bit down the road.

"So long."

land ho! . . .

The Albacore came back to New London a month later, with a broom at her masthead, signal that she had swept the seas of at least one more bit of scum. There had been a German Q-ship, prowling the lanes; there had been, but no more. The Albacore came back with her skipper and her Lieutenant Junior Grade, brothers in battle, and friends as only men who have shared the cramped quarters of a submarine at sea, can and must be friends.

They called Connors down to Washington for a talk, a pat on the back and the very strong possibility of a Lt. Commander's rating. Ward, who had, as McDonnell once remarked, a couple of other things besides subs on his mind, was at the Bromley School for Girls the night the Albacore made port. He had an apple for the teacher.

It was more than that, really. He was quiet and subdued that evening. He and Jean got into his car, and he drove for hours without saying anything. They drove through the dusk and into the night, through the pleasant Connecticut landscape and up to a charming old house that nestled back of the road on a little hill, overlooking the New England valleys.

"A new roadhouse?" Jean said.

"My grandmother's home," Ward said gravely. "I'd like you to meet her."

family portrait . . .

Mrs. Stewart was an old woman with quiet, kindly eyes and a quick, shrewd tongue. Jean liked her. There was a way the old lady had of speaking of Ward that suddenly made him seem different . . . not brass and glitter; they sat in a large, gracious room that was full of memories of Stewarts, Navy Stewarts. And from time to time, the old lady would look at her openly and frankly, as if there were an understanding between the two of them about another and younger Stewart.

They left late. And again on the way home, Ward didn't say much. It was almost dawn when they came back up the curving drive of the Bromley School. The sky was the shining gray of the false dawn, just before the sun would come over the horizon.

"Thanks for coming," Ward said.

"I'm sorry I went."

"Sorry?"

"I liked your grandmother. And I liked you for taking me. And I didn't want to, Ward."

"Afraid?"

"Maybe."

"Once," Ward said, "you told me about Navy lines. I want you to know that there aren't any anymore. I'm adrift, Jean, and I'm looking for port." He was twisting his Annapolis class ring on his finger and suddenly he drew it off. "I want you to keep this for me, Jean . . ."

He kissed her with the sun coming up behind them like a red ball of fire in the morning sky. And suddenly she broke from his arms and ran from him into the building. He didn't follow her, and he didn't call. He looked gravely down at his bare finger. She had it now . . . for better or for worse.

Dewey Connors came back from Washington with secret orders and another stripe on his sleeve. Ward picked him up at the airport, and they drove back to his quarters.

"They wanted the story on the Q-boat," Connors said excitedly. "Now all we have to do is locate the base it was operating from and destroy it."

"Simple," Ward said.

Connors paced up and down his quarters, unpacking the small bag he'd carried with him. "We leave sharp at twelve midnight . . . but before we go, there's a certain little ceremony I'd very much like you to be present at."

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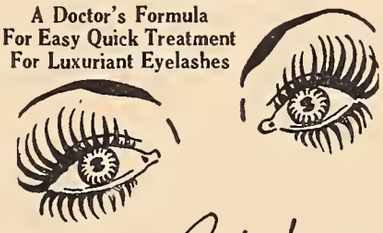

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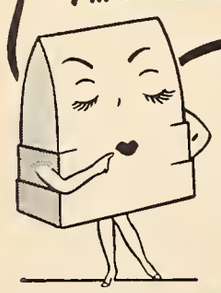

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"Glad to," Ward said.

"My marriage. Lt. Commander Dewey Connors requests the pleasure of your attendance at his marriage to Miss Jean Hewlitt at—"

"Jean Hewlitt," Ward said.

"Do you know her? Dewey said. "She never said anything to me about it."

Jean answered that herself, from the doorway. "Yes, he knows me, Dewey," she said. "I came as soon as I heard you were back."

"Look!" Dewey waved his sleeve with the added stripe before her eyes.

"You deserved it," Jean said softly.

"That's my marriage license," Dewey said happily.

"No, it isn't, Dewey," Jean said.

"It isn't?" Dewey said. "What are you talking about, Jean?"

"I'm talking about us, Dewey. I can't marry you."

"Can't—"

"Oh, I asked you once to marry me," Jean said tensely. "I wanted you to marry me quickly. That night. Remember?"

"Well, what's happened since then?" Then suddenly it broke on him, and he looked from Ward to Jean, seeing it there between them, as clearly as if they were shouting it. "Oh," he said harshly.

"Dewey," Ward said. "I didn't—"

"We're sailing at midnight," Dewey said. "Be on board."

Twenty-seven days out of New London, the Albacore was still on patrol, a vague underwater shadow, slipping through the seas, the thin eye of the periscope ceaselessly sweeping the surface. Below decks in the throbbing hull, the men lived between the gauges and the valves, unshaven, a bit on edge, cursing the lack of fresh food, cursing the sea, the sub service and themselves.

Twenty-seven days out of New London; and then they sighted their quarry.

"Battle stations!"

It was a tanker they sighted, a dim shape slipping down the coast where no ship was reported to be. They fell in behind her, lithe and lethal as a tiger crouched to spring. They followed her down the barren coast until she led them straight as a plotted course to the mother nest. Peering through the periscope, Ward could make out the installations on the sandy shore . . . fuel tanks . . . ammunition dumps . . . wharfs . . . a tender tied up at dock . . . the shape of submarines . . . Base of the Q-ships!

here goes nothing . . .

"This is it," Connors said steadily. "Our job is to wipe out this nest. There'll be a landing party under Lt. Stewart to blow up the shore installations. We'll take care of the ships from the Albacore. Understood?"

"I want a word with you, sir," Ward said, when Connors finished.

Dewey nodded curtly and led him to his small cramped quarters.

"I don't know whether I'm coming back from this one," Ward said, "so you'll have to believe me."

"Yes?"

"I didn't know about you and Jean. And what happened wasn't her fault. I made her listen to me. You were her guy, Dewey, and you always will be. I'm just a fellow who had a swift line of chatter. It blinded her for a while. But that's all."

Connors didn't say anything.

"So long, Dewey," Ward said softly. "Good hunting."

The men on the sub went about their job with the swift, deadly efficiency of a weapon bared. The landing party, their faces blackened, their guns held at the ready, were gathered around the hatch. Ward took his place at their head.

"Take her up," Connors said.

The sub broached the surface softly, like a bubble rising. The men were through the hatch and into the small landing boat in a quick, short dive. As soon as they were afloat, the Albacore submerged again. Ward and his men were afloat on a dark ocean. Ahead on the shore, they could see the cautious glitter of the enemy's shaded lights.

"Let's go," Ward said.

On shore they separated into small groups. Ward gave his orders in a low voice. . . . McDonnell, the ammunition dump . . . Hammond, the gasoline drums . . . action to begin when they saw the oil tank go . . .

He paused on the edge of a large field. It was a hundred-yard run to the oil tank. In the shadows around the tank there were deeper shadows. They might be oil drums . . . they might be sentries. There wasn't time to find out. He drew a deep breath and began to run, holding the dynamite sticks stiffly in front of him.

The shadows around the tank were sentries. They were on their feet shouting, and then a moment later rifles began to spit bullets toward the figure racing across the field toward them. Now, Ward said softly to himself and lobbed the dynamite at the tank.

to the victor . . .

"One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . ." he counted softly.

A tower of flame suddenly split the sky. In the huge sudden glare, he saw a soldier, clearly outlined for a moment and then suddenly buried under a wall of falling debris. From the left came the deep, ear-splitting boom of the ammunition dump going up. Good for McDonnell. Beyond in the darkness a series of minor flashes lit the darkness. The gasoline drums. Ward, pressed against the earth, looked at his watch. On schedule. Now back to the rendezvous, and if they were lucky, back to the Albacore. From somewhere around the wharf he heard a gun go into action, spitting bullets into the sky. They must think it's an air raid, Ward said to himself. Then over the thin scream of the anti-aircraft there came a series of dull booms. That must have been Connors getting in the torpedoes. Good, Dewey, good.

There was a small knot waiting on the dark shore at the rendezvous for the return.

"Where's McDonnell?"

"Didn't make it."

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"Curley?"
"Dead."

A searchlight spat a tower of light into the darkness and swept past them in an arc. It wavered and returned. There were sudden hoarse shouts in German coming in the distance.

"Get in the boat, you men," Ward said. "I'll stay here and cover."

He shoved them off, cursing and protesting. The thunder of boots echoed over the hard ground, and Ward turned with a submachine gun in his hand and methodically opened fire. He felt cool, calm. He saw three men crumple before the fire, and the rest threw themselves on the ground. A shower of bullets split the air around him. He dodged around a rock, falling back toward the water. He opened again with the submachine gun in his hand. How long since the men had shoved off? Five minutes? Good enough. They'd be back on the sub in another minute or two.

Then from right and left, machine guns opened up, criss-crossing the area around the rock. The searchlight cut a huge swath of daylight over the area. Ward sent one more burst toward the light and then, in a moment, he cleared the last rock and was in the water. He began to swim away from the beach with long, hard strokes.

It was hopeless. But a sailor dies in the sea, not on land. He must have been swimming for a while before he realized that he was going in the direction of the Albacore. The Albacore . . . she was probably outside by now, running safe. But dimly, incredibly, there was a darkened shape just ahead, and a carefully shielded flashlight playing on the water and a voice saying, "Easy, Ward, here we are."

The Albacore came in with a broom on her masthead. She came in under her skipper, Lt. Commander Dewey Connors. She came in to a cheering mob and an approving Admiral. And maybe of all those who waited on the slip, it was a girl who watched with the most intent eyes. And she must have seen Dewey Connors and Ward Stewart standing together on the bridge. And she must have seen Dewey shake his head and grin and push Ward up onto the dock ahead of him. So that Ward could get there first to the girl who was watching the return of the Albacore.

THE CAST:

Lieutenant Ward Stewart..... *Tyrone Power*
Jean Hewlitt.....*Anne Baxter*
Lieut. Comdr. Dewey Connors.... *Dana Andrews*
"Pop"..... *Charlie Grapewin*
Grandmother.....*Dame May Whitty*
Brownie.....*Henry Morgan*
Oliver Cromwell Jones....*Ben Carter*
Doris.....*Florence Lake*
Hammond.....*Charles Tannen*
Crew Member.....*George Holmes*
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Ed McDonnell.....*Jimmy Gleason*

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What stories and features did you enjoy most in our December issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of the titles of your 1st, 2nd, and 3rd choices.

The Best Son a Mother Ever Had (Payne) ..... ☐
"Gentleman Jim" (Flynn) ..... ☐
Queen Bess (Davis) ..... ☐
Modern Screen Goes to A Victory Party ..... ☐
Why Vic Will Never Forget Rita! (Hayworth-Mature) ..... ☐
"Crash Dive" (Power) ..... ☐
Big Sister (Tierney) ..... ☐
Life with Father (Morgan) ..... ☐
"Who's Gig Young?" ..... ☐
Good News ..... ☐

Which one of the above did you like LEAST? .....

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"CRASH DIVE" PRODUCTION

(*Continued from page 41*)

dive sequence, in which Ty, as the last man to enter the sub, had to slam down the heavy hatch cover a few bare seconds before the rushing water closed over them. Actually, such a narrow margin of safety is against Navy regulations, but officials allowed it as dramatic license. That didn't change the fact that Ty was responsible for getting that lid in place as they dived, and after 7 or 8 rehearsals, he was getting nervous. There were no mishaps, but Mr. Power was a solid mass of black and blue marks when it was over.

The "Crash Dive" troupe landed in R. I. at the height of the summer season, so they set up quarters in Jamestown. Dowagers and debs did their best to lure Power to their homes along with the rest of the actors, but Ty sent his regrets, told them he had to work. Every night he'd hunt up the kids in the little town and organize a baseball game.

When Annabella could get away from New York, she joined him. Then, and only then, he accepted invitations to social doings. Everyone was completely bowled over by Annabella's charm and amazed at her appetite . . . at one backyard barbecue, they watched pop-eyed while Mrs. Power delicately stowed away nine ears of corn, one right after another!

For the almost unbelievable shots, showing a submarine submerging, a Mitchell camera, sealed in glass, was lashed to the deck to record everything that happens during a crash dive. Technicolor cameras would have been too tricky, so the old Mitchell was equipped with color film and operated from within the sub. The result, on the screen, makes you wish for some of Mothersill's seasickness pills. The over-the-waves views of the PT boats were filmed the same way and have the same effect.

The only production problem that almost defied solution was how to make Lena, the champion bull-frog, look happy. Sent by airmail all the way from Missouri, Lena was in no mood to play. An S.O.S. to owner David Twyford brought the answer—Lena had to have her tummy tickled, or she'd remain an old sour-puss.

Both Power and Dana Andrews were in uniform most of the time (their costume) and were kept busy saluting. It was easier than not saluting, then explaining how come. One baffled sentry doesn't know yet how Andrews, whom he saw arrive in civilian clothes, could attain the rank of Lt. Commander in two days. He gave up completely when Dana showed up three days later in a new uniform bearing the stripes of a *full* commander!

Jimmy Gleason basked in a sudden surge of popularity when the group returned to Hollywood for extra scenes. Anne Baxter took him to lunch Monday, Dana Andrews invited him for Tuesday. Ty and Charlie Grapewin wrestled for his luncheon check the rest of the week. Finally he found out they'd just discovered he was a member of the Beverly Hills War Rationing Board No. 522. "I assure you it won't do them a bit of good," he announced. "I'm a hard guy."

GOOD NEWS

(*Continued from page 66*)

The week the house was completed, Hedy invited a few friends in for dinner. She tucked Jamesie, her three-year-old son, into bed and went down to meet her guests. The party was progressing nicely when Hedy and the guests became aware of a steady thumping and scratching coming from the floor above. Terrified at the thought of prowlers in the nursery, Hedy flew upstairs and into Jamesie's room. At the doorway she stopped, and tears of relief began to chase down her cheeks. For there stood Jamesie, attired in his sleeping pajamas, diligently scribbling green and red hobgoblins over the freshly-papered walls!

"I couldn't scold him," sighed the doting Hedy. "He looked too blissful. Besides, I think he shows real talent—if you like surrealism!"

Good News about Edgar Buchanan

"I would like," he says pensively, "to be cast upon a desert island in a sarong with suspenders. And I would like there," he continues, "a blonde." . . . Such dreams may come of his acting in a picture with a title like "Escape to Glory" . . . Or perhaps Edgar Buchanan's a dreamer anyhow—all 6 ft. 200 lbs of him! . . . You look at his bulk apprehensively and query, "Who was the first girl you ever kissed and how come?" "Well, it was in high school—a picnic, and we were playing 'Run Sheep, Run' and, er—she was bowlegged. That was the year," he adds thoughtfully, "that I almost flunked out" . . . After, he tooted his way through dental college in a 3rd rate orchestra, but he admits sadly, "When I took up the cornet, I became very unpopular in my neighborhood." . . . It took 12 years of being a dentist to make him an actor . . . Came his 1st screen test—Edgar stood nervously on the set; all was ready, the lights adjusted, the lines prepared, and then the huge camera came rolling toward him on a track—Edgar? Edgar ducked! . . . Also came the 1st time he saw himself in the movies. There was the screen up there, distorted something awful, and a hushed silence and, "Oh, I want to go to bed for a week," he moaned. "Oh, at least for a week"—It was almost as bad as the time—well—He was 12 years old and terribly grown-up, and cautiously, oh so carefully, he was smoking a "Bull Durham." He got caught. "My Mom thought I was headed for perdition, my Dad thought I was coming into manhood, and my sisters laughed when he larruped me" . . . Poor kid also had the same name as his Dad, which meant that he was always called Junior! and forever got his debts mixed. . . . When Junior grew up, he decided he liked his girls feminine and married one he liked kind of specially . . . She can smoke, drink and wear ox-blood nail polish if she wants. He's a softie. For himself, he likes overalls, little parties where he can hear everybody's stories, red striped neckties and steak. He's a guy with a weakness for big-eyed Springer Spaniels—who admits meekly, "I lie a little to my wife occasionally and I chew tobacco when I play ball." He's a reg'lar feller who's idea of Valhalla is fishing a trout stream!

BIG SISTER

(*Continued from page 47*)

so everything is a-hem! She said to Mrs. Tierney the other day, "It's the funniest thing: Gene and I can wear each other's things to perfection, but I notice that we fill them out differently. She's full in places where I'm not so full, and I'm chubby across my tummy where she isn't chubby at all. Is that because she's 22 and I'm only 16, or is it because she's married and I'm not?"

Gene shrieked. "*Mother!* Make that chee-ild behave," but she curled up on the lounge, laughing.

"By all means," encouraged Pat, "have a talk with me about The Facts. Most of the time I understand what's going on around me, but sometimes I wonder."

fugitive from a textbook . . .

Actually, a good deal of the groovy advice that is guiding Pat right now, has emerged from her Big Sister's acute brain. Pat has looked to Gene for blueprints on conduct ever since that third attempt of Tierney, Jr.'s to escape forever from education.

Pat was attending a very famous school in Kentucky, but she didn't like it. Through the long, aching nights she saturated her pillow with tears. She wrote desperate letters to her father—up in Connecticut—and to Gene in Hollywood. The answers mainly consisted of pep talks on the benefits of school, from Pere Tierney and surprise presents from Gene.

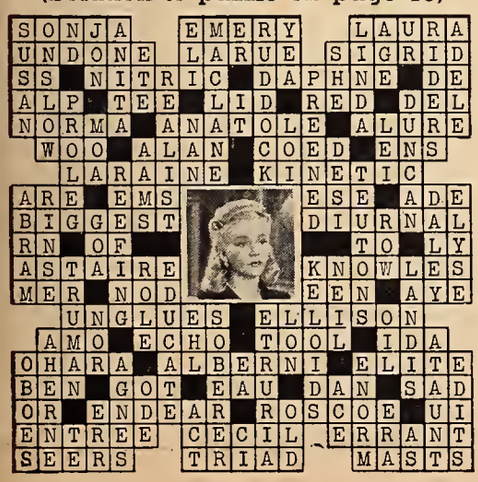
Neither contribution lifted that millstone from Pat's heart, so she packed one morning and got as far as the gate before she was discovered. Her second attempt was more successful—she caught a train bound for New York. The school authorities noted her absence, wired her father, and she was met at the station by an irate parent and presented with a return trip ticket. Oh, hoomiliation!

The third time she was stopped just before she caught the train.

Gene, having received three jailbreak reports, was worried. She hopped on a plane and rushed East. Pat had no idea that she was coming, so when The Kid was called down to the reception room to find her childhood protector standing there, she made a b-line and landed on Gene's shoulder in a teary heap.

"It's all right, baby," Gene said, patting the tumbled hair. "Let's go back to your room where we can talk this over. Listen, honey, you mustn't sob like that . . . I'm not going to leave you until you have everything settled and are all happy."

(Solution to puzzle on page 10)



They went up to the room and closed the door. Gene took off her gloves, hat and coat and sat down while Pat curled up beside her. "Now, what's wrong?"

Behind a hanky borrowed from Gene, Pat sobbed, "I'll bet you never tried to run away in your whole life. I'll bet you don't know what it means to try to get away from anything."

"That's where you're wrong. I tried to run away a dozen times back home. Every time I had a to-do with Mother or Father, I swore I was going to leave home, go over to the neighbor's and be their laundress. Remember that big meadow? I started across there regularly, disgusted with home and ready to make my own way."

A faint grin began to show around swollen lips and pink nose. "What stopped you?" demanded Pat.

"Snakes," admitted her sister. "I was scared to death of them. Every time I saw something move in the grass or bushes, I was certain it was a snake. So, every time I started to run away, I turned around and came right back."

Pat blew her nose. "But you don't know what being homesick and lonesome means," she charged.

Gene stared out of the window for several moments. So long, in fact, that Pat raised her head to study her sister. On Gene's mobile, expressive face there was not exactly sadness, but the memory of sadness.

"Remember when I was in Switzerland for two years?" she asked. "I couldn't breeze home, and I had no one to comfort me. I'll tell you a secret: I used to pretend, at night, that I was back home in the bedroom with you. I used to tell you all about what was happening to me and how strange the country seemed. But, you were always full of wise cracks. The phantom you. Whenever I was really low, you kidded me out of it. 'Go ahead and cry, Tierney,' you'd say, 'and—considering the temperature in this room your tears will turn to snow and won't you look silly!' "

Suddenly Pat threw her arms around Gene. "I wish I *had* been there," she said, half-laughing, and half-crying. "I wouldn't have been so fresh; I would have gone out on the balcony in my PJs and shouted that you are the swellest sister in Switzerland or the world."

"There's just one more thing," Gene said. "Always remember this: everyone on earth is lonely and homesick at one time or another. When you feel the Miseries haunting you, comfort yourself with the notion that said Miseries are giving someone else a rest."

Pat dried her eyes and confessed that she'd be as good as new if Gene would loan her that dress for a week. "It's a deal," Gene agreed.

"no chocolate ice cream" . . .

"No chocolate ice cream," Pat promised, holding up her right hand in the attitude of a solemn oath.

"No chocolate ice cream," ordered Gene. To this day, this sentence is still a password with the Tierneys, when either borrows any item from the other's wardrobe.

Seems that Pat, as a jerky juve, occasionally spent a leisure hour or so—when Gene was away from home—trying on her big sister's clothes. One summer afternoon The Pretty Pest garbed herself in Gene's new white formal and went

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BLUE-JAY

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

BAUER & BLACK CORN PLASTERS

grandly down the street to buy a chocolate ice cream cone. The dress was much too long, and the afternoon was much too hot. Need we go on?

Nowadays, with Oleg designing most of his wife's clothing—which is eventually borrowed by Pat—the kid sis does very well. She was admiring a new hat recently; one that had been cooked up from the inspiration of a gob's white topper. "Gene, you look too luscious for words in that bonnet," she said, then nearly rolled off the lounge with hysterics. "Which reminds me of the time . . ."

It happened when Gene was ten, but even as a sprout she loved clothes. Her mother was giving a very fancy tea party one afternoon—an affair attended by Everyone who was Anyone, and Grand Manners were floating all over the place. Gene knew that she was supposed to appear at the party and make her curtsy, but she wanted to do it in the royal way. She rummaged through her mother's closet until she found an enormous hat—long since retired from active duty.

Studying herself in the mirror (without realizing that she strongly resembled the pole that upholds a beach umbrella) she approved of the image and haughtily descended the stairs to enter the parlor.

socially beheaded . . .

Mrs. Tierney beheld the spectacle with a straight face. "Ah, Gene," she said affectionately, "I'm so glad you came down. Mrs. Gildersleeve, my daughter Gene. And Mrs. Gotrox, my daughter Gene." Mrs. Tierney introduced Little Ant Under a Mushroom around the tea-drinking circle quite as if everything were all right, but Gene had that Foolish Feeling. She had noticed that one or two of the ladies were hiding twinkling eyes behind discreetly held napkins.

She escaped as soon as possible and returned to the bedroom where 4-year-old Pat was waiting, wide-eyed.

"As long as you live," Gene advised hotly, shedding the headgear, "don't ever wear a silly hat to a party."

This terse warning was advance notice of Gene's suspicion that she was going to be mimicked forever by *la petite soeur*.

Even today, what Gene does—Pat is going to do as soon as she gets around to it. When she came to California early this summer, Pat was wearing her hair in reverse rolls at the side and a prodigious pompadour in front.

In private life, Gene wears her hair parted on the left and combed in loose waves because she thinks this informal fashion "sort of hides my high cheek bones," as she told the studio hairdresser.

Pat, upon being met at the station, did a double-take of her sister's coiffure . . . and the next morning the buns, bangs, rolls and rats were a thing of the past. Tierney 2nd's tresses were trailing in a drape shape.

Whenever Pat comes home followed by a queue of contemporaries—ready for iced Pepsis, jive and jam—she grins at Gene and says, "I brought these friends home to help celebrate my birthday."

This is an elaborate rib derived from Gene's school days. As a child she had a terrific imagination. "I won't," Mrs. Tierney told a friend recently, "say that my elder daughter was a whopping fibber. I'll just say that she had a gift for fiction."

On several occasions she put in appearance, tagged by five or six schoolmates who had been invited to her "birthday" party. Said birthday not being anywhere in the immediate vicinity.

Mrs. Tierney always managed to scare up some cookies and ice cream in short order, and even an occasional pitcher of lemonade. After the guests had departed one afternoon, Miss Gene sat down beside her mother and slid an apologetic arm around her waist.

"I'm awfully proud of you," she confided. "You never embarrass me by saying that it *isn't* my birthday."

clinging sister . . .

Gene now renders the same courtesy to Pat; she camly produces something for the guests to munch. "You're a wonderful chaperone," Pat told her patronizingly one day. "You look like a movie star, you talk like a movie star, you act like a movie star—but you laugh like a real hep cat."

"You were always a better chaperone for me than I am for you," Gene grinned. "Remember my cowboy romance in Montana?"

Seems that the two Tierneys were spending their summer on a dude ranch, complete with sage and such. Most remarkable item of scenery was a handsome cowpoke who took one look at Gene and began to sing, "I've got nerves that jingle, jangle, jingle."

Pat observed this phenomenon with a jeer, but she clung closer to Gene than ants to a picnic. "Good-by," said Gene, using the gentle hint department. Pat rolled her eyes and smiled.

"I'll buy you a candy bar the next time we're in town if you'll go away now," bribed Gene. Pat relaxed completely against the gate crossbars.

"All right! What do I have to do to get rid of you?" Gene exploded.

"You have to get down and kiss both of my feet," decided Pat.

Gene scowled at the dusty boots, then looked at the dark-eyed gallant in 10-gallon hat. A private conversation with him—however brief—was worth it, Gene decided, so she got down on her knees and applied a quick kiss to each kicker.

Just a year ago, Pat was still acting as chaperone on a trip that Gene made to Palm Springs to be photographed against a leisure background by a fashion magazine. Johnny Swope and Buzz Meredith were on hand to make life interesting. When they saw the number previously referred to as "Gene's little sister" they emitted long, low whistles. Miss Pat was then 15 and utterly on the smooth order.

"Coives," breathed Meredith, looking slap-happy. "Wot coives! Now I know what they mean when they sing that song about the three little sisters. Just one little sister sets me on my ear.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

About 3 years ago, when Warners' had their premiere at Dodge City, Kansas, I met John Payne. It happened like this— The parade was moving down the street with all the movie stars, and John was on the back of one of the wagons. I saw him and rushed out to get his autograph, but by the time I got to where he was the parade had started to move again. I ran after the wagon, and, just as I got to it, slipped on a banana peel and fell into John Payne's lap! Nice? Well he jumped down and asked me if I'd like to come along and join the parade, and, when I said yes, he helped me up, and I rode with him until the parade stopped!

Miss Helen Schulz
619 Wiley Bldg.
Hutchinson, Kansas.

Wowie!"

"Behave," cautioned Gene. "After all, she's just a baby—a mere infant! She's only 15."

Buzz turned to leer at Gene. "And you, grandmother, are 21!" quoth he.

Gene is ambitious for Pat to have a picture career, but she wants her to be—first of all—a genuinely capable actress. "I'd rather she'd be a good anything than a poor actress," Gene told one of the men who has been begging to give Pat a screen test. "She isn't quite ready yet. She should finish her high school work at Miss Porter's back in Farmington, then —next summer—we'll see what's to be done."

Pat put in quickly, "I'd like to work in a picture with Gene some day. I think it would be fun to put on a sister act at least once in our careers."

"What, no family feud?" asked the astonished movie-maker.

Pat, who is slightly taller than Gene, looked down at her approvingly. "We've always stuck together—haven't we, squirt?" she asked.

"Ever since that time Dad raised cain about the letter I had written to Johnny. Remember?" asked Gene.

two against the world . . .

Gene had been home from Switzerland only a short time, but she had annexed a very special throb who was a student at Yale, no less. She had just finished writing him a letter one afternoon when he telephoned long distance, so she read the letter to him. It was the usual communication filled with local gossip and a certain amount of kidding. No smooch, though.

Afterward, Gene had whirled upstairs to detail the conversation to a goggle-eyed kid sister. Mr. Tierney happened to pass the telephone desk, noticed the letter and glanced at the salutation which happened to be "Johnny, dear—" instead of the more conventional "Dear Johnny."

With thunder in his eyebrows he marched upstairs and preached an irate sermon on manners to his daughter. "I trust that never again will a child of mine so far forget herself as to ignore all convention," was his final word on the subject.

Gene wept copiously into her pillow for several moments, then straightened to see what Pat's reaction was. That young lady, her mouth a stubborn line, was busily writing a letter. When she felt Gene's querying eye upon her, she said, "I'm writing to my boy friend. His name is Tommy, and I started it off, 'Tommy, dear.' I think that sounds nice and friendly."

Two against the world.

It has always been that way; they presented a solid front against all opposition, although there might be a lot of private heckling between them.

Heckling like this: Just before Gene came to California, she was being heavily rushed by a very handsome, very eligible boy who had only one weakness—he stuttered. However, he was a dancer strictly on the beam, he had a knockout car, and he was a quiet sort anyhow. Gene was instructed to get back from her dates with him at a certain hour, but sometimes—well, you know how it goes.

When the main entrance was locked, she tiptoed up the stairs and scratched on the door of the private entrance to the rooms she shared with Pat.

Pat was a hair-trigger sleeper, so the first scratch would bring her out of bed to ease open the well-oiled door. There, half in and half out, Gene would tell her stammering swain good night.

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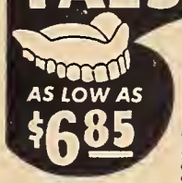

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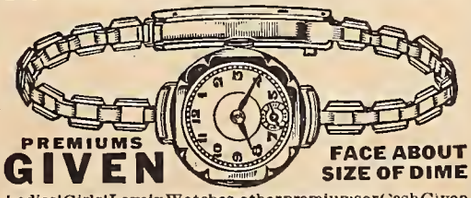

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His was a woeful wooing. "Aw, p-p-please g-g-give m-m-me a g-g-goodnight k-k-kiss," he begged.

Softly, in the darkened room beyond, would sound a whispered echo audible only to Gene: "Aw, p-p-please k-k-kiss h-h-him g-g-goodnight b-b-before he wakes the whole house, including Dad!"

Pat still stutters when she wants to tease Gene. "M-m-my g-g-goodness, b-b-but you're g-g-gorgeous—k-k-kiss m-m-me g-g-goodnight," she sighed the first time she saw Gene in artificial eyelashes and studio make-up.

On only one subject do they disagree. They don't like the same type of man. Gene goes in a big way for the dreamy boys. She admires the intellectuals, the open-shirted gentry who know all about chamber music, who can speak French enough to baffle even the most supercilious of head waiters, and who can quote an epigram and tell who said it originally.

Pat likes them in brass. She wants them to be able to trim her at tennis—at which she is pretty good because occasionally she can outpoint Gene—and she wants them to be able to carry a pigskin forty yards to a touchdown.

sisterly okay . . .

Gene, knowing her sister's coolness toward intellectual types, was in a minor tizzy before Pat met Oleg. That these two persons who were dearest to Gene, should like each other, was so important that Gene didn't dare think about it. Occasionally she crossed her fingers and wished very, very hard . . . and waited.

They met Pat in New York and took her everywhere. Oleg, who is a whiz at designing clothes, looked at Pat and said, "What a lovely figure! She would be a designer's dream—just as you are, Gene."

Pat appeared to be having a very good time. She roared at Oleg's wise cracks—but then everyone does that, because he is one of the wittiest men ever to hit either New York or Hollywood.

Still, Pat never broke down and told Gene that Count Husband was strictly the stuff. Gene was too proud to come right out and ask. Then, at the end of the second week, Gene happened to pass Pat's writing desk. Pat had been called to the telephone and had left a half-finished letter to one of her best girl friends. Gene's eye—as is only natural—caught one crucial paragraph.

"You'd be lavishly in love with Ollie," Pat had written. "He is positively in the groove. Witty and smooth. He has all the American good scout stuff, plus that sophisticated old Continental glamour. In other words, the man in our life is very okay."

Gene rushed in to a surprised sister who had just hung up.

"Darling," she said, giving Pat a bear hug, "you're wonderful. It used to be two against the world—and now, it's three."

Pat, who feels things as deeply as big sis, but who wouldn't admit it for a pair of Cadillac convertibles, grinned and pinched Gene.

"Oh, sure, sure," she jauntily opined. "Three against de woild. That is, until I get me a guy and make it four."

BEAUTY AND THE COLD

(*Continued from page 44*)

with the rest of your face. In applying powder, don't batter your tender nose. Press the powder on with an extra-soft puff, then gently remove the excess with a brush.

Tweeze out stragglers from your brow line . . . cold-blurred eyes will then look neater. Don't let nail polish stay chipped, it's so depressing. Use perfume; your public can smell it even if you can't. Don't forget deodorants and anti-perspirants . . . they're particularly important because of the heavy clothes you're wearing.

A good brushing will soften the straw-texture your hair seems to acquire along with a cold. Brushing can also very often relieve a headache. Try soaking cotton pads with your favorite cologne or toilet water and packing them between the bristles of your brush. It will waft a gentle fragrance through your tresses, and it's refreshing to cold-frayed nerves.

A special hair tonic rubbed into the scalp will re-vitalize it. Keep your hair-do as simple as possible, make it one that won't unravel into sad hanks when you're not feeling up to coping with it. When your coif does become unset, use a sparkling, clean-scented toilet water or a patented quick-dryer to moisten the end curls before pinning them up. They'll dry faster than they would with water . . . and there's less danger of more cold.

Health Stuff

It's your duty to beauty as well as health not to neglect a cold. Whenever you can, rest in bed. Drink lots of liquids and eat simple foods. Limit yourself to a temporary diet of fruit juices, water, broth, eggs, toast, tea, jello, baked potatoes and stewed fruits.

Realize the importance of cleanliness. Cold germs float in stale air and make themselves cozy in the dust. But sunlight and fresh air butcher them by the thousands. Wash your hands frequently and accompany each washing with an application of silky-textured hand lotion. Keeps skin smooth, leaves no cracks for germs to lodge in. Change your make-up often enough so that you won't worry about it. Always use facial tissues to cover your sneezes. They save laundering and keep germs from spreading.

Don't Spare the Powder

Even though cold germs haven't reddened your nose, winter beauty presents its own problems. Though you're brimming with vitamins you still need the flattery of powder base, eye beautifiers, lipstick, rouge and pretty scents, and the charm-protection of depilatories, deodorants, anti-perspirants and mouth-health aids.

Arctic Beauty

Remember you're not the same gypsy-tanned gal of last August. Key your make-up to the calendar. Out of doors, or indoors with steam heat, lips become dried and cracked. Pamper them with a rosy pink salve. Use it under your lipstick to smooth the way for your rosebud finish. It seems to make the color stay put so much longer. At night smooth a rich emollient on your lips. Before starting a new lipsticking job, use cold cream to remove the old.

Don't let the wind put tears in your eyes, don't let the glare of sun on

snow put crow's feet around them! An eye lotion washes away all signs of tears, tiredness or cold weather bleariness. A lubricating eye cream smooths out that oh-so-tender eye area skin, protects it from drying and wrinkling.

Really nippy weather isn't easy on your face. Cold winds bring dry skins, so invest in lubricating creams or lotions to repair the damage. Powder bases, cake, cream or liquid, are as important as your winter woolies. Applied ever so sparingly, with a dab on cheeks, chin, forehead and nose, they make powder cling like velvet. There are special emulsions designed to nullify chapping, roughness and redness.

Beauty and King Winter

Film lovelies can't afford colds. A few sneezes, a husky voice . . . and a thousand dollars flies out the window. We hope you will be as careful as the stars in keeping healthy and fit—and remember to use your cosmetic aids so you look as wonderful as you feel. Your radiant good looks are more important today than ever!

CO-ED

(Continued from page 16)

The boys "down under" and "over there" and just "away" remember girls at home who were gay and friendly. Girls who were a little bit idealistic and more than a little hard to get. They remember dirty saddle shoes and clean scrubbed faces, Lindy hops and colossal hair-ribbons. They're going through you-know-what so's they can come home and marry one of those gals and live happily ever after. For Pete's sake, don't let the breed die out.

So they remember us as gay, you're saying. Well, just how do you go about being gay when the headlines scream horror every morning? When the boy you're mad for has enlisted? When everything is so disgustingly ickey? First of all, realize that this is only an interlude in your life. The war will, one heavenly day, be over, and we will have won because we won't stop fighting until we do.

And now with so many incidentals being eased out of your life—cars and cokes and pure wool cardigans — find joy in the fundamental things. The non-priorities such as good books, good music and good friends. If Joe's Wednesday nights currently belong to some aeronautical course, wish him well and get yourself a date with Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," or "The Song of Bernadette." Or dial yourself a symphony on the radio.

here's how . . .

If your OAO has joined the Army—please don't sit home being morbidly faithful. It's much too easy to dramatize a fleeting crush in khaki into something tremendous. See lots of other boys, but don't go propagandizing them into enlisting. They'll be called soon enough, and the more school they can get the better soldiers they'll make.

And they remember you as idealistic. Well, that's tough, 'cause you're having a time hanging on to those ideals about now. The eat, drink and be merry stuff is so rampant and so senseless. Stop considering the war a dead-end street and try to think of it as a very bumpy road to a better world. What kind of a person do you want to be in that better world? A cynical gal with circles down to your chin? Tired, burnt out, disillusioned from having lived too fast too soon? Or strong and wise. Tempered by what you've seen, but far from broken. Anxious to take up the good way of life that used to be and eager to really begin to live.

You used to be more than a little hard-to-get. Remember? How're you doing? There was that cute boy you met at the USO party who'd just come back from the Pacific and was off again in a couple of days. He was so adorable, and you felt so sorry for him, but was that any excuse for lingering indefinitely in the car with him? You know, it's very, very easy for a boy to find a girl with nothing more to offer than a superior neck, but the gal he remembers and cherishes is the one who cheered him up with some silly, inconsequential chatter, then restored his faith and courage with some common sense and understanding and finally sent him away feeling safe and loved with a good night kiss that was tender and sincere.

The old standards about "smootching" are still good, because the reason for not over-doing it is still the same, and this is to us the best possible reason. Somewhere in the world is the boy who's going to be your husband. Maybe you've never even heard of him; maybe he sat next to you in Chemistry. Anyway, he's the most wonderful person that ever happened, and you want terribly to be worthy of him. When you marry him. you don't want any past rearing its ugly puss, but, most important of all, you want the right to his complete and eternal faith in you.

Think of that when Bill or Johnny or Ted is about to be shipped foreign, and the drama of the whole situation has you floundering. Think of that when your chums are heckling you to go gadding and pick up some boys at the nearest camp. Think of that whenever the moon is too bright, and you'll be okay.

There's a new and better world in the making, and it's all yours if you want it. Take it away there, Miss America!

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While on a Southern cruise, Bing Crosby engaged in conversation two Ursuline nuns who were bound for British Honduras to establish a mission and convent school. Mr. Crosby told them a great deal about his children and his work, and in turn the nuns told him of their mission tasks. As their talk drew to a close, he asked if they would like an autographed picture of him, and, although they didn't know what they would do with the picture, they thanked him and went to their cabins. Later, a messenger came with 4 envelopes, containing photos of Bing Crosby. As the nuns opened the envelopes, they found a 50-dollar bill in each!

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REFLECTIONS ON BEAUTY

(*Continued from page 43*)

many ways to overcome skin faults, it is foolish of any girl to let them spoil her face and her fun!

Beauty Birth-Days

Give your skin a weekly beauty present—a thorough facial treatment. Pretend you're a beauty shop operator and go right through the motions in a professional manner. First get your face deep-pore clean, so your treatment will do the most good. You already know the rules for that—cleansing cream, soap and water. Next have a mask, that faithful "short cut to beauty." The mud pack our grandmothers used has been out-dated by modern, stream-lined methods. There are creamy masques that wash off with water, strawberry, mint and cucumber ones that smell as refreshing as they feel, and herbal and mentholated formulas that are especially good if you want a brightening, stimulating effect. Nancy Coleman has a quick skin-toning recipe that sounds good; she lathers her face with her favorite soap until it looks like a man's at the barber shop. She lets the suds dry for five minutes, then washes them off with cold water. You might also try using vanishing cream, spreading it on so thickly that your skin looks literally "snowed under." The heaviness of the layer has an exhilarating effect, and the skin glows healthily afterwards.

Remember that necks and throats come in for almost as much inspection as faces. Scrub your neck vigorously with soap and water at least once a day, not skimming over the hard-to-reach spots around the ears, under the chin and up by the hairline. Use your mask extra-thick on your neck. Because this skin is more heavily textured than that on the face, it needs a generous portion to do as much good.

After you have removed the mask, smooth on an application of emollient cream. Chap-time is coming, and lubrication is the first line of defense. Spread it from the base of the neck to your forehead (upward direction again, you see) and stroke and mould it into the skin with light-fingered touches. That's what beauty operators do to keep skin silky, supple and unlined. Remove the emollient with tissue and pat briskly with a pad of cotton saturated with skin lotion, freshener or icy water.

Beauty Defense

For the hours of the day and night when you take your face to school, office, stores or wherever, a make-up base gives it a flattering finish and protects it from dirt and extremes of weather.

Hands need skin protection, too. Using lotion or cream faithfully each time you wash them is an important beauty rule.

Back to the Mirror

These skin care hints are easy to follow, and so are Ann Rutherford's and Barbara Britton's suggestions for wardrobe witchery on pages 68 and 69. Don one of the fetching stocking caps pictured there, and with your face bright and shining beneath it, you'll be proud of the reflection in your mirror!

LIFE WITH FATHER

(*Continued from page 53*)

Dennis thought he'd better let that one pass. This younger generation is entirely too hep to angles.

Later that afternoon, as he and Stan tramped down one of their favorite paths, Stan asked in a man-to-man voice, "Exactly when are we going to get this baby, Dad?"

Dennis, a little puzzled about how to proceed, decided that a straightforward answer was the ticket. "The doctor thinks it will be here the first week in September—perhaps a little before."

"Is there any way to tell whether it's going to be a boy or a girl?" the Young Idea wanted to know.

"No." Then Dennis had an afterthought. "Does it make any difference to you?"

Stan kicked a pebble off the path. "Darned right. I say it's going to be a boy, and Kris keeps thinkin' it's going to be a girl, another sissy-old girl. So, to keep from arguing, we decided that we'd better have twins—a boy *and* a girl. Then the boy could sleep in my room with me, and the girl could sleep in Kris' room with her."

That reminded Dennis of a message he had from the children's mother. "Whether it's a boy or a girl or twins," he said, "your mother wants to use Kris' room as a nursery until the baby is at least a year old, then we can decide whose roommate the baby will be. I'm supposed to ask you what color you think the nursery should be, and whether you have any ideas about the furniture to go in there."

Stan was not to be flattered by this appeal to his interior decorating skill; he sensed an adult trick of some kind. "If you're going to use Kris' room for the nursery, what becomes of Kris? Where does she bunk?" he demanded suspiciously.

Dennis simply rolled his eyes downward at his son and grinned.

Stan almost boiled over. "In my room, I'll bet! Gosh, Dad, that's a gyp. Why do I have to have her on my hands just because of some old baby? . . ."

no trespassing . . .

"Where else could Kris sleep if she didn't move into your room?" Dennis asked reasonably. "Of course, if you'd rather, we can just leave Kris here when we go back home to stay. She could be Grandmother's girl and go to school in Beverly Hills. She wouldn't be around the house to bother you—or to play with you." Stan gave the arrangement some thought. A grin twitched the corners of his mouth, then spread slowly to his squinted eyes. "Oh, well, she's not so bad. She says some awful funny things, and all the guys I know think she's pretty cute. I guess I can stand to have her around."

On the way home, Stan was unusually quiet. He noticed a B 24 "Hightailin' for parts unknown," he said, and he visually okayed the performance of

a flight of P 38's, but his usual constant conversation was a.w.o.l.

Finally Dennis asked, "Anything on your mind, Tuffy?"

"Aw, sort of. Is Mom *awful* sick?"

Dennis sighed before he could answer. "Yes, Stan. She'll be all right soon, but she's quite sick now."

A grimy paw moved over to rest on Dennis' knee. "I sure hope I didn't cause all this trouble before I got born," he said wistfully, the words more than half a question.

The father found that he was having trouble with his "hay fever" again. "No, you didn't cause us any trouble at all, and neither did Kris. This is just something that can't be avoided and that no one understands. It's one of life's secrets, Stan."

man to man . . .

The boy exhaled in a long, relieved sigh. The car had turned into the street on which the grandparents live, so Stan said hurriedly, "Park a minute, Pop, before Kris sees us and comes running. I want to ask one more thing." His voice and face were so eloquent of a problem that Dennis drew up in the shade of a flowering eucalyptus tree.

"Shoot," he said.

"I heard Grandmother talking to somebody on the telephone the other day, and she said something about the hospital bills being awfully large. Well, Dad, I was thinking that I could take a cut in my twenty-five-cent allowance every week. I could get along on a dime, and we could use the other fifteen cents to help pay off the hospital."

Dennis put his arm around the slight young shoulders and hugged the boy. He looked along the street lined with houses—houses filled with children, and houses empty of children—and his overflowing heart was filled with something stronger than love, something wider than gratitude. A vast humility of spirit left him voiceless, but he thought, "Thank God forever and ever, amen, for a boy like mine."

Night after night, during the long waiting period, Dennis went down to the hospital to have dinner with Lillian. She worried a good deal about the children. "Is Stan practicing?" she wanted to know.

Stan is something of a prodigy on the piano, but the instant he moved from his own home to Beverly Hills, he gave up music like a politician shedding a pre-election promise.

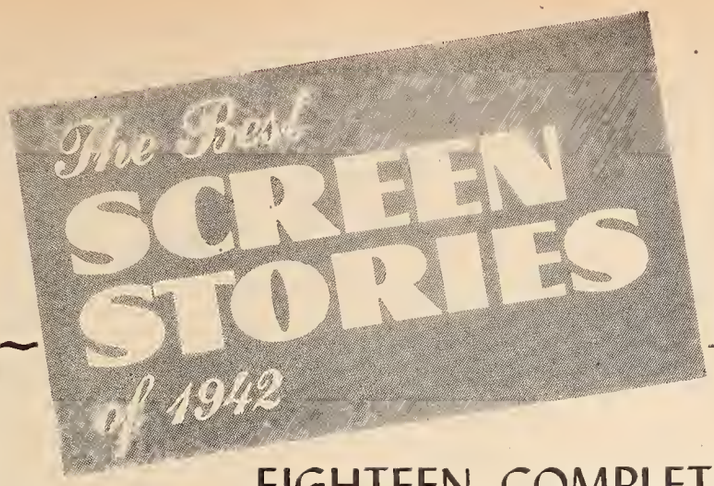
Of course, Dennis couldn't tell Lillian the truth, so he said Stan was coming along fine. Afterward Dennis coached junior as follows: "You've been practicing like crazy if Mother asks—see?"

Stan winked, flexing his fingers. "Freddy Martin's piano concerto is my best number," he agreed.

Another thing that worried Lillian was the problem of Kris' hair. Her tumbled top is a mass of curls and needs to be brushed every night, then combed into ringlets. "It seems to me that her hair doesn't shine as much as it did when I was brushing it," she said.

"Of course it doesn't," Dennis agreed with alacrity. "But think what fun it will be for you to coax it back into a normal state when you get home. If Kristin's hair gets into an awful mess, she's just proud enough to fuss about it—and she'll think you're a genius when you get rid of the snarls and tangles for her."

Occasionally, during the weary weeks, the children were decked out in their best slacks and pinafore and taken down to the hospital to have dinner with



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You will surely bless this day—so please don't delay! Just clip this **Message** now and mail with your name, address and 3c stamp to **LIFE-STUDY FELLOWSHIP, Box 5812, Noroton, Conn.** This wonderful **NEW Message of PRAYER and FAITH** will be on the way to help you by return mail!

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

Excess acids, poisons and wastes in your blood are removed chiefly by your kidneys. Getting up Nights, Burning Passages, Backache, Swollen Ankles, Nervousness, Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Circles Under Eyes, and feeling worn out, often are caused by non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles. Usually in such cases, the very first dose of Cystex goes right to work helping the Kidneys flush out excess acids and wastes. And this cleansing, purifying Kidney action, in just a day or so, may easily make you feel younger, stronger and better than in years. An iron clad guarantee insures an immediate refund of the full cost unless you are completely satisfied. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose under the money back guarantee so get Cystex from your druggist today for **only 35c.**

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Charles Atlas winner of title 'World's Most Perfectly Developed Man'

Dennis and their mother at her bedside.

Before one visit, Kris put in appearance on the front seat of the car, complete with bouquet spelled with a capital Boo. It was enough to scare a law-abiding householder into king size jitters. There was a hunk of lantana and a few sprigs of ivy; there was an amaryllis complete with root. Four or five hibiscus blossoms, a prize Hoover rose and selected portions of a blooming gardenia bush completed the floral offering. The resemblance of this bouquet to any of the neighbors' shrubbery, living or dead, is purely coincidental—at least, Dennis hopes none of the property owners suspected the identity of the local vandal.

On August 28, the third Morgan child put in a very welcome appearance. He was a lusty boy, named James Irving, and his mother came through the ordeal like the trouper she is.

Dennis stood outside the glass enclosure and made eyes at his second son. "Hurry up and get into condition," he said. "You and I have some sparring to do, young fella. We've got to get acquainted."

When he told Stan and Kris that the rookie was a boy, Stan turned to his kid sister. "I'm sure sorry it wasn't twins," he said generously. "But—tell you what. When he gets old enough to be moved out of the nursery, I'll have him in my room one night, and I'll let him be your roommate the next."

Lucky James Irving, to be dropped by the stork into a family that dotes on him already!

WHO IS GIG YOUNG?

(*Continued from page 55*)

officially, from Byron Barr to Bryant Fleming to Gig Young.

Pop was a big shot in town (St. Cloud, Minn.) because he owned an important canning factory.

"My first job," Gig admits if pressured slightly, "was working for my father in his canning factory during a summer vacation when I was fifteen. The foreman didn't know who I was and fired me right off the bat. This made me very happy, because I figured I'd spend the rest of the summer fishing and swimming. But my father had other ideas, and much to my disgust, had me rehired. I was earning $8 a week. I spent the first week's salary on my first girl friend. I bought her a great big heart-shaped box of candy and called on her every night thereafter until the candy was gone. I bought myself a flashy tie, too, so I'd be a snazzy Jim Dandy when I took my girl out."

Today, even as then, Gig would rather just "take his girl out"—he's married now—than join the mob at a huge celebrity party.

sundaes and senators . . .

Social register fiends please note that the Young man has spent years rubbing elbows with the country's best families. Why shouldn't he? In the lean years after the family had moved to Washington, D. C., and Mom began eyeing Pop with that "Don't-you-think-it's time-Buster-went-to-work?" look, Kid Buster took the hint with hardly a yap, and before the folks had realized he was out of knee pants, he was off jerking sodas for Congressmen, Commissars and Clerks alike. In the months that followed, Gig made things soft for the upper classes when he served consecutively as a hotel clerk, gas station attendant, usher, gardener, farm hand, and finally, having sweated his way to Calif., he marked time as a waiter.

Come lately, with Mrs. Gig cooking three squares a day for him, our Hero says he keeps in trim by "Eating everything I want, wanting everything I eat; and staying thin worrying about my option." Says it's a nice trick if you can do it—eating everything you want—but holds high a warning forefinger.

"I would like to say to anyone who is thinking of marrying an actor, TRY TO PICK ONE WHO IS UNDER CONTRACT! I know what I'm talking about, because I didn't have one when I married, and believe you me it certainly would have helped on the first of the month—any month."

So far, Gig and the missus have no little Gigs, but they insist that the matter is not in their hands. "If the studio takes up my option," Gig says, hands clasped about his knees, eyes wandering speculatively, "then I think it would be nice to have a boy and girl.

baby bow-wow . . .

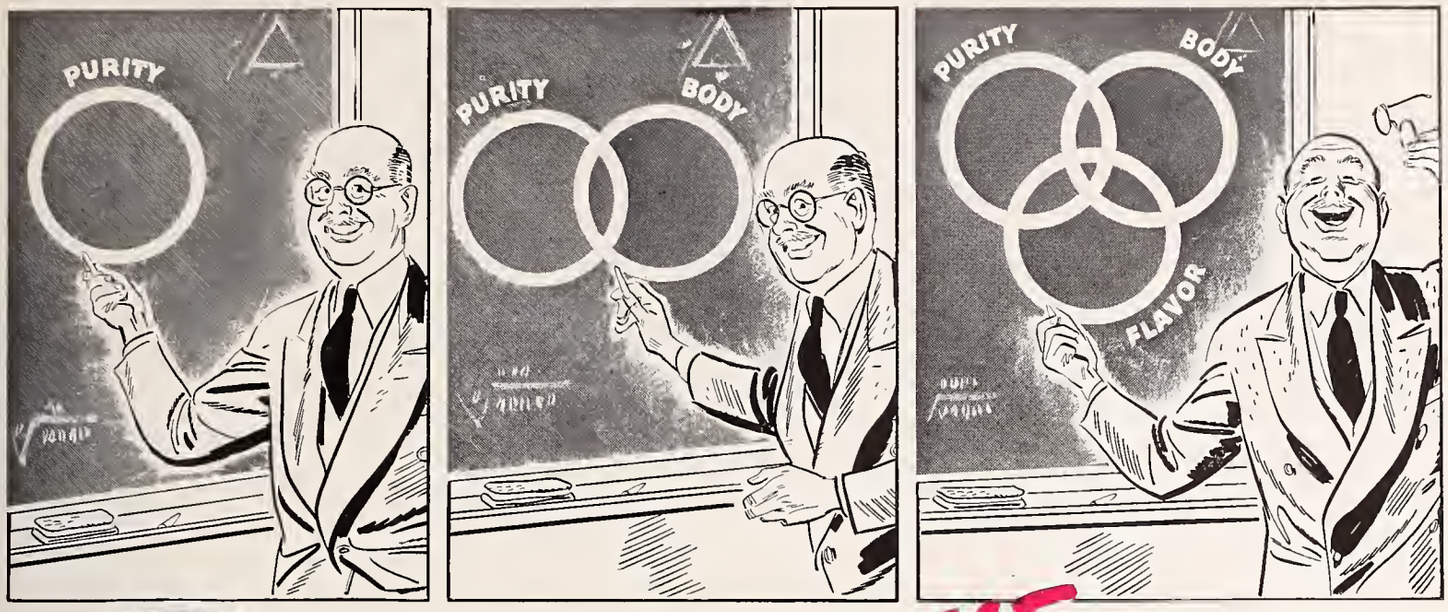
All of which reminded him of the uninvited, unauthorized and very unlikely publicity given him a few months back by over-zealous press-agentry. Happened in the days when Gig was known as Bryant Fleming. Seems the master got himself a cunnin' li'l puppy dog, name of which he gave Gig Young to commemorate in history his "Gay Sisters" role, the best break the studio had given him thus far. Came one day, after a long series of interviews, Gig yawned and mentioned that "Well, folks, guess I hafta go home and feed the baby," meaning, of course, the purp. Didn't take long for one of the not-so-wise columnists to scoop that one. Hot news! Very next day the small-brained, big-time writer boldly announced that Warner Brothers' newest discovery was the proud and attentive poppa of a darling brown-haired child!

Women? Swell! Bring 'em on—"But I can't stand them noisy!" Expresses no preferences in looks, dress or personality, doesn't give a darn whether they wear their lovely locks piled high or glamorously drooped.

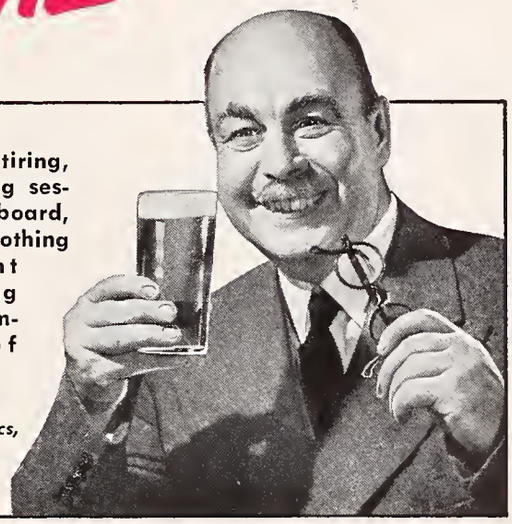
As for his own front, Gig gives the missus a special kiss every time she says it's O.K. to slap on those sloppy tweeds, the coat and pants that don't match, and the rough textured tie that can take it. On the screen, he hasn't been specially bothered with fancy make-up tricks to cover up possible bad features or add slick new ones. "Everything's my own, so I don't have to worry—yet!" he winked.

Just to show you that Gig's really a man to watch out for, he admits that, next to collecting defense stamps, his favorite hobby is his library of home recordings—discs he's personally recorded of friends' conversations, taken, of course, when they're off guard and liable to say almost anything rash. The ole devil enjoys it most when he plays the platters back next time his pals show up.

Never a dull moment with Gig Young around!



AH! 3-RING TIME



"Mental work is tiring, too. After a long session at the blackboard, I find there's nothing more pleasant and refreshing than a cool, foaming glass of Ballantine."

HAROLD CORYELL,
Teacher of Mathematics, Readfield, Me.

Next time you see the familiar Ballantine trademark, remember . . . the 3 Rings stand for 3 famous qualities: PURITY, BODY and FLAVOR! Sample this unique combination today. Chances are you'll then join the millions who esteem PURITY, BODY and FLAVOR so highly that they always look for the 3 rings . . . always call for Ballantine Ale or Ballantine Beer . . . On draught . . . in bottles.

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Open His Eyes with New Beauty! go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

This thrilling beauty care, based on skin specialists' advice, is praised by lovely brides!

A MOONLIT night . . . sweet music . . . you two dancing! Does he have eyes for you alone? Do you hear him whisper, "You're so lovely"?

If romantic words like that don't come your way, perhaps your skin care is to blame. Without realizing it, you may be letting improper cleansing dull your complexion—or you may be using a soap that's not mild enough for skin as delicate as yours. But here's a promise. Change to Camay and the Mild-Soap Diet. Thrilling compliments—new complexion beauty—may soon be yours!

Proved Milder by Actual Tests

You know, skin specialists themselves advise a regular cleansing routine—with a fine mild soap. And Camay is not just *mild*—it's actually *milder* than the dozens of other popular beauty soaps we tested. No wonder the Camay Mild-Soap Diet has helped lovely Mrs. Aldridge—and thousands of other happy, enchanting Camay brides.

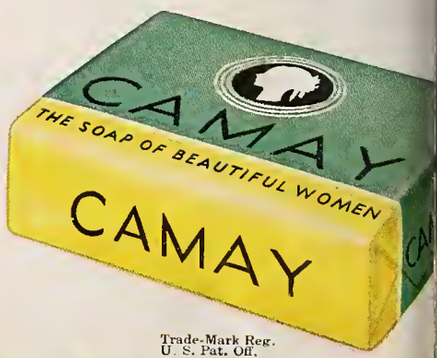
Follow the Camay Mild-Soap Diet faithfully night and morning for 30 days. The *first time,* your skin will feel fresher! But continue—your dreams of new beauty may soon come true!

This lovely bride, Mrs. John F. Aldri Jr., of Arlington, Va., says: "Soon af started the Camay Mild-Soap Diet, I b to get compliments about my complex I wouldn't use any soap but Camay n

GO ON THE MILD-SOAP DIET TONIGHT!

Every night, work Camay's lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of nostrils, chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with 30 seconds of cold splashings.

While you sleep, the tiny pore openings can function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with milder Camay and your skin is ready for make-up.



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MODERN SCREEN

JANUARY

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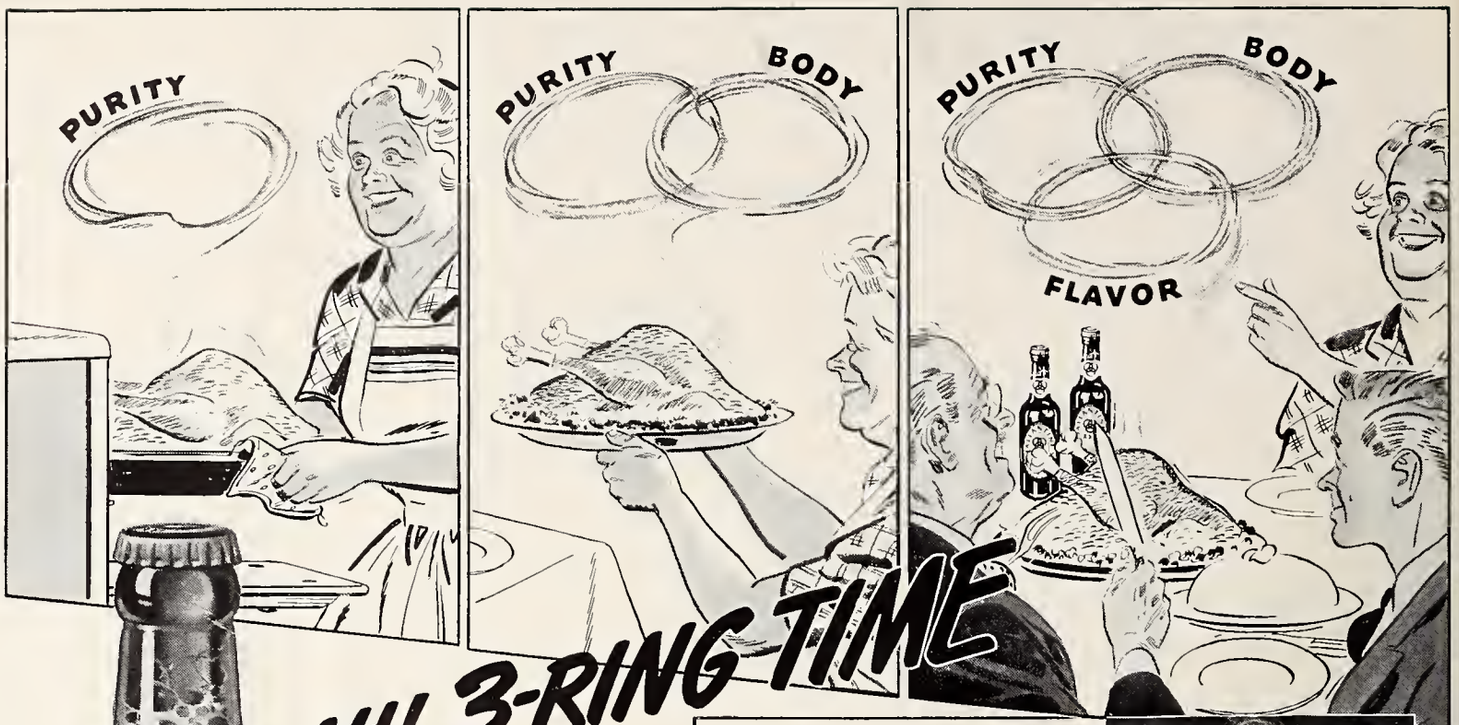
LD REAGAN

"MY SOLDIER" BY JANE WYMAN



AH! 3-RING TIME

"The bird may be at the head of our marketing list—but Ballantine is not far behind. It's a great favorite with everyone at our house."

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Philadelphia Housewife

For a festive dinner that will go down in family history, serve Ballantine with the main course . . . PURITY, BODY and FLAVOR are the finest accompaniment fine food ever had.

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BALLANTINE

IT'S A FIGHT TO THE FINISH—
KEEP BUYING THOSE
WAR BONDS!

ALE PURITY BODY FLAVOR BEER

P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.

Smile, *Plain Girl*, Smile...

a radiant smile turns heads, wins hearts!

Let your smile open doors to new happiness! Help keep it bright and sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

HEADS UP, plain girl, and smile! Beauty isn't the only talisman to success. You can take the spotlight—you can win phone calls and dates—romance can be yours if *your smile is right!*

So smile, plain girl, *smile!* Not a timid smile, self-conscious and shy—but a big heart-warming smile that brightens your face like sunshine.

If you want a winning smile like that—sparkling teeth you're proud to show—remember this important fact: *your gums should retain their healthy firmness.*

"Pink Tooth Brush"— a Warning Signal

So if there's ever the slightest tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, *see your dentist right away!*

He may simply tell you that your gums have become tender and spongy, robbed of natural exercise, by our modern, creamy foods. And if, like thousands of other modern dentists, he suggests the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage—be guided by his advice!

For Ipana not only cleans and brightens your teeth but, with massage, is designed to help the health of your gums. Just massage a little Ipana on your gums each time you clean your teeth. That invigorating "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage—means circulation is quickening in the gum tissue, helping your gums to new firmness.

Start today the modern dental health routine of Ipana and massage. With Ipana Tooth Paste and massage, help keep your gums firmer, your teeth brighter, *your smile more sparkling.*

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Start today with

IPANA and MASSAGE

MODERN SCREEN

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month — The greatest star of the screen!

We wish you a Merry Christmas and A Happy 1943.

★ ★ ★ ★

And add a particular wish to all those in the armed forces.

★ ★ ★ ★

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer films are flown to our warriors in Iceland, Ireland, Great Britain, Australia, Hawaii and New Caledonia.

★ ★ ★ ★

At the moment, as Santa shouts "On, Donder and Blitzen", there are two films of opposite type tucked in his bag. There's the melodious music box of hits "For Me And My Gal".

Judy Garland, the all-talent girl, (*the boys with Judy are George Murphy and Gene Kelly*) fulfills every promise of her precocious entertaining art.

★ ★ ★ ★

The other film is "Random Harvest" starring Ronald Colman and Greer Garson.

★ ★

Two pictures in production at MGM dealing with the one burning topic of today are recommended especially.

★ ★ ★ ★

One is the talked-about "Journey for Margaret". The other is the will-be-talked-about "Cargo Of Innocents".

★ ★ ★ ★

Both are from novels and both were condensed for the Reader's Digest.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Journey For Margaret" is a William L. White story of a refugee child who found a refuge at last.

★ ★ ★ ★

It presents little "Margaret" O'Brien in one of the greatest of all performances. Robert Young and Laraine Day admirably foster the child.

★ ★ ★ ★

Three strong men star in "Cargo Of Innocents".

★ ★ ★

They are Robert Taylor, Charles Laughton and Brian Donlevy. But more about this anon.

★ ★ ★

It is a lionhearted picture.

★ ★ ★

Naturally. —*Leo*

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FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR SAVINGS BONDS STAMPS

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It's a dramatic BOMBSHELL

when a world-famous correspondent

meets MARGARET during a blitz!

Here it is. And eagerly awaited is William L. White's story that thrilled millions in Reader's Digest and as a best selling novel! It has become one of the most soul-stirring pictures of our time. Brought to the screen by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer this strange and beautiful story of a valiant little orphan of the blitz and her flight to freedom will open your eyes and your heart.

GREAT BOOK!

GREAT PICTURE!

with

ROBERT YOUNG
LARAINE DAY
FAY BAINTER
NIGEL BRUCE
WILLIAM SEVERN

and presenting

"MARGARET" O'BRIEN

Screen Play by David Hertz and William Ludwig · Based Upon the Book by William L. White

Directed by
MAJOR W. S. VAN DYKE II
Produced by B. P. FINEMAN
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Smithy (Ronald Colman) emerges from World War I with a case of amnesia and is put into a sanitarium. In an attempt to find himself, he escapes and is discovered roving the streets by Paulo (Greer Garson).

MOVIE REVIEWS

She offers to help him and hides him in her room, promising she won't let him go back to the asylum. They take a house in the country where he learns to work and falls in love with Paulo. They are happily wed.

RANDOM HARVEST

Suppose you were reborn today. Not as a baby, but as you stand. Life comes to you suddenly, not in the aseptic safety of a hospital, but as you walk down some strange street. You look at the passing people and know no one. You stare into a window and do not even recognize your own reflected face. Slowly fear filters through your blood stream, because it dawns on you that of all these people who talk to each other, smile at each other, you are alone. You ask yourself: "Who am I? Who are my friends? Who loves me?" The answer whispers: "No one." What would you do? Which way would you turn? Who would help you? That is amnesia, loss of memory, and that is the terrifying problem James Hilton dramatizes here.

He takes us back to 1918—Armistice Day. The English factory town of Melbridge is shouting, laughing, singing, because *that* war is over and the world is safe again. But through the rejoicing crowd stalks the shadow of a man. He has a name, John Smith, but it means nothing. Who he is, what he is, where he came from—all that vanished with his memory in the smoke and flame of an exploding shell somewhere in France.

This Mr. No One, this John Smith (Ronald Colman) has escaped the grim asylum on the hill in a frantic urge to find himself before the last tatters of his mind shred away. Guards are in pursuit, ready to rush him back to iron bars and oblivion, when Paula (Greer Garson) sees him fumbling through the streets and takes him to her room. The manager of her troupe of traveling players tells her John Smith is dangerous, tries to call the asylum, but even when Smith strikes the manager down, Paula cannot send him back. She sees him only as a man lost and helpless and terror-ridden, so she flees with him to a white cottage in the country where they can hide in peace.

There, sitting in the sun, Paula's Smithy slowly learns to speak again, learns to face the world, to work and at last to love. They are (*Continued on following page*)

Although he treats her as a stranger, she stays by hoping he'll eventually remember. Not until he gets another shock does he come to, and they regain their great happiness

As Charles Rainer he returns to his family estate and former love Kitty (Susan Peters) and becomes a business man. Paula, whom he fails to recognize, is his secretary.

One rainy day Smithy is run down by a cab, and the blow on the head brings back memory of his pre-war days as Charles Rainer. It completely erases his identity as Smithy, however, except for a sense of great loss.

married, and when Paula's baby is born, Smithy goes off to Liverpool in a blissful daze to take a job that will make their life secure. Crossing a side street in the rain, he is struck by a taxi, and when he regains consciousness, John Smith is gone—and in his shoes stands Charles Ranier of Canfield Hall, the man who vanished in the shellhole.

Charles Ranier has no memory of John Smith, no memory of Paula and their child—only a haunting sense that some cherished thing is lost to him, that he has left something precious in the void. He goes back to his estates and to his family, and to a lovely minx named Kitty (Susan Peters), leaving Paula to wither and grow ill and lose her baby, never knowing what has happened to him or where he is.

The years pass, and Charles Ranier is head of a great business, a successful man. Yet still he has a baffling sense of loss, and to dispel it he is going to marry Kitty. He calls his secretary to complete the arrangements. He does not notice that she grows faint. Why should he? He does not know that she is Paula, waiting and working against the day when he will remember that she is his wife.

The Asylum doctor (Philip Dorn) has warned Paula that she must let Paul find his own way back to her, so she has her marriage annulled to set him free. But at the last moment Kitty senses that Charles Ranier does not, cannot love her truly, that he is searching always for something beyond her, and she gives him up to the ghost that haunts him. Charles turns to Paula and marries her, not for love but because she is necessary to his political career.

For a while Paula fights through the torture of this marriage that is no marriage, enduring the touch of his hand day by day, the words spoken, the eyes meeting without recognition, but finally she can stand no more. Hope shattered, despairing of ever recovering her beloved Smithy, she runs away to Melbridge and the memory of her short happiness. Back to Melbridge, too, goes Charles Ranier—and there, shattered by the shock of losing her, his feet fall unconsciously into the footprints left by John Smith and lead him back through the murky fog of lost memories to the white cottage where love blossoms like the cherry tree beside the crooked path.

Today, when human emotions are wracked and torn by a life grown terrible and complicated, amnesia is a commonplace headline in our daily papers. And as Greer Garson and Ronald Colman, assisted by a top-drawer M-G-M cast, play out this story of love found, love lost, and finally love regained, you will find yourself wondering about that man who passed you on the street, the man whose eyes seemed blank, the man whose mouth seemed set in blank and meaningless pain.—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

Greer Garson's two poodles, Gogo and Cliquot, joined the U. S. Army, helping to fill Southern California's quota of 15,000 dogs . . . Ronald Colman was assigned the dressing room next to his old pal, William Powell. Prominently displayed on the dressing table was a picture of the two, garbed in tights, taken when they worked in "Romola" years ago. It's there strictly for laughs, but both men confess they thought they were pretty hot stuff then . . . Period costumes are usually stylized, but Greer's clothes were copied directly from sketches of 1918 models . . . Colman spent a couple

Announcing an exciting new

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You can win an

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or any one of hundreds of other thrilling prizes!

Announcing the FIRST of a whole series of exciting MODERN CONTESTS to appear every two months in MODERN SCREEN magazine. Each contest will be based on a different, new and popular picture. FIRST PRIZE in the February Contest will be a lovely FUR COAT from the Fifth Avenue Shop of I. J. Fox, America's largest furrier. See the February issue of MODERN SCREEN to find out how you can win this fur coat, or one of the other grand prizes!

FEBRUARY ISSUE

ON SALE

DECEMBER 29, 1942

of weeks before starting, reading books on amnesia gathered by the research department . . . Susan Peters, who gets her big break in this one, is the same little Susan Carnahan who used to be engaged to Phil Terry . . . Director Mervyn LeRoy tears the completed pages out of his script after each day's work, rips the covers to pieces when the film is finished . . . This year was Colman's 20th as a star . . . Most enthusiastically played scene was the recreation of Armistice 1918 in a little English village. The principals and 200 extras hoped it was a good omen of things to come . . . Una O'Connor received word from London that fire had destroyed her home, containing her most precious possession, her press clippings since 1911—a complete record of the famous Abbey Players group . . . One of the secrets of Mr. Colman's success is the close attention he pays to the daily rushes the first few days of production. He studies them carefully to see if he's using any "tricks" —gestures, grimaces. If he is, he makes sure he doesn't do them again . . . Discovery: Garson has LEGS!

THE DESERT SONG

Old wine, old silver, old houses and old songs take on an added something with the years. The same holds true for some old stories, and one of them is

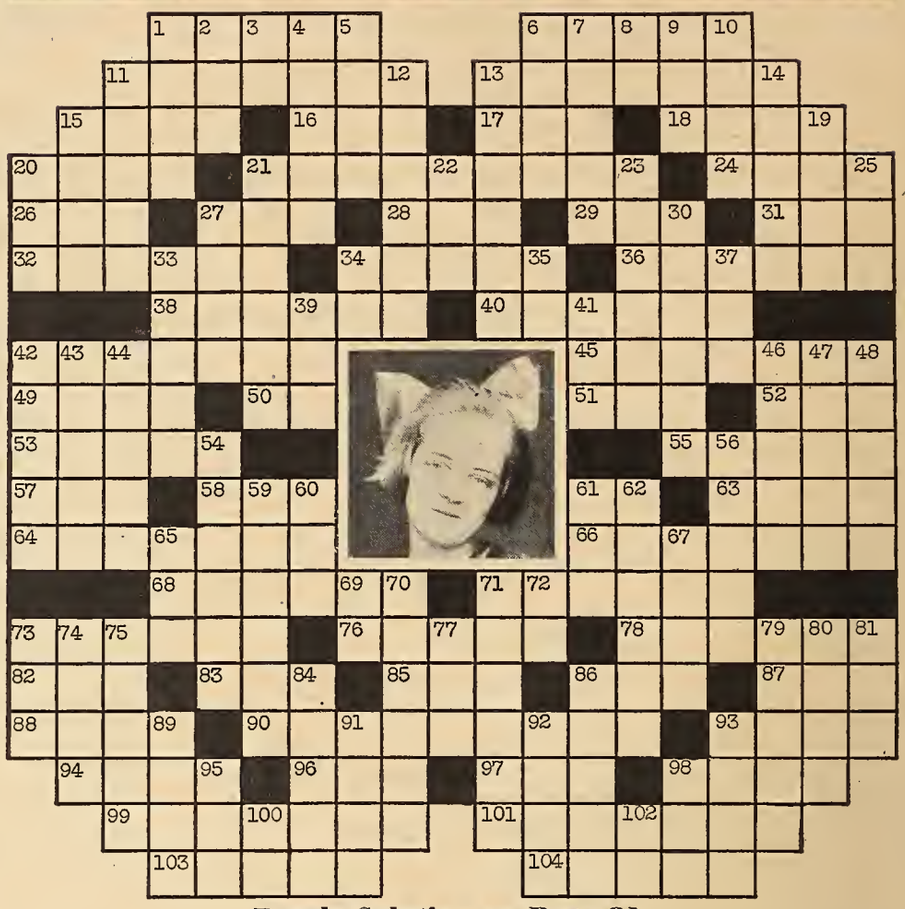
this swashbuckling romance of French Morocco. Since the day it first hung out the SRO sign on Broadway, "The Desert Song" has been a sure-fire hit, and the Brothers Warner are too wise to tamper with a natural. They've brought the story up to date, but the familiar songs still ring out, and the same galloping adventure stirs the plot. It's old wine in a new bottle, and it has that rare vintage bouquet.

Johnny Walsh (Lynne Overman), an American correspondent, sat disgustedly in a dingy night club in Taknez, Morocco. The Riffs, fierce native tribesmen, were rebelling against being sent out as slaves into the oven-hot desert to build a railroad from the Mediterranean to Dakar. They were led by a swooping mysterious horseman called El Khobar. But the censor would not let Johnny send his story, so he sat and groused to the cafe's American pianist, Paul Hudson (Dennis Morgan), while they waited to hear the new singer.

When Margot (Irene Manning) came on stage she was something to see. Colonel Fontaine (Bruce Cabot), loose-fin-

(Continued on page 11)

OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 81

ACROSS

1 & 6. Screen's greatest actress
11. With 1 across in "Now, Voyager"
13. What Kay Aldridge is "queen" of
15. A film's principal player
16. Exist
17. Home of motion pictures: abbr.
18. "- - - - Girl?"
20. Married to Desi Arnaz
21. Films' "first nights"
24. Birds' craws
26. G - - - Tierney
27. "The Hound of the - - - kervilles"
28. Fem. star of "Wings for the Eagle"
29. Scold
31. Mr. Carrillo
32. Our star's hubby in "In This Our Life"
34. Inside
36. Star of "The Major and the Minor"
38. Followed
40. "Lady" to the "Cisco Kid"
42. Asserts
45. Eternal
49. "- - - - Agent"
50. Carmen Miranda's homeland: abbr.
51. Self
52. Eve in "Somewhere I'll Find You"
53. Alert
55. Hero of "It Happened in Flatbush"
57. Popular young actor
58. Compass point
61. Olivia - - Havilland
63. Belonging to that lady
64. Ransoms
66. Vast continuous area
68. Choicest parts
71. Actor in "Pride of the Yankees"
73. Comic in "A-Haunting We Will Go"
76. New find in "Moontide"
78. Popular actor in "Desperate Journey"
82. Our star's hubby: - - - hur Farnsworth
83. Comedian in "Panama Hattie"
85. Rim
86. "The - - - Against Mrs. Hadley"
87. Inlet
88. "Our Gang's" dog
90. Magnesium-aluminum silicates
93. Neat
94. Half: prefix
96. - - - Tin Tin
97. Not
98. M-G-M starlet Patricia - - - -
99. Puzzles
101. Femme of "The Forest Rangers"
103. Tibetan monks
104. Character actor: - - - - - Overman

DOWN

1. Star of "Doctors Don't Tell"
2. Conclusion
3. Gail Pa - - ick
4. Rips
5. Where Geraldine Fitzgerald hails from
6. Precious
7. Veteran leading man
8. Six
9. Stepfather of "A Yank At Eton"
10. With Zasu in "Niagara Falls"
11. Miss Parrish
12. Insist upon
13. What films are divided into
14. Surmount by climbing
15. Heroine of "Sabotage"
19. Large pitcher
20. Cot
21. Theater complimentary tickets
22. "Holiday - - -"
23. Lamour's famed costume
25. Distress call
27. Singer in 22 Down
30. The Wreck in "My Sister Eileen"
33. Requires
34. That is: abbr.
35. Concerning
37. "My - - - Sal"
39. "The Land of Liberty"
41. Born
42. Shady nook
43. Villain in "The Maltese Falcon"
44. The screen's biggest actor
46. She's in "My Favorite Spy"
47. Singes
48. Meaning
54. Dancing star
56. Beauty in "The Black Swan"
59. Looks happy
60. Superlative ending
61. Dolores - - - Rio
62. Movie bit players
65. Always: poet.
67. Peep
69. For example: abbr.
70. Drawing-rooms
71. Brushing lightly
72. "Of Hum - - Bondage"
73. Fold over
74. God of war
75. Speak
77. Storage container
79. Laborious student
80. Assistant
81. Negative reply
84. Girl in "Our Gang"
86. She's in "The Saint" series
89. Great silent era character star
91. Tarts
92. Implement
93. Allowance for weight
95. Joan's sister in "The Hard Way"
98. Opposite "Panama Hattie"
101. Decimeter: abbr.
102. Olympe Bra - - a

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 9)

gered commander of the French garrison, leaned forward in his chair. Caid Yousseff (Victor Francen) a rich oily Arab, puffed faster on his narghile, so the smoke bubbled through the water. Paul's fingers perked up and danced over the piano keyboard.

But the revolting Riffs complicated romance. Caid Yousseff's job was to enslave enough natives to keep the railroad building steady on to Dakar—for what? The Colonel accepted money from the Caid for sending French soldiers out to capture El Khobar if they could, to stop his raids on the railroad, to end his freeing El Caid's shackled Riff slaves. Paul played his piano and made wry American wisecracks, until the night Margo was kidnapped and rushed into the sandy hills to El Khobar's tent.

There she discovered that the man who rode the night disguised as El Khobar was Paul Hudson. Margo was shocked. Why should Paul incite the natives to bloodshed? But he explained to her that back of the new railroad, back of El Caid, back of Colonel Fontaine stood the clutching minions of Hitler—then Margo understood. Paul's wisecracks might confuse her, but she knew danger when she saw it approach.

Then it became an exciting turmoil of desert ambush at twilight, shadowy pursuit through alleyways and across rooftops, and treachery and sharp sudden death. Johnny Walsh learned that a foreign correspondent's life was more dangerous than he ever hoped, and with his heroic aid, Margot and Paul freed a people and saved the honor of Fontaine and France.

With Morgan and Manning to sing the rousing songs against an exotic background of far places and strange faces, this old warhorse once again comes prancing home a winner.—*War.*

P. S.

The four-week location jaunt to New Mexico's desert lands was the last of its kind for the duration . . . 300 cast and crew members were transported in a 14 car train, four cars of which were stuffed with baggage and props . . . Technicolor experts went happily mad getting the lighting correct on the beautiful red sand and red rock formation near Chinlee—the only desert area of its kind in America . . . Selections for chorus girls were made with two qualifications in mind—some had to have super-oomphy figures, others won jobs if they had complexions of deep beige . . . The entire Romberg score is in the film, including one song originally written for the operetta but never used until now, "Long Live the Night" . . . Five cameras, set up in a line, filmed the desert raid scenes, so that the dramatic clashes would be celluloid-ed in unbroken footage . . . Director Robert Florey is the man responsible for the modernized script . . . Gene Lockhart's role, Pere Fanfan, is based on the personality of a Moroccan cafe owner Florey once knew . . . After the preview, even studio people were asking the name of the lovely who performed the Oriental dance in the cafe scene. She's 19-year-old Sylvia Opert, from Johannesburg, South Africa . . . Faye Emerson, 100% American gal, got the part of exotic Hajy, played in the silent version by that other A. G. with the siren look, Myrna Loy . . . Dennis

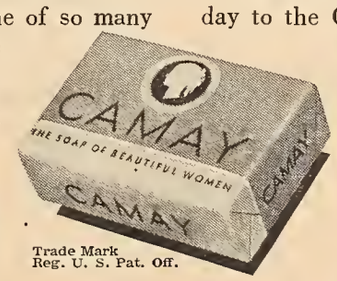
New Loveliness Beckons! go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

***This lovely bride,** Mrs. C. H. Bleich of New York, says: "My skin looks so much nicer. From the start I felt the Camay Mild-Soap Diet was the beauty care for me!"*

Try this exciting beauty idea—it's based on skin specialists' advice—praised by lovely brides!

A SKIN that's fresher—lovelier—the kind that men can't resist—isn't that worth a little time and care? Then follow the thrilling beauty routine of so many charming brides. Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Let it help you bring out all of the hidden loveliness of your complexion.

For, like many another unsuspecting woman, you may be cleansing your skin improperly . . . or using a beauty soap that isn't mild enough.

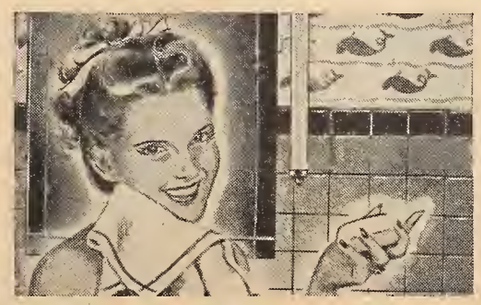


Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Skin specialists themselves advise regular cleansing with a fine mild soap. And Camay is not just mild—it's *milder* than dozens of other popular beauty soaps.

That's why we urge you to change today to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. For at least 30 days, give your complexion the benefit of Camay's *milder* beauty care. Your skin will feel thrillingly fresh, at once. And in a few short weeks, you may see a lovelier *YOU* reflected in your mirror.

GO ON THE CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET TONIGHT!



Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to the nose, the base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with thirty seconds of cold splashings.

Next morning, one more quick session with this milder Camay and your face is ready for make-up. Be faithful. For it's *regular* cleansing that reveals the full benefit of Camay's mildness.

Morgan was one of the first singers tested, five years ago, for the part of Paul Hudson and/or El Khobar. Stanley Morner then, he felt sure he'd get it finally. Warner Bros. bought the property, looked over their list of contractees, and made Dennis's hunch come true . . . Irene Manning, the same Hope Manning who sang all over the country as John Charles Thomas's leading lady, knew her part just as well as Morgan, having made her professional debut in the "Margo" role.

SEVEN DAYS' LEAVE

For years now ancient characters have been weeping into their motheaten beards because dear old vaudeville was dead. Now they can dry up. Vaudeville was never dead; it was pulling a Rip Van Winkle. Vaudeville woke up with "Hellzapoppin," and when Olsen and Johnson struck gold, everyone from George Jessel to Ed Wynn began prospecting like mad, digging up old variety acts and turning them in at the box office for bundles of Mr. Big's crisp lettuce. And if you think the picture people would overlook such a bonanza, just take a look at the vaudeville show RKO has strung together here.

The string is a cockeyed fable which has Johnny Grey (Victor Mature) as a jeep buckaroo in an army camp. He learns in dizzy succession that (a) he and his buddies have been given seven days' leave before going overseas (b) that he has inherited $100,000 and (c) that to collect his 100 G's he has to marry an unknown Miss Ritz named Terry Havelock-Allen (Lucille Ball) before his leave is up.

All women go down in flames after one look at the gorgeous hunk of Mature man with the mazda eyes (in this film, at least), and you can lay a safe 10 to 1 that Terry will be no exception. But while you watch the brash Lothario go through his incendiary act, you'll get an eyeful of other expensive talent.

Les Brown and His Orchestra come on early and warm things up with a little hot brass. Later, Freddy Martin and *His* Orchestra take over, more on the suave sophisticated side, with Ginny Simms to light a torch song that will singe your eyelashes and leave you wondering how any one man could make a girl suffer so.

Along the way, you'll see "The Court of Missing Heirs" right in the radio studio, you'll learn what The Great Gildersleeve looks like, and you can watch Victor and Lucille play "Truth or Consequences" with Ralph Edwards and a custard pie.

There are visits to see night-club floor shows, vocal impersonations of Ronald Colman, Lionel Barrymore and Charles Laughton, while the adagio team of Lynn, Royce & Vanya does a knock-about take-off of white tie ballroom dancing. A sultry Puerto Rican gal called Mapy Cortez shakes things something scandalous, and a pint-sized dish-faced darling named Marcy McGuire plays Terry's kid sister for solid. You might like to make a note of her: Marcy McGuire.

Add in a generous mixture of songs that are already dancing the airwaves, a few bits of broad slapstick—and what have you got? You've got goulash. You've got something for everyone. You've got vaudeville. With Lucille Ball and Victor Mature to fill the headline spot, what more can you ask?

Vic's in the Coast Guard (?) now, and if you want a preview of him in uniform, here's your chance. Lucille confines herself to sundry evening gowns and a bathing suit, but she won't sprain anyone's eyes either.—*RKO.*

P. S.

Vic Mature took one day's leave and threw the entire studio into an uproar by enlisting in the Coast Guard . . . At home in Mexico, Mapy Cortez acts AND produces movies . . . Mapy was most impressed by the huge palm trees on Beverly Drive, near her hotel. Vital statistic: She pronounces her name 'moppy' . . . Vic and Lucille Ball feuded loudly during production . . . Before Lucille began work in the picture, Vic feuded loudly with Director Tim Whelan . . . One day the set would be closed to the press, the next day reporters were welcomed with open arms and fed ice cream bars, depending on who was winning, Mature or Whelan . . . Peter Lind Hayes wore an army uniform all through the picture, then switched to a real one as Private Hayes of the Santa Ana base of the Army Air Force . . . Kute Kid Marcy McGuire has beautiful red hair, matching freckles, has ticked off 16 years by the calendar. Used to entertain in Chicago night clubs, radio . . . Freddie Martin and his band were hired to dish up sweet melodies; Les Brown and his outfit broke down the hot numbers. Music from the picture is already climbing on the Hit Parade, was written by Jimmy McHugh and Frank Loesser . . . Singer Buddy Clark is best known to radio fans, but has worked in every entertainment medium. Eloped during production with one of the most beautiful brunette advertising models in the country . . . All calls to the set for Vic from a "Miss Williams" were really phone messages from love-light Rita Hayworth . . . Radio fans get their first movie glimpse of Ralph Edwards, m.c. of "Truth or Consequences" program.

PALM BEACH STORY

Remember the screwball comedies? Well, here's a screwball comedy with all the screws loose. Any resemblance between "Palm Beach Story" and Real Life is strictly coincidental. It makes about as much sense as double-talk, but it's twice as funny. Hold onto your seats: Gerry Jeffers (Claudette Colbert) loved her husband Tom (Joel McCrea) very much, and she was anxious to help along his career. Tom had designed a new airport—something to hang over a city like mosquito netting—and he needed $99,000 to build a model.

Gerry wanted to promote the money for him. She told Tom the world was full of people who had $99,000 just lying around. She told him that if he would let her make the right sort of eyes at the right sort of man, she'd get his airport built in jigtime. But Tom thought that wasn't right. He had an idea that money was something you worked for.

So there was Gerry in her duplex Park Avenue penthouse, pining about the unpaid rent, when in walked the Wienie King. Who was the Wienie King? He was a little guy with a roll of bills to choke a rhinoceros. Gerry practiced her theory on him, just for fun, and the Wienie (Hot Dog) King walked out less seven hundred dollars. So she paid the rent, had her hair done and waited happily for Tom to come home. He would be delighted.

Tom got suspicious.

Gerry was heartbroken, as what girl would not be. How did Tom expect to get ahead if he refused to let her help? Strange men didn't rush up and force money on *him,* did they? There was only one thing to do: She would go to Palm Beach, get a divorce and promote Tom's $99,000 on her own. After all, he was the man she loved.

Tom tried to stop her. He reminded her that the King's seven hundred had been spent. He reminded her that the railroads did not let people ride for free. He quarreled with Gerry. He even went so far as to call a cop, and as a result Gerry arrived at the station with only the clothes she stood in and no money at all.

Fortunately a band of jolly huntsmen was going South about that time. Before they knew it, they adopted her as mascot and smuggled her aboard their private car. They gave her a stateroom and some pajamas, and everything was fine until the mountain dew began to flow. Shotguns started going off, and Gerry found it hard to sleep, so she retreated to a vacant upper berth in another car.

John D. Hackensacker, III, had the lower, and that was fortunate, too, because when Gerry woke up next morning she learned that the Ale & Quail Club had been left on a switch to shoot it out. Now all she had to her name was some strange gentleman's pajamas. She went to work on John D. Three, who had more millions than Morgenthau, and he offered to buy her a few things when they got to Jacksonville.

The more money he spent on Gerry, the better he liked it—and the better he liked her. By the time they reached Palm Beach on his yacht, John D. was all set to build Tom's airport, buy Gerry her divorce and marry her. Her system was a success.

But John D. had to have a sister (Mary Astor), and Tom had to turn up. The sister had been married often enough to know what she liked, and after one look at Tom she announced that he was IT. Things were getting pretty complicated, and Gerry wasn't sure she liked it. But one night the zipper on her evening gown stuck when she was undressing, and she had to call husband Tom in to cope with it. When he got through coping, all was well, very well.

(Continued on page 14)

Keep your smile bright . . . but

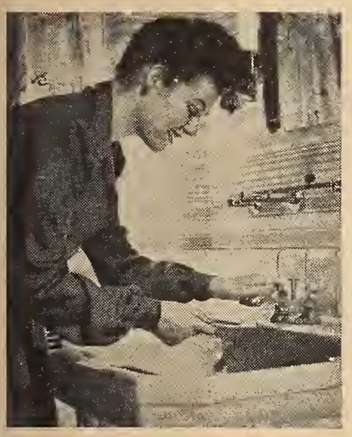
DON'T WASTE PEPSODENT

An overwhelming number of boys in uniform have made Pepsodent their first choice . . . they are taking nearly one-fourth of all the Pepsodent we make.

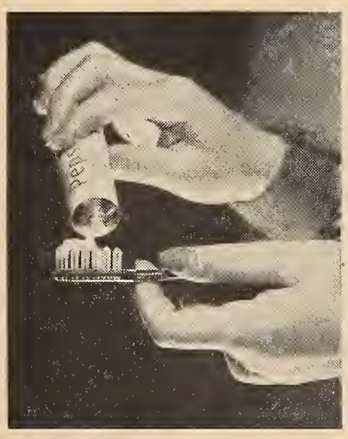
Civilian demand, too, is the greatest ever.

But, wartime restrictions keep us from making more.

And so . . . we urge you: Don't hoard Pepsodent. Use it sparingly. If you help save enough for others . . . there will be enough for you.



DON'T LET Pepsodent run down the drain. Always wet brush before applying paste. Then finish brushing before rinsing brush.

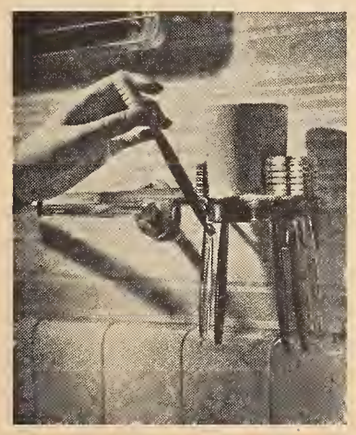


DON'T USE more tooth paste than you need. About three-quarters of an inch is enough. Pepsodent multiplies itself into a rich lather.

DON'T SQUEEZE tube carelessly. Roll it evenly from bottom. Replace cap. Save empty tube to exchange when you buy paste again.

DON'T POUR Pepsodent powder on your brush. Pour it into the cupped palm of your hand. Enough to cover a 5-cent piece is plenty.

DON'T RUB — Dab moist brush in powder. This way all the powder is picked up by the brush. Always measure out powder for small children.



DON'T USE a worn or wilted brush. Keep new ones efficient by hanging them up to dry. Bristles stay firmer, last longer this way.

DON'T BLAME your druggist if he has to disappoint you the first time you ask for Pepsodent. He will have it for you in a few days.

REMEMBER . . .

only a little Pepsodent is needed to make your teeth bright, your smile sparkle, because Pepsodent's exclusive formula contains patented ingredients recognized among the safest and most efficient known to dental science. So . . . keep your teeth bright . . . but don't waste Pepsodent. Help save enough for others . . . and there will be enough for you.

So it doesn't make sense—so what? It's all mad and merry and delightful, with Sig Arno, Franklin Pangborn and Robert (Weinie King) Dudley to help kick the gags around. And Rudy Vallee plays John D. Three so you'll want to drive right in and have him change your oil.—*Par.*

P. S.

For the first time in her career, Mary Astor's auburn locks succumbed to a dousing of peroxide for her role of a wise-cracking muchly-married siren . . . Rudy Vallee emerges from this as a full fledged comedian . . . Preston Sturges is wild about choo-choo trains. This is the third straight Sturges opus with a train scene in it . . . Sig Arno was handed the strangest "talking" role in Hollywood history. Obliged to jabber in double-talk, he had only five intelligible words to speak, "grittinks," "yitz," "nitz," "hello" and "ha" . . . At one point in the picture Claudette Colbert steps on Rudy Vallee's face smashing his glasses. Every time they rehearsed the scene Vallee quivered in his boots until prop man Oscar Lau figured out a way to prevent his face from being cut—by breaking the lenses, then filing off the sharp edges and pasting them back together again. For sound effects of the glasses crunching, bits of electric light globes were ground up in an ice-crusher close to the microphone . . . The morning suit Joel McCrea wears is really a hand-me-down. The striped pants and frock coat were made for Stirling Hayden in "Virginia" and the vest for Gary Cooper in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife." . . . Vallee demonstrated the quick-change technique he learned in vaudeville by changing from a yachting outfit to full dress suit in five minutes flat . . . According to Sturges, the female of the species is handier with the chit-chat than the male. Just to prove his point he stuck in a quarreling scene between Joel McCrea and Claudette where Colbert spouts 367 words to Joel's 40 . . . Claudette and Rudy turned up their respective noses and shouted "never!" when faced with the unhappy prospect of swallowing prairie oysters (raw eggs smothered in tomato sauce) for a certain scene. Prop men saved the day by substituting palatable (?) "doubles"—stewed apricots surrounded by rootbeer!

THEY GOT ME COVERED

Where there's Hope there's life. Ask the boys in the service. After flying to Alaska to entertain the troops who are entertaining the Japs in the Aleutians, Bob Hope is off on a tour of the Camps, sprinkling gags like a multiple barrel pom-pom gun and making two laughs grow where only sore feet grew before. He is probably the War Department's favorite actor. The Treasury Department's vote would go to Dorothy Lamour; she's sold so many bonds they're thinking of putting out a series with her picture on them. Before and since Pearl Harbor, Bob and Dottie have been so busy no one would blame you for wondering when they found time to make this picture for Samuel Goldwyn. Any way you look at it, it was time well spent.

Rumor has it that Washington is a madhouse these days. Some people blame the war. Some blame Congress. But after you've seen this merry-go-round of lunacy you'll know the answer. Bob Hope got loose on Capitol Hill and left the town slap-happy.

This time he starts out as a newspaperman in Moscow. (It seems we're celebrating Foreign Correspondent Month.) While Bob broods over the Kremlin the story of the century breaks: GERMANY INVADES RUSSIA! Does he cover it? Does he make like William Shirer? Now you know Bob—of course he does. Two days late.

His employer invites him back to New York, and not to fire him. The head of Central News Service wants to kill him with bare hands, but Bob escapes to Washington and Miss Lamour. He turns up in her office of Central News with a wily Rumanian gent who has a story of Axis spies and sabotage to tell which will get Bob his job back. All the man wants is $5000, and Bob quick-lips Dottie into making out a check on Central News. She didn't know . . .

But three malodorous guys—Fauscheim (Otto Preminger), Baldanacco (Eduardo Ciannelli) and Nichimuro (Philip Ahn)—take a pot shot at the Rumanian. He escapes in Dottie's clothes, and the Dirty Three grab Bob by mistake and take him for a ride. When they learn who he is they throw him out. The Rumanian sends word for Dottie to meet him at the Lincoln Memorial, and he'll dictate the story to her. She's supposed to carry a red purse and green umbrella with her.

Bob and Dottie telephone her roommate, Sally, to meet them with the identifying articles and Dottie's notebook. Then they jump in a taxi and rush off to the rendezvous. The Rumanian never shows up. It seems Bob told the taxi man to drive him to the Washington Monument instead of the Lincoln Memorial.

When they get home, Sally is gone—with the Rumanian. When they get Sally back, her book of shorthand notes is gone. Then Sally is gone again, because neither German, Jap nor Italian agent can read her notes. Then Bob is gone, captured by a little man (Donald Meek) who is still fighting the Civil War. Then he wakes up in Niagara Falls, where he wanted to spend his honeymoon with Dottie, only he's married to a lush number named Gloria (Marion Martin). He tries to convince Dottie that he was drugged, but she'll have none of him—till she learns Gloria is a blonde. It seems Bob has sworn off blondes. Dottie rushes to the rescue, backed by the FBI in full force. And it's just about time, too.

Our valiant Robert tracks the three Axis apes to a beauty parlor and gets himself a mudpack, a permanent wave and trapped. Dottie arrives in the nick of time with an army of girl friends, and Edgar Hoover's boys follow along to mop up—so Bob is a hero again. In his own eyes, at least. Dottie loved him even when he was a heel.

So will everyone. The Hope Formula for laughs is like the Hope Diamond. There's only one, but boy, is it a honey! —*RKO.*

P. S.

Sam Goldwyn quickly bought the title "They Got Me Covered" when he heard that over 3,000,000 copies have been sold in the last two years, not including the reprint of the book that appeared in MODERN SCREEN . . . Washington secretary Mary Byrne, who won her job in the picture through a contest, went back to the capital after the film was finished, to resume her old job, and also to marry FBI agent Francis Edward Smith . . . The script reached a new high in number of spies—44 in all . . . The day Bob finished the picture, he rushed down town, had his passport okayed, fingerprints taken, baggage and body weighed and took off by plane for his Aleutian Island trip . . . Philip Ahn plays a Jap spy, but is really a loyal Korean. He makes weekly short wave broadcasts to his native land with messages of encouragement and cheer . . . Otto Preminger, bald-headed meanie of "The Pied Piper," plays a heavy with a full head of hair this time . . . Lenore Aubert was living in Vienna when it was invaded. She moved to Paris but had to make another hasty exit—this time to Lisbon. Discovered in an Ibsen play at the local Bliss Hayden theater, she was put under long term contract by Goldwyn . . . No Hope picture is complete without a feminine masquerade. Bob borrows Dottie Lamour's clothes in this one . . . Also Veronica Lake's hair-do . . . Goldwyn's ingenious production manager got around the new $5,000 ceiling on sets by taking the troupe to the old Los Angeles Gas Works, now not being used but once valued at $750,000.

JOURNEY FOR MARGARET

If war was hell when General Sherman fought his muzzle-loading battles in the Civil War, today it is a super-hell. Sherman's armies had no flame throwers, no submarines, no airplanes. War today is a sudden unexpected searing hell, not only for the soldier but for the civilian, and most of us accept this and can summon courage to face it. We know what we are fighting for—and the chances we must take.

But the children. They did not make the war; they cannot fight it; and how can they know why it is being fought?

Here in America our children are safe from bombs, thank God, for a little while at least, but what about the children of England upon whom hell burst and still bursts like a ghastly insane nightmare? Their homes, their parents, their little worlds are blasted into oblivion—and what have they left? What do they think? What do they feel? What will become of them—now, and when war is done? Here is the dramatic, real-life story of what becomes of two of them.

(Continued on page 16)

Barbara Stanwyck CO-STARRING IN "FLESH AND FANTASY"

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

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1...it imparts a lovely color to the skin
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3...it clings perfectly—really stays on

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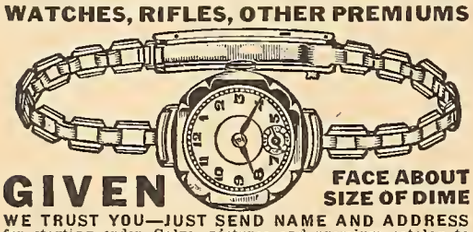

GIVEN FACE ABOUT SIZE OF DIME

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STANDARD ART STUDIOS
100 East Ohio Street Dept. 1333-A CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

An American newspaperman, John Davis, and his wife, Nora, escaped the tottering wreckage of France on a channel boat filled with hopeless refugees. John (Robert Young) settled in London, because it was his business to report the war, but Nora (Laraine Day) was a mother-to-be, and John tried to persuade her to come home to America. She refused. If London was safe for him, it was safe enough for her.

But when France finally collapsed and fell, and the British scorned Hitler's ultimatum to surrender, then Herr Goering sent his bombers over England. Sirens moaned the alarm, ack-ack burst angrily, the earth trembled—and John Davis left Nora in their hotel suite and went out to walk the crooked streets of London to get his story of destruction and death.

As he turned a corner there came a shrieking whistle—a deafening roar—and a house crumpled before his eyes. John rushed forward to help firemen and wardens dig into the smoking rubble. One living thing survived: A small boy, clinging in paralytic terror to the only familiar thing death had left him, a toy lamb.

His name was Peter, and John tried to comfort him. Then he took the trembling child to a Home set up for such lost little ones and started back to try to put this hell on paper. But another bomb had shattered the hotel. When at last he found Nora, she had lost her expected baby, and a surgeon said she could never hope to have another. She was inconsolable.

Now Nora left for America, borne down by weakness and discouragement, and in his ensuing loneliness John turned for distraction to the boy. At the Home, Peter introduced him to Margaret, another sad-eyed lost child, and slowly these two dazed timid children entangled themselves in his affections, became part of his life. When his newspaper called him home, he wired Nora that he was bringing Margaret and Peter with him.

Out of a blacked-out London onto a blacked-out ship he brought them, telling them always of a place where the lights still shone, of America where there was no need for protective darkness. Nora hurried down on the cutter to meet their boat, and the four of them stood high in the bow as it steamed up the harbor. It was Christmas Eve, and New York loomed ahead like a thousand trees trimmed with lights. Peter and Margaret were enthralled—here at last was safety and peace—but as they watched, the city blinked into darkness. War had reached out its black hand to America.

Margaret's terror returned, but Nora spoke softly to her, told her not to fear. "The lights will go on again," she said. "And when they do—no one will ever put them out again."

The cast includes Fay Bainter and Nigel Bruce, but the children are played by William Severn and Margaret O'Brien, and it is their picture. It is all children's picture—everywhere. If you know children, if you cherish them, it is your picture, too.—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

Tip to all theater owners: When you exhibit this one, be sure to have an extra large supply of war bonds in the lobby. Publicity woman Katherine Albert saw the picture at the studio, and the minute she got her tears dried, she rushed to her bank and upped her quota. She says everyone else will have the same reaction . . . Cute little Margaret O'Brien used to be Maxine, but changed her name to that of the heroine. A former "Cover Girl" (she modeled in New York), her only screen experience was a tiny bit in "Babes on Broadway." Director Woody Van Dyke could get her to turn on the tears with no trouble at all, but getting her to turn them off was something else again . . . Bob Young gets a chance at another sympathetic part, but says little Maxine (pardon, Margaret) runs away with the picture . . . Story is based on the real-life experiences of William L. White, famous newspaper correspondent, and author of "They Were Expendable" . . . The boy who plays Peter is another of those ubiquitous Severn children, who've replaced the Watson family as the largest home group in pictures . . . Laraine Day was a happy gal every time the shooting schedule was delayed a few days. It meant she could travel to Arizona to visit her hubby Ray Hendricks, stationed there as an aviation instructor . . . Bob Young motorcycled to work every day, was late only once. A traffic tie-up revealed that an expectant mother rushing to the hospital was being delayed, so Bob put his cap on frontwards, made himself look as much like a policeman as possible and convoyed the momma all the way into town. The baby was later christened "Bob Young" in his honor.

THE BLACK SWAN

Today, death stalks the smiling isles of the Caribbees, where U-boats lift their ugly steel snouts questing for prey. Two centuries ago it belched in flame and thunder from the gun ports of swift, deadly pirate craft . . . it swept in, barefoot and wolf-savage, to sack sleeping towns . . .

Captain Jamie Waring (Ty Power) was no better than the cutlass-scarred sea rogues he led to plunder and loot. No better, perhaps, until the lovely Lady Margaret Denby (Maureen O'Hara), daughter of Jamaica's haughty governor, laid a disdainful spell over his arrogant kerchiefed head. She had reason to hate him. Trapped in a pirate raid on the unsuspecting town of Geudala, she had struggled in the embrace of his strong arms. He had tried to kiss her—and she'd bitten him. "I'll never kiss you again," he had snapped, his face fierce and swarthy, "until you ask me—and call me 'Jamie-boy' three times."

She hated, too, the swaggering giant who lorded it in her father's chair. Sir Henry Morgan (Laird Cregar), shipped off to be hung in London, had come back in triumph, his piratical sins wiped out by a knighthood, the appointment as governor of rich Jamaica in his huge right fist. He was a man reformed. But she didn't believe that. Neither did the arrogant lords of Jamaica. Not even

when he sent his trusted Jamie Waring and a few other hard-bitten Morgan men to find and hang his own former lieutenant in crime, hulking, startlingly red-bearded Captain Leech (George Sanders).

It was a black day when Captain Jamie strode back again, scowling and empty-handed, into the council chamber of Jamaica. He'd found no trace of Captain Leech or the Black Swan, flaunting the Jolly Roger at its masthead. But another British ship had been boarded and sunk, and the councillors were seething. Loudest of all in his threats to impeach Sir Henry was Ingram (Edward Ashley). To him, Jamie learned with fury, Lady Margaret had plighted her troth that very day—to Ingram, who secretly gave information to Captain Leech about incoming ships in return for a captain's share of the loot.

It was a mistake, perhaps, for Jamie to seize Lady Margaret and carry her aboard his ship that night. But who could know that Captain Leech and his pirate fleet had been warned of his coming? In the most desperate spot of his life, Jamie talked Leech into joining forces for a raid against rich Maracaibo—Maracaibo, where British ships lay in wait, guns ready. He couldn't know, of course, that someone else waited there, too—a furious Henry Morgan, stoned out of Jamaica by the councillors when they found that Lady Margaret had been kidnapped . . .

We're not going to tell you any more. It wouldn't be fair. Just don't make too much noise biting your nails. Pirates in lovely, luscious Technicolor is something we've been dreaming about for years. Well here it is, friends, and it's wonderful.—*20th-Fox.*

P. S.

Those bedroom love-scenes Maureen O'Hara did with Ty Power were torture for her. Head to toe, she was sunburned. Even the pressure of the sheets was too much. A genu-wine actress, she'll look ecstatic when you see her on the screen . . . Everyone wore beards, but George Sanders out-foxed them all. Insisted his chin-warmer be bright red. The picture's in Technicolor, he figured, and he could steal scenes without even trying . . . Illness broke up the picture's shooting schedule. Ty, Maureen, Sanders—all were out at different times with bad cases of flu . . . Power has a strange feeling about daggers, since the time one nearly contacted his neck early in his career. Overcame it long enough to film the tricky blade scenes . . . On her days off, Maureen acted in some home movies, directed by her husband. Title: "How to Train a Dog." Maureen played second fiddle to the family canine . . . The films turned out so well, the studio looked at hubby Will Price with new interest and signed him to a directorial contract . . . One strikingly beautiful parrot was needed for some of the scenes, and after looking at hundreds of birds, the director chose a gorgeous Macaw. After three days of working, the bird was fired, because it was too smart. Imitating the director's voice perfectly, it would scream, "Cut! We'll print that!" right smack in the middle of a long, tense scene . . . Ty Power thought this film was going to be the last for the duration, and went around saying goodbys. After he'd made sure he hadn't overlooked anyone in his final farewells, news came from the front office that he was to make "Crash Dive" before he was inducted into the Marine Corps.

"To be his Guiding Star try my*W.B.N.C."

Paulette Goddard, Starring in "Star Spangled Rhythm", a Paramount Picture

Says Paulette Goddard:

"He's fighting for you—so it's up to you to look the part! W.B.N.C. are your call letters for...

***Woodbury Beauty Night Cap.**

"See how this 3-minute care with Woodbury Cold Cream helps keep your skin smooth and alluring."

Cleanse your skin with Woodbury Cold Cream. Tissue off soil. Then swirl on a light film for overnight. Woodbury contains four luscious ingredients for softening, smoothing the skin. A fifth exclusive ingredient is constantly working to purify this cream right in the jar.

Try the Beauty Night Cap of the Stars, tonight. Soon your mirror will whisper, "He's coming back--to find you even lovelier than before."

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Beauty Nightcap of the Stars

Beauty isn't Rationed. Get Woodbury Cold Cream today. Big economy jars, $1.25, 75¢; also 50¢, 25¢ and 10¢ sizes.

Seas Ablaze
...with black villainy, with fiery romance, with breathless deeds of daring... in the roaring era of Love, Gold and Adventure!
"Sixteen men on a dead man's chest Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!"
Tyrone POWER · Maureen O'HARA
in Rafael Sabatini's
THE BLACK SWAN
in Technicolor
with
LAIRD CREGAR · THOMAS MITCHELL
GEORGE SANDERS · ANTHONY QUINN
GEORGE ZUCCO
Directed by HENRY KING · Produced by ROBERT BASSLER
Screen Play by Ben Hecht and Seton I. Miller · Adapted by Seton I. Miller, from the Novel by Rafael Sabatini
A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

Gene Tierney sleeps in a bed eight feet wide and seven feet long. Unusual? Not for 20th-Fox's "China Girl"—she also owns a pet hawk and a king snake! Now that Oleg's in the Coast Guard, his green-eyed wife'll probably turn the house into a menagerie, or else fill it so with antiques she'll break her toes walking around. Because she walks in her bare feet. And just one word of warning—she murders people who call her "dearie"!

Paul Henreid and his wife lived in Vienna until Hitler started his death march through Europe. Then, their beloved Austria Nazi-crushed, they came here. "Because we wanted desperately to find a country with a future—" Behind this calm-eyed six-and-a-half-foot giant, lie the confiscated estates of his family; his father's title. Ahead—a simple American life, and good parts like the one in W. B.'s "Casablanca" and peace of mind.

Maria Montez, as slinky a siren as ever slunk into H'wood, is a woman's woman! Easy to see the siren side—clad in the hugest wardrobe of smoothie hats and gowns in town. Ladies like her 'cause she's just plain good egg. Doesn't smoke, drink or flirt with their spouses. Just dances their legs off till they're glad to sit home with Mom. They enjoy her "Rear the car" for "Back up the car," and her yen for publicity . . . which ought to go sky-high after Univ.'s "Arabian Nights."

Frank Powolny

Johnny Payne's 20th-Fox "Hello, Frisco, Hello," may mean "So long, H'wood, So long—" It's him for the zooming planes and exciting skies of the Air Corps. *But*, don't ask who's got his heart for the duration. Because one minute, Johnny's supposed to be dating Jane Russell nightly, and whoops, the very next, he's reported hoping for a reconciliation with Anne Shirley. Only thing that boy admits about his love life is he's crazy for his mother!

Have you heard that priceless story
about the Girl who left her Husband,
went to Florida in a private train with Ten
Mad Millionaires, nabbed the
richest Young Guy in America, and then ...
but that's
"THE PALM BEACH STORY"
The deft, dizzy, different hit written and directed by
PRESTON
(Never a dull moment)
STURGES
A Paramount Picture starring
CLAUDETTE COLBERT · JOEL McCREA
with
MARY ASTOR · RUDY VALLEE
ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

Ronnie Reagan and Janie back in his civilian days, when they were co-starring on the Warner lot. Jane started fad of using lipstick impressions instead of XXX's for kisses at the end of letters to service men!

Newly-wed Mr. and Mrs. Reagan tested the wishing chair at "Wee Kirk of The Heather" (Forest Lawn). Jane's declared, army wife or not, she'll stay on in their house, no apartments, thanks!

"MY SOLDIER"

Poor Lieut. R. ordered an expensive gift for J., only to be told by the shop-keeper that his charge-account had been closed when he entered the service! His packets revealed a mere $2.24. "Charge it to my wife," said he. "She's still in pictures!" Above with Eddie Cantor at a premiere.

"EVERY GAL NEEDS A GUY LIKE RONNIE," SHE TOLD IDA ZEITLIN, "BUT THERE'S ONLY ONE—AND *I'VE* GOT HIM."

It's nine months now since Ronald Reagan said, "So long, Button-nose" to his wife and baby, and went off to join his regiment. Button-nose the First—Jane Wyman to you—has adjusted herself to the new way of life. She's run into lots of girls who've lost their guys to the army, and they all react the same way. You go through agonies beforehand. You go through the wrenching agony of good-by. You go back alone to your house with the same enthusiasm you'd take into a morgue. After that, nothing else is quite so bad.

Keeping busy helps. Jane had no trouble that way. There was the house and the baby and war work and all the little things Ronnie used to take care of, not to mention her job. Going back to the studio was almost as tough as going back to the house. She'd catch herself looking for him as she turned a corner of the lot, listening for his, "Hi, kid," or his idiotic, "Mrs. Reagan, I presume?"

Little by little the new pattern of living overlaid the old. Ronnie wasn't around, and that was that. When she felt that awful sense of desolation coming on, instead of wallowing in it, she'd go find herself something to do, on the principle that what you can't make better, you don't have to make worse. She had his letters to wait for, an occasional phone call, maybe a furlough later or a (*Continued on following page*)

by Jane Wyman

chance to visit him. If you can't get the whole loaf, it's wonderful how sweet one slice can taste.

The first time she went up to see him, she got butterfly stomach and lay sleepless in the berth all night. She didn't really expect him at the station, but there he was, grinning his widest and looking sensational in his cavalry boots and breeches.

"Colonel, sir," he'd said to the colonel, "my wife's coming up, and I wonder, could it be arranged to have someone meet her?"

"It might be arranged to have Lieutenant Reagan meet her. But get back here in a hurry," the colonel had growled, just like in the movies.

Next time she took Maureen, at sixteen months a truly clever child who held out her arms and shrilled "da-da!" the moment she saw him. Boy, was that a thrill!

Jane worked that time. At Ronnie's request, she went out to one of the staging areas to sing for the boys about to be sent overseas. "Tangerine" she sang, and "He's 1-A in the Army" and "Not Mine" and "I Said No." And would have sung all night, had army regulations permitted. Jane's line is to keep the softer emotions under strict control. But her eyes blurred as she said: "You wanted to turn yourself inside out for them."

She opened the stamp-and-bond selling booth outside the theatre that was showing "King's Row" and her own picture, "My Favorite Spy." Phil Harris was on the stage. By arrangement, she broke into his show, explained why she was there and suggested that if the folks wanted to say hello as they left, she'd be glad to take care of their spare cash.

One citizen almost knocked her for a loop. "He looked," says Jane with her unique descriptive powers, "like a business man who walks from one place to another and eats lunch." He asked her for a fifteen thousand dollar bond.

She blinked, came to and said brightly: "If you can find the fifteen thousand, I guess we can find the bond."

Later she learned that he was a big-time gambler. She thinks it should be recorded for the book. "If he'd been a doctor," says Jane, staunchly defending the moneybags, "you'd say so, and people would feel good about doctors. Why shouldn't gamblers get credit?"

In Warner Brothers' "Princess O'Rourke," Janie plays the part of a Red Cross Nurse. Hence above costume, while she samples some of Service Boy James Hubbard's lemonade, between scenes.

An actress's life is full of aching arms. Mrs. Reagan gallantly stood and dished out hundreds of "Yankee Doodle Dandy" Victory Sundaes, free to buyers of War Stamps. 'Twas at the Treasury Dep't.'s L. A. Victory House.

Johnny Payne and Janie Bond-toured together; took towns by storm. Above, they speechified at Burlington, North Carolina. Kids mobbed around Jane; talked with her; begged stubs of her cigarettes!

Not long after an order came through from Washington, transferring Ronnie from cavalry to air force. It meant being stationed nearer home. Before gas rationing, Jane could hop into her car after work on Saturday and stay with him till Sunday night. He could get home for an occasional evening or week-end. That was the nice part.

But Ronnie had been a cavalryman for years. He's mad about horses. It broke him up to have to put his boots and riding breeches into mothballs. The days were gone when Jane, in cultivated British accents, could pipe: "You do look so dashing in those boots, old boy."

And he'd pick it up modestly: "Pretty good, pretty good. Look like a soldier, hey?"

Every time he comes home, he opens the closet door to peek longingly at his boots. He still sighs: "If I could only fight this war from the seat of a horse." Horse or no, however, his heart's completely with the army. His movie career is something that happened in another life, laid away like the boots and breeches in mothballs. He acts, says Jane, as if the responsibility for this whole war rested on his shoulders. He works with a quiet faith and intensity, feeling that every ounce of effort he gives to the job brings the end a little nearer.

Meantime Jane ran herself ragged. Tonight there'd be a board meeting of the Screen Actors Guild—tomorrow of the Victory Committee—a shortwave broadcast for the boys overseas—the studio wanted her for wardrobe tests—she had to study her script, spend enough time with the baby to satisfy them both, manage the house with little or no help.

Jane's a fussy housekeeper. She can't stand dust. An ashtray moved two inches from where it belongs niggles her. Velma, who'd been with her since before Maureen was born, understood her ways. She thought Velma was a fixture, but Velma walked out. A cook and maid replaced her. "All they had to do to get a room dirty," says Jane, "was walk through it." The next one left because there was too much to do. So she got a couple who stayed a week and quit, so help her, because there wasn't enough to do. She'd come home at night and clean house (*Continued on page 59*)

Ralph Margan, Bab and Anne Gwynne illustrate the virtues af the healthy life in "Keeping Fit," first af a series af 4 such ane-reel films praduced at Universal, in cahaats with the caardinatar af gavernment films.

The guy's favarite grandma's Mrs. Chas. Madini Woad, wham ald-timers will remember as an aperatic star. When Babby's mail was misdirected ta an 8-year-old Bab Stack, the rascal asked if *our* Babby had *his* mail!

Bobby's a sailar with mare gals than there are parts! Befare he jained Navy Air Corps, he was making memaries with Mary Beth Hughes, Cannie Russell, Gail Amber, Hal Roach's daughter Margaret, abave.

YANK in the U. S. N.

By DEVON FARNSWORTH

Glistening career, an adoring mom, girls galore —he had them all. But Ensign Stack ate his heart out till he won a pair of Navy wings!

This is a story of Young America, 1942 model.

This is a yarn about a lad who had everything: a charming and devoted mother, a glistening career strictly downbeat and right in the groove, a date with a thousand-percent honey whenever he felt like treading the town, a home built by more than movie millions.

But Bob Stack wasn't happy. He hadn't been happy since he turned on the radio one Sunday morning in December and heard the voice of an excited announcer saying, "We interrupt this program to bring you a news flash: The Japanese have just bombed Pearl Harbor!"

Bob, white to the lips, left his room in search of his mother. "Did you have your radio on?" he demanded. When she shook her head in wonder, he told her the news. "I've got to get into it, Mom," he said.

Betzi Stack compressed her lips slightly, but she nodded. She was only one mother among hundreds of thousands that Sunday morning who were hearing the selfsame words from furious young lips.

But most of the boys had no (*Continued on page 81*)

Debuted in ensign's uniform with Anne Shirley at Mocombo, just before he left for Pensocola, Flo., where he's studying aerial gunnery.

Party of the month

Whoops-a-daisy! When Abbott and Costello throw a roller skating party, you're in for some thrills and spills!

Party celebrated Abbatt and Castello's new Camel program over NBC. Steve Crane tried ta teach Lana same new skating tricks which landed her flat an the rink!

Alan Gardan and Linda salemnly sware to diet, but the temptatian was taa great, and they garged alang with Lana and Steve. Bud and Lau paid far the rental af Sid Grauman's Rallerbawl and turned praceeds aver ta Army, Navy and Red Cross nurses!

In oddition to the skoting porty with contests ond prizes, Bud ond Lou entertoined Army ond Novy nurses with o topnotch variety stoge show ond cornivol replete with yummy food. Jone Russell ond Johnny Poyne hod more fun ot the counter than on the rink!

When Alon hit the floor, it took the combined efforts of Morie MocDonold ond Lindo to put him on his feet! Bud ond Lou thought nurses deserved greot credit, so mode them their guests. The girls expected to go obrood for foreign service soon.

Costello was going great guns when one of his skotes come off, and he ond Abbott went ker-plunk. Lou snared oll the prizes, just like he did os a kid of 17, at Coney Islond!

The stars make up their

By Rosemary Layng

GENE TIERNEY

Presents of Xmas '42

– jet rust proof, water proof chronometer watch –
box of Dunhills (the long ones)
small wallet to fit in sailor suit pockets –
pipe cleaners
shaving kit
& a few gags from the 5 & 10¢ store – like last year's.

Pat – Set of Shakespeare
Rumba lessons
pocket book

Mother – Lingerie
monogramed stationary
alligator bag & shoes
bottle of perfume, prefer apey. Chanel No. 5

GENE TIERNEY

& make her a member of "Book of the month"

Bootsie – embroidered hanker-chiefs & bottle of perfume –

Gigi – a silver identification bracelet –

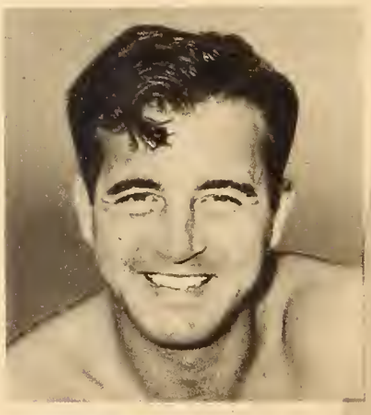
Madelaine – hosiery & hand bag

Carol – wool socks & ties

Cobina – bottle of "John Fredrick Cologne"

Norman – a dozen stockings & hand bag –

GENE TIERNEY



JOHN PAYNE

Mom – gets bicycle if possible – if not – a bond – or both

Pete – a watch with a sweep hand.

Julie – a bond and a tricycle and anything else you can think of.

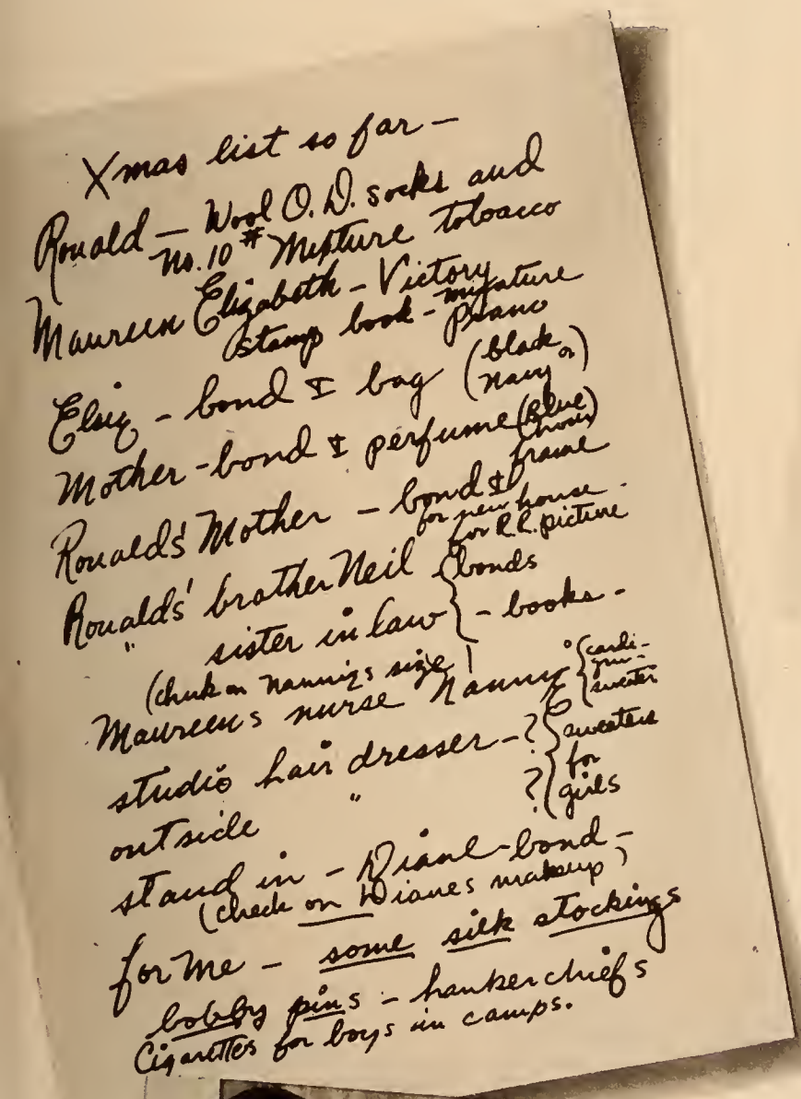
Girls? perfume, flowers and stuff

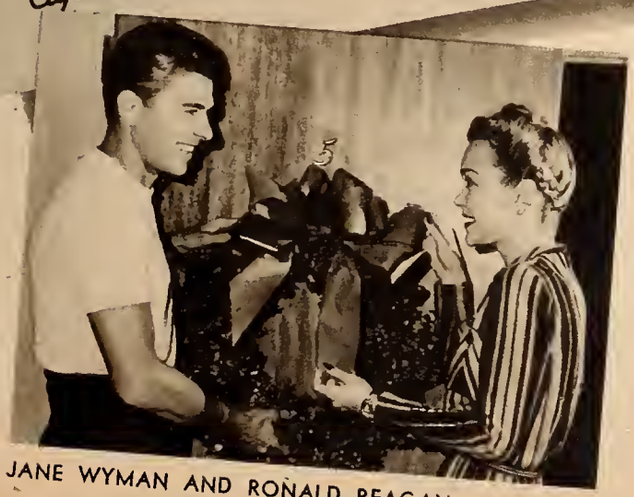
Walter } think about
Fielding } it – something nice

Anne – What? – something very nice.

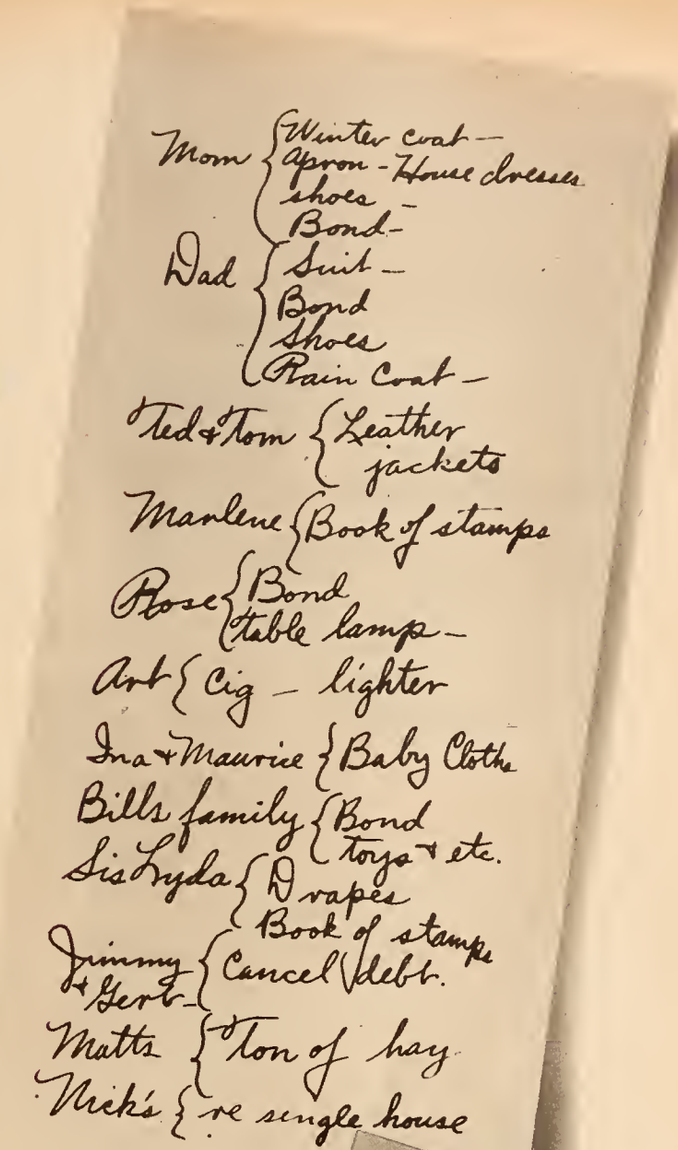
christmas lists

Shove over, Santa! H'wood's Yule-tiding everyone from Denny Morgan's youngest to soldier buddies a thousand miles away!





JANE WYMAN AND RONALD REAGAN



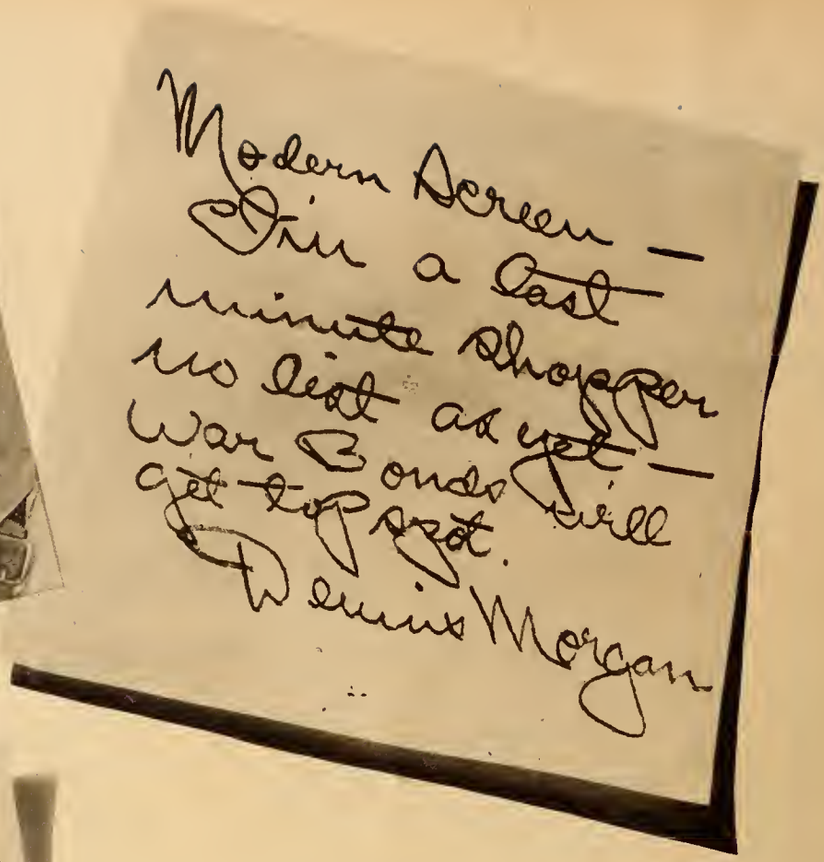
GEORGE MONTGOMERY

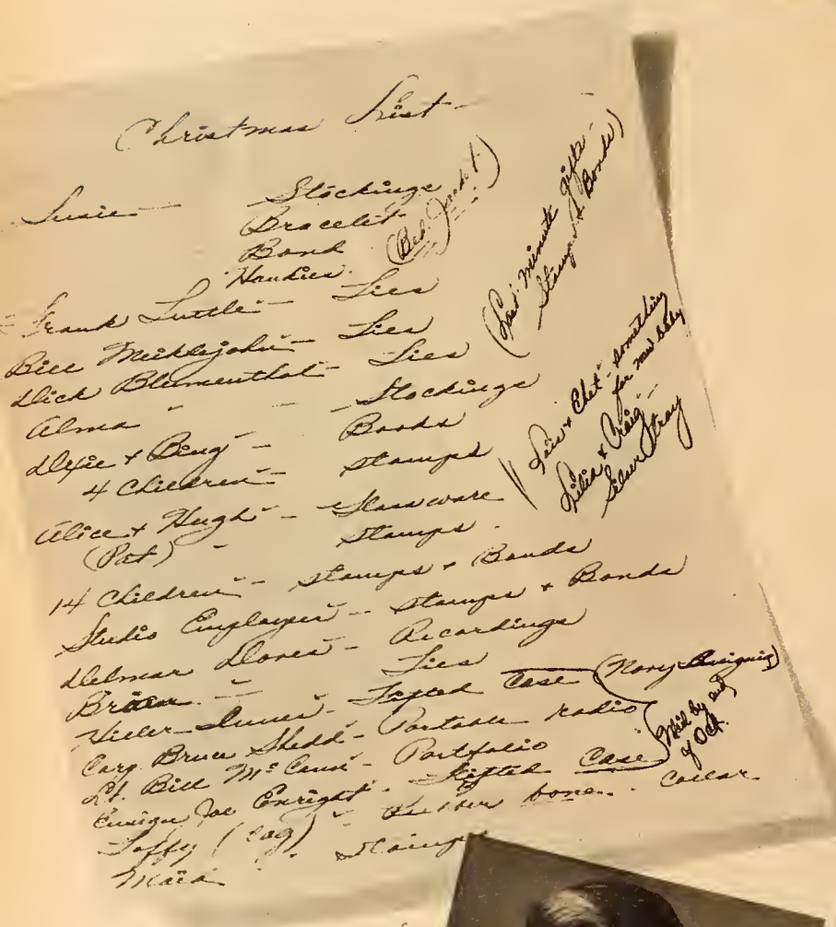
It happened on the 20th Century-Fox set where Gene Tierney was working on "China Girl." She had secured several volumes of sample Christmas cards from a local engraver and was busily selecting her own personal greeting.

A gentleman who has his lungs and larnyx full of patriotism, but maybe a little sugar salted away in the cellar, observed the Tierney industry. "Christmas this year," he said, "is going to pass practically unnoticed. Why buy cards? Why go through that old gift routine?

Why not put every penny (*Continued on next page*)

DENNIS MORGAN





ALAN LADD

into stamps and bonds and skip the old Santa Claus sequence?"

Gene closed the book slowly and looked up.

"Have you stopped to realize that Christmas, as we celebrate it in this country, is one of the things we're fighting for? We're going to win, of course, but suppose for an instant that we were conquered. Japan is Shintoist; Germany is pagan. Under their rule, what would become of the Crêche—the little manger altars that children arrange? What would become of Christmas carols and groaning Christmas tables? What would have become of 'peace on earth, good will toward men?' I'm going to put everything I possibly can into our war effort, but I'm also going to keep Christmas. I'm going to remember all my friends and dear ones with small, thoughtful gifts in celebration of the birthday of Christ."

These were brave words, spoken by an idealist who has no idea what her own personal Christmas holiday may bring. There is a dismal possibility that "Oli" will be miles from home, serving the country that has adopted him.

Whether he is with her or far away, Gene intends to have a Christmas tree. She is going to decorate every window with a wreath in which glows a single (*Continued on page 76*)

MERRY XMAS
Loraine Day

When love died

Exclusive to Modern Screen readers! Inside scoop on the Brent-Sheridan bust-up!

Last January Ann Sheridan went to Florida to become Ann Brent. She was as happy a bride as they come. She had all her markable things marked Ann Brent. Where she feels most deeply, she's likely to do the most kidding. But she wouldn't be kidded on that score. "Ann Brent's the most beautiful name in the world," she said.

Now, less than a year later, she's waiting only for "Edge of Darkness" to be completed, before going to Las Vegas to become Ann Sheridan again. The Wisenheimers are lifting cynical shoulders, the romantics are moaning, why? Even the realists are

Ann Sheridan as she looked on her honeymoon. Annie lost the Tex Guinan plum to Betty Hutton; will be Nora Boyes in "Shine On Harvest Moon."

A radiant Annie, designer Orry Kelly and a hearty chuckle at Mocambo's "Fun for Freedom" party. It's her first public appearance after the break.

By Kaaren Pieck

quite frankly puzzled about this one.

This was no hasty marriage of impulsive youngsters, foredoomed to the rocks. Ann and George had known each other long enough to know each other well, failings and charms. Deeply in love, they'd refused to plunge headlong. Ann's first marriage had failed. She doesn't like failures. George had been twice burned. Which added layers of caginess to the considerable fund he'd been born with. Neither wanted to marry again except for keeps.

When at length they decided on the step, Hollywood was pleased. Hollywood felt it would be a solid union, that the strength of their feeling for each other had been tested by waiting and found true. Even now there's no question in the minds of their friends that Ann and George felt the same way. It was significant that he should have taken his bride to Florida to be married at the home of his only beloved sister, China Harris. Ann's parents are dead. China represents George's family. They wanted a wedding touched by the dignity, the sentiment, the sense of belonging which you get only among your own.

And now it's over, and you remember how you saw them at home soon after the wedding—Ann sitting in a corner, knitting, the lamplight on her hair—George showing you the ship's model she'd given him for Christmas—the way he jumped to bring her a glass of water—the look as their eyes met when she took it from him—and you can't help feeling rotten at the death of happiness, or wondering why theirs should have died so soon.

The answer explains, though it doesn't comfort. People can't be made over, not even by love.

Ann's temperament is sunny. She loves life and laughter (*Continued on page 77*)

George Brent is now a flying instructor at Oxnard. Stronge coincidence is that Eddie Narris, Ann's first husbond, has a similor positian ot the some field. The Sheridon-Brent separation wos onnounced on September 28.

After finishing his role in Warners' "You Con't Escope Forever," George retired to his Toluco Loke home for o reloxotion period, prior to entering the service. Above, he donned shorts and gothered sun.

Glenn Ford

Betty Grable

SONJA TELLS IT TO A MARINE

One night the glitter in the Stork Club didn't quite come off, and the band swinging the Marine Hymn sounded loud and wrong. "This stuff is beginning to feed me," said Dan, and Sonja stopped jiving long enough to laugh up at him.

"You talk more craziness. Hey, that was my toe, mister!"

"Sorry. Let's sit this one out."

Which is how Dan Topping, the champagne-and-caviar boy, decided to chuck it all for a berth with the Marines. The day he enlisted the papers carried his picture captioned—"Topping gets Army commission," and a brief story which "Lieutenant Topping"-ed him all over the place. He and Sonja got a laugh out of that. He's currently Private Topping sweating for his bars at the Quantico Marine Base. They'll be his Xmas present from Uncle Sam, if his feet hold out.

Sonja isn't very lucid about just what he does all day. "He studies different things," she says vaguely. Then, giving you the pixie look, "And I believe he does a lot of walking. Poor Dan."

Much of the bang has gone out of her life with the lad away. Something used to be buzzing every minute. Spur-of-the-moment drives up to Connecticut for dinner, mobs of people dropping in for cocktails, silly jokes that no one would get but themselves, silly tiffs about toothpaste caps and whose car they'd

use on such and such a trek, and always the dogs.

The car routine was cute. Sonja always wanted to use hers. "Oh, Den, please, please. I want to."

"Nope. Today we take mine, baby."

"We don't either. We don't *either.*"

Eventually would come the stalemate, and they'd wind up in a cab sulking for two blocks, then clinching the rest of the way.

As for the dog business. Sonja would wake up every morning of her life to the tune of Dan's guttural yapping. "Do those damn dogs *have* to sleep in our room?"

"Of course. Don't talk foolish. What's the matter?"

"Silly question dept. What's always the matter?"

"Oh. Well, that you can't blame on the dogs. You should have taken them out early."

"*I* should have. I—"

"All right, darling. Me, I mean. Tomorrow I'm going out to get up at seex."

The dogs have become a Topping legend. The summer before last Sonja developed a crush on miniature French poodles—in general. That was swell as far as Dan was concerned, just so it was good and general. They'd stop at kennels, and she'd get out to pat them and talk Norwegian at them. Then they'd drive on. She's cut pictures of them out of magazines. "With some gals it's Cary Grant," Dan would tell his cronies. "With Sonja it's poodles—but miniature." Frankly they weren't his breed, but as long as none of them actually darkened his doorstep . . .

And then one night he opened the front door and there they were, the two of them, snarling out of all proportion to their size. "It's okay, kids. Quiet down. That's your new pops." (*Continued on page 63*)

She's still Queen of the Rink,

but a lot of the bang is gone

with a guy named Dan—

Sonja had to take time out from her hectic career for a tonsillectomy in August. (She's currently in 20th-Fox's "Iceland.") Anniversary gift from Dan was necklace of diamond lilies with emerald centers; had been his grandma's.

"Den" and Sonja at Ciro's. She settled recent suit brought against her by her "discoverer," out of court. Is taking a course in business-management, but would rather write than dictate letters!

Tyrone Power

BY GRANT LEWI

1943— what will it bring to

JOHN PAYNE, BETTY GRABLE, TY POWER, LANA TURNER, ALAN LADD, DENNIS MORGAN, GENE TIERNEY, BOB STACK...?

All stars don't act on the screen. Some stand in the heavens, and their influence acts on everyone, according to the science of Astrology.

1943 is a tremendously important year from the astrological angle. Dynamic planetary influences affect everyone. Change is in the air. Lives and careers will take new direction. Personal problems will be influenced in curious ways. The demands of the times will be felt by everyone. Love, ambition, patriotism, wartime duties and restraints lay out an involved pattern for the next twelve months.

How will this affect the favorites of the screen?

We've studied the horoscopes of twenty-three of them, and bring you here thumb-nail sketches of the year ahead for each, as it appears in the light of modern astrological findings.

JOHN PAYNE (Gemini: May 22-June 21) says he's the "most abnormally normal guy in town." Yet his horoscope doesn't make him out so normal that he's dull. Fact is, Johnny can lead the way in thrill-getting, loves nothing better than trying something new and different. Gemini keeps his feet on the ground when his head's in the clouds, and has all the charm in the world. Passion for physical culture comes from opposition of Sun to Jupiter, which also gives him his popularity in personal relations on the screen. Gemini isn't supposed to pine over the loved and lost, but Johnny's still trying to make it up with Anne. That marriage seems from their charts to be one of those "can't live with her and can't live without her" affairs. Plenty to hold them together and blow them apart alternately. 1943 has a lot to offer Johnny—probably after a close decision about Christmas 1942 that can alter his plans radically. Late 1943 sees him on the anxious seat about something pretty personal. Johnny's one of those who isn't in the service yet. Well, could be—most any time now. (*Continued on following page*)

ALICE FAYE (Taurus: April 21-May 21) is someone to gaze on if you want to see what Taurus looks like at its best. Lovely honest eyes, snub nose, full lips, a face beautiful, strong, intelligent. In private life, her screen glamour becomes singleness of love, loyalty, devotion. She got what she most wanted with Saturn-Uranus transiting her Sun when she presented Phil Harris with Alice, Jr. Back to the screen? Sure —Moon in Capricorn makes her a career girl, too. July and August should bring something big, and she'll find popularity undiminished—even increased—by her maternity leave. Wouldn't be surprised either, to see her in a new type of role sometime soon.

If BOBBY STACK (Capricorn: Dec. 22-Jan. 20) seems wise beyond his years, it's his Capricorn Sun. And if he dates Turner, Rutherford, Ryan, de Havilland—and seems to be saving his money for Gail Amber—it's his Gemini Moon that likes to flit from flower to flower. Ensign Stack is slated to be called for duty in the naval air force before you read this. Luck on the water, plus four planets in air signs, can bring him fame through this branch. The screen will have to wait while Bobby wins glory with the fighting forces. He's going places in 1943. February's a big month, and if he isn't in the thick by the end of August, he'll be heartbroken. From here out his publicity man is Uncle Sam, and he'll be doing his own build-up, in action.

BILL HOLDEN (Aries: Mar. 21-Apr. 20) started officer training school on the crest of a new two-year Mars cycle, proving to the astrological-minded that the army is his true element. Tough to have to leave Brenda—but his Mars opposition Venus would have to act in some separative way, sometime. And note: Bill's birthdate is one day from Anne Shirley's . . . and while Anne's Mars opposition Venus was busting up her marriage in a row with John Payne, Bill's just brought a separation caused by duty and necessity. Happened at nearly the same time, too—last summer. Brenda'll wait and be proud of him. There's fight in that thar horoscope of Bill's—fight and stick-to-it-iveness. Watch him in June and July, big months for him in a year which may, on the whole, find him serving ably and well without benefit of much publicity.

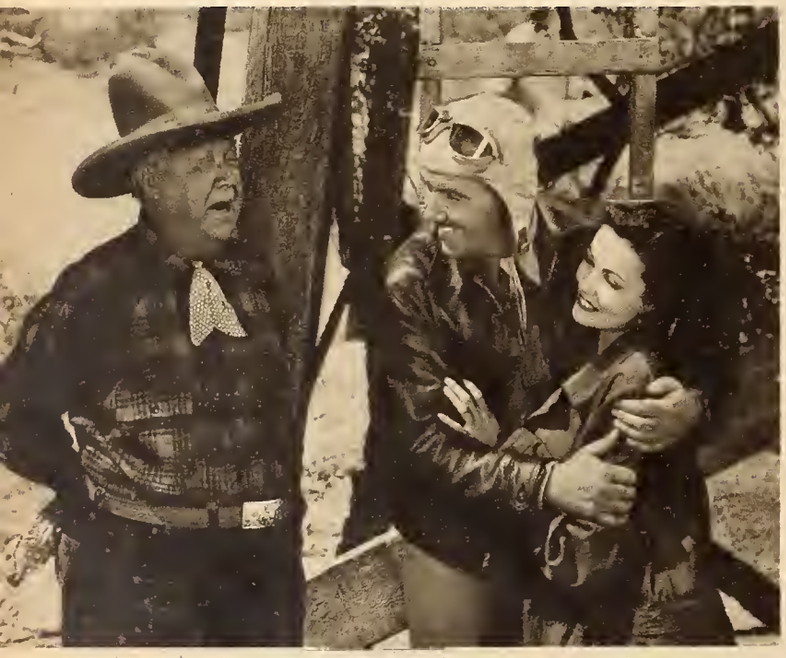
SONJA HENIE (Aris: Mar. 21-Apr. 20) plays with the idea that she's a success on ice because she was born in the middle of a snowstorm and named Sonja after someone told her dad it was a good name for fame via pleasing the public. Maybe so—her horoscope helped, too, with Jupiter placed to give her success in foreign lands, and Moon in 10th House for fame. Sonja's practical as well as artistic. That lucky Moon of hers is in the business-like Capricorn. There's no doubt of her ability to manage Dan's business when he takes off for the Navy. She's studying now to learn how. 1943 may find her style cramped a little as far as the public goes—lots of private duties keep her busy. After a flurry of action in June and July, she's likely to be (*Continued on page 73*)

"THUNDER BIRDS"

There are certain battles flying men must win before they become heroes of the air . . . whether it's over Gene Tierney or a stubborn case of airsickness!

1. When Peter (John Sutton) gives up surgery in London to join the Air Force, he trains at Thunderbird Field, Ariz. He and George Lockwood (Richard Haydn) are roommates.

2. RAF Squadron Leader Borratt (Reginold Denny) and Col. MacDonald (Jack Holt) welcome a new instructor, Steve Britt (Preston Foster), ace pilot too old for combat duty.



3. Next day Steve discovers his old sweetheart Kay (Gene Tierney) living nearby with her grandpap (George Barbier)! When he asks her to come back to him, she firmly refuses.

4. Steve advises Peter to give up flying because of his airsickness. But when he learns that Peter's dad was his buddy in World War I, he promises to give him another chance.

5. While Peter and Lockwood are buying stockings for Peter's grandma, they spy a pair of legs that are the right size. When they meet owner Kay Saunders, Peter's smitten.

6. Kay invites them to a Red Cross meeting. Steve sees them getting out of a car and follows them in. In class, he's shanghaied and used as a patient for bandaging practise!

7. After class, Kay and Peter take a drive and discover each other. When Steve asks her what's what, she tells him bluntly that he's out of the picture and Peter's definitely in!

8. Peter comes to thank Steve for his patience during flying lessons and to admit he's in love with Kay. Steve tells him he's on his own from then on—in love or in the air!

9. But when Barratt plans to wash Peter out because of airsickness, Steve threatens to resign. He gets an idea for a cure when he sees how capably Peter handles a horse.

10. The idea works! Next day Steve puts the ship in his hands and bails out. He's injured landing, and Peter saves his life. Upon graduation, Peter returns to Eng. with Kay.

Rito's currently sparting a sparkler from Vic Mature. It's twin to Gloria Vanderbilt's engagement ring—a squore-cut peridot surraunded by rubies and diamands. But Miss Haywarth says, "We're simply good friends."

"Good friends" at "Pride of the Yonkees" premiere. Rito's unifarm is Navol Aid Auxiliary; Vic's, Coast Guord. R.'s soon to be seen in Col.'s "You Were Never Lovelier."

JEEP GIRL

Rita Hayworth's no softie! The gal traveled night and day, signed ten thousand autographs and heart-warmed a million soldiers!

How would you like to sign your name ten thousand times in fifteen days? How would you like to entertain nearly a million men in fifteen days? How would you like to sit, shivering, on a suitcase on a station platform from 11 P.M. until 4:30 A.M.—waiting for a hurricane-delayed train? How would you like to glance up from the magazine you were reading in your compartment, only to be told by a perfectly strange young man who had abruptly appeared without knocking, "I came in here to kiss you!"

Well, Rita Hayworth dood it—and loved every minute of it. It takes a real woman to live through a camp tour such as the Hollywood Victory Committee is sponsoring throughout the country. It requires a cast-

Nat anly was Rita ca-starred with Fred Astaire (in "Y. W. N. L."), a dancer's dream, but since her divorce, she's had a substantial raise, and fan mail has racketed! Above, an set with Pat Biddle, her secretary.

Capt. A. Mantgamery, statian cammandant, and Cammander R. Lyan, statian exec officer, greeted Rita when she visited the Naval Air Statian at Corpus Christi, Texas, an her taur.

By Jeanne Karr

iron constitution, a disposition of pure gold, and a sense of humor distilled from the memories of Mark Twain, Ring Lardner and Joe Cook, himself. Rita owns all these specifications, plus one more asset—she's a trouper from the top of her incandescent head to the tips of her dancing shoes.

The tour started off with a bang. Rita was calmly walking through the Los Angeles Union Station, feeling as anonymous as a cardboard suitcase, when one of the lurking service men with which the station nowadays abounds, spied her. "The Queen," he yelled to his buddy, who was buying a candy bar. "Right over there—The Queen!"

There were about 500 men, ready to entrain for some secret destination, who were in the Spotter's outfit, and they promptly surrounded Rita like the Marines taking the Solomons. Every man had some card or envelope to be autographed, and while Rita was signing like mad, they plied her with questions. They wanted to know all about Hollywood, about studios, about her new picture "You Were Never Lovelier," about Fred Astaire as a partner, and they dated her for a dance when/if they saw her again.

Her train was called, and a harried publicity man worked his way frantically through the huddle to warn Rita that she had to resign her quarterback position amid the khaki team and take to the rails. The Hayworth Division moved to the (*Continued on page 69*)

Gifting with a personal touch! Box, Yule-time paper and your choice of her pet Cashmere Bouquet toiletries.

Set in a miniature florist's box is Revlon's lovely Mrs. Miniver Rose nail polish and lipstick for $1.25.

Stream-lined "Pursuit" brings a Yule convoy of Cutex Alert Red polish and other finger-flatterers. Costs $1.10.

Watch the brute sit up and purr when you gift him with this rugged Hinds set: four masculine "musts" at 50c.

Pond's, the little Cupids, sell their lipstick at Army Posts in this zany box. Kiss-insurance for doughboys, 49c.

She'll have fun experimenting with the luscious shades in Hampden's Cosmegenic Make-up Box. Luxury for $2.

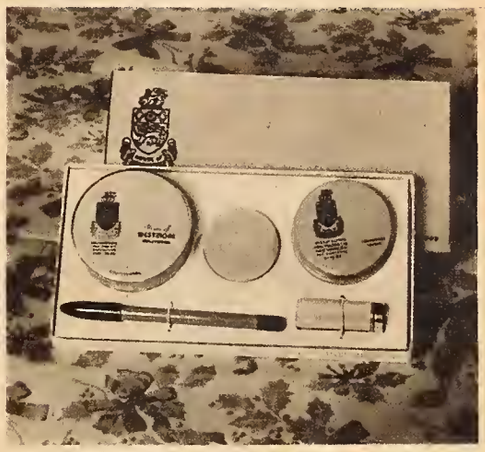
"To heck with real pearl studs, give us Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Service Kit" shouts the Army. Bliss at $1.00.

Gala striped bag snugly fitted with Dura-Gloss manicure aids. Good idea: the case doubles as cosmetic bag. 59c.

Right from Nooh's Ark into Junior's tub. Yup, these placid beasts are pure Wrisley soap. Both-time fun, 25c.

Tabu, the siren fragrance! This slick little bottle, $2.75, is the route direct to any girl's heart. Try it and see!

To sleek his unruly thatch: Fitch's Gift Set. He'll be very proud to own this foursome of fine hair-fixers. 50c.



Merry Christmas from out Hollywood way. The House of Westmore presents a gift set of their super make-up. $1.

Whether he's been shaving for years, or new at it, this Tally-Ho Shaving trio will add zest to the chore. 59c.

Where are you going, my pretty Milk-maid Set? To brighten some lucky gal's Noel . . . two milk-base prettifiers. $1.75.

This cozy Ginger Spice House is fresh from story land . . . stuffed to the roof with Tussy's super toiletries. $3.00.

Keep it clean with Pro-phy-lac-tic's Whisker brush! This slim, efficient duster-offer is grand gifting at $1.

Gadget giftie, for a girl who might have a fainting spell. Shulton Smelling Salts in cute, quaint package, $1.

Santa Claus joins Uncle Sam! War Bonds and Stamps please everyone. Stamps 10c and up. Bonds from $18.75.

For the Modern Miss..

Keep your air-warden sister warm with a wool jersey shawl hood that tucks inside. $3.98.

"What would I REALLY like for Christmas?" queried Elizabeth Fraser, the blonde starlet who came to Hollywood for Columbia's "The Commandos Strike At Dawn," after highly prized Lunt and Fontanne stage experience. "I'd like lots for Christmas. But funny things you'd never even print. Two cocker spaniels, for instance. A light one named Mia and a dark one, Choura, for two of my Ballet friends. And six black dresses, all different. *A good part.* Books, especially those about Marie Antoinette. Russian Leather perfume. Oh yes—and my hair two inches longer!" Funny wishes? No. Just highly original.

Give a gay felt set in holiday red garlanded with green. Cap and mittens, $1.98; vest, $3.98.

If you adore culottes, you might ask the family to gift you with a pair like these shown on Elizabeth Fraser. They're fine for skating, so is the cotton poplin jacket.

The brushed rayon front makes the Jeep sweater vest a soft, furry-like gift. All for $3.50.

Practically out of this world, a pair of slipper socks with deer, for after skating. $2.98.

Clap your hands for mitts like these. A sturdy variety of the bunny family with red palms and thumbs. Only $1.

Maybe you happen to live up in the cold country where you ski like the rest of us walk, lucky you. If so, look closely at this warm quilted cotton jacket lined in red flannel.

How would you like to whirl on ice in a quilted dirndl skirt and brief bolero? Set, $12.95.

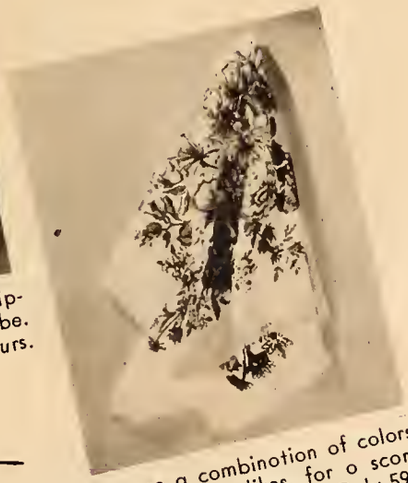
By Elizabeth Willguss

"Gee whiz, all for me!" will be your astonished whoops on Christmas morning when the packages come out from under the tree. But you won't be too surprised, for remember, you too, are keeping up the Christmas spirit. Even if it hurts. Even though so many are away from home. You want to do more, with less. For you start with War Stamps and Bonds. That takes cold cash, but what a present! From there you go on to others, all gaily wrapped, some taking more thought than money. Like a pair of rayon stockings from the 5 & 10. Or stacks of writing paper. They all count, for your heart goes with each gift.

For the girl who lives in suits, splurge on o populor winter white in o wool ond royon flonnel blouse. Toilored to o T, it will weor well, go with everything. $5.50 well spent.

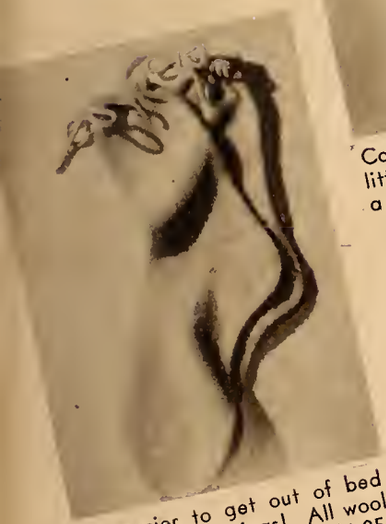
Use your own clever ideos to moke seoling wox jewelry gifts. Buy the bocking, poste on proper size cordboord, then shope up seoling wox, shelloc.

Crochet o poir of rug yorn bed slippers in o color to motch her robe. Takes two balls ond obout two hours.



Choose o combinotion of colors you know she likes, for o scorf to peep from her coot. Only 59c.

Could you soy "no" to such o pert little bao-boa block sheep? He's o non-priority lopel pin. For $1.



It's eosier to get out of bed these cold mornings! All wool bedsocks in pole pink. $1.25.

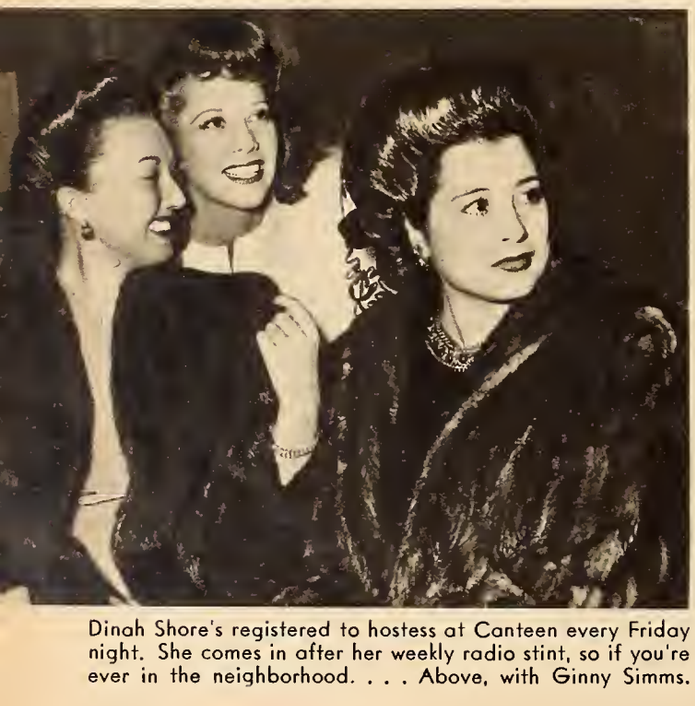
Feel its brushed royon softness, ond you won't resist this white bedjocket, o perfect gift. $2.98.

Give o light plaid flonnelette nightshirt to the girl who might freeze eosily. $2.98.

SEE PAGE 61

Laird Cregar and Marlene Dietrich were among hundreds of stars who turned out to entertain, wash dishes, wait table at H'wood Canteen opening. Marlene's enormously popular.

It was a great night for the brothers Dorsey when they tossed a reconciliation party at Palladium where J.'s playing. Judy and Mickey were on hand with congratulations.



Dinah Shore's registered to hostess at Canteen every Friday night. She comes in after her weekly radio stint, so if you're ever in the neighborhood. . . . Above, with Ginny Simms.

GOOD

Christmas comes to H'wood! Ann Sothern's adopting a dozen homeless soldiers. Furlonghing Ty Power's guesting fellow-marines on home-cooked turkey!

I'm dreaming of a White Christmas? Oh, no, I'm not! I'm dreaming of Christmas in Hollywood, which is never white, but golden with sunshine and scarlet with fields of poinsettias growing tall by the roadside, and green with the emerald of clipped lawns and the sparkling aquamarine of the Pacific rolling in to shore.

You don't think that sounds like a real Christmas, a holly-and-mistletoe, tom-and-jerry, fir-tree-and-fireplace Christmas?

Ah, but it is. It's a warm, sentimental, joyous Christmas if you could see inside the houses and under the roofs of the big movie studios. If you could see Irene Dunne standing on tiptoe to hide a present for little Mary Frances on the top shelf of a closet . . . if you could be there when Hedy Lamarr pins up her ebony hair, washer-woman fashion, and hangs little fawns and dolls and cookies on a Christmas tree for Jamesie . . . If you could see Ann Sothern opening Christmas packages with her family and a new family that she's never seen before—a dozen soldiers that she's "adopted" for the holidays.

It's easy for me to picture Hollywood on Christmas eve. No snow falling, but bright stars in the sky over the hills and a briskness in the air and red candle light in all windows of the town. At Mocambo, a few of the young set dancing to Jerome Kern tunes . . . ". . . you were never lovelier, you were never more fair" . . . before they go home to hang up their stockings. At The Players and in the brown booths at Mike Romanoff's, stars and directors and writers . . . Ernst Lubitsch, Maria Montez, Anatole Litvak, Gene Negulesco, Gene Towne, Jane Wyman, Ronald Reagan back for the holidays, Marlene Dietrich and her daughter . . . Toasting their friends and laughing with the warmth that Christmas always brings, and wishing each other a merry Christmas and a much better new year than this last one.

NEWS

By Dorothy Kilgallen

In the churches, night services and singing. On the streets, carols sung and whistled. And in the homes—well, I always come back to the homes, because that is where it is really Christmas.

If plans work out, it should be a wonderful holiday for Annabella Power. Tyrone's first liberty, after his weeks in boot camp, will be due at about Christmas time, and he is hopeful of being able to come home for the Christmas Eve celebrations of tree trimming with his mother and sister and Annabella's little daughter joining in.

Christmas day will find them holding open house for their friends . . . the Gary Coopers, the Charles Boyers, the Don Ameches. Tyrone will have some of the boys from the Marine Base at San Diego with him, and all the guests will sit around on the flowered chintz sofas and chairs in the green-walled French living room and eat turkey and ham and beaten biscuits, and drink eggnogg.

Joan Bennett will celebrate a family Christmas, as usual. Husband Walter Wanger and daughters Melinda and Diana will the tree on Christmas Eve, with friends dropping in to hel on Christmas Day the family will gather for a mid-day d which half a dozen service men will assist in gob gobbler.

Joan likes the old-fashioned kind of tree that childr big, green and gaudy. Hers is always set in the overlooking the garden, always ten feet tall and with the brightest colored ornaments she can fin

Irene Dunne and her husband, Dr. Francis Grift spend the kind of quiet Christmas eve that they years—tree-decorating, then delivering Christm friends in the neighborhood, then midnight Ma of the Blessed Sacrament.

They open their packages on Christmas morning, after breakfast, with the enthusiastic assistance of their little girl, Mary Frances, Irene's aunt, Miss Alice Henry, and the servants.

The Griffins, too, will invite soldiers and sailors to Christmas dinner. Apparently Hollywood is one town that won't let the boys be lonely on the loveliest day of the year.

It's always a double joy to celebrate the holidays in a house that has a small child in it—and (*Continued on following pag*

Two R. A. F. pilots couldn't take their eyes off Lana Turner, who felt haggard but didn't look it, after getting up at 6 A. M., toiling all day at the studio and dancing till 10:30!

President Bette Davis was nearly prostrate by the time Canteen premiere rolled around. Bleachers outside were piled high with stars paying $50 apiece for seats to glimpse soldiers and sailors!

[illegible] her Mrs. Phil

Hedy Lamarr's house has a little boy, Jamesie, who is just the age when a tree covered with glittering baubles is the most wonderful thing in the world.

High on a hill in Benedict Canyon, in her modest Early American home, Hedy trims her tree on Christmas eve—trims it the way trees were trimmed when she was a child in Europe. In those days her mother had made for her a doll house filled with miniature furniture and tiny toys, and every year throughout her childhood, this was placed under the tree at Christmas time. Hedy never wanted to play with the dolls or the toys, so she always hung them on the tree—cows, goats, fauns, everything—and she still clings to that memory. She decorates her tree with fancy cookies in odd shapes, and animals and chocolate rings which she strings on the tree with silver tinsel. Tauber recordings play on her phonograph on Christmas eve as she wraps her packages and hangs the ornaments, and quite often during the evening the voice of Hedy is lifted in joyous song.

Of course, Hedy always does things at the last minute (she's not the only one, is she?) so there is usually great confusion and much running all over town delivering presents and trying to find addresses for wires and cables. Hedy is very sentimental about this day, and she goes to great lengths to make doubly certain that no one has been forgotten—from the studio gateman to her own close family.

So you see, even if it's not a white Christmas . . . Christmas in Hollywood is very much like Akron or Kansas City where the land is powdered with snow and Santa comes in a sleigh.

Mood Indigo

It wasn't "career trouble" that ended the marriage of Ann Sheridan and George Brent, although that's what the formal statements announced—the rift was caused by the old jade-eyed monster that causes rifts wherever it appears, whether its victim are glamour-people or just Mr. and Mrs. Doakes of Iowa.

From the very beginning, close friends of the Brents hoped the marriage would last but feared it wouldn't, because fundamentally George and Ann are complete opposites Ann is friendly, gay, gregarious, not easily ruffled, never temperamental—and George is, to put it mildly, moody. More than that, as so often happens when people are madly in love, he was unreasonably jealous of Ann. Intimates report that when she would come home late for dinner after having been delayed at the studio, George would show anger. Frequently he would stop speaking to her and spend a whole evening sitting moodily in his chair, staring into space. He rarely shared her enthusiasm for friends.

So there you have it. Two nice people, but temperamentally they were East and West—and the twain never met.

Guess Who

An actress whose "American girl glamour" has made her one of the leading box office names has a most unusual notion of how

[illegible] o war rally at Beverly Wilshire Hotel, radio big bugs like Red [illegible]elton and Nelson Eddy discussed bigger and better war bond plug[illegible]ing. Nelse averages 9 women to every one man at his broadcasts!

to start a romance. When she sees a man she likes—in the studio commissary or at a party or even on the screen—she telephones a secretary in her agent's office and has her call the prospective beau with this message:

"Miss Big Shot will be in to you if you call her."

The method seldom fails, because most men are flattered by her attention and delighted to be seen with her at night clubs.

All but Stirling Hayden. Three long distance calls and two wires to him didn't produce any results, and when his marriage to Madeleine Carroll was announced she gave up the chase.

Helping Hand

The scope of Joan Crawford's charities has often been hinted at (not by her!), but probably even her closest friends have no idea how many times her slim, jeweled, gardenia-scented hand has reached out to help someone who was in trouble and despairing. And it is characteristic of Joan that she doesn't just make out a check and call it a good work; anything she does for anyone has the personal touch—her own warm sympathy, her own fine tact.

For years, Joan has reserved a room in a Hollywood hospital —and with it, a physician's services—by the year, so that she could at any time help some less fortunate film worker. Just one of these was a girl who was having her first baby shortly after her husband had gone into the army. Joan telephoned her and said: "My dear, I don't want to intrude upon you in any way, but I would like to take the responsibility of your physician and hospitalization. I have a doctor on an annual fee, and I keep a room at the hospital—it would be foolish to waste them."

Somehow, as the young mother-to-be could tell you, those heartfelt words over a telephone wire had no resemblance to the cold voice of Charity.

Shorts

Betty Grable can't take it—not when "it" is a corset like grandmama used to wear! The super-streamlined Betty, who never wears corset, girdle or even two-way stretch in private life, suffered the tortures of the mauve decade when she was done up in an old-fashioned lace corset for "Coney Island." In the middle of a scene in which she had to quarrel violently with George Montgomery, Betty suddenly ran out of breath and spoiled the shot. She had to be excused from the set for 10 minutes while a wardrobe girl loosened the corset so she could breathe. Betty's awfully glad she was born in the Twentieth century!

Comedian Georgie Jessel is quite sure that his ex-wife, Lois Andrews will be a big star before long—and that's what her studio thinks, too. Georgie still sends Lois wires signed "Love"—but let me finish. They say "Love to the Baby."

One popular screen couple was so serious about keeping their marriage a secret (when they had the press in doubt) that they submitted to being tossed out (*Continued on following page*)

Tell your doughboy to scoot over to the corner of Cahuengo and Sunset whenever he's in H'wood. Canteen's open from 6-12 P.M. week nights. 2-8 P.M. Sundays. Serves up such dishes as Roz Russell!

Eddie Cantor em-ceed opening ceremonies, while hostesses like Greer Garson served food and danced. Painters and carpenters as well as topnotch artists who did wall murals, wouldn't take a cent.

Proceeds from Canteen premiere amounted to $10,000 which will keep boys well-fitted with coffee and doughnuts. Ann Sothern and Bob Sterling watched nationally broadcast entertainment.

During Hedy Lamarr's and Kay Kyser's N. J. tour, she gave her corsage to local girls who'd sold the most bonds. War Activities Committee of Motion Picture industry netted $838,000,000 for Uncle S.

of a Gloucester, Mass., inn rather than admit they were man and wife.

Ann Rutherford is as sought-after as she is pretty, and naturally she likes to go out dancing (if she can sandwich a few hours in between her war bond selling and camp show performances) on dates with boys her own age, so of course she's been linked romantically with many young lads, from Mickey Rooney to David May. But you notice that none of those "romances" ended at the altar. And although Ann's friendship with Jack Converse, heir to a large drug store fortune, undoubtedly will cause a lot of speculation, I prefer to believe Ann when she says it's just a "gin rummy friendship." I'd make a bet that they won't marry.

Because no matter who's taking up Ann's time and columnists' space, her heart belongs to someone in the U. S. Army Air Corps.

Lamour amour

No Hollywood star ever had worse luck with Romeos than Dorothy Lamour. Maybe because she always picked handsome, glamour boy types to fall in love with. But you can take it from me that Dorothy has really grown smart and GROWN UP. Her current heart is a very high officer in the Navy, an older man and someone who is completely different from any of her former beaux. The romance, which has been kept quiet for various reasons, has outlasted most of her other attachments already—and I believe, as do those who know Dottie best, that this is one Lamour amour that will wind up in marriage. And aren't most of Hollywood's permanent marriages those in which older, more conservative men play the husband roles? Look at Irene Dunne and Claudette Colbert, for instance. Maybe Dottie has decided they have the right combination.

Love in Hollywood

Miriam is one of the loveliest young starlets who ever visited Hollywood from Broadway—pretty face, perfect figure, plenty of talent. No wonder her charm caught the heartstrings of a famous and high-salaried star at the studio where she got her first chance in pictures—and no wonder he lost no time in marrying her.

She was the happiest girl in the world when she floated to the altar on Martin's arm. She was in love, and to make life perfect she was on the brink of success—she thought.

Miriam didn't know that by marrying the man she adored she was dooming her career in pictures.

Perhaps even you can't guess what happened. You might think, very logically, that marrying a big star would *help* a girl's career—that the studio which owned them both would give her bigger and better roles, especially since she so honestly deserved them.

But just the opposite happened.

Miriam was given smaller parts, in lesser pictures. You don't see her very often on the screen now, and when you do, you don't see much of her.

Oh, she works, all right! And when she's not before the cameras, she's taking vocal lessons and dancing lessons and diction lessons and dramatic lessons, fitting herself for stardom. And the producers encourage her and compliment her and pick up her option each time it is due and pay her a fat salary every week and send out a few pictures of her in bathing suit poses—but let's face it, she's no longer a rising young starlet. She's a static young starlet.

The reason for this is extremely simple—to the studio bosses. They know Martin adores her. They know that in Hollywood when a girl becomes a big star, her head often is turned by flattery and the adulation of millions. They know that when a wife becomes bigger box office than her husband, it's the beginning of the end. They realize (because it's happened before in Cinemaland) that if Martin's home life were unhappy, his work in pictures would suffer. They don't want his work in pictures to suffer because that would mean they would lose money. It's as easy as A,B,C.

And it's why Miriam, who is so beautiful and so talented will never become a star.

But you can't print that. Miriam has just been given an assignment in a new picture, and she's thrilled beyond belief—she's so sure this is the 18-karat golden opportunity, the key to stardom. . . . Besides, maybe the mercenary studio moguls are doing her a favor. Maybe, even in Hollywood, a happy marriage is worth more *than your name in lights.*

Good News About Joe Cotten

"Say, Mr. Cotten," you remark in a conversational way to Joseph Cotten, whom Orson Welles has recently been starring all over the place, "Mr. Cotten, how often do you have your hair cut?" "Not nearly often enough," says Mr. Cotten, "oh, not nearly often enough." He advises similar procedure for all his feminine acquaintances. On them, he thinks long hair is wonderful. But don't mention long scarlet nails. He faints at the thought. We'll bet the first girl he ever kissed didn't have long red nails, did she, Joe? Who was the first girl you ever kissed anyway? "The first girl I ever kissed," drawls Joe (evading the issue of "who" very neatly), "was sitting with me in the back of a Dodge touring car, and the owner of the car was fixing a flat out by the front lights. But," he says thoughtfully, "the biggest crush I ever had was on Carmen Miranda!" . . . Enough for your love-life, sir—Now we approach the career. Tell us, what method did you study in dramatic school? "The eliminate-the-Southern-accent-method I guess you'd call it." O. K., how did you feel when you first saw yourself on the screen? "I felt," says Joe, "like Sunday morning. After one of those great big Saturday nights." Have you any bad stage habits, Mr. Cotten? "Yes," he admits, "I put my hands in my pockets and my nails in my mouth." Maybe *you* can figure that one out? He also admits that he loves soup, milk, Bach and large dogs. Well, one figures, that stuff is very fascinating, but the gentleman is this above all, an actor, so-o. "Mr. Cotten," you inquire, putting the burning question to him, "Is there any role you're simply dying to play?" You wait anxiously for his answer, from the depths of his artistic soul. Mr. Cotten looks at you coolly. "No," he says.

More Shorts

Friends are rooting for the Mickey Rooney-Ava Gardner reconciliation. They hope the thing that caused the rift—Mickey's rudeness, or to put it as kindly as possible, his carelessness—won't crop up again. Mickey had a habit of ignoring Ava in conversations, walking in and out of places ahead of her and generally omitting the little courteous attentions that brides expect. Everyone feels that if Mickey minds his manners the honeymoon will last indefinitely . . . Isn't it wonderful that Rosalind Russell is expecting a baby? You can count on Mrs. Carl Brisson to make a Grade A mama . . . Ah, unhappy Errol Flynn! He was all ready to launch his book, giving Hollywood a going-over, when a district attorney named Dockweiler stepped forward with some unsavory charges and gave him ditto. Errol was also seeking a job overseas as a war correspondent when he became the subject of the biggest Hollywood furore since Mary Astor's diary was being read over the breakfast tables of America . . . Hedy Lamarr may be interested to know that Dottie Lamour's best girl friend during her last visit to New York, a lass who hails from Hollywood but is a non-professional, has the same surname as Hedy, although she admits she's no relation. You should see the eyebrows lift when Dorothy introduces the girl to table hoppers as "Miss Lamarr."

Sugar Puss

Veronica Lake has flipped over a new leaf—and the results are as charming as they are astonishing.

It's no secret to those in the know that when she first skyrocketed to fame, Veronica

(Continued on page 80)

Honorary Captains Rita Hayworth and Betty Grable arrived in an army jeep at the Leading Men versus Comedians football game. Betty may tour with Glenn Miller's ork, if 20th-Fox consents, and glamorous Rita's being cast as the mother of a 21-year-old, in her next film!

"MY SOLDIER"

(*Continued from page 27*)

herself with not a soul to help her.

Next time she went to see Ronnie, he told her candidly what she looked like. "Have some sense, honey. You've got just so much energy. You can't let your job or the war work slide. So what's left?"

"The house," said Jane meekly.

The next maid, however, seemed okay, and a good thing, too, since Jane was scheduled to leave on a bond tour September 9th. On Saturday the 6th, just as she was finishing her last scene for "Princess O'Rourke," came a call from the Victory Committee.

"Plans are changed. You're leaving tomorrow."

"But I've got no clean clothes," she wailed. "That's on the level. My laundress doesn't come till Monday."

"Then you'll have to go dirty. Unless you want to fly."

She couldn't fly. She and Ronnie'd made a pact never to fly except together. War had voided the pact for Ronnie, but not for Jane.

She couldn't fly, so she dashed home, spent a couple of hours trying to locate her secretary who was going along, finally tracked her down and helped her pack. In the midst of her own packing, the maid came in. She was quitting.

"Why?" asked Jane with the calm of despair.

"I'm fixin' to have a nervous breakdown."

"Don't you feel well?"

"No'm, I feel all right."

"Then how do you know you're having a nervous breakdown."

"Somebody tole me."

Jane couldn't argue, cajole or bribe her out of it. Now what to do? How could she leave the nurse alone with the baby and no help? Nanny wasn't worried. "We'll find a way. Don't upset yourself. Remember your ulcer." (Jane's nonexistent ulcer is a family gag. "Don't annoy me," she says when she gets annoyed. "Remember my ulcer.")

Betty Kaplan, her dearest friend, is a tower of strength in all crises. She told Jane to go in peace. She'd find a maid Monday morning. When Jane phoned from Chicago three days later, Nanny said the new maid cooked like an angel, cleaned like a demon, and the baby loved her. With that off her mind, Jane went to work.

three winks . . .

She'd been scheduled for a three-week tour, but Rita Hayworth fell ill, and Jane had to take over her stint in Kentucky. Those four weeks were a jumble of hot Southern towns, speeches, luncheons, official dignitaries, hospitable people, more speeches, standing on capitol steps, catching trains at all hours, living on fruit juices, tea and toast because in the whirl solid food upset her—and more speeches.

She and Johnny Payne worked together. They established a system of winks, which meant good, very good and super, thereby boosting morale and keeping each other on their toes. Jane would auction off songs from John and vice versa. How much will you lend Uncle Sam to hear John sing? Then she'd sell her earrings or compact or cigarette case. Not to be outdone, John would pull off his necktie and sell that. The auctions went over big. Of course people would have bought anyway, but this made it a

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says *Arleen Whelan*

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Jergens Lotion for Soft, Adorable HANDS

Compare Your Handwriting with Bette Davis's

by Shirley Spencer

Forthright Bette Davis has a handwriting which matches her directness. Her writing has a stiff, square look, and it stands up straight and unyielding. Bette is cool and deliberate as indicated by the slow speed, heavy pressure and upright slant. She is not easily swayed by emotional considerations, but stands detached, viewing a situation and making up her mind. Her even spacing and rather large script assures us that she will be fair and tolerant as she sees it.

People who have reduced their letter formations to a straight, simple, unadorned stroke, and whose strokes end without benefit of a rounded terminal or slight extension of the last stroke are considered rather abrupt in speech. You will note that the "e" terminal is shortened, and there just isn't any curved terminal stroke to finish off the "s," as most of us normally write it. Miss Davis is a New Englander, and she has the typical Yankee habit of giving a "short answer." I was born not far from her birthplace and knew Miss Davis before Hollywood beckoned, so I can appreciate this characteristic taciturn answer.

Those who write this severe, large, plain vertical writing can't be pushed around easily. They are stubborn, determined, set in their habits and proceed at their own pace in their own individual way. They hate pretentiousness and so are likely to lean over backwards in being honest till it hurts.

kind of parade, says Jane, and we all love a parade.

A few diverting memories stand out. The official she sat next to who didn't get to see many movies but had loved "Brother Rat." The benevolence with which he then inquired: "And what pictures have *you* been in, Miss Wyman?" The master of ceremonies who thanked her and John for coming, then asked the audience to remain seated "while our friends pass out." The day she had chills and fever, and under the necessity of a quick recovery so she could make the next town, went to a hospital for treatment. The nurse who shook her out of her first sound sleep in days. "I've got to close the window. There's an alert."

"Let 'em bomb me," Jane muttered, rolling over.

But the experience she'll never forget —nor probably will any of those who shared it with her—happened in Augusta. Jane tells of her own reaction to that experience. The general reaction was described in a letter written to a friend by Major Henry Fine, Intelligence Officer at Daniel Field. Here's what he said:

". . . Both Wyman and Payne did a job, the like of which I have never seen. . . . When a girl can get up in front of a microphone and put across a message in such a way as to bring tears to the eyes of a hardboiled general who prides himself on being a 'dirt soldier,' she's done something, and that's what Jane Wyman did with General Barton.

"And that isn't all. I watched the audience at this million-dollar luncheon closely and, so help me, fifty percent of those people were crying or on the verge of tears. Not the tears that come from being sorry for oneself, but from realization that a war is on, realization of what the future may bring—the kind of realization that created in them the will to get things done."

Jane can't explain just how it happened. There was a military sort of banners-and-trumpets feeling about the whole luncheon. In addition to the people who'd bought a million dollars worth of bonds for the privilege of attending, there were boys home on furlough. John's brother, Lieutenant Ralph Payne, sat at Jane's right. General Barton was seated between her and John. They all rose for the blessing, which was followed by the "Star Spangled Banner." Then a group of marines, bearing the colors, marched in and took their positions in front of the General. Jane felt a sudden tightness in her throat.

She can't explain about the General either, except that he seemed to typify the army spirit. He looked as you expect an army man to look, talked and acted like one—the kind of man, the kind of army on which you can rest your faith. He spoke to the gathering, not about bonds, but about the job the armed forces have to do. He spoke simply and briefly, but his quiet words carried more persuasion than a ton of oratory. When, concluding, he said: "What America makes up her mind to do, she'll do," there was a moment's tribute of silence before the roar broke out. Jane and John looked across him at each other and, by one instinct, exchanged the super-wink. He was in, he was one of them, they'd adopted the General.

Jane's turn came next. As she rose, her brain was in a whirl. What to say that wouldn't be anticlimax? She couldn't let the General or the army down.

Somehow the words came. From her introduction, she swung into her theme. "Many of us seem to have the idea," said Jane, "that Uncle Sam asks this money for himself. He doesn't. He asks it for you and me. You have jobs and homes and children. So have I. We want to keep them.

Her eye caught the flags grouped before her. "You see all these beautiful colors. One of them we call Old Glory. It's made of ordinary material. The stuff in this dress I have on is probably more expensive. But we stand when Old Glory passes, we applaud when we see it on the screen, we cheer when it waves. Because it stands for our country, for Washington and Lincoln and all the men who died to keep us free—it stands for our jobs and homes and children and the way we want to live. If Old Glory goes down, we go down with it. It never has gone down, you may say, it never can. That's what France said.

"I have a husband who's in the air force. He was stationed at a point of embarkation. I was allowed to visit him, and one day I stood with him on the docks and watched the boys go off. Soon I noticed something. As they reached the top of the gangplank, each of them turned to take a long look at the skyline. You didn't have to be smart to know what they were thinking: when would they see an American skyline again?

"I said to my husband: 'I can't stand it—'

"His face was a little grim. 'You've got to stand it,' he said. 'They're well-trained for their job. They know what they have to do.'

"Out of that came a solution for me. The only way I could stand it was to know what *I* had to do, and do it with all my strength. Those boys—maybe your own among them—were going up that gangplank for this town and my town and all the towns of America, to do a job we've sent them out to do. There's just one question we need to ask ourselves. Are we doing our job as well?"

Johnny, says Jane, was on the beam. He took it from where she left off, and carried it on. When he sat down, Jane got to her feet again. She knew they'd bought bonds or they wouldn't be here. But if they wanted to hear John sing "Molly Malone," they'd have to buy more. She bid Molly up to thirty thousand.

"I guarantee," grinned John, "that the song isn't worth it. But you've got something else for your money on which you can't lose."

Then they asked Jane to sing. Her eyes widened like a baby's whose candy you've snatched. "For nothing?" John called the bids. When he'd got as much as the traffic seemed able to bear, Jane turned to the pianist, who started "Not Mine" in a Lily Pons key. Our Jane isn't one to let opportunity slip. Having sung the first two lines, she slid to a halt. "If somebody's got a thousand bucks," she said sweetly, "I'll start this over again in the right key."

We have a hunch that before the affair was over, the General had adopted Jane and John.

She lost fourteen pounds on the tour, but renewed her sense of values. Stewing over trifles was out. Being Jane, she took one look at her furniture and started shoving furniture around.

"Here we go again," sighed Nanny. "A minute ago you were too tired to move."

"Well, look, if I use up just enough energy to get this divan where it belongs, we'll win the war anyway, won't we, Nanny?"

She found her lawn a wreck, blighted by Persian moss. Being Jane, she moaned: "All the way from Persia it had to come to pick on my lawn." But what would have been calamity last year was a mere incident now. Anyway, Ronnie, home for a week-end while she'd been gone, had planted three trees and some sweet peas and bougainvillea to make her feel better.

The crucial test came three days later, when the maid took her Thursday off and never showed again. Jane was scheduled to start "Crime by Night" the following Monday. "So what?" said the new Jane Wyman. "So we'll eat cake."

Maureen's broken leg was another matter. The baby inherits Jane's energy. Playing ring-around-a-rosy too hard, she turned giddy, fell, and couldn't get up again. It took almost twenty-four hours to locate the injury. Hearing a baby whimper through the night in bewildered pain, cry "Nap, nap" because she wanted to sleep and couldn't, would be too much for any mother's philosophy. Ronnie tried to comfort her over the phone. "It's just another bead in your rosary, honey. Ten years from now you'll be saying, 'Remember when Maureeny was twenty-one months old and broke her leg?'"

Just the same, she noticed that he spent half his next leave hovering over the crib. "Little beebee with the broken wing," he called his child, to her intense gratification. Twenty times a day she'd pull down the covers to show off her plaster cast, crooning "Pooor Murmur," Murmur being her version of Maureen. According to Jane, she's the world's biggest ham anyway, primps before mirrors and pulls the ribbons off her topknot if it doesn't suit her. "Murmur sing," she offers, though nobody's asked her to sing. Mention one trick, and she'd go straight through the bag, then start from scratch unless firmly interfered with.

Naturally, when Ronnie comes home, it's a holiday but a quiet one. Just being there, just having him there, is enough. He's a very sentimental guy, says his wife, and like an old dog about this house they moved into only three weeks before he left. You can sort of see him curling himself up, laying his head on his paws, and feeling good. It's the place he belongs to, the place where he wants to live and die.

He jumps out of the car, walks to the front door and looks down. He'd stand for hours, if Jane let him, looking down at the dimmed-out city and marveling at himself. "I'm a genius," he says. "Only a genius could have dug up a spot like this."

Walk into the living room, and you don't wonder that he wants to live and die there. It's the kind of room which invites body and soul. Pine walls, brick fireplace. "Paper and paint make a house," says Jane. "Brick and wood make a home." The decorator wanted the walls painted off-white. Jane wanted them stained.

"It's unethical," said the decorator.

"I don't know what's unethical, but I know what I like."

"Then please never say I had anything to do with this house."

"Okay," agreed Jane and mixed the stain herself.

A round table and tall Windsor chairs —for gin rummy, no doubt—are set within the huge corner window which brings Genius Reagan's view practically into the room. An alcove at the opposite end gives a lovely touch of irregularity. Firelight plays over chintz and eighteenth-century mahogany, over china and copper and books on their built-in shelves. The rose-gray hangings are patterned in birds and flowers of red and chartreuse. Jane's crazy for red. From an exquisite corner cabinet gleams an equally exquisite tea-set. It was the last to come over from England, and the shop saved it for Mary Benny because it matched her room. Knowing her friend's passion for red and for teapots, Mary gave it to Jane

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What stories and features did you enjoy most in our January issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at right of the titles of your 1st, 2nd, 3rd choices.

"My Soldier" by Jane Wyman ..... ☐

When Love Died (Sheridan-Brent) .. ☐

The Stars Make Up Their Christmas Lists ..... ☐

Yank in the U. S. N. (Stack) ..... ☐

Jeep Girl (Hayworth) ..... ☐

1943—What Will It Bring to Johnny Payne, Betty Grable, Lana Turner, Alan Ladd, etc. ..... ☐

Sonja Tells It to a Marine (Henie) .. ☐

"Thunder Birds" ..... ☐

Good News ..... ☐

Which one of the above did you like LEAST? .....

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3 in order of preference .....

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Carry Lechler's VELVETIZE in your pocketbook, use it any time, anywhere. So easy and clean—odorless—no muss, no bother—nothing to wash off. NOT a depilatory. Comes in a smart pastel compact. Effective on chin, cheeks, upper lip, arms and legs. No stubby regrowth. Enough for FULL SEASON'S USE! Send name and address today, enclose only $1, we pay postage, or C. O. D. plus few cents postage. Sent by return mail in sealed plain wrapper.
Lechler's VELVATIZE
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as a Christmas gift last year. (This year she'll get a bond.)

All the colors blend into a harmony of bright and mellow. It's a room you love to walk into and hate to get out of. It's a room that looks as if happy people live there. It was built the way Ronnie wanted it. By good luck, Jane wanted it the same way. She makes it a point to have a surprise for him every time he comes home, if it's only some broken-down ash-tray from a second-hand shop. The game is for him to go prowling till he spots it.

"poooor duck" . . .

They play with the baby till bedtime. She rides the length of the room on Ronnie's back, clutching neck or collar or hair, whichever comes handiest, and thinks he's a bucking bronco. They watch Nanny bathe her and feed her and put her to bed. Sometimes Ronnie takes over all three jobs. The toys ranged on the couch in her room include the huge plush panda, which was Ronnie's first gift to Jane. On one wall hang four pictures, telling the sad story of the nosey bear who opened what didn't belong to him, and out popped a jack-in-the-box and hit him in the nose. Murmur can hardly wait for the end, because that's where *she* comes in with her "Poooor duck!"

That brings them to the singing routine. Ronnie carols Irish folk-songs, which Murmur seems to find as soothing as Jane's lullabies. This is followed by prayers in which Nanny must join. All three kneel beside the crib, Maureen folds her hands, and Jane says, "Now I lay me—"

After which her daughter takes the spotlight—asking God to bless dada, mama, nama—that's grandma—nanny, Uncle Moon—that's Ronnie's brother Neal—Deedee (her girl friend), bow-wow, yah-yah—that's the kitten and don't ask me why—and finally, rather louder than the rest, God bless Murmur. That's all. That means good night, and no fooling. They go downstairs. If she fusses, she has to fuss alone. They know she's all right.

Through maidless intervals, if she's not working, Jane prepares the meal. To hear her tell it, she gets by only because Ronnie, the lamb, doesn't know enough to kick and will cheerfully swallow any concoction, so long as it's something without tomatoes. If she has all day and makes a superhuman effort, she can fix a roast, n.g.a.—no guarantees attached.

Ronnie loves pork chops, stuffed with corn and baked. So Jane betook herself to the butcher, whom she regards as a kind of culinary encyclopedia.

"Well, you just stuff 'em, put 'em in a pan, stick 'em in the oven, and there you are."

"You're a great help," said Jane.

"Look, Mrs. Reagan, why don't you get yourself a cook book?"

It didn't work out, though. Trouble was, she picked the House and Garden Cook Book at random. "If I went by that," she snorted, "I'd be broke in a week." So she generally falls back on another of Ronnie's favorites—macaroni and cheese—with which she serves a tossed salad, using beets, carrots and squash from their own garden. Their beans died on the vine, so she has to buy those. Dessert's the old reliable devil's-food-smothered-in-chocolate-pudding. She wishes someone could tell her how to keep things hot between kitchen and dining room. "What do people do? Stick a fire under the table?"

They rarely go out. If they do, it's to someone's house, or their friends come to them. A big night out means going to a picture show. When Jane's alone, life is still quieter. Because of the baby, she likes to get in before dark, in case of an alert. Once in a while she'll do the town with Ann Sheridan. Which means dining at the Tropics, then going straight home. Ann hasn't had too easy a time of it these last months, though you'd never learn that from Jane. "I'm not funny," she'll assure you, "but Annie thinks I am. I simply slay Annie. With an audience like that, what ham wouldn't knock herself out?" Which is her way of saying she hated Ann's being unhappy, and gets a bang out of hearing her laugh.

chin up . . .

Most of the time she's too tired for anything but a book in bed. Either she's been to a meeting, or she's got to be up at five-thirty next morning for work. Night clubs are out. Nobody dresses formally any more. Instead of clothes, you buy bonds.

The old world is gone, and you're glad it's gone, says Jane, especially if your man's in the army. It gives you a sense of sharing the exactions of his new world. You don't want to have fun while he's having troubles. Doing *your* honest best to bring the end of the war closer, you're bringing him closer. She's sure every war wife and sweetheart feels the same way. "Because every man," observes Jane, "is a Reagan to his girl."

If he's not, she thinks he should be. Jane has one simple cure-all for any friend whose marriage is going wrong.

"What that dame needs is a guy like Ronnie."

"How many are there?"

Her answer's somewhat inconsistent. "Only one," she agrees, adding firmly: "And *I've* got him."

IS YOUR BIRTHDAY BETWEEN NOVEMBER 23 AND DECEMBER 21?
Perhaps you and Deanna Durbin have other things in common—

When you see Deanna Durbin, you're looking at the eternal youth and buoyant spirits of Sagittarius, sign of all those born November 23 through December 21. By song, by laughter, by sympathy with others, or just by being around, the Sagittarian makes the world a better place to live in. It's the most unselfish sign of all; delights in doing things for others and in living as if the brotherhood of man were a reality on the face of the earth. Sagittarian girls are among the most popular in the world because, with or without romance, they win the sympathy and love of friends of both sexes. Deanna doesn't have to act very much when she's befriending some unfortunate or smiling out at the audience. To be friendly, to sing, to laugh is life to her. Love must come to a Sagittarian through friendship, it must have roots deeper than surface glamour. For the laughter of the Sagittarian is not frivolous. It's the laughter that knows life can be kept fun forever by friendship and love and all the thousands of things that Sagittarius explores with high courage, in the faith that being happy is the best thing God wants of men and women on earth.

SONJA TELLS IT TO A MARINE

(*Continued from page 41*)

"Say, just a minute, Skatey—"

"Oh, Den. Come quick. Dinner's ready. Steak and onions and avocado salad and—"

Thenceforward, the Toppings were a foursome. The dogs went everywhere. When one of them died this spring, Sonja was disconsolate. Just mooned around for days. Dan stood it as long as he could, then appeared one Sunday with a new dog in tow. "Here," he said embarrassedly—he's not much on the beau gestes—"is a new dog. I must be crazy." The new one turned out not to be a miniature at all. He's colossal and not quite bright, and he eats them out of house and home. But S. H. thinks he's wonderful, and she doesn't moon around any more. So Dan figures "Rinky" is a pretty superior animal.

topping week-end . . .

"Rinky misses Den," says Sonja. "He keeps looking for him around corners. Me, too."

She finds him—of all places—in Washington every single week-end she can get away. These very festive dates begin on Saturday afternoon and last till Sunday night. There's always a tiff or two, a couple of champagne cocktails and a good bit of talk about feet. Eventually, Sonja will crack under the last. "Don't let's talk more about your feet, please. They hurt, and I'm sorry, and that's the end. No more feet for one hour."

"Okay. Introduce a topic."

"Well—how about Johnny Payne?"

Dan will look down his high cheekbones at her and grin. "Go ahead, small fry. Rhapsodize."

Then around nine, there's a good-by kiss, and he hops a train back to the base, and she grabs one back to Indianapolis or Chicago or wherever her ice show is. "It's no good," she says, "being a week-end wife with the whole rest of the time kind of blank. That I don't like at all. I like to be busy, busy, busy."

So, b'gad, she is. Last year she promised Dan to stay home this winter. He hates her tours with a deadly hate, and to quell him she agreed to be just plain Mrs. Topping this year. But with him away, they've agreed that the tour is the ticket. "It'll keep you out of mischief," he says.

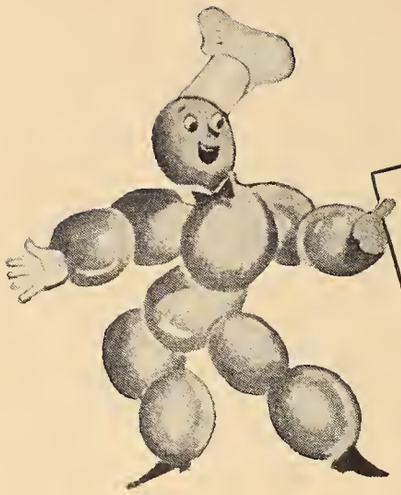
Anyway it'll keep her out of hock. Those tours produce something over a million dollars every year. Not that she doesn't work like crazy for it. It's not just a case of getting into a dreamy costume and whipping out on the ice, you know. It's quite a grind.

She always rehearses her show in Indianapolis, where she owns a building equipped with a tremendous rink, dressing rooms, steam cabinets and everything she needs. Rehearsals begin early in October and are nine to six propositions. Sonja keeps the rink for herself in the morning, and at twelve the cast takes over. There's sort of a carnival air about them. They josh and take time out for sodas and panic each other doing phony falls. Mostly, they skate, and because they're so completely relaxed they're usually very terrific.

The first couple of days they take it kind of easy because, like Sonja, a lot of them lay off during the summer, and their muscles aren't quite on the beam. When they come off the ice, there's a

(*Continued on page 66*)

Brenda Marshall, star of Warner Bros. picture "YOU CAN'T ESCAPE FOREVER"



PRESENTING CRANBERRIES

in unique and colorful roles

By Marjorie Deen

Janet Blair, of "My Sister Eileen" fame, comes through with ideas for novel Christmas tree decorations that are "Something to Shout About"!

Learn how you can use one of these three sugar substitutes in making this vitamin-rich relish or a favorite cranberry recipe of your own.

Vivacious Columbia star Janet Blair, now being referred to as one of Hollywood's luckiest discoveries, was once known as Altoona's most talented child! A very versatile girl indeed is Janet who, in addition to her singing and dancing talents, paints quite skillfully in both water colors and oils.

Recently she found a new way to express her color sense in the form of Christmas tree decorations which feature the gay seasonable red of fresh cranberries combined with the snowy white of lace paper doilies!

Janet feels sure that many people will be interested in these ideas of hers, this year. "Think of the money you would save, with which to buy war stamps," she sagely suggested as she described them to me. Well if you're one of those who have already given some serious consideration to "making your own" for this or other reasons, you'll surely appreciate the timely tips given by Janet which will quickly turn easy-to-procure items into the cute tree trimmings that she so proudly displays at the left. Here's how!

CHRISTMAS BOUTONNIERES

Supply yourself with fresh, firm red cranberries. Purchase spool wire—which is still available in many places although you may have to go to more than one store to find it. At your local Five-and-Ten purchase an assortment of lace paper doilies in the "cocktail"—4-inch—size.

Cut the wire into 6-inch lengths. String cranberries on each wire, leaving about ¾-inch of free wire at each end. Loop several of these decorated wires, gather together and put the free ends through the center of a paper doily. Bend cranberries so that the effect you achieve is that of an old-fashioned bouquet of flowers in a lace-edged frill.

RED AND WHITE STRINGS

Thread a large-eyed needle with heavy linen thread, cut to the desired length. String on cranberries and popcorn, alternately, and drape over the branches of your tree.

LOOPED CHAINS

Buy rolls of shelf paper—the shiny, washable kind that comes in white and pastel colors. At the Five-and-Ten you should also be able to find gold and silver paper. Cut papers into narrow short strips. Then put the kids to work fashioning these into chains, as they did in kindergarten, by pasting the first strip together, looping and pasting the next one through it and so on, until you have a chain of the desired length. Chains may be all silver or gold, gold and white, metal and pastels or any combination you choose to have. However, a certain uniformity—rather than hit-or-miss combinations—will make for a more pleasing general effect.

CORNUCOPIAS

Using the same shelf and metal-colored papers as you did for the looped chains, cut out 14-inch circles. Cut each of

these into quarters and roll the quarters into cornucopia shape. Glue side "seams" securely before decorating cornucopias with stars, dots and Christmas seals. Put each cornucopia through a hole cut in the center of a paper doily, so that the lace edge of doily forms a ruffled "collar" around the cornucopia about ½-inch below the top. Hang from tree on loops of spool wire and fill with little hard candies.

Bake Gingerbread Men, too, to hang on your tree. They're easy to make and sugar savers, too—thanks to the large amount of healthful molasses used as sweetening. Turn them out the week before Christmas, store them away carefully in an air-tight box; then let them march forth in style to delight the young in heart as well as the young in years!

GINGERBREAD MEN

2¾ cups flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon ginger
1 teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon cloves
⅔ cup pure New Orleans molasses
⅓ cup brown sugar
1 egg, beaten
½ cup melted shortening

Sift together flour, baking powder, salt and spices. Mix molasses with brown sugar, egg and melted shortening. Add sifted dry ingredients to make a soft dough. Chill 1 hour. Shape as follows:

Much the easiest way—and therefore the one we recommend—is to shape them right on the cookie sheet. Take a piece of gingerbread dough and roll with the hands into a ball. Place on cookie sheet and flatten out to form a 2-inch long body.

Then take a piece of dough about half the size of the first piece and roll into long round strips for arms and legs and place on the body. Roll and flatten out a 1-inch ball of dough for the head. Press all edges together firmly. Use cranberries or cloves for eyes and nose. Bake in moderately hot oven (375° F.) for 12 minutes. When baked, decorate with a line of plain sugar icing for the mouth. Make a small necklace of cranberries for each, then tie a string or ribbon through the necklace, with which to hang each fine fellow on the tree.

And here are some sugar saving suggestions for you to file away carefully, so that you will have them handy when you prepare cranberries for the table rather than for the tree! Note that these same proportions are used in the Cranberry Relish that follows—a fine tasting, fine appearing concoction that requires no cooking and that will keep well for several weeks in a covered jar in the refrigerator.

CRANBERRY SUGAR SAVING SUGGESTIONS

MAPLE OR CORN SYRUP: For each cup of sugar, up to half the sugar called for in recipe: substitute 1 cup maple or corn syrup. For each cup of syrup used, reduce liquid ¼ cup.

HONEY: For each cup of sugar, up to half the sugar called for in your recipe: substitute ½ cup honey. For each ½ cup of honey used, reduce liquid 2 tablespoons.

CRANBERRY ORANGE RELISH

2 oranges
4 cups fresh cranberries
1 cup sugar
1 cup maple or corn syrup, or
½ cup honey

Quarter whole oranges, remove seeds and put through food chopper, skins and all. Put cranberries through food chopper. Combine fruits, add sugar and stated amount of sugar substitute. Chill in refrigerator several hours before serving.

"See that woman?—I'd swear she buys a different laundry soap every week."

"Know how she buys?—She comes in and asks me, *'Which one's having a sale today?'* So I tell her and out she goes, pleased as Punch, with a bagful of bargains. . . . And next week she's back again —buying somebody else's soap."

What's a bargain...in soap?

"Some day she'll try Fels-Naptha Soap and she'll be done with all that. Instead of saving pennies here, she'll save dollars at home —you wait and see."

YOUR GOVERNMENT SAYS

EAT NUTRITIONAL FOOD

Meat, poultry, and fish give us protein which we need for growth and repair of muscles and other body tissues. Protein from animal sources is the best quality for this purpose. Beans, soybeans, peas, and nuts are also good sources of protein and, because they are easy to get and inexpensive, may contribute a large share of the protein in low-cost meals.

Economical cuts of meat and fish are just as good for you as the more expensive items, and with care in preparation are just as appetizing.

Helen S. Mitchell

Principal Nutritionist,
Office of Defense Health and
Welfare Services

Every day, eat this way

MILK and MILK PRODUCTS

. . . at least a pint for everyone—more for children—or cheese or evaporated or dried milk.

ORANGES, TOMATOES, GRAPEFRUIT

. . . or raw cabbage or salad greens—at least one of these.

GREEN or YELLOW VEGETABLES

. . . one big helping or more—some raw, some cooked.

OTHER VEGETABLES, FRUIT

. . . potatoes, other vegetables or fruits in season.

BREAD and CEREAL

. . . whole grain products or enriched white bread and flour.

MEAT, POULTRY or FISH

. . . dried beans, peas or nuts occasionally.

EGGS

. . . at least 3 or 4 a week, cooked any way you choose—or in "made" dishes.

BUTTER and OTHER SPREADS

. . . vitamin-rich fats, peanut butter, and similar spreads.

Then eat other foods you also like

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SONJA TELLS IT TO A MARINE

(Continued from page 63)

steam bath and a massage. And that's the secret of the Henie's gorgeous gams. She's never too rushed to give them a good half hour's care after each workout. So all you gals who yearn to skate but who don't want any of this Steinway stuff, give it a whirl.

More tips from Sonja. When you're lacing your skates, knot the laces pretty tightly about half way up, right at the instep. Then keep on lacing rather loosely the rest of the way. Most non-pros think that the more tightly they can bind their ankles, the more sublime figures they can cut. This couldn't be falser. Sonja laces her skates so that she can fit two fingers in the tops of them.

Keep warm, she advises. Once you cease to feel your feet, your balance is shot and you're sunk. Sacrifice costume for comfort any old time. And don't give us any of that, "Well, Sonja doesn't bundle up." Okay. So Sonja's different. Her circulation's right up there with Life's. She doesn't wear any stockings when she skates, she wears a wisp of a costume, and still she gets overheated. That gal is hot. She used to wear tights (at two hundred dollars a pair), but she's shed them and now settles for her own brown legs.

She has a good stunt that's worth a listen in case you ever decide to enter any kind of skating contest. When you're practising, wear several pounds of clothes you won't be wearing during the contest. Extra sweaters, layers of woolies. Then on *the* day, you'll glide out on the ice normally clad and feeling like something out of Peter Pan for lightness. This does wonders for your speed and grace. Sonja's been doing it for years, so you can bet it's zoot.

shop talk . . .

She says so many people wonder about the relative value of high and low skates. Those snaky high white ones look so professional that everyone considers them superior. They aren't. A battered old low pair with the blades rejuvenated is every bit as efficient. The blades are the essentials. Keep them sharpened and wipe the ice off after you use them. If you walk on sidewalks or gravel in them, blow yourself to a pair of leather guards to save the steel.

Another thing youngsters are amazed at is the fact that Sonja never falls. "How come? Don't you ever?" they gasp at her in utter amazement.

"Of course," she grins. (But she falls less than anyone in the business.) "Sometimes my skate strikes a rough piece of ice or a hairpin, and wham! I'm seated. Why, I took a spill once when I was doing a command performance for King Olaf of Norway." That, however, was several years ago. At this point in her career, it is safe to say that were all external factors right, Sonja would never fall. Her balance is that superb. "In this business," she says, "balance is everything. And to get it, you need some natural talent, a good trainer for at least a little while and plenty of perseverance. Practise and practise and practise I tell all the kids who come asking for the magic word. Work at it every day, and it will come."

family jitters . . .

Those ice-mad youngsters are going to make this year's tour lots less lonely for her. They're all so mad about her, and don't think their ovations won't help at all those Dan-less openings. Not that she could ever actually see his face when she was skating, but she'd look in his general direction and know he was grinning at her through his binoculars. That did away with the terrific jitters she'd get when she'd open in New York or Chicago. In the lesser towns she gets lesser jitters, but they're always there. Dan is nerveless till she hits the Garden. Then he goes to pieces. He'll hover around her dressing room smoking the cork tip of his cigarettes and patting her bare shoulders with clammy paws. "Nothing to it, Skatey," he'll say, white-faced. "Just pretend it's Podunk."

"Den," she'll say, "Go out and get yourself brandy or something." She smiles, thinking about it, and then says, "I'm going to miss that funny one, you know."

Fortunately, most of the time there'll hardly be a free second to even think of the guy. After her November twentieth opening, life will be a kaleidoscope of train rides and hotel meals and people. Before that, there will have been days packed with skating, selecting costumes and music, arranging for dressing rooms close to the rink in every building where she'll appear. She does have a manager, but she takes care of a great many details herself. Leaping from hotel to hotel with her tremendous cast, a big staff of hairdressers, etc., a couple of

YIPPEE, FANS!

At last we have it for you—that up-to-the-second chart of your favorite "Westerns" you've been begging for! Imagine having at your fingertips the real names, birthplaces, birthdates, heights, weights, how they got their start and studio addresses of over 60 of those rough-riding heroes, leering villains and wide-eyed heroines of your pet "horse opries"! Made up in a most attractive form, it will make your album proud as anything. Just send five cents in coin or stamps with the coupon below, and your new revised chart is just as good as lassoed!

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dogs and a million trunks, takes a bit of doing. To date, though, no one's ever missed a train, and no costume trunks have ever gotten lost or even been delayed. This isn't strictly luck, either—but planning of the most thorough description, and anyone in the know will tell you that Sonja is the brains behind it all.

mob scene . . .

Only once has the police escort she gets from train to hotel been inadequate. "And that I will never forget in all my whole life." It was in Montreal. She got off the train, and pandemonium broke loose. People crowded around her, and then more people. "Please," she said. "Let me through." By that time the ones on the outskirts of the mob didn't know what was happening, and they tried to push their way through to get a look. "There was so much noise and I couldn't breathe. Oh, I was frightened almost crazy." In Europe, she was frequently mobbed when she travelled alone, but so far Americans have been pretty good. "Knock wood," she says, knocking madly. That's her one superstition. She whistles in her dressing room and hasn't a good luck charm to her name.

"Not even *one* good luck charm," you gasp. And if you look crestfallen enough, she'll relent a trifle. "No, but I do have a regular charm bracelet. Want to see?"

Regular is hardly the word. It's a beautiful wide gold number with diamond, ruby and sapphire charms inlaid. There's a tiny diamond Sonja in a whirly skirt, a pair of skates, hockey sticks, a pair of ruby hearts, the numerals 7 and 4 (she was married on the fourth of July) and dozens of other exquisite things. A trinket from her fella. She also has a stunning diamond brooch with charms dangling from it. One is a wee plane in memory of her movie "Happy Landings." Then there's the Olympic emblem with a 3 superimposed on it. She won the skating championship three times, remember? There's a Norwegian flag and an Old Glory and another pair of infinitesimal skates. She's wild about skatey jewelry. Clips, lapel gadgets—all that business. But just for fun, not luck. For luck she wears the best skates money can buy.

And speaking of money, you can't help wondering what happens to all the bags and bags of it she must earn. There are her tours, her movies, revenue from Sonja Henie dolls, clothes, etc. Not to mention the hugely successful ice show she produced and which is still running in New York. What becomes of all the hay? Well, the Gov't is getting an incredible amount, but really a chunk. Then there are her various dependents, her clothes—which are absolutely wonderful—the very big salaries she pays her help, and the charity which she does very quietly and generously. "When you have," she says, "you give to those who have not. It isn't charity. It's just being fair." All that's left over is invested, largely in bonds. Sonja doesn't waste money. She was brought up to be thrifty, and the lesson was well-taught. She isn't even extravagant with words.

Once in a while a "tremendous" will slip into her conversation (that's Johnny Payne's smile or "Bambi"). But the really big things in her life are "all right" and "nice." Like being an American citizen. And skating better than any other girl in the world. "Being married to Den is all right, too," she says, and—going completely and thoroughly overboard—"You know, he's nice."

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MOVIE SCOREBOARD

175 pictures rated this month

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults.

Picture	General Rating
Across the Pacific (Warners)	3½★
Affairs of Jimmy Valentine (Republic)	2½★
A-Haunting We Will Go (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Almost Married (Universal)	2½★
Always in My Heart (Warners) C	3★
Are Husbands Necessary? (Paramount)	2½★
Atlantic Convoy (Columbia)	2½★
Bambi (RKO) C	4★
Berlin Correspondent (RKO)	2★
Between Us Girls (Universal)	3★
Beyond the Blue Horizon (Paramount)	3★
Big Shot, The (Warners)	3★
Big Street, The (RKO)	3★
Blondie for Victory (Columbia)	2½★
Boogie Man Will Get You, The (Columbia)	2★
Boss of Hangtown Mesa (Universal)	2½★
Broadway (Universal)	3★
Busses Roar (Warners)	2½★
Calling Dr. Gillespie (M-G-M)	2½★
Corpse Vanishes, The (Monogram)	2★
Counter Espionage (Columbia)	2½★
Crossroads (M-G-M)	3★
Danger in the Pacific (Universal)	2★
Desperate Journey (Warners)	3★
Devil With Hitler, The (United Artists)	2★
Down Rio Grande Way (Columbia)	2★
Dr. Broadway (Paramount)	3★
Drums of the Congo (Universal)	2★
Eagle Squadron (Universal)	3★
Enemy Agents Meet Ellery Queen (Columbia)	2½★
Escape from Hong Kong (Universal)	2½★
Escape From Crime (Warners)	2½★
Eyes in the Night (M-G-M)	3½★
Eyes of the Underworld (Universal)	2★
Falcon Takes Over, The (RKO)	2½★
Falcon's Brother, The (RKO)	2½★
Fighting Bill Fargo (Universal)	2★
Fingers at the Window (M-G-M)	2½★
Flight Lieutenant (Columbia)	2½★
Flying Tigers (Republic)	3★
Footlight Serenade (20th Century-Fox)	3★
For Me and My Gal (M-G-M)	3½★
Forest Rangers (Paramount)	3½★
Friendly Enemies (United Artists)	2½★
Gay Sisters, The (Warners)	3★
Get Hep to Love (RKO)	2★
Ghost of Frankenstein, The (Universal)	2½★
Girl from Alaska (Republic)	2★
Girl Trouble (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Give Out Sisters (RKO)	2½★
Glass Key, The (Paramount)	3★
Gold Rush, The (United Artists)	3★
Grand Central Murder (M-G-M)	4★
Great Commandment, The (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Great Man's Lady, The (Paramount)	3★
Her Cardboard Lover (M-G-M)	2★
Here We Go Again (RKO)	2½★
Holiday Inn (Paramount)	4★
I Married An Angel (M-G-M)	2½★
Iceland (20th Century-Fox)	3★
In Old California (Republic)	2½★
In This Our Life (Warners)	3½★
Invaders, The (Columbia)	3½★
Invisible Agent (Universal)	2½★
It Happened in Flatbush (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Jackass Mail (M-G-M)	2½★
Juke Girl (Warners)	3★
Just off Broadway (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Kid Glove Killer (M-G-M)	3★
Lady In a Jam (Universal)	2½★
Larceny, Inc. (Warners)	2½★
Let's Get Tough (Monogram)	2½★
Little Tokio, U. S. A. (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Loves of Edgar Allan Poe (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Mad Martindales, The (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Magnificent Ambersons, The (RKO)	3★
Magnificent Dope, The (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Maisie Gets Her Man (M-G-M)	2½★
Major and the Minor, The (RKO)	4★
Male Animal, The (Warners)	3★
Man Who Wouldn't Die, The (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Manila Calling (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Mayor of 44th Street (RKO)	2½★
Meet the Mob (Monogram)	2★

Picture	General Rating
Meet the Stewarts (Columbia)	2½★
Men of Texas (Universal)	2½★
Mexican Spitfire's Elephant (RKO)	2½★
Mexican Spitfire Sees a Ghost (RKO)	2★
Mississippi Gambler (Universal)	2½★
Moonlight Masquerade (Republic)	2½★
Moontide (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Mrs. Miniver (M-G-M)	4★
My Favorite Spy (RKO)	2½★
My Gal Sal (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
My Sister Eileen (Columbia)	3½★
Mystery of Marie Roget, The (Universal)	2½★
Native Land (Frontier Films)	3½★
Now, Voyager (Warners)	3★
Pacific Rendezvous (M-G-M)	2★
Panama Hattie (M-G-M)	2½★
Parachute Nurse (Columbia)	2½★
Pardon My Sarong (Universal)	2½★
Phantom Plainsman, The (Republic)	2★
Pied Piper, The (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Pierre of the Plains (M-G-M)	3★
Powder Town (RKO)	2½★
Pride of the Yankees (RKO)	4★
Priorities on Parade (Paramount)	3★
Private Buckaroo (Universal)	2½★
Reap the Wild Wind (Paramount)	3★
Remember Pearl Harbor (Republic)	2½★
Riders of the Northland (Monogram)	2★
Rio Rita (M-G-M)	3★
Romance on the Range (Republic)	2★
Rubber Racketeers (Monogram)	2★
Sabotage Squad (Columbia)	2½★
Sabateur (Universal)	3½★
Shanghai Gesture, The (United Artists)	3½★
Sherlock Holmes and the Voice of Terror (Universal)	3★
She's In the Army (Monogram)	2½★
Ship Ahoy (M-G-M)	3★
Ships with Wings (United Artists)	2½★
Silver Bullet, The (Universal)	2★
Sin Town (Universal)	3★
Somewhere I'll Find You (M-G-M)	3★
Sons of the Pioneers (Republic)	2½★
Sons of the Sea (Warners)	2½★
South of Santa Fe (Republic)	2★
Spoilers, The (Universal)	3½★
Spy Ship (Warners)	2½★
Stage Coach Buckaroo (Universal)	2½★
Stage Coach Express (Republic)	2½★
Stick to Your Guns (Monogram)	2★
Submarine Raider (Columbia)	3★
Suicide Squadron (Republic)	3½★
Sunday Punch (M-G-M)	2½★
Sweater Girl (Paramount)	2½★
Sweetheart of the Fleet (Columbia)	2½★
Syncopation (RKO)	3★
Take A Letter Darling (Paramount)	3½★
Tales of Manhattan (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Talk of the Town (Columbia)	3½★
Tarzan's New York Adventure (M-G-M)	2½★
Ten Gentlemen From West Point (20th Century-Fox)	3★
They All Kissed the Bride (Columbia)	2½★
This Above All (20th Century-Fox)	4★
This Gun For Hire (Paramount)	3½★
Tish (M-G-M)	2★
To Be or Not to Be (United Artists)	3★
Tombstone (Paramount)	3★
Top Sergeant (Universal)	2½★
Tortilla Flat (M-G-M)	3½★
Tragedy of Midnight (Republic)	2½★
True to the Army (Paramount)	2½★
Tuttles of Tahiti, The (RKO)	3★
Twilight on the Trail (Paramount)	2½★
Two Yanks In Trinidad (Columbia)	2½★
Valley of the Sun (RKO)	3★
Vanishing Virginian, The (M-G-M)	3★
Wake Island (Paramount)	4★
We Were Dancing (M-G-M)	2½★
What's Cookin' (Universal)	3★
Who is Hope Schuyler? (RKO)	2★
Wife Takes A Flyer, The (Columbia)	2½★
Wings and the Woman (RKO)	4★
Wings For the Eagle (Warners)	3★
Woman of the Year, The (M-G-M)	4★
Yank at Eton, A (M-G-M) C	2½★
Yankee Doodle Dandy (Warners)	2½★
Yokel Boy (Republic)	2★
You Can't Escape Forever (Warners)	2½★

JEEP GIRL

(*Continued from page 49*)

gates with her. As she walked down the ramp, waving, her army began to yell, "We'll see you in Tokyo. We'll dance with you in Yokohoma. We'll see you at the Oriental U.S.O."

There had been some individual service men in the station while the ovation was going on, and many of these men were on Rita's train. Practically every one of them owned a camera, so the minute the Los Angeles city limits had vanished under the wheels, the uniforms were scouting for The Queen.

The Queen obliged. She posed with each of the boys, while others snapped the duo. So, if you get a letter from your brother saying that he had his picture taken with Rita Hayworth, don't mail him the cover off a psychiatrist because he is probably writing the truth, not hallucination.

what a soldier dreams of . . .

Rita's first stop was Camp Barkeley at Abilene, Texas, a spot known for the determination of its weather. When it is hot there, it is hotter than anywhere else on the earth or under it. When it snows, the drifts are deeper than an archeologist's dream.

It was raining for Rita. Raining in spirals and curves; raining a four star flood. But the army was there to meet Miss Hayworth, and the army is a gallant body of men. The colonel removed his raincoat to swathe his visitor. Then he lifted her in his arms and carried her to the waiting staff car. All this at 9:30 in the morning without benefit of starlight, if you please. (Note to the colonel's wife: this was strictly in the line of duty.)

Rita did a show that afternoon, and in the evening she and Lew Ayres appeared in a skit at the Paramount Theater, given in behalf of the Emergency Relief Fund. Rita had met Lew just once before he left Hollywood, but she looked as good to him as any home-town girl would to a guy in camp.

He confided to her that his first few weeks at Barkeley were really rugged; the boys were out for a field day. That was all he would say, but Rita inquired

I SAW IT HAPPEN

A few weeks ago at Carnegie Hall in New York City, I attended a performance of the operetta, "The Chocolate Soldier" (starring Allan Jones). I managed to get backstage and get the star's autograph. A little boy about four, walked into the room and announced that he had come to see "The Chocolate Soldier" in person. Everyone smiled and made way for the little fellow and his mother. Whereupon Mr. Jones picked him up and placed him on his knee. The boy scowled and said, "You aren't chocolate!" Mr. Jones laughed and asked, "Do you want some chocolate?" The boy promptly nodded. The singer opened a large box of candy on his dressing table and offered it to the child, saying, "I'm not chocolate but this is—have one."

Blanche Slotoski
585 Sixth Avenue,
Brooklyn, New York.

How to keep peace in the family

—and make life more fun

STUBBLE TROUBLE. Pop used to grouch at every smart, scrape and nick. Now, his shaves are quick—cool—smooth. With Noxzema as a base he shaves with a smile.

POOR COMPLEXION. Sis avoided mirrors until she found what a grand aid Noxzema is for dry, rough skin and to help heal externally-caused blemishes.

PAINFUL BURNS. Tommy used to howl as if he were killed. Now he yells—for a jar of Noxzema. It soothes and cools—aids quicker healing of minor burns and scalds.

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The Busiest Jar in the House!

• It's surprising how many of life's irritations are skin troubles! That's why Noxzema is the busiest jar in millions of homes. Because it's not just a cosmetic cream. It's a *medicated formula* that contains cool, soothing, medicinal ingredients—a grand aid to healing externally-caused blemishes, chapped hands, burns, chafing, shaving irritation. It softens, helps smooth skin — softens tough whiskers, too. Apply before lathering or as a brushless shave. Scores of physicians, dentists, nurses use Noxzema. See how much it will do to help *your* family. Get a jar today at any drug or cosmetic counter! Trial size, also 35¢, 50¢.

★ **MEN IN THE SERVICE WANT NOXZEMA** —use it for *sunburn, windburn, chafing, tired, burning feet,* and especially for cool, soothing *shaves!* Makes shaving easier even in cold water.

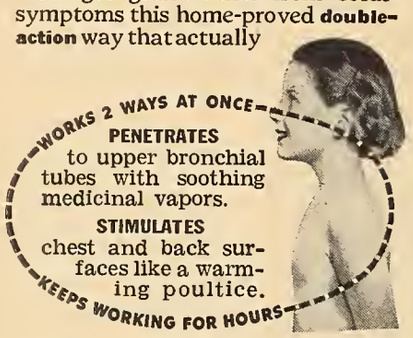
NOXZEMA

ACTS 2 WAYS

TO RELIEVE MISERIES OF

CHEST COLDS

Now get grand relief from colds' symptoms this home-proved **double-action** way that actually



To get all the benefits of this combined **PENETRATING-STIMULATING** action, just rub throat, chest, **and back** with Vicks VapoRub at bedtime. **Instantly** VapoRub goes to work—2 ways at once as shown above—to relieve coughing spasms, ease muscular soreness or tightness, and invite restful, comforting sleep. Often by morning most of the misery is gone. Get relief from chest cold distress **tonight** with double-action, time-tested Vicks VapoRub.

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At last YOU, too, can NOW wear these glamorous rings. Large simulated diamond engagement ring scintillates with exciting beauty. Glorified with 4 side stones. Matching wedding ring gleams with flashing band of brilliants. Set in exquisitely plated yellow gold. Either ring $1.00 or both for $1.79 and tax. Order NOW—SEND NO MONEY. Just name, address and ring size. Pay postman on arrival. Wear 10 days on approval. You will be pleased or money back. RUSH order today.

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Why worry because you have wrinkles, lines, baggy eyes, double chin, sagging muscles or other age signs. Be amazed! Send $1.25 for a full month's supply of LATTA-CREAM. Money refunded if not entirely satisfied.

LATTA-CREAM, 505 5th Ave., NEW YORK CITY

(Dept. MG-2)

Free for Asthma During Winter

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is cold and damp; if raw, Wintry winds make you choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a **free trial** of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

Frontier Asthma Co. 70-K Frontier Bldg.
462 Niagara Street Buffalo, New York

around—she's good at ferreting out the flattering truth about a person.

Seems that the boys shortly discovered what every one in Hollywood has always known: that Lew Ayres is really four square. That he has plenty of guts and determination, and the only difference between Ayres and thousands of others is that he *says* what he thinks because he has courage, whereas most guys in his spot simply keep quiet. However, he has applied for active combat duty overseas, and his request has been granted.

By the second afternoon of Rita's visit to Barkeley the mud had dried enough to make walking below the knees possible, so the commando outfit at the camp had an inspiration. They issued Rita GI fatigue clothes, about three sizes too big, and took her out to their obstacle course.

Nearly everyone has seen some part of a commando obstacle course in a newsreel, so it is well known that such exercise is not for spoil sports. Rita is the world's best scout. She crawled under barbed wire without casualty, she leaped over hurdles. Then she came to the water hazard spanned by a rope. Most girls would have quit right then, but not Rita. She started out, valiantly hand-over-handing, until she realized that her arms were tiring so fast that the next thing to happen was likely to be a mud bath without benefit of beauty parlor. She set up a howl that got results.

A burly sergeant grabbed a swinging rope, a la Tarzan, and arched past Rita to pluck her off as neatly as Weissmuller picking a grape. "Only because I've got witnesses will I be able to tell this story and be believed," beamed the sergeant.

The next afternoon, Rita was a guest of Lieutenant McNamara when the 357th Infantry was drawn up in review. Rita had the honor of presenting a medal to Private "Dynamite" Orville Kanwischer, who had been voted Best Commando in the outfit. Then the battalion presented Rita with a scroll baptizing her "Miss Dynamite" for her unfinished fight with the obstacle course. That done, she realized every girl's ambition by taking a ride throughout the camp in a jeep. That settled it. "When the war is over," she announced, "I'm going to buy one of these buggies. Picture me riding all over the Columbia lot after a day of rehearsing dance routines."

That night, at dinner, one of the officers mentioned to Rita that a bivouac of troops was stationed at such and such a spot—distant from any town or city communication—because they were preparing to go overseas. No entertainers had gone out there because no one knew where the bivouac would be transported. Furthermore, the men were living exactly as they would under combat conditions. "Let's go—I don't mind how rough it is," said the intrepid Hayworth trouper.

"First thing in the morning," agreed the officer.

You may have one guess as to the reception she got from those boys, bound for who knows where? Panic might be the word for it. Practically every man apparently owned a camera, and the sound effect was that of a corps of woodpeckers at work on a favorite tree.

boudoir filcher . . .

Rita, not to be out of it, borrowed a camera and began to take pictures of the men taking pictures of her. One of these prints was a knockout. It was developed right there in camp and enlarged. When Rita got back to Hollywood, she found this huge envelope awaiting her. Each man in the scene had autographed the picture, and the envelope in which it came had been addressed to "Miss Bivouac, Columbia Studios, Hollywood." Rita says she's going to keep it forever.

By the way, speaking of souvenirs, someone deep in the heart of Texas—or possibly on the high seas bound for a foreign battlefield—has a very personal memento of the Hayworth Tour.

You see, Rita always checked in at a hotel in the town nearest the camp she was visiting. There she bathed, changed her clothes and got dressed appropriately for her appearances at camp.

When she was traveling from camp to camp she wore an Irene suit—a little number notable for the fact that the blouse, skirt and jacket had but one fastening: a huge button on which everything depended.

When these between-camp hops were made at night, Rita boarded the train wearing a blouse and slacks. She had brought two pair of slacks and two blouses.

For daytime camp appearances, she wore one of four simple afternoon dresses that she carried in a Val-Pac bag. At night she really blossomed forth in one of four evening gowns: black with touches of white, or the little blue number, or the red and white confection, or the breathtaking white creation which had no shoulder straps. (The last night of the tour she climbed into the dress, then felt gingerly of the stays that held it in place. "It's a good thing," she told the mirror, "that I'm heading back to Hollywood, because I'm afraid one more appearance in this daring little number would bring on calamity.")

hayworth's cooking . . .

She carried just three changes of stockings and undies, which meant that she washed out one set every night, and left them to dry during the day in her hotel room. One evening, upon her return to her room, she found that someone had entered feloniously, maliciously and in full knowledge of the deed, and had purloined her scanties. That's how she knows that someone filched an interesting memento.

But—back to the business at hand. While Rita was being escorted through the camp buildings, she walked into a mess hall for enlisted men. Looking from the mess sergeants to the K.P. victims she said, "Hello, fellows. What's cooking?"

"You are," rang the blithe response. Before she could say bean soup, they had enveloped her in an apron and perched a chef's cap on her head. They conducted her to the stove, and she made coffee. The vegetable simmering in a huge kettle happened, that day, to be beets, so Rita added proper seasoning, then helped to prepare the salad.

When told this news about his groceries, one of the recruits ogled his plate for several minutes.. "Just my luck! Here I am, back from a fourteen-mile hike and too hungry to save these eats simply to *look* at!" he wailed.

From Camp Barkeley, Rita moved on to Camp Bowie, the home of the self-styled roughest, toughest outfit in the army. She was met at the station by an M.P. who was carrying a club straight from some cave man's collection.

"Gracious, do you have wild animals around here?" she laughed.

The sergeant mentioned wolves. "This is for you to use in case you feel their hot breath on the back of your neck," he explained. So Rita added another item

to her loot—and very useful it may be in the future, too.

That night she went to a boxing bout arranged by the regiment, and was called into the ring to be awarded the title "Sweetheart of the 156th." She waved the howling, cheering men to silence. "I'm awfully proud of being the sweetheart of the roughest, toughest outfit in the whole army," she started to say, only to be interrupted by Comanche yells. "And," she added, "I will look to you boys for help whenever I'm in trouble."

At this, the audience arose as one crew haircut and started toward the platform. Idea was that they were volunteering en masse to be her bodyguard and to complete the tour with her, discouraging other army units from choosing her as sweetheart or otherwise poaching on the preserves of the 156th.

Rita finally restored approximate quiet by shouting, "If everyone doesn't quiet down, I won't serve the lemonade tomorrow afternoon after the review."

The idea of being deprived of taking a cup from the hand of Rita, herself, created a regiment of cherubs on the spot.

Before she ladled out the lemonade, however, she had some other duties to perform. She was taken, early the next morning, to the bayonet practice field and handed a rifle with bayonet fixed. "See that padded post? Well, that's a Jap. Let's see what you can do to defend yourself," her escort said.

Rita rolled up her sleeves and made a low, running approach. The Hayworth girl is a canny lass, so—just as she thrust the bayonet—she spied a spot previously pierced. Aiming at this opening she sank the blade so successfully that it completely penetrated the dummy. You should have heard the hoorays, because that is a stunt that takes some real savvy.

From this little drill, she was conducted to a tank battalion and there she christened—with a bottle of Pepsi-Cola—a tank in her name. If you hear of Rita Hayworth mopping up a section of Rommel's army one of these days, you'll know what it's all about.

After that came the review at which she received a sterling silver identification bracelet presented by the 318th

WIN $5.00 in WAR STAMPS

Christmas season coming up! Ribbons and holly and wonderful things to eat. BUT there's still a war on; lots of boys won't be home to Christmas dinner this year, and America still needs money for guns and tanks and planes! So how's this for a Christmas gift idea submitted by a Philadelphia reader? Why don't you write in and tell us how YOU are working towards Victory?

I select the best slogans for Bond and Stamp buying; also clever pictures pertaining to Victory, in magazines and papers. Then I buy plain white cards. I arrange the slogans and pictures on these and send them to my friends for gift and greeting cards. And I attach as many war-stamps as I would normally pay for the gift. I enclose a note explaining the patriotic motive. This scheme can be worked in so many ways, and everyone appreciates a "Slogan Gift of Stamps."

Lee Alman
705 N. 63rd St.
Phila. Penn.

"Other Wives... *hear my story*"

HOW A YOUNG WIFE OVERCAME THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT ROBS SO MANY MARRIAGES OF ROMANCE

1. Slowly, my husband's love and tenderness had changed to . . . a frozen strangeness. Then neglect. I spent long evenings alone. One grim night, driven to despair, I left my unhappy home . . .

2. My ticket back to Mother's was in my hand when I ran into an old school chum, a widow a little older than I. I couldn't bluff her. I had to tell. And bless her, she opened my eyes by saying, "So often, my dear, a loving husband can't overlook one neglect . . . carelessness of feminine hygiene (*intimate personal cleanliness*).

3. "Many modern wives," she told me, "use a gentle yet thorough method of feminine hygiene—Lysol disinfectant." She explained how Lysol is so gentle it won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues. "Just follow the easy directions," she advised. "Lysol is a famous germicide. It cleanses thoroughly, deodorizes, leaves you feeling dainty."

4. Well, I tore up that ticket. And just as she said—I find Lysol disinfectant easy to use, so economical. Wives, don't let "one neglect" dim your happiness!

Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful *germicide*, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—Lysol solutions *spread* and thus virtually *search out germs* in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely no matter how often it is uncorked.

Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

Copr., 1942, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter for Booklet M. S.-143. Address: Lehn & Fink, Bloomfield, N. J.

MODERN SCREEN QUIZ

Well, how did you do last time? Were the questions too easy? Too hard? Here's a whole new batch, anyway. And maybe you'll have a perfect score this month!

1—What do Ruth Chatterton, Constance Worth and Ann Sheridan have in common?

2—These gals have handsome husbands. Can you name them? a) Sandra Shaw b) Frances Brokaw c) Elizabeth Allen d) Pat Patterson.

3—And can you name three of the late John Barrymore's four wives?

4—Howard Hughes has two young discoveries whom he has put into his pictures. But, although greatly publicized, neither has ever been seen by the public in a movie. Who are they?

5—The following are the real names of whom? a) Charles Edward Pratt b) Katherine Gibbs c) Myrna Williams d) Mary Magdalene Von Losch.

6—"Never change your act" is an old adage in show business. Nevertheless, many have done this successfully. Give a) the star who changed from hoofing to straight emoting and won an academy award! b) the star who changed from vamp to sweet wife and discovered a new career! c) the comedian who changed from a piano-pounder to accordion-player and stooge-baiter and is right up on top!

7—"The Man Who Came To Dinner" was supposed to be a satire on a) Monty Woolley b) Alexander Woollcott c) Victor Moore.

8—What affliction was suffered by "Camille?" By Philip Carey ("Of Human Bondage")? By Quasimodo (played by Lon Chaney and Charles Laughton)?

9—Gene Autry's horse is named a) Trotter b) Silver c) Champion.

10—Identify a) The Mad Russian b) The Mexican Spitfire c) The Swedish Nightingale.

11—Once upon a time Charles Laughton was a a) hotel clerk b) steel mill exec c) school teacher.

12—Diana Barrymore, Maria Sieber and Patricia Ziegfeld all have famous mothers. Who are they?

13—K. T. Stevens, Tim Holt and Mrs. Walter Wanger all have well known fathers. Who are they?

14—Film critics voted a) "Citizen Kane" b) "How Green Was My Valley" c) "Kathleen," the best picture of 1941.

15—Most best-selling novels reach the screen. Can you name three which are now being made or which have been made into movies in the last two years?

16—Do you know the five actors and actresses who portray actual members of "The Hardy Family"?

17—Three Crosby-Hope-Lamour pictures have dealt with "Roads" to somewhere. What are these somewheres?

18—Who's the young male actor whose name has been linked romantically with Hedy Lamarr, Jane Withers and Kay Williams?

19—"Smilin' Through" was made in 1932, and remade in 1941 at M-G-M. Which actress starred in the early one? The later one?

20—The novel "Benjamin Blake" was made into a picture starring Ty Power. What was the picture called? (*Answers on page* 77)

Ordnance Company. The bracelet bears the inscription "Honorary Sergeant" and conveys an accolade that most girls would give their eye teeth to have received.

It's a good thing that Rita was joyed up over the gift, the tank christening and the bayonet practice, because she went directly to the canteen and started serving lemonade and doughnuts to the boys. Sounds like an easy job, but heed. . . .

They had supplied her with a business-like ladle that weighed around five pounds empty—she didn't dare to think of its weight loaded. After she had wielded this ladle for about thirty minutes, Rita looked down the queue—as far as eye could reach there was a waiting caterpillar of khaki. Ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty.

Her fingers began to ache and her shoulder to pain. She could feel make-up dissolving from her shiny nose. Still she went on ladling the lemonade and passing out doughnuts.

When she boarded her train that night, she couldn't lift her arm.

Obviously, such a trip isn't all pleasure. Rita was giving one show and sometimes two every afternoon, and one every evening in addition to all her other activities. She was signing autographs at the rate of a thousand a day and posing for almost that many pictures. In between times, she was managing by some sort of magic to remain as glamorous looking as a screen star is supposed to be.

whirling menace . . .

From alternate dust and hurricane, Rita finally reached Camp Wallace which is affectionately known to the army as Swamp Wallace. "Why, Rita," one of the boys told her, "a bomber landed out in the field near here, and we had put fifty gallons of gasoline in it before we discovered that it was only a mosquito."

While Rita was on the stage, she slapped viciously at one of the little pests that was drilling for gold on the back of her neck. Every time she killed a mosquito, the audience went into sympathetic uproar. Finally a good clear voice rang out, "Gosh, I've just been bitten by a mosquito that bit Rita Hayworth!"

By the way, this particular show was done with the orchestra sitting on the stage, because the orchestra pit was filled with muddy water and various water creatures left by the storm then passing over Texas.

Rita's troupe caught up with the hurricane between Palacios and Corpus Christi. Camp Hulen, or what was left of it after the hurricane had passed, is located near Corpus Christi. Most of the troops had been evacuated, but Rita did two shows and talked to every man in camp.

Her train was supposed to leave at 11:15 P.M. that night, but the hurricane had delayed traffic all along the line. The tiny station was closed, so Rita and the troupe sat on their luggage on the windswept platform from 11:15 until 4:30 the next morning when the train finally arrived.

During the long, chilly, nerve-wracking hours a good many girls would have railed at the weather and life in general for putting them in such a spot. Not Rita. She just sat, rubbing her lame arm occasionally and thanking her stars that she wasn't out on bivouac—as thousands of the boys were.

At Camp Bowie she had one of the prize experiences of the tour. Part of her act consisted of inviting some soldier from the audience to come up on the platform to dance with her. Sometimes, upon this summons, the audience became a mass of frustrated guys with lead in their feet, but not at Bowie.

When Rita issued her dance call, three burly men and true stormed the steps at the same time. There is a scientific law that states positively that two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time, says nothing about three, no one can say the jeeps didn't try to repeal that law, however. After several frantic moments, the three, hopelessly entangled, fell to the floor in a writhing mass while the audience went into male hysterics.

One of them, more agile than the other two, finally extricated himself, grabbed Rita and started to dance. When the music was ended, the victor turned upon his companion and held out his hand. "How about my ten bucks?" he asked. "I bet you that I would dance with her, and I did!"

There were plenty of laughs on the tour, but there was sadness, too. Rita had taken along a special pair of flat-heeled shoes, because she planned to visit every military hospital passed on the trip. In one hospital she walked through eighteen miles of corridor, ward and stairway.

She talked to the boys, autographed letters, cards and several plaster casts. In convalescent wards, she quietly danced some of her Spanish steps.

the smack cure . . .

One day she had walked the full length of a large ward, talking to each man, when she noticed a lad sound asleep. He had been given a sedative because he hadn't rested well the night before. The nurse explained that he wouldn't awaken until long after Rita had gone.

"He'll be heart-broken," the nurse said. "Everyone in the ward has talked of nothing but your visit for days."

Rita beckoned to the cameraman who went with her on her visits. "Make this a good one, won't you?" she asked. Then she leaned over and kissed him while the camera clicked.

When the sleeper finally awakened, late in the afternoon, the other boys began to rib him. "Fine thing," they said. "You slept right through a Hayworth kiss. She didn't give any of the rest of us such a tumble."

He didn't believe them, but he was sunk anyway. He was dejected, not to say disgusted at having missed Rita.

When the ribbing had reached the point where he couldn't take much more, the nurse came in with a large envelope. "For you," she said.

And the boy pulled out the developed print—proving his moment beneath Rita's lips.

Somehow that incident says all that *can* be said about Rita Hayworth, the trouper, and Rita Hayworth, the woman.

1943—WHAT WILL IT BRING?

(*Continued from page 45*)

occupied outside the limelight, minding her own business and storing up for a new start right after the beginning of 1944.

DENNIS MORGAN (Sagittarius: Nov. 23-Dec. 21) plays golf and does his setting up exercises with zest because he's a good Sagittarian and worships the human form divine, his own and others'. Also a model husband and father, according to Wife Lil. Sagittarius is strong for justice; he investigates who's done what before punishing one or more of the three kids who, naturally, adore him. Plenty of fire and dash in this Swede's horoscope. Wonder if even the wife and three will keep him permanently out of the current world melodrama? He likes to be in the thick—even though he loves his family—and late December '42 stirs him up to something. '43, he's going great guns. It looks like travel and far places or else some other big change, all to the good, but new, different and full of action.

HEDY LAMARR (Scorpio: Oct. 24-Nov. 22) is gorgeous, and more. That Scorpio appeal works magic when it gets to practical matters, as Hedy proved when she sold bonds. You mightn't guess that she'd frame a certificate from the Sec. of Treas., but that's Scorpion. The romantic and the practical live happily together in her sense of values. Hedy resents publicity about her heartthrobs; that's her business, she says, true to her sign's sense of personal dignity and secretiveness. 1943 sees Hedy under a strain. Probably trying to do too much. Maybe some worry over money, too—or perhaps she just wears herself out on too many bond drives. Popularity should hit a new high after June, if she isn't too tired to take advantage of it. Watch the health, Hedy.

TYRONE POWER (Taurus: Apr. 21-May 21) is Tyrone, Jr., to those who knew his actor father. Loves his wife and works in the garden, fulfilling Taurus' need for the security of love and a home and a touch of the earth. Going into service is a big change in Ty's life—bigger than he may realize. He's right now winding up his first Saturn cycle, starting on a new one. Training for glider service satisfies his 10th House Uranus in an air-sign—he'll go far, more ways than one. 1943 sees him in the middle of things; watch for what happens in February, late March, late April. Hits a fast stride in July. He's got the stuff heroes are made of, as events will prove.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

When I visited Hollywood, I took up autograph hunting. The old-timers said I should have the stars sign my book, "To Marilyn, from ———" Well, when I came in contact with Jack Oakie, I asked him if he would please write, "To Marilyn—" He looked at me and said, "Listen, kid, I just learned how to make an 'O' the other day. What more do you want?"

Marilyn Mandel
2923 148th Street,
Flushing, New York.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE (Taurus: Apr. 21-May 21) (Lord, how they do grow up!) had her "first date alone" with Adolph Zucker 3rd last August when Mars stirred up her 5th House of romance. Shirley's got a big-money year ahead, with Saturn-Uranus in her 2nd House, and two big radio shows after her. Her brother in the Marines means a lot to her—he got to be a Sergeant when Jupiter contacted Shirley's Mars in her 3rd House where it rules his influence in her life. This is Shirley's year to clinch her security forever by saving a lot of whatever she gets. Plenty of popularity, especially in March and July. The Junior Miss keeps right on going! Planetary indications are that she ought to take time off after the end of August, rest up for a new start in April 1944, and plan a change of pace to fool the "adolescent crisis" that's slated for mid-1944.

BETTY GRABLE'S (Sagittarius: Nov. 23-Dec. 21) a bundle of temperament, and why not, with a fiery Sun in Sagittarius, and a Moon pepped up by squares to Mars and Mercury. But she's got her feet on the ground with a practical streak a mile wide and the grip on men

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that Venus in Scorpio gives. Betty's mother says she's lazy, but we wonder. Maybe she just knows how to get there without being too anxious. 1943 may put the pressure on, especially the end of it. Betty can start now mending her fences and getting down to cases with reality. There's opportunity in the offing, but it takes plenty of maturity (not Victor Maturity) to cash in on it. Temperament isn't enough from now on, Betty. Put your mind on your work and give 'em all you've got—the public'll take you as seriously from here out as you take yourself.

VICTOR MATURE (Aquarius: Jan. 21-Feb. 19) landed right in the Coast Guard. His Moon in Scorpio gives a talent for the water and luck with it. That famous self-starting promotional urge of Vic's may have to submit to service rules, but that won't hold him down. Moon square Mars gives dash and abandon—what a Commando that guy'd make! Somehow we don't figure Vic doing guard duty, even coast guard. He ought to be attacking someone. Betcha he does. Might switch services in March or April. Anyway, Victor will see more action. Like Roosevelt, MacArthur, General Towers, he belongs to Aquarius, sign of the new age, to which Victor has something of his own to add.

BETTE DAVIS: (Aries: Mar. 21-Apr. 20) does her bit canteening, works so hard at it she has to rest up for a week in the hospital. That's typical of her Aries enthusiasm. She should slow down, maybe take a vacation toward the end of 1942 or she'll wear herself out. That's good advice for 1943, too. Her popularity goes right on, but she has to watch her health, especially in June and after the beginning of August. Bette seems to have a lot on her mind—personal things in her private or family life, maybe, or the jobs she's taken on in the war-connection. Take good care of yourself, Bette, you belong to us!

LANA TURNER (Aquarius: Jan. 21-Feb. 19) married No. 2, Steve Crane, in the last month of brides and roses when Mars pepped up her 7th House of marriage, and seven months later the knowers sighted reefs ahead as same Mars opposed her Venus. If they stick through Christmas, we'll bet on it for a while yet. But Lana gets temperament along about March, April, 1943, and when these Aquarians get temperament, even a six-foot Romeo doesn't hold 'em. Lana's got what amounts to genius in her horoscope. Only trouble is, this year she's taking herself awfully seriously. There's plenty of success here with a forward push in March and bigger publicity after June. Lana's got the world with a fence around it if the old ego doesn't cause mis-fired independence to set her back.

OLIVIA De HAVILLAND (Cancer: June 22-July 23) a WAAC? Possibly. Cancer girls are patriotic, want to serve their country. But they also like a home. Angle: If current heartbeat John Huston's divorce doesn't materialize, Olivia may go WAACY. But if John is free to wed, Olivia, true to her sign, will happily substitute love of home for love of homeland. Saturn on her Venus in 1943 promises emotional maturing, maybe something hard to take. But she's got what it takes to take it. She can injure health by taking emotions too hard. 1943 begins to add up a lot of things in your life, Olivia. You're facing a change. Make important choices seriously. A turn in the road starting July-August launches you on a new avenue of progress. Prepare from now on for big changes before mid-1944.

CLARK GABLE'S (Aquarius: Jan. 21-Feb. 19) great loss strengthened him, and he's better loved than ever since he enlisted. Graduating from army air corps training October 28, he starts a new career at a splendid point in his cycle. He's Aquarian with Moon in Cancer, like President Roosevelt and General MacArthur, and he's a real fighter, a real liberal, a strong man for the right. The tragedy of his life shows in his horoscope, also his self-discipline, his force of character, his courage. Clark's a powerful influence wherever he may be. He'll make the best of officers, may now be finding a new work in the world, which will applaud him in any role he chooses for himself as it always has applauded his screen successes.

RITA HAYWORTH'S (Libra: Sept. 24-Oct. 23) marriage to Ed Judson lasted just one half a Jupiter cycle, and now she's off on the second half. We don't hold with this Victor Mature angle. Quite a spark flashes between the two of them, but does it get to be a permanent flame? Not likely, say their horoscopes. Vic is off to the wars anyway, has slipped the noose of Rita's restraining Saturn on his Mars, and we opine he'll stay slipped. But Rita marches on. Luck aplenty this year, if she doesn't relax too utterly and expect miracles to keep dropping in her lap. She's still on the up-grade, but now has to do her own pushing. Too much temperament, come February and again June, can backfire. Only Rita can hurt Rita. The smile of fortune is still on full blast, and with any self-restraint and push at all, she can make 1943 a banner year.

GARY COOPER (Taurus: Apr. 21-May 21) has been blessed with roles that bring out the best of his Taurus personality—the practical idealism of Mr. Deeds, the stubborn fighting spirit of Sgt. York, the down-to-earth of John Doe. Feet-on-the-ground Gary has been stalling Goldwyn on a new contract because he says if he can't go into the Army he wants to be a producer. Apparently Gary has been squirreling away his funds like the thriftier Taureans, is ready to cash in on the fruits of past labors with Saturn and Uranus urging business ventures in his 2nd House. Watch it, Gary! Golden dreams of Xmas '42 can turn to regrets before ditto '43. Your 2nd House Neptune gives big business ideas, but isn't well supported. Play it safe from here out. Buy War Bonds with that surplus. The return

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isn't so great, but it's a lot surer. . . . And please don't tell us you're not wanting to act any more. Lots of people can put up the capital for pictures, but mighty few can stir up the interest you can.

GENE TIERNEY (Scorpio: Oct. 24-Nov. 22) survived a lot of ragging last year when Saturn-Uranus opposed her Scorpio Sun, finally married Count Oleg (now Count-less American citizen in the coast guard) despite the protests of her socialite family. A girl who comes through that kind of opposition with her chin up deserves the best, and as the planets move on to ease the stress, she's very likely to get it. 1943 is O.K. for Gene. She's going to miss Oleg, should throw herself into her work, of which there seems to be plenty. Money matters need a steady hand—could be big dough in the offing, but the clincher needs careful jockeying around the end of 1942. Gene has a chance that ought to be grabbed end of February, beginning of March. Plenty going on this year for the girl who sent Harvard's "least likely to succeed" crack boomeranging back at the Cambridge smarties.

ANN SHERIDAN (Pisces: Feb. 20-Mar. 20) took a new lease on life last June when Saturn-Uranus impelled a personal declaration of independence: she moved into her own house. Followed the announcement of separation from husband George Brent. Ann's burning her bridges behind her, will burn more before 1943 ends. Lots cooking in her chart for this year. Maybe less publicity, but plenty boiling under the surface. Ann's winding up her first major planet-cycle under pretty trying conditions, may have to watch her health and take a holiday toward Fall. She'll do best if she doesn't "try too hard," coasts along and settles some of the things that are troubling her inside. Could she possibly be regretting George? Their marriage lasted just half a Mars cycle—hardly long enough to give it a try—and the break came under very impulsive influences. What's more, there's a lot of pull between their charts to bring them back together again.

MARLENE DIETRICH (Capricon: Dec. 22-Jan. 20) is another rumored WAVE or WAAC in the making. She's Capricorn, was born to command as well as to look glamorous and cut cake in the Hollywood canteen. Disguising in a black wig appeals to her Sun-opposite-Neptune mystery, but what does she do with her l-gs? Marlene's strong for duty and service right now with Saturn-Uranus in 6th, can achieve new-type fame because of Neptune in 10th. Tasks pile up in '43, which may see less publicity, except that reported divorce seems to develop before the end of June. Maybe also a re-marriage, quick like a fox. Finances soar, and there's a likelihood of a windfall of money (via marriage?) in last half of the year. They say she has her own personal astrologer. If so, he's probably telling her to avoid physical excess and regard money as something to store up for the future.

JOHN WAYNE'S Sun in Gemini: (May 22-June 21) is right under the beams of the most powerful forces of this era. If his marriage (which friends report shaky) survives the end of '42, he may settle down on his 1000-acre ranch near San Diego. But it looks as if Johnny goes marching off, divorce or no divorce. Gemini likes to get where what's going on is going on strongest, and the urges of December and January are going to be hard for Johnny to take standing still. Late '43 should see him in the thick of something, and he'll be best off if he doesn't have to make too many decisions for himself. Looks like the old army game.

ALAN LADD'S clean-cut features are Virgo (Aug. 24-Sept. 23) all over. He's at top of career right now, can rise fast in service or wherever he happens to be. Virgo men love their home and family—he'll hate leaving Sue and the expected little Ladd. But he'll go where duty calls, do what's expected of him and do it well. Things boil around Christmas '42, April-May '43, and after August. He'll have to take it easy, reduce his demands on himself or his conscientiousness can backfire. Keep fit, Alan—you've got to stay well to be useful.

GLENN FORD, (Taurus: Apr. 21-May 21) trying without success to date Hedy Lamarr, Scorpio, is the age-old fable of the Moth and the Flame. Sometimes these two signs get together like cooing doves, but when they don't, it's likely to be the Scorpio half that says No, No. Shifting from the Coast Guard Auxiliary to the Navy at the end of October, Glenn started his new service career at a time guaranteed to give him plenty of excitement. Ought to make a good officer, for Taureans can give orders as well as take 'em—maybe better. Eleanor Powell is the lass who loves the sailor, but can relax—the Taurus male sticks to his mate and always comes back like a homing pigeon. Glenn can look for some important boosts in March, April, July and August when fans may see a new brand of publicity break loose about him.

Grant Lewi, author of this article, is editor of "Horoscope," America's most popular astrology magazine; editor of "Your Future," the illustrated astrological yearbook; author of "Heaven Knows What" and "Astrology for the Millions"; of the novels "Star of Empire" and "The Gods Arrive."

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THE STARS MAKE UP THEIR XMAS LISTS

(*Continued from page 34*)

bright candle. There is a possibility that Oli's parents, Count Loiewski and Countess Loiewski-Cassini will be able to come West from Washington, D. C., to be Gene's guests. In that case, they will be only two of a group of excited guests around Gene's Christmas board because she has already made arrangements with a Los Angeles Orphanage to borrow a group of children for the festivities of dinner and later the opening of gifts around the Christmas tree.

There is another tradition that Gene is going to keep this year. When she was a school student in Switzerland, one of her dearest friends was a Norwegian girl who took Gene home to Oslo for the Christmas holiday. She was there for three weeks, and it was a celebration she has never forgotten.

One of the most enchanting of Norwegian customs was this: each housewife in a particular neighborhood baked an enormous batch of cookies, wrapped them in bright paper and proffered them as gifts. These sweets were always prepared from a carefully guarded recipe that had been handed down in a family from generation to generation, and there was a good deal of friendly rivalry among the cookie bakers as to which had the best luck that year—or the most dependable recipe year after year.

It grieves Gene to know that this custom will undoubtedly be abandoned in Oslo this Christmas of 1942, but in Hollywood one small, bright bit of Norway will flourish in the Tierney household because Gene was given one of the recipes, and she is making Norwegian cookies for her friends.

JOHN PAYNE has no idea where he will spend Christmas, 1942. If his wish comes true, he will be lined up in Air Corps barracks, singing—just before sitting down to an army dinner—"Off we go, into the wide blue yonder. . . ."

If he happens to be in Hollywood, he will spend part of the day with Julie, his beautiful young daughter. If he is away from Hollywood, he will telephone her to find out how she got along with Santa Claus. And if it were possible to have a Payne family Christmas, it would be something right off a glazed greeting card. The Paynes are Roanoke, Virginia, folk. Dinner was always a two o'clock-afternoon festivity with turkey, stuffed pig, candied yams, baked ham and three kinds of pie to the point where human activity was limited to staggering to the nearest easy chair and dozing there for the rest of the day.

JANE WYMAN is also making if/or plans: *IF* Ronnie is in Hollywood, *OR* if he isn't. In case he is in town, Christmas will be sunny indeed; in case he isn't, Jane will try to take Maureen Elizabeth and spend the day with him wherever he is—provided she can get plane reservations.

And this year, for a change, she hopes she wins the toss. Fuller explanation: every Christmas, since the Reagans have been married, they have tossed a coin to see who would be the first to open the Christmas packages. To date, Ronnie has won. Jane has had to control curiosity bordering on heebie-jeebies while Mister Reagan slowly, very very slowly opened his bundles one by one. It required two full hours for him to complete this ritual their first Christmas together, and it involved smoking a pipeful of his new tobacco. "Some year, someone is going to give him a book," moans Jane, "and that's going to extend Christmas—*my* Christmas, at least—to 4th of July."

GEORGE MONTGOMERY'S reaction to Christmas is that it's twins. His father and mother are Russian, hence observe the Gregorian Christmas, but because they also sympathized with the plight of children excluded from a conventional celebration, they have always observed the Augustinian calendar Christmas as well.

When they lived in Montana, the boys always went foraging for a Christmas tree and usually cut the largest fir they could conveniently haul home. The younger children strung cranberries and popcorn to use as decoration, and Mrs. Montgomery (actually Mrs. Letz) made very acceptable Santa Claus heads by gluing bits of red wool on the top of a walnut-shell and adding an absorbent cotton beard and inked eyes and nose.

If George is still out of uniform this year at Christmas, he won't do the woodsman stunt; simpler to traverse Wilshire Boulevard with its evergreen bazaars. But he will—with the help of the neighborhood kids—string cranberries, popcorn and make Santa heads.

The DENNIS MORGANS will have a terrific Christmas this year, considering the fact that they have to write three Santa Claus letters, one for each of their bouncing brood. The baby will be big enough to blink at the Christmas tree lights and loud enough in the lung to help sound Christmas morning reveille at the weird hour of five when Stan and Kris usually leap out of the hay.

Dennis and his wife always open their gifts to one another Christmas Eve after the children have been tucked away with "visions of sugar plums" dancing in their heads. (20th Century note: what on earth *are* sugar plums?) Then they decorate the tree and fill the small stockings dangling from the mantelpiece.

Christmas Day they always have the Morgan Seniors, as dinner guests—turkey, stuffed dates, apple-and-sausage dressing, escalloped oysters, cranberry sauce, baked chestnuts and pumpkin pie! In the afternoon, Mrs. Morgan telephones her family who live in Wisconsin.

By that time Dennis is called to the play room to perform first aid on at least one doll and probably a length of track on the electric train. And *that* takes care of Mr. Morgan for the rest of the day.

This is the first Christmas ALAN LADD and SUE CAROL have spent together, and at least an occasional sentence uttered during the holiday will be, "Next year we'll buy a kiddie car," or "Next year we'll have to pick out a big doll." Be-

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cause Santa Claus will have three Ladd names on his 1943 Christmas list.

This year both Alan and Sue will hang up their stockings just to set a good example for the coming younger generation. They plan to open their gifts to one another on Christmas Eve, however, as a good-by gesture to that habit. Hereafter they will be a Crack-of-Dawn-Christmas family.

You may have noticed that Alan's Christmas list is simply knotted with ties. There is a fascinating reason for this, a secret he revealed between takes on "Lucky Jordan," a picture they say will guarantee a good many Merry Christmases to everyone, from the studio to the fair-haired boy of their lot.

Seems that Alan admires Charvet ties, but for years he was so wan of pocketbook that his purchases were made strictly at the four-bit counter. He vowed that, when Lady Luck gave him a nod, he was going to have a full Charvet-tie wardrobe, and he was going to see that each of his best friends did likewise.

The Ladds will also have an open house on Christmas Day from 2 to 4 P.M. After that time, the rest of the evening is to be devoted to a party for all the service men Alan has entertained in the past, provided, of course, they are within traveling distance. Most of these boys are a long distance from their homes, but each will find some useful gift under the tree. A gift with the soldier's name on the card, a gift that says, "We're with you, pal. You aren't just a uniform to us—you're a person. You're not part of a vast armed force, you're an individual. Merry Christmas to you, soldier, and the best of luck."

Answers to MODERN SCREEN QUIZ

(*page* 72)

1—They are all divorced wives of George Brent.

2—a) Gary Cooper b) Henry Fonda c) Robert Montgomery d) Charles Boyer.

3—Katherine Harris, Michael Strange, Dolores Costello, Elaine Barrie.

4—Jane Russell and Jack Buetel.

5—a) Boris Karloff b) Kay Francis c) Myrna Loy d) Marlene Dietrich.

6—a) Ginger Rogers b) Myrna Loy c) Phil Baker.

7—b) Alexander Woollcott.

8—Camille was consumptive; Philip Carey had a club foot; Quasimodo was "Hunchback of Notre Dame."

9—c) Champion.

10—a) Bert Gordon b) Lupe Velez c) Jenny Lind.

11—a) a hotel clerk.

12—Michael Strange, Marlene Dietrich, Billie Burke.

13—Sam Wood (director), Jack Holt and Richard Bennett (Joan Bennett).

14—a) "Citizen Kane."

15—"The Moon and Sixpence," "For Whom The Bell Tolls," "All This and Heaven Too," "This Above All," "Rebecca."

16—Lewis Stone, Fay Holden, Sara Haden, Cecilia Parker, Mickey Rooney.

17—Zanzibar, Singapore, Morocco.

18—George Montgomery.

19—Norma Shearer in 1932, Jeanette MacDonald in 1941.

20—"Son Of Fury"

WHEN LOVE DIED . . .

(*Continued from page* 37)

and people. She breathes easiest in an atmosphere of friendly informality. Her progress through the studio is marked by an exchange of Hi's. The genuflections demanded by others in her position are a pain in the neck to Annie. She wouldn't know what to do with them. Stardom hasn't touched the essential Clara Lou. She's kept the traditional warmth and openheartedness of her native state—especially for plain people. Her friends of the old days are her friends today, and no earthquake could pry her loose from them. She's loyal to the last.

George is a man of unpredictable moods lacking Ann's gift for happiness. By choice, his friends are few. He's ingrown, where Ann is outgoing. He lives within the circle of himself, she lives outside herself. His charm, when he chooses to exert it, is practically irresistible. But the fact that he charms you today doesn't mean that he won't freeze you tomorrow. Not through perversity, but because a black mood has overtaken him. This is said in analysis, not in criticism. What hereditary strains, what bitter personal disillusionment gave Brent his cynical cast one can only guess at. He and Ann and all of us are what forces have made us.

Till they fell in love, they disliked each other—when they bothered to give each other a thought. That readhead had no dignity, Brent decided—breezing in and out of the Green Room, hail-fellow-well-met with the world and his sister. To Ann, Mr. Brent was a simple stuffed shirt. Then one day, inexplicably, they looked, and their looks penetrated the surface. Some welcoming gesture of Ann's to a scared newcomer took George unaware. Ann was startled to discover that his eyes could be kind. He asked her to dinner. She was beautiful, gay, warm, honest. He was gallant, cultivated, generous. He had the art of making a woman feel cherished, the only woman in the world. So they fell in love.

As I've said, they grew to know each other well. Neither put on an act. George had every opportunity to study Ann—her interests, her loyalties, her lack of complexity. She had every opportunity to see him at his most morose. That they took their differences into consideration is evident from the time that elapsed before their marriage. But in the end their need for each other proved strongest. With Ann, a new brightness had entered George's life. As for her, his very unhappiness drew her and wrung her heart. She loved him. She wanted to make him happy. Most of the time they had fun together. He could be so sweet. They'd manage to get along. They'd have their squabbles of course, everyone does. But she figured that they could always manage somehow.

mackerel skies . . .

The first problem confronting them after their five-day honeymoon was a place to live. George's rented house at Toluca was too small for them both. So was the house Ann had bought in September at Encino. This was the first home she'd ever owned, and she loved it like a baby. "Couldn't we build on a wing for you, George, and live out there?" she inquired hopefully.

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George agreed. But when he went to look the place over on their return, he changed his mind. It was too far out. Anyway, he didn't really care for the house. And now that war had been declared, they probably wouldn't be able to do any building. The last point was unanswerable. So was the second, for that matter. Disappointed though you may be, and even a little hurt, you can't ask a man to live in a house he dislikes.

They moved into the Toluca place, whose lease had a year to run. Meantime, they'd hunt for something more suitable. George called Ann a good sport—especially since, for lack of closet space, she had to haul her clothes back and forth from Encino. For she balked at selling her treasure, as George wanted her to. "Not now," she insisted. "I couldn't get anything for it." She might have added: "Not now. I can't bear it. Later maybe, when I've had time to get used to the idea."

George wanted her to himself. Natural enough, for a newlywed. It amused her at first when he'd growl about men who looked at her in restaurants. Every woman likes a touch of possessiveness in the man she loves. It flatters her vanity. For the modern woman, however, a touch is enough. It was George's idea that on working days she should go home to a well-balanced lunch which he ordered, instead of eating in the studio Green Room, where she chattered too much and ate too little. She enjoyed the camaraderie of the Green Room, the exchange of banter and laughs with her friends. But of course George was right. Lunching at home was much better for her digestion.

gloomy sundays . . .

They were happy for a while—a pitifully brief while. Just when and how the clouds began to gather is clear to neither. Suddenly they were quarreling over trifles, over nothing. Ann hates quarrels. Once they were over, she'd try to get to the bottom of them. "Every time this happens," she'd plead, "it kills something inside me." But George hates post-mortems. He'd bring her a gift and say, "Let's forget it." Which would have been fine except that the quarrels recurred.

Ann needs people. George doesn't—or at any rate, not to nearly the same degree. They'd accept an invitation and, when the time came, George would be more likely than not to say: "I've been working. I'm tired. Let's phone and break it." Ann began to feel isolated. "I wouldn't have minded that either," she once cried to a friend, "if George and I hadn't ceased to have fun together, and that's what happened. He didn't have any more fun than I did."

Therein lay the tragedy. George had fallen in love with Ann, the light of heart. Subconsciously at least, he must have hoped to be drawn out of his darker world by the pull of her wholesome, buoyant spirit. Yet he resisted being thus drawn. The reverse happened. His natural melancholy was aggravated by the war. Ann is as conscious of the war and its significance as the rest of us. But you don't stop living because of the war. Occasionally you talk of something other than the war and the black state of the world.

George seemed unable to. It was with him constantly. It stretched his nerves and frayed his temper. His depression infected Ann. She couldn't run away from it, as before, to Encino. Not being much of a girl for self-analysis, she failed to note its full effect till a friend asked: "What happens to you, Ann, when George comes into the room? You'll be laughing and playing the clown, then enter George, and you kind of go under a cloud." Only then did she realize how taut her own nerves had grown, how it had become second nature to scan George's face, dreading the mood he might be in. Married six months and dreading the appearance of your own husband! She thought that was awful. It *was* awful.

As humans do, he took his bitterness out on the person closest to him. George had his own grievances or thought he had, which amounts to the same thing. He felt that Ann lacked the proper interest in their marriage, that she failed in a sense of responsibility toward him. He persuaded himself that this was because she'd gone career-mad. Which sounds strange to those familiar with her easy-going nature. Ann enjoys her work, she's grateful for it, she gives it her best, but the fierce ambition that drives a Crawford or a Goddard is foreign to her.

At any rate, the argument reduced her to despair, especially since she couldn't pin George down to cases, couldn't get him to say wherein her failure lay. She knew it irked him that they hadn't found a home. But she'd been working steadily since their marriage. There'd been one house—elegant,

I SAW IT HAPPEN

While on a Southern cruise, Bing Crosby engaged in conversation two Ursuline nuns, who were bound for British Honduras to establish a mission and convent school. Mr. Crosby told the nuns about his children and his work, and in turn, the nuns told him of their mission tasks. As the conversation drew to a close, he asked if they would like autographed pictures of him. And though they didn't know what they would do with the pictures, they thanked him and went to their cabin. Later that evening, a messenger came with four envelopes containing photos of Bing. As the nuns opened the envelopes, they discovered a fifty-dollar bill in each!

Betty Blake
35 McClellan Street,
Bronx, New York.

10 YRS. AGO IN MODERN SCREEN

January, 1933, was the month in which ex-President Calvin Coolidge was discovered dead on his bedroom floor. . . . Adolf Hitler became Chancellor of Germany and the Queen of Bulgaria had a baby. . . . A man named Larry Fay was shot to death in his New York City nightclub, Casablanca. . . .

While in the January MODERN SCREEN—Reports were that Harpo Marx had given up chasing blondes and was chasing real-estate agents. Looking for a small house with a large pool! . . . Lew Ayres and Wife Lola Lane, swore off formal clothing for a year as an economy measure . . . Johnny Weissmuller and Bobbé Arnst gave reasons for the divorce . . . Joe E. Brown became a father . . . And Garbo said, "Leslie Howard is the only man I have ever really wanted to play opposite. . . ."

with swimming pools—which had appealed to George's sense of stateliness and form. Being neither stately nor formal, Ann hadn't liked it.

"As for this house, it's yours, George. What responsibility can I take for it? You engaged the help. You give the orders. That's how you want it. Would you like me to cook for you? Do you want me to quit my job?"

No, he wouldn't ask her to do that. Even had she been willing, which she wasn't, it would have proved no solution. A dear little woman, filling his pipe, fetching his slippers, saying yes dear and no dear, would have bored him to lunacy within a week.

Still, no serious thought of separation had entered Ann's head. They'd always be able to manage somehow, she'd thought. Well, they weren't managing as well as she'd hoped, and the squabbles came more frequently than she'd foreseen, but there was the old gag about the first year being the hardest, and eventually they'd adjust themselves. Besides, there were lovely intervals in between when George's cronies came to dinner, and he was at his best as delightful host, and they'd have such fun that she could almost delude herself into believing the storms were over.

Maybe the new pattern of living, imposed by war, would help. George had signed as flying instructor at Oxnard. She was going back to Encino to live, since the Toluca lease was up. Now that his job in the service was settled, he might feel more peaceful. The temporary separation might give them both a clearer perspective. He kissed her good-by when she left for Monterey on location, and thought he might get time to run up and see her.

let's face it . . .

That first week they talked to each other every day. One day Ann was out to dinner when George called. Which brought on a crisis. The details don't matter. If one spark hadn't set off the blaze, another would have. What matters is that Ann suddenly sat down and looked the situation in the face. All along she'd felt things had to be as they were, you couldn't do anything to change them. Now she thought sharply: why must they be this way? What am I beating my brains out for? because I hate to admit I've failed again. Well, stop kidding yourself, baby. You've failed, but good. Can't make him happy, and now there are two of you. It doesn't add up to common sense, that's all.

She went through a bad time at Monterey. All her logical conclusions couldn't keep her from hoping that George might call. He didn't. By the time she got home, her mind was made up.

George was at Oxnard, so she left a message with his secretary. He phoned her at the studio Friday and suggested dinner on Sunday. At the house, where he called for her, they sat awhile and talked like strangers about this and that. Till George rose. "Well, shall we go to dinner?" They drove to the Tropics.

las vegas bound . . .

"You seem quiet," he said when he'd seated her and taken his place opposite.

"I suppose I am.—Don't you think we've got lots to talk about?" (How do you tell a man you want to divorce him?—You just tell him, dope.—But the words wouldn't come.)

George busied himself ordering. Then, when the waiter had left—"Now, what's on your mind?" Brent's poise is unshatterable.

She gulped before answering. What was this trick he had of making her feel like a schoolgirl? Suddenly she remembered there was nothing more to be nervous about. She belonged to herself again. Laying down her fork, she looked at him squarely. "This is it, isn't it?"

"Yes. This is it. Things haven't worked out. I've been wretched. I suppose you have, too. We made a mistake. Let's put an end to it!"

"Let's," agreed Ann.

Later he said: "Of course you'll get a divorce."

"Of course."

"When?"

She choked back a hysterical impulse to giggle. "I haven't had much time to plan things yet. As soon as I can. As soon as the picture's finished."

There seemed no more to say. After dinner he took her home. Their goodbys were casual. Ann went inside, shut the door and leaned back against it. She didn't cry. Maybe the saddest part of the whole story is that she didn't feel at all like crying. What she felt was a surge of relief that it was over.

China Harris flew out from New York. If she hoped to bring about a reconciliation, the hope was short-lived. She's an angel of understanding and Ann's fast friend. After dining with Ann at Encino, she summed up the situation as wisely as possible: "George is my brother and I love him. I also love Ann. Which still doesn't mean that they have to get along with each other."

To straighten out a point or two that have been in dispute. By the time this sees print, Ann will have taken up residence in Las Vegas, prior to filing suit. There was no talk of a property settlement. She doesn't need George's money.

George doesn't carry a torch. Neither does Ann. Nor any bitterness. And it's pointless to try to place the onus on either for what, in the final analysis, was nothing more culpable than a mistake. They weren't made to run in double harness. That much-tried word, incompatibility, fits their case skintight. It's a pity, for their own sakes, that they couldn't have realized it sooner. If George had known that you can't cage a girl's spirit and keep it to warm yourself alone, though you're twenty times her husband—if Ann had known that a man must carry the seed of happiness within himself—they would either never have married or never have parted.

As it is, they've taken the only course open. And their friends wish them well on their separate ways.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

During the World's Fair in Chicago in 1933, a certain very attractive young lady used to ride to work with me at the Fair. She was very pretty and had a voice as pleasant as summer rain. Eventually, I learned that she was acting Shakespeare at the English Village concession. I said right then, that she ought to be in the movies. Maybe I should have been a talent scout instead of a soldier, because today I see her wonderful smile on the screen, in excellent pictures. Afterwards, I boast—truthfully—that I've taken Martha Scott riding lots of times. Of course I never add that it was in a public bus on the fair grounds!

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GOOD NEWS

(*Continued from page 58*)

was extremely hard to get along with . . . brutally frank, stubborn, willful, often downright disagreeable. In fact, some months ago when she visited New York after her first triumphs, she so annoyed a young man who had taken her to see "Arsenic And Old Lace" that he excused himself to go out and smoke a cigarette at intermission time, and never came back.

Well, that was the old Veronica Lake.

On this last visit of hers to Gotham, she was milk and honey. She captivated everyone who met her. She proved intelligent, amusing, delightfully warm in her devotion to her baby, and thoroughly normally nice.

Her friends think maybe it was motherhood that caused the transformation. Or perhaps a few studio scoldings.

They're Doing All Right

Hollywood can be proud of the men it has given to the armed services, not only because of their promptness in answering the call of duty, but because in the face of a great handicap—and any gob or doughboy will tell you that fame is a handicap to a rookie—they have commanded the respect and admiration of their fighting comrades, and they have won a genuine popularity.

Lieut. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., takes a terrific ribbing from his shipmates with the best possible good nature. His fellow officers like to book his worst pictures for their ship's "movie nights"—and while Doug (on orders) sits writhing in the audience, they hiss and boo his most "romantic" scenes.

Another handsome Navy lieutenant visited a group of American Field Service ambulance drivers not long ago, much to their surprise. He spent the afternoon telling them what a fine outfit they were, and the boys, bound for the fighting front and very homesick at the moment, were immeasurably cheered.

"I used to drive an ambulance for the AFS in France," the lieutenant told them just before he left. "My name's Bob Montgomery."

Clark Gable's popularity with his buddies in the Army is, of course, rapidly becoming a legend.

It was at a dinner in Miami for a graduating class of the air force school down there that Clark was persuaded to make one of his very infrequent public speeches.

He drew rousing cheers when he said, "I enjoy being down here with you. And when I leave, I promise you—I won't be *back* of you, holding up your morale!"

Lady Killer

Glenn Ford is a charming fellow but from all accounts not very woman-wise (which may be part of his charm!). At any rate, deliberately or inadvertently, he has broken more hearts than any male in Hollywood. In love or linked with him at different times during the recent past were Greer Garson, Joan Crawford, Laraine Day, Michele Morgan, Hedy Lamarr and even Jane Withers.

The perfect illustration of his disarming naivete is the story of how Glenn was introduced to a star with particularly beautiful eyes, dated her for dinner, and next day telephoned the friend:

"Gol-ly, what beautiful eyes! I could just look at them and fall asleep!"

Of course the star with the gorgeous orbs was told about this little gem.

"What am I," she demanded, "—a siren, or a sleeping powder?"

Gratitude

Not since Janie Bryan (who is now married and retired from films) came to New York and sang the praises of Bette Davis, has any up-and-coming young actress devoted as much of her interview space to a star and co-worker as Janet Blair did to Rosalind Russell when she visited Broadway. Janet raved about Roz to all the local critics, told of her tremendous help and co-operation during the making of "My Sister Eileen," and didn't let anyone forget that she owed her star billing to La Russell, who went right to the front office and demanded it.

Poppa Knows Best

Alice Faye wants her daughter to be an actress when she grows up, and she admits it. "Hollywood has been awfully good to me," Alice says, "and the best I can hope for my daughter is that she find the same happiness that I've found here."

Alice has started a scrapbook for the baby, and already it's full of countless newspaper clippings and hundreds of baby cards from fans all over the world.

The baby shows signs of being Daddy's girl, at present writing. When she was cutting her first tooth, she cried for three hours one afternoon, and nothing Alice could do had the slightest quieting effect on her. But when Phil came home he merely picked her up, and she stopped crying and fell asleep.

Buried Treasure

Mrs. Victor Mature's divorce from the Genius seems to be definitely off for the duration. But the former Martha Stephenson Kemp's biggest worry isn't that her witnesses will forget names and dates—it's her inability to find any of Vic's funds to attach. The suspected hiding places include a Turkish bath, the safe deposit box of a friend, and a dozen other weird spots that only the mind of Mature could devise.

Realty Note

One of the best bond-selling speeches was made by Lynn Bari—and it happened in rather an odd way. When she was asked to go out on the war bond tour, she went to a famous Hollywood writer for speech material, and he dashed off a three-page patriotic spiel. But when Lynn appeared before an audience to read it, for the first time, she realized that it didn't sound like her, it sounded artificial and obviously "canned" by a ghost writer. "What'll I do?" she asked Ronald Colman.

His press agent, sitting nearby, offered: "I've got an idea. It comes from the heart, and I think it's rather good. Go out there and say, 'Most of you in the audience probably don't know me . . .' . . . They'll like that—that makes you one of the twenty-two million . . . 'But the Treasury Department has invited me to sell bonds, and all I've got to say is this: THE RENT IS DUE ON THE FINEST HOUSE IN THE WORLD!' "

A YANK IN THE U. S. N.

(*Continued from page 29*)

more problem than going down to the recruiting station, signing their names, taking an oath, passing a physical. . . .

That was the catch with Bob: the physical. He was a pretty husky specimen, plenty of biceps, triceps and miscellaneous sinew, but he had a tricky knee. While he had been a student at U.S.C., he had organized the first inter-collegiate polo team and played so furiously that he broke his left wrist three times and sustained a cracked knee cap.

That effectively wrote finis to his polo days, so he took up a sport in which an acute eye, an instinctive feeling for velocity and distance, and sheer coolness of nerve counted. He became a skeet shooter. Official records have plenty to say about how good he was. In 1936 he won the Western Open Skeet championship and was a member of the All-American Skeet Team. In 1937 he repeated his Western Open win and was again a member of the All-American. As a sideline that year, he won the National 20-gauge shotgun title and also placed first in a Southern California pistol shoot. Just to keep his range-eye, he won the world's record straight firing championship by scoring 354 consecutive hits. There is no use in going on to 1938, '39 and '40 records, because it was pretty well recognized by that time that Mr. Robert Stack was the William Tell of the Pacific Coast.

There was no doubt in anyone's mind that Bob would be useful in the scrap with the Jap. His friends called him up from time to time to ask, "How's the old knee? Making any progress?"

The mere fact that he could shoot out the eye of a spade at forty paces didn't satisfy the Navy which has to have its men steady on their pins as well. Bob had begun to work on that. One of the finest orthopedic specialists on the West Coast was giving him a course of light treatments, massages and manipulations, coupled with x-ray.

"How fast will I get into condition?" Bob asked the physician.

"Impossible to say," was the cautious reply.

"Is there a faster way?" Bob demanded.

The doctor pursed his lips and nodded briefly. "There's always surgery," he said, "if you want to take the risk."

an old salt . . .

Here was a quick way into uniform, Bob thought on the spur. Here was a way to join all his sea-going relatives who were out there fighting the good fight. "No matter what the risk is, I want to take it. See here, doctor, why didn't you tell me earlier in the game that there was a way to speed up this conditioning?"

"Take it easy, son," the older man suggested. "If we work away, slow and steady, we'll eventually get that knee in first class condition. If we take the fast trip to surgery, you may end up with a permanently stiff leg. . . . Of course, that's only the 50-50 chance—you might be cured in a hurry."

The irrepressible Stack grin came back. "I'll keep plugging. But, if things begin to go badly out there, I may come back for some quick attention," he said.

Meanwhile, he went on making pictures and doing camp tours between trips to the hospital. One of the pictures he made then was "Eagle Squadron."

He had a date one night with a girl who is not in pictures, and she noticed that Bob was practically quiet all evening. "Why the grief, chief?" she asked. "You haven't been so gloomy since your last hydroplane bang-up."

"Nothing," said Bob who wears his heart under ten or fifteen layers of poise.

"Don't lie, guy," came back the flip rejoinder. "Better tell me. See, I *know*. Haven't I brought you all *my* sour notes since we were kids? *You've* got to tell me when the corn grows wild in your private life."

If she hadn't put it that way, she would have never mined out the vein of irony that was plaguing Bob. "It's this picture I'm making," he confessed. "Every morning I get out of my civvies and climb into this uniform. That's bad enough—gives me a taste of what it might be, of the thrill of being in the fight. But every night I have to wipe off my make-up and shed the uniform, and *that* makes me wonder if maybe I'll just have to go on play-acting through this war. Sometimes, it gets me."

"Don't be so glum, chum," she kidded. "You're making progress with the leg-elbow and you know it. You can dance twice as long as you used to be able to, without getting tired. *I've* noticed it."

"Honestly?" demanded Bob. "You aren't just conning me?"

She held up her right hand in the gesture of oath-taking. "Zoot," she said. "Strictly on the level."

Bob took her arm and grinned down at her. "Remind me sometime to tell you what beautiful blue eyes you have, angel child," he said. Somehow the tone wasn't entirely kidding.

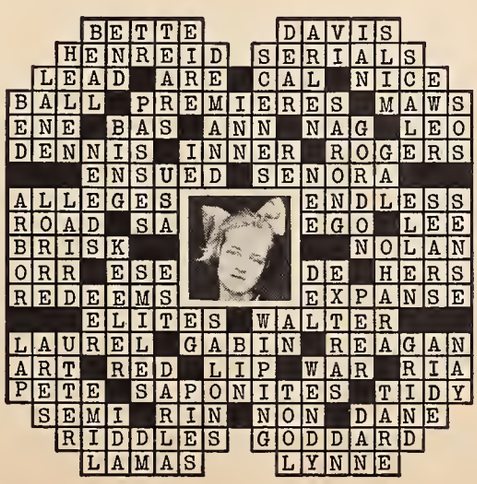
red, white and blue deal . . .

Bob was doing his bit in other ways beside camp tours and pictures. He had accepted the chairmanship of the U.S.O. sports committee which meant that he arranged all athletic events sponsored by that organization in Los Angeles. In an effort to set up the sort of entertainment the boys would really enjoy, he did a good deal of quiet investigation.

"What do you guys do at camp when you have free time?" he asked one husky who had borrowed the Stack golf clubs.

"If we can hike for town, it's okay—

Solution to Puzzle on Page 10



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SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

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we can usually stir up some excitement," the doughboy said. "But if we stick around camp, there's nothing much to do. Gosh, what we wouldn't give for some decent sports equipment—boxing gloves, tennis and badminton racquets, handballs—stuff like that. A bunch of us guys have been putting a certain amount in a camp kitty every pay day, just to buy equipment later on."

Bob asked, "Doesn't that run you a little short?"

"So what? So we keep out of mischief."

"Will you be able to take the junk with you when you move out?" Bob wanted to know.

"Nope. We're going to leave it for the next bunch of jeeps," said the soldier casually.

Bob, in repeating this incident to a publicity man at the studio added, "How's that for patriotism? Here's a guy who's almost through with his training, but he and others like him are giving up part of their pay for the comfort of future trainees. Isn't *that* a red-white-and-blue deal!"

With the help of this publicity man, Bob bought equipment for the camp and sent it down without one word of identification. No card, no note, no smallest effort toward thanks.

the great gamble . . .

Not satisfied with this effort, Bob decided to turn the enormous, rambling Stack house into a hospitality headquarters. He talked it over with his mother one night. "My idea is to have a gang over every Wednesday afternoon," he said. "Would that be okay with you?" Mrs. Stack belongs to a sea-going family, and she knew that Bob was chafing against the delay that was keeping him out of skivvies and blues. "Do whatever you want to, dear," she said. "I'll arrange for cakes, sandwiches and coffee. And, Bobby, don't get impatient. Everything works out if you can wait with confidence."

"Have I told you lately that you're kinda cute?" demanded Betzi Stack's admiring son.

The Wednesday afternoon parties became so successful that Saturday afternoon was also drafted for a service swimming, tennis, gabbing and gulping session. The Stack house gradually attained rendezvous proportions. Once a man had been there, he was told on leaving, "Drop around whenever you're in the neighborhood on Wednesday or Saturday afternoon."

Bob was the soul of courtesy to each of his guests, but he managed—somehow—to spend a lot of time with the bombardiers or any visiting naval gunners. He quizzed them about their training, their courses in cartography, range finding and all the rest of the technical accomplishments indicated by a pair of wings.

After one of these seances one day, a bombardier happened to wander into the Stack library where Bob's trophies for his marksmanship are displayed. "Hey," he called to his buddy, "come check the hardware. This guy has more loving cups than the ocean has fish—and almost as big."

"I got lucky once in awhile," Bob told them. Then he added, tapping the insignia on a blue sleeve, "I wish I could turn them in on some of this kind of hardware."

There was a moment of uneasy, sympathetic silence before one of the boys said, "Boy, I'm sure glad you're going to be behind one of *our* triggers, instead of running up the Army Air Corps score. Anchors Aweigh!" His calm assumption that Bob would be accepted by the Navy did more for the Stack morale than a dozen reassuring statements could have done.

That night Bob made a momentous decision. Instead of waiting for the knee to heal gradually, he was going to try the dangerous route of surgery. While he and his mother were having a quiet dinner, he said, "I can't take it any longer. I'd rather know where I stand . . . or rather, how *well* I can stand. This waiting is getting me down. For months now I've been going down to the doctor's once a day, and I can't see that I'm getting anywhere."

His mother hesitated. "Why don't you go down to the Navy recruiting station and talk to those men who were so encouraging to you before? Why don't you ask them to give you another physical exam? It may be that your knee is in good enough condition for them to accept you."

Bob spent most of the next day stepping off and on scales, saying 'ah' and doing stunts that required the leg stamina of Whirlaway. He was tired and pessimistic when he came home. "No use waiting for them to tell me 'no'," he groaned. "I think I'm sunk. The old knee didn't act up . . . but somehow that doctor just didn't look too happy. I turned over all my marksmanship records and everything, but I don't think I shot six o'clock."

He telephoned his doctor. "I've decided to gamble with you," he said. "Fix up an appointment with ether for me in about five weeks. I'm going out on a bond tour, but as soon as I get back I'll be ready for your great experiment."

"Did the Navy actually turn you down?" demanded the incredulous physician.

"Nope, but I don't have any confidence in myself, I guess."

"Your leg is fine for the job you want to do," the doctor insisted. "I could give you all sorts of certificates to the effect that you can't do an adagio, but that you can run, jump, swim and dance moderately without ill effect."

"It's that word 'moderately' that gets me," grumbled Bob. "We've got to change it to 'perfectly.' That's the ticket—either I'm Superman, Jr., or I'm a Long John Silver landlubber."

Someone suggested to Bob that news of his impending hospitalization would make a good timely story for one of the columnists. He almost went through the roof. Usually Bob's conversation is brief and to the point; he can say "Yeah" about fifty different ways—each with a different meaning. He can even describe a souped-up motor in half a paragraph so that the average mechanic knows the Stack secret of speed.

to him who waits . . .

But this time he had plenty to say, plus. He explained that he was just an ordinary joe who happened to have been born in Los Angeles where motion pictures are made. Because he had come from a long line of theatrical people, it had been perfectly natural for him to get into said pictures. But, as far as he was concerned, that didn't make him any more interesting or remarkable than any other man in America, who happened to want to serve his country.

A studio publicity representative said, "But, Bob, you're taking a long chance on this surgery. You may be fixed up fine, sure; but you may spend the rest of your days on a cane. I think there's a whale of a story in it."

"Look! I've met guys who have been invalided home from Hawaii and Dutch Harbor. I've talked to guys who were in the battle of Midway, and some who got shot up in the Solomons. Talk about chances! Talk about guts! Talk about serving your country, doing your bit or any of the rest of it! There's your whale of a story—not here, not from me. From guys who have seen service."

Yet the courage of the Bob Stacks, as well as the Bill Smiths, is what makes this country what it is. Some of us do small, brave things that can't be discussed—as Bob was doing—and some do spectacular, public things that win medals. Each of us has to do his part in his own small way. That's why Bob Stack's story needs to be told.

After making his hospital date, Bob went on his bond tour. He had reached Houston, Texas, when he received a long distance call one night.

He had been signing autographs in the lobby when he was paged. He excused himself from the group of uniforms, muttering something about wondering who in the world could be telephoning him.

"If it's Ann Rutherford," one of the boys yelled, "tell her she's the girl I'd like to be shipwrecked with on a desert island."

Another of the group added, "If it's Diana Barrymore, tell her I just saw 'Between Us Girls,' and any time she wants to do a picture called 'Between Us Boys,' she can come out and live in our barracks."

But it wasn't any of Bob's casual friends, it was his mother. "Is this Ensign Stack?" she asked.

"Oh, sure," grinned Bob, not paying much attention. "How are ya, Mom?"

Mrs. Stack did a retake. "I asked you if I were speaking to Ensign Stack."

Bob got it. He let out a yell that could have been heard at Bremerton. "When did the papers come through?" he demanded.

"This afternoon. You passed your physical 100%. You're supposed to report in two weeks," she said, adding as any mother would, "Darling, I'm so *glad* for you. And so proud."

"Gosh, thanks, Mom," said Bob, his grin coming right over the telephone wire. "Well . . . thanks for calling. I'll be seeing you—in blues."

Bob Stack has told intimates that he feels certain his film career is over. He comes from a salty race, and he expects to follow the sea, barring some unforeseen circumstance.

So, if his tousled head and infectious smile never again flash from a silver screen, Robert Stack still won't have passed beyond the knowledge of his fans. You will be reading about his exploits in the navy. That's both a cross m' heart promise and a prediction.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

One day in a Chicago railroad station, a young soldier was telling his troubles to the ticket agent. Frances Dee, who happened to be standing in back of him, asked what was wrong. He told her he'd missed his earlier train and was trying to book passage on this train, but didn't have enough money. She said, "Don't worry, soldier. I'll take care of everything." And she not only paid his fare, but asked him to have dinner with her on the train!

Jacquelyn Biavardi
244 W. 111 Place,
Chicago, Illinois.

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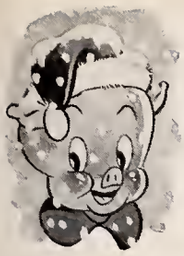

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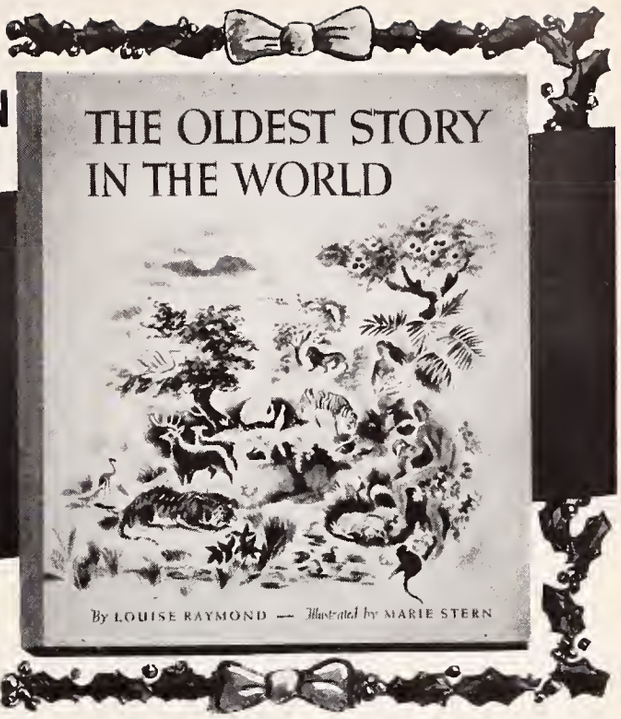

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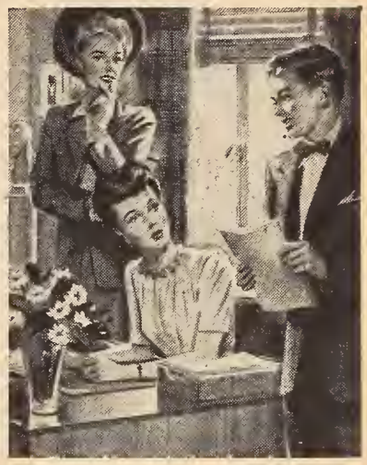


"Gosh—*me* advise *you?* That's the toughest assignment I ever had! But your friend's got the straight dope! In grade school, we learned that gum care is as important as cleaning our teeth. We even had classroom drills in gum massage."

"The fact is, soft foods sometimes rob gums of needed stimulation. That's why I advise massaging the gums every time you brush your teeth." (Note: *Recent survey shows dentists prefer Ipana for personal use 2 to 1 over any other dentifrice.*)

"Hurray—for my frank friends and my dentist! It's massage with Ipana for my gums—from now on! My teeth are brighter already! I like Ipana's fresh taste. And that tingle as I massage my gums seems to say: 'You're heading for a brighter smile'."

Editions rolled off the presses —then one evening . . .

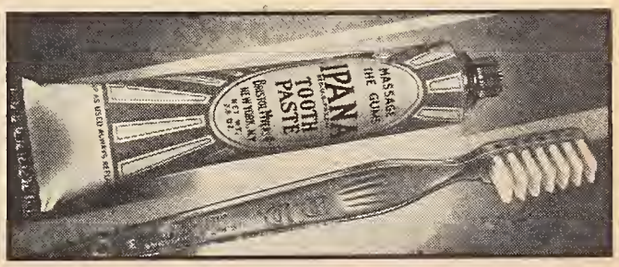
(Unpublished thoughts of a Heart-Throb Columnist.) "Writing about love was never like this! But it's sad to think how many girls miss out on romance, for lack of a sparkling smile. What a shame—when the daily use of Ipana and massage can help so much. A sparkling smile is a passport to happiness —if you want the opinion of a gal who's tried it!"

Help keep gums firmer, teeth brighter, smiles more sparkling with Ipana and Massage!

FIRST TIME you see "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist.* He may simply tell you today's soft foods have robbed your gums of the exercise they need for healthy firmness. And, like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana is specially designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help the health of the gums. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little more Ipana onto your gums. That invigorating "tang" tells you circulation is waking up within the gums, helping to make the tissues firmer and stronger.

Start now to make Ipana and massage a regular daily habit. Let it help you to have firmer gums, brighter teeth—a more sparkling, attractive smile!



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IPANA TOOTH PASTE

MODERN SCREEN

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

A harvest of praise is coming in for "Random Harvest".

★ ★ ★ ★

This Hall of Fame picture is now playing at New York's Radio City Music Hall and is due to reach the country on the crest of an M-G-M wave in the Miniver manner.

★ ★ ★ ★

What a job the movies are doing for the national morale. Lieutenant General Dwight Eisenhower cables from Africa:

"Motion pictures are of the utmost importance to provide entertainment and build up the morale. Newsreels are specially of tremendous value providing for the soldiers the means of keeping up with their friends in other theatres of war and with their families at home. The stories and the sets in the feature productions bring their home country vividly to their memories. Let's have more motion pictures."

★ ★ ★ ★

And anyone in the Navy as well as anyone out of it will stand up and cheer for "Stand By For Action". This is a screen play based on the story you may have read in Reader's Digest entitled "Cargo of Innocence".

Three Big Guns are the stars: Robert Taylor, Charles Laughton and Brian Donlevy.

★ ★ ★ ★

Nor must we (and who will ever?) forget the performance of Walter Brennan.

★ ★ ★ ★

Old Reliable Robert Z. Leonard directed. The "Z" stands for Zenith. This is that of his career.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Stand By For Action" is a mighty picture of the battle-wagons in the Pacific. It is a thrill.

★ ★ ★ ★

This is a preliminary to the ushering in of the new Spencer Tracy-Katharine Hepburn opus "Keeper of The Flame".

How many of you have read I. A. R. Wylie's book? The picture is based on it and was photodramatized by Donald Ogden Stewart.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Keeper of The Flame" is different from any picture you have ever seen.

★ ★ ★ ★

George Cukor, now a private in the army, is the director. Of the many great pictures which he has made this is probably his best work.

★ ★ ★ ★

Those horns we hear echo the Happy New Year's Roar

from Leo

STORIES

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Spencer **TRACY** · Katharine **HEPBURN**

Deep in your heart, seared in your soul you'll keep the flame of this drama a loved movie memory. Two great stars brilliant in "Woman of the Year" are reunited now—more exciting together than ever.

Keeper of the Flame

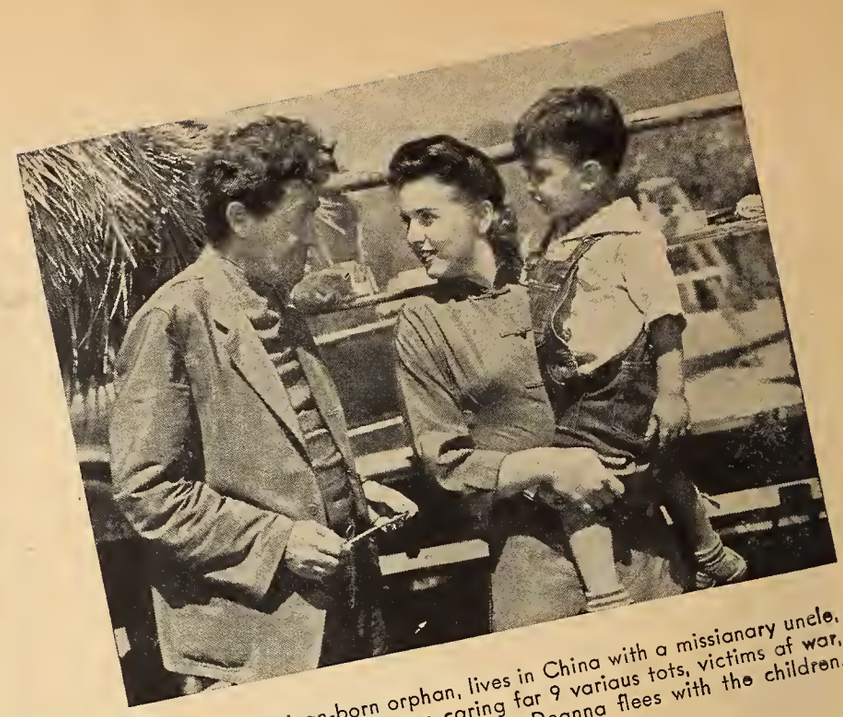
with

RICHARD WHORF · MARGARET WYCHERLY · FRANK CRAVEN
FORREST TUCKER · HORACE McNALLY · PERCY KILBRIDE

Screen Play by DONALD OGDEN STEWART · Based Upon the Book by I. A. R. WYLIE · Directed by GEORGE CUKOR · Produced by VICTOR SAVILLE · Associate Producer LEON GORDON

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

MOVIE REVIEWS



Deanna, American-born orphan, lives in China with a missionary uncle, J. Frank Hamilton. They are caring for 9 various tots, victims of war, when Japs attack their own village. Deanna flees with the children.

She comes with her charges to a port on Irrawaddy Bay, and with the aid of a wealthy Commodore's steward, smuggles 'em abaard the Commodore's ship.

That fixes things. D. and Co. are installed in the Commodore's mansion, and meet his grandson, Edmond O'Brien. Because of farmer air-raid experiences, the tykes are frightened when planes fly over.

D.'s lullabying when the boat's torpedoed. Rescued and taken to Frisca. the kids are held by immigration officials. The steward (thinking the Commadore dead) lies, says Deanna wed the Commadare at sea!

FOREVER YOURS

Here's Deanna back—and about time!

As she has said and as everyone who ever had a parent knows, one of life's truly wilting bores is that no mother or father will ever believe that one of their dear chicks is old enough to keep score. Momma has to wait up to make sure her pet didn't get bit by a tiger, and Poppa goes very vice-president and has to be told where his darling went and with whom. Of course, parents mean well, but who wants to live with the FBI? Still, parents are something we're born with; the only thing to do is grin

Well, Edmond falls in love with what he thinks is his grandma, when whoops—a-not-at-all-dead Commodore comes home! But instead of raising Ned, that kind old gent smiles on E. and D.'s marriage and adopts the assorted kiddies, himself!

and bear them, or bear them even if you can't grin.

But if Mater and Pater have a touch of Sherlock Holmes, give thought to the predicament Deanna had to face. After straightening out her immediate forebears, she still had to convince her producers that she knew which was Up. Here she was, a happily married woman, and Universal insisted on keeping her a sub-deb. Not that a banker would have blamed Universal—their sub-deb Deanna brought in so much folding money that the U. S. Mint had put on a swing shift. But who could blame Deanna for wanting to act her age? So it was Universal vs. D. Durbin.

Result: Deanna bowed sweetly out of the Universal Picture and came The Great Durbin Drought. At first the studio Messrs. Big seemed to think she'd be right back, that it was just a girlish gag. When they found out Deanna had a mind and knew it, the Messrs. Big began to tear their hair. When they had torn enough hair to make a mattress, they folded up on it. They gave in. Deanna could grow up.

This is the Grown-Up picture, and when Universal gives in, it really gives. In "Forever Yours" Deanna plays the mother of eight children. Impossible? Oh, all right—she plays the foster mother to eight children, and a weirder bunch of kids you never laid eye on. All sizes, shapes, ages, nationalities. Here's how come:

Ruth (Deanna) was taken to China by her parents when she was three, but soon was (*Continued on following page*)

They're no weak sisters, these DeLong Bob Pins. Stronger, durable spring . . . *they last and last.*

Strong Grip

Won't Slip Out

Mebbe your curly-top isn't pure Hollywood . . . but it's sure 'nuff leading lady in one fighting man's heart. He'll remember the dream-baby perfection of your ringlets. Keep 'em in order with DeLongs.

DeLong

BOB PINS

orphaned and went to live with an uncle. This kindly man ran something that was a cross between a mission and a school, and he had made a career of collecting and caring for the flotsam of children left on his doorstep after each new Japanese aggression. So Ruth grew up to speak a stilted formal English, although she spoke Chinese fluently; she knew Chinese people and customs intimately, but she could not remember her own America. And, above all, she learned to share her uncle's responsibility to all lost children.

But after Pearl Harbor, when war was spreading like hot lava all over the world, the Japs thought the time had come to annex all of China. They moved inland. One of the treacherous, grinning little men flew over Ruth's home, dropped a careless bomb, and Ruth's uncle died. With his last breath he commanded her to get the children away to safety.

A Chinese officer drew her a map, she took her uncle's jalopy and struggled down through Burma—while the Japs were taking Singapore. At a seaport she made friends with an old salt named Timothy (Barry Fitzgerald) who had been personal steward for twenty years to Commodore Holliday of the Holliday Steamship Lines. The Commodore was going to run his ship through the Jap blockade to join a convoy, and Timothy smuggled Ruth and her charges aboard.

When Commodore Holliday, who didn't like children, discovered his uninvited passengers he threw a tantrum, but Ruth and Timothy faced him down. Then a torpedo struck, and Ruth found herself huddled on a life raft with Timothy and the children, watching the great liner go down. No other survivors could be seen, and when Ruth was picked up, she learned that now she was bound for California.

This seemed to solve her problems, but when the ship steamed through Golden Gate she learned about our immigration laws. Her children had no passports, no proof of citizenship; she would have to raise bond of $500 each before they could land. Eight children added up to $4,000, and it seemed hopeless until Timothy remembered the Commodore's fine house overlooking San Francisco Bay. He took Ruth to face the Commodore's leechlike relations, and when they refused her the money, Timothy announced that Ruth was the old man's widow. The Commodore had married her on shipboard, Timothy swore, to make sure her assorted children would have a home in America.

So Ruth—who knew nothing about American slang or American ways—and her brood of eight—who knew less—all moved into the Commodore's twenty-room mansion. Everything was fine again, until Captain Tom, the Commodore's grandson, took time off from his Atlantic run to come home and supervise the building of a faster ship. Tom (Edmond O'Brien) thought Ruth was some sort of slick confidence woman at first, but after he saw her with the eight kids he knew that no one so well-loved by such a variety of youngsters could be anything but sweet and good.

He set out to make up for lost time, and it looked as if he might be marrying his own grandmother—when out of the foggy Pacific came the unsinkable Commodore. What this irascible old seadog thought when he learned that he had a wife and eight children, and what Tom thought, and what Ruth and Timothy did to set everyone straight makes the climax of this picture.

Deanna is her charming, unaffected self, and her songs are simple and delightful. But the HIGH moment in the Durbin career comes after she has undergone the ministrations of manicurist, hair dresser and couturier—when she puts on her first wobbly high heels and comes down a sweeping staircase—a Woman Of The World.

Hosanna Deanna!—*Univ.*

P. S.

Deanna Durbin's toughest problem during production was trying to keep her face all one color. She wears no make-up in the picture, and on location in the hot hills back of Universal, the Durbin nose kept sun-burning three shades darker than her cream-and-pink cheeks. Only solution was the primitive one of hiring an umbrella boy to hover around and keep her well-sheltered between takes.

Why no make-up? Because Director Jean Renoir, son of the famed impressionistic painter, demands realism. He doesn't believe fleeting emotions can be picked up by the camera if they're reflected by a face covered with "mud."

Renoir built his reputation as France's outstanding director on a foundation of simplicity in everything—clothes, make-up, story construction, production. He's here in Hollywood because he refused Nazi offers to write and produce pictures glorifying their ideology. He was allowed to leave the country, but had to watch the Gestapo confiscate everything he owned, including the priceless collection of his father's pictures, and Les Collettes, his beautiful estate.

Madame Chang, wife of diplomat Dr. A. H. Chang, got nostalgic acting as technical advisor. Declared the hill tops three miles away from the studio looked exactly like the stubby hills of China. When she reached the location and saw the buildings set up—the church (last seen as a hangar in "Eagle Squadron") and the mission with its compound filled with Chinese kiddies—she felt she was in the middle of Yu-Nan Province.

One of her duties was translating "Rockabye Baby" into Chinese. Deanna learned it phonetically and recorded it in one "take." Pressings of the record are going to be distributed throughout China, where mothers have hummed it to their children for years without knowing the words.

Jottings: Stand-ins for the Chinese infants were dolls accurately copied from photographs of the tots . . . Deanna was informed that a truck somewhere in the Libyan desert is named after her. The driver, Private Howard Jones of the Australian Imperial Forces, named his big buggy for Miss D. because "the motor sings as sweetly as you do" . . Indication of how well the picture was progressing was Producer Manning's chin. If it had a few days' growth of beard on it, everything was serene; but if he walked onto the set clean-shaven —that meant trouble, and plenty of it!

KEEPER OF THE FLAME

Aside from bringing back Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn, who did all right by us in "Woman of the Year," this picture offers more than entertainment. It asks a question: How can you tell a fascist when you see him?

All right. Hitler is a fascist, Mussolini is a fascist, Hirohito is a fascist. A fascist, if moving pictures can be believed, is a stiff-backed s-o-b, always wearing a mustache and often a monocle, with a mouth like a snapping turtle and

(*Continued on page 10*)

THE HOTTEST BAND IN THE LAND!
THE SCREEN'S MOST THRILLING LOVE STORY!
RADIO'S MOST ROMANTIC SINGER!
WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRLS!
THE POWERS GIRL
What More Could Anyone Ask!
CHARLES R. ROGERS presents
with GEORGE MURPHY
ANNE SHIRLEY
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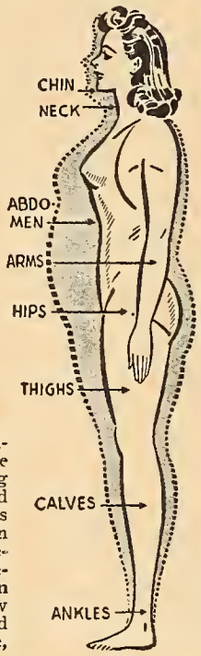
BENNY GOODMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA
INTRODUCING THE SINGING STAR OF JACK BENNY'S RADIO PROGRAM
DENNIS DAY
RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS
WITH THE POWERS LONG-STEMMED AMERICAN BEAUTIES
ALAN MOWBRAY
5 BIG SONGS!
"Partners" "Three Dreams" • "Out Of This World" • "The Lady Who Didn't Believe In Love" • We're Looking for the Big Bad Wolf"
Screen play by E. Edwin Moran and Harry Segall
Based on a story by Wm. A. Pierce and Malvin Wald
Produced by Charles R. Rogers • Directed by Norman Z. McLeod
ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN "THE POWERS GIRL" IS COMING!

REDUCE FAT

Pounds Off Hips, Etc. No Danger

Science now shows that most fat people don't have to remain overweight any longer. Except a comparatively few cases, every one of these thousands of persons can now reduce quickly and safely — without unwarranted exercise, discomfort or diets.



Something New Safe, Easy, Quick

Are you one of these thousands, most of whom have tried to reduce by following food fads, menus, etc. — and failed? If you are, here's something new, what modern science has discovered on reducing foods, drugs and devices. Here's how you can reduce scientifically, with new health and attractiveness—and without unnecessary exercise, dieting, massage, etc.

Endorsed In Medical Journals

Illinois Medical Journal says: "Can be used quickly and easily." Michigan State Medical Journal says: "Gives positive advice and instructions." Medical World says: "Should be read from cover to cover before starting any treatment." Journal of American Osteopathic Assn. says: "Of value to physicians and laymen alike."

Also praised by many editors and columnists all over U.S.A.

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The "Complete Weight Reducer," a wonderful new book, has just published these marvelous reducing revelations. No matter how overweight you may be from non-glandular dysfunctions, these measures will help slim you considerably in a few short weeks. Just follow the simple directions on general reducing and spot reducing on abdomen, double chin, hips, neck, thighs, arms, legs, etc., at once and your reducible pounds and inches of excess fat will go down, down, down . . . until you soon feel like a different person, with new pep and popularity.

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You need send no money — just mail coupon now. We will send you the COMPLETE WEIGHT REDUCER for 5 days' free examination. When it arrives, deposit $1.98 (plus a few cents for postage and handling) with the postman. Follow its simple instructions immediately and start reducing. If within 5 days you are not convinced that this shows you the way to considerable weight loss, pounds and inches, you may return it and we will instantly refund your deposit of $1.98 in full. Remember you risk nothing in mailing the coupon. This is your great opportunity of becoming slimmer and slimmer. So act NOW!

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(*Continued from page* 8)

eyes like two poached eggs.

Huh-huh! That's what a fascist looks like after he sheds his camouflage, after he quits playing dear old Grandma and you discover he's The Big Bad Wolf. Until he's ready to beat your brains out and kidnap your sister for purposes of "entertainment," the incipient

dictator always operates behind a front of high moral purpose and patriotism. If some day some so-called Strong Man tries to take over the USA, he'll come out of his corner shouting about our national honor, about home and mother and the flag, about 100% Americanism. And he'll wear no conveniently identifying mustache.

What M-G-M is saying in this picture is that when the shooting is over, we'd better keep our eyes peeled for what's-in-it-for-me phonies. We'd better look twice at anyone who claims to have all the answers. That's the moral, but if you aren't having any morals this semester, don't shy off. M-G-M isn't in the preaching business, and this is an exciting picture, not a sermon.

Here's the story: Steven O'Malley, a foreign correspondent, was kicked out of Europe by the Nazis for writing the truth. When he got home Steve learned that the great Robert V. Forrest had been killed in an automobile accident. Steve had never seen the man, but in his eyes Forrest represented everything America stood for, all the Nazis hoped to destroy, so he set out for the town of Ashburton to attend Forrest's funeral.

On the train Steve (Spencer Tracy) decided to write a book about Forrest, to perpetuate the man's influence on American ideals, and after the impressive ceremonies he tried to see Forrest's young widow to ask her help. But Christine Forrest (Katharine Hepburn) would not meet him or speak to him, and when finally Steve forced his way into her heavily guarded estate, she received him icily. Even when Steve convinced her that he meant to glorify her dead husband, Christine's assistance was perfunctory. She gave him a few old newspaper clippings, stale speeches, but she would not talk to him about the real Robert Forrest that only she could have known.

However, Steve was a newspaperman, and slowly, tediously, he began to unearth a few facts, facts which seemed strange and contradictory. He edged his way in to see Forrest's mother—and she talked insanely of her dead Caesar. He discovered a windowless old fort, which Forrest had called his arsenal of ideas. He learned that Christine was influenced by a man named Clive Kerndon (Richard Whorf) who claimed to have been Forrest's secretary.

After a bit Steve had reason to believe that Christine had let her husband go to his death knowingly, that she could have saved him and had done nothing. When he confronted her with his suspicion, she did not deny it, so he prepared to give up writing his book. He had come to love her, and he could not hurt her, nor Forrest's memory. But as he was leaving, she came to him with a story which shattered everything Steve had believed and put them both in peril.

The denouement is stirring and a little frightening, and the result is an entertaining and provocative picture with Audrey Christie, Frank Craven and Donald Meek among the supporting players.—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

Katie Hepburn was the only near-casualty during production. Walked smack into a prop orange tree and went down in a shower of fruit. Lights reflected in a couple of silver punch bowls had temporarily blinded her . . . An actual "keeper of the flame" was working on the sets at all times, watching the fires in the ten fireplaces used in the film . . . When Spence Tracy reported for work, he found his new portable dressing room numbered "1." Pleased, but suspecting some sort of a rib, he did a little investigating. Discovered the man who paints the numbers on the doors is a Tracy fan, and as no one tells him which number to put on what door, he does as he pleases . . . Director George Cukor personally selected the actors who play newspaperman roles. Insists they look intelligent, well-dressed. His final order to them the day before shooting the scene: "I want all of you to show up wearing vests!" . . . None of the cast will admit he's superstitious, but each one had some excuse for not appearing on starting day—the 13th of the month . . . Forrest Tucker has a photographic memory. Can glance at a page of type for a few seconds, then recite it by heart, word for word . . . Sugar rationing really stunned Hepburn. Katie has tea every day at four and has been known to use as many as ten lumps per cup . . . Tracy lost 12 pounds working on his ranch between the time he had wardrobe fittings and the actual start of production. Every suit had to be altered.

IN WHICH WE SERVE

When she came off the ways to be commissioned, HMS *Torrin* was a sleek and saucy lady, fast, nimble on her feet, a bit on the rakish side. A destroyer. What the sailors call affectionately a tin-can. Her skipper was Captain Edward Kinross. Her crew included Chief Petty

Officer Hardy and Seaman Shorty Blake, among some 200 others. After Munich came 1939, and the *Torrin* and her crew went about their business—fighting.

They did convoy duty in the frigid, foggy North Atlantic, had a savage brush with a German scouting force, ducked in and out of Dunkirk through a hail of bombs in the evacuation of the BEF. The *Torrin* went about her business—cold, uncomfortable and dangerous work—but occasionally she made a home post, and her sailors could live for a while like ordinary men.

Captain Kinross hurried off to his wife and two children. CPO Hardy had a wife, too, and a mother-in-law. When his niece married Shorty and came to live with her uncle, it made quite a family. While the *Torrin* lay in port for refueling or repairs, all these people tried to be happy, tried to eat, drink and be merry.

For tomorrow the *Torrin* would sail. From the moment she put out to sea, death would be stalking her—and the ghost of death would sit at the table, lie in the bed, walk down the streets with those who stayed behind to wait.

The *Torrin* died, as she was intended to, off the Isle of Crete, but before the Stuka dive bombers killed her and half her crew, other Nazi planes had wreaked Hitler's rage on those who thought their heaviest burden was to stay behind and never know what was happening to their menfolk. Waiting and wondering ended for two women in the shattered rubble that had been their home. The first cry of the baby new-born to another was drowned out in the horrible pandemonium of a London blitz.

With Noel Coward playing Captain Kinross, and other parts taken by Bernard Miles, John Mills, Celia Johnson, and a lovely newcomer named Kay Walsh, this story of the life and death of HMS *Torrin* is fiction, but it could almost pass for simple fact. It has much of the casual sense of actuality of a documentary film, and with ships being blasted to the bottom and sailors choking in oil on every ocean, it has all the urgency of a newspaper headline.

"In Which We Serve" is a fine picture, a gallant picture, a picture to whip a froth on your emotions. Certainly it is a picture to see. All of us cannot serve aboard fighting ships, but here we can get a vicarious taste of salt spray and omnipresent danger. Here we can learn a new respect for the man-of-war, for the men who sail her and for the women who must say to their children: "All we can do is wait—wait and pray." —*U.A.*

P. S.

The title comes from the Book of Corinthians in the Bible and is part of the oath given to all men entering the British Navy . . . The S.S. Torrin was reconstructed in full scale on a single sound stage. The air gauges that worked the rockers underneath the destroyer had a total pressure of 120 pounds per square inch and corresponding weights were used on the opposite side to balance the number of men on the decks . . . At the signal for "plunging" (two Naval bells) H.M.S. Torrin behaved exactly as though it were at sea, listing 15 degrees either way . . . Motion pictures were taken from underneath the ship, showing the method, so the studio will have accurate references for getting similar effects in the future . . . Wood, plaster and some scrap iron were

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BIG SPECTACLE

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It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE

used to build the 200 ft. long "destroyer" . . . Noel Coward gets seven credit lines on the picture, did everything but build the Carley Float used in the survivors' sequence. Besides his movie-making, Noel has other war jobs, including giving five or six free concerts a day. During the production, the drawing-room-Coward disappeared. The picture, financed as it was by the British Navy, was a serious responsibility, and the discipline on the sets was as strict as anything the men would encounter in actual service . . . Script and character suggest they might have been built on incidents in the life of Commando Chief Lord Louis Mountbatten . . . Coward allowed himself one bit of subtle revenge. One of London's leading newspapers never fails to pan Coward plays or Coward's real-life actions and tried to keep him out of the film. In the picture, the paper is clearly seen floating down a gutter with a headline confidently predicting that "there will be no war."

SHADOW OF A DOUBT

Just for the record, no one can make an Alfred Hitchcock picture but Alfred Hitchcock. That should be ABC stuff, but apparently a lot of lesser directors can't believe it. The boys keep trying to turn out imitation Hitchcock pictures, but after they have beaten their brains out, all they have in the can is just one more Joe Dokes Production. Maybe that's the answer. Maybe they shouldn't beat their brains out. Maybe, if they have any brains, it would be simpler just to use them.

Since Hitchcock first hit the goose-pimple jackpot there have been 4,267 different theories (Gallup Poll) to ac-

count for his eerie success. He is King of Understatement, Master of Pace, Emperor of Suspense. All that is true, but maybe it would simplify matters just to admit that however obese Mr. Hitchcock may be in the neighborhood of the belt, he is not fat in the head, that he has his quota of brains and uses them.

Alfred Hitchcock knows that all the flashing stars in Hollywood's firmament won't make a good story out of a bad one, and he knows a good story when he sees one. Likewise, he knows that reality can be more terrifying than the supernatural, that a mouse will frighten more people than a werewolf. And best of all, he knows that the refinement of terror lies not in wondering what is going to happen next, but rather in knowing exactly what will happen and having to wait to see when it will happen.

Into a comfortably middle-class family drops a legendary and almost forgotten Uncle Charlie, come for a visit. He brings gifts for his sister, her husband who is a teller in the local bank, for ten-year-old Ann and eight-year-old Roger. But his finest present and his chief interest are reserved for his namesake, a niece who is called—curiously—Little Charlie.

Little Charlie feels an uncanny sense of kinship for her rich uncle. She is nineteen, and life was a bit drab before he came, but now even her shabby old house takes on gaiety and excitement. Then into her new happiness come two strange men who take an unaccountable interest in Uncle Charlie. They try to take his picture, and when Uncle Charlie shies off sharply, Little Charlie wonders.

From this first wonder she begins to pry almost unconsciously into the past life of this man whose background no one knows. And bit by bit, from the inscription on the emerald ring he gave her, from a torn newspaper, from the convulsive movements of his hands, she begins to believe that Uncle Charlie has murdered three women. When he learns what she believes, she knows from his eyes that he intends to kill her before she gets up courage to denounce him.

The slow graceful dance of death that follows is Mr. Hitchcock's picture. Set against a small-town, bread-pudding background it becomes macabre and moving, much as if someone had done a film called "Murder In The Aldrich Family."

Joseph Cotten plays Uncle Charlie, Teresa Wright is Little Charlie and Henry Travers, Patricia Collinge and Macdonald Carey round out the cast. The result is pure Hitchcock. Accept no substitutes.—*Univ.*

P. S.

Director Alfred Hitchcock and screen Play author Thornton Wilder canvassed all the western states, finally chose Santa Rosa, California, as the perfect location for the picture . . . Citizens of the town woke up one morning to find the Chamber of Commerce building had been turned into the casting office, the hotel barbershop had suddenly become the make-up department . . . Hitchcock used 500 local residents for extra and bit roles. Saw a little girl waiting for the bus who was the exact prototype of one of the characters in the script. Asked what her name was, she calmly replied, "Edna May Wonascott. What's yours?" . . . Immaculate streets were painted dark, drab grey to eliminate glare; a newly-painted two-story house had to be aged to give it an antique look . . . Macdonald Carey, turned down by the Marines because of color blindness, took treatments and was cured in three months. He enlisted again, and this time passed all tests . . . Teresa Wright, tired and in need of a rest, turned down a $50,000 part in "Flesh and Fantasy" and the leading role opposite Cary Grant in another film. ("What good does the money do you, if you haven't the time to enjoy it?") The offer, incidentally, was made before the $25,000 ceiling went into effect . . . So the troupe could sleep at night, 32 huge, noisy busses carrying defense workers to the San Francisco Bay Area were rerouted so they wouldn't come nearer than six blocks.

ARABIAN NIGHTS

What with the wartime limit of $5,000 on new set construction, there is one type of picture that seems sure to grow as scarce as 1A Males before we get through with Hirohito, Hitler, Mussolini et al. That is the extravaganza, the super-duper production which gives the

customers a quick once-over of Ancient Rome, complete with amphitheater, with sundry lions munching contentedly on Christian martyrs. For 5G's—no can do.

What's more, with Central Casting losing boys and girls every day to the Army and Navy, to the WAACS and the WAVES—not to mention Lockheed and Douglas—even the lions are apt to find their martyrs rationed. Hollywood isn't

wasting anything these days, not even extras. So apparently the Colossal Spectacle is out for the duration.

But if you go for large chunks of architecture and coveys of costumes Cecil B. Demilling around, don't give up just yet. Get yourself a load of this new Technicolor number whipped up by Walter Wanger. It may not be the Arabian Nights you read when you were so-high, but just the same it's in the Bagdad.

As Walter has it, there was a sweet little incendiary named Scheherazade—let's call her Sherry—who was something to set the desert sands afire. Sherry (Maria Montez) was an oriental (*you* know) dancer with a travelling circus, and she had a boy friend named Kamar-al-Shaman (Leif Erikson) who was hell-bent to marry her. But Sherry wasn't having any. Sherry knew what she wanted in a husband, and what she wanted was a King.

Kamar was not a King, but his half-brother Haroun-al-Raschid was, so there was only one thing a hell-bent guy like Kamar could do. He would knock off Haroun (Jon Hall) and take over the throne. Then he'd whisper sweet nothings in Sherry's ear, and she'd say "Yes."

This took some doing, and the doing makes our Chicago gorillas look like pantywaists. Kamar's mob chased Haroun all over Bagdad and plugged him through the shoulder with an arrow, but Ali-ben-Ali (Sabu) pulled him into Sherry's tent, and she hid him. Then one of Kamar's slick torpedoes called Nadan (Edgar Barrier) got ideas about being King himself. He had Sherry and her whole troup snatched, including Haroun, and Sherry was being auctioned into slavery when Haroun came to and rescued the lot of them. So the torpedo decided the simplest thing was to bump the gal off.

Of course, Sherry didn't know who Haroun really was, but after she watched him fight a couple of pitched battles, let alone minor engagements, she began to suspect that he'd do till a king came along. Haroun knew Sherry would do in Round One. They finally got together, but not before Sherry came within this much of an arsenic cocktail, and Haroun carved up Kamar and Nadan—and set fire to one entire city.

This one has Shemp Howard, Billy Gilbert, Turhan Bey, John Qualen and Thomas Gomez. It has everything one of these things needs—in Technicolor and

It's winter—but don't forget it's still summer under your arms!

Warmer clothes and indoor living increase risk of offending. Use Mum every day!

SOCIAL get-togethers, parties and indoor fun make it doubly important now to never risk charm! Though the calendar says Winter, it's still Summer under your arms—still an August temperature of 98°. So don't take chances with underarm odor.

Even if you see no moisture, odor forms swiftly in heated rooms—*stays longer* in warmer, winter clothes. Foolish the girl who thinks that in Winter she doesn't perspire!

Why risk offending! Use speedy Mum after your morning bath, before your evening dates to prevent risk of underarm odor for hours *to come!* Winter as in Summer, let Mum save your time, your clothes, your popularity and charm! Get Mum at your druggist's today!

• • •

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—Gentle, safe Mum is so dependable for this important purpose. Try Mum this way, too—avoid embarrassment.

Take no chances! Your morning bath, your before-date shower wash away *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of underarm odor *to come.* Mum takes only half a minute!

Woolens trap odor—a hazard socially and in business. *Stay* dainty, appealing with quick, convenient Mum. Use Mum any time, even after you're dressed. It's harmless to fabrics.

Product of Bristol-Myers

Daintiness lasts with Mum! Even through hours of dancing, dependable Mum prevents risk of odor. Gentle Mum won't irritate sensitive skin, even after underarm shaving.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

The confidence that comes from knowing!

Safe new way in feminine hygiene gives continuous action for hours!

● Far too many women still do not know those vital facts which no woman should be denied! Your married happiness, your health and well being may depend on *up-to-date* knowledge about feminine hygiene.

The trouble is, many women who *think* they know have only *half knowledge* . . . and still depend on old-fashioned or dangerous information! They rely on weak, ineffective "home-made" mixtures . . . or risk using over-strong solutions of acids which can so easily burn and injure delicate tissues.

* * *

Today, modern well-informed women everywhere have turned to *Zonitors* —the new, safe, convenient way in feminine hygiene.

Zonitors are dainty, snow-white, *greaseless* suppositories which spread a protective coating . . . and kill germs instantly at contact. They deodorize—not by temporarily masking—but by *destroying* odors. Cleanse antiseptically, and *give continuous medication for hours!*

Yet Zonitors are safe for delicate tissues. Powerful—yet non-poisonous, non-caustic. Even help promote gentle healing. No apparatus, nothing to mix. At all druggists.

FREE: Mail this coupon for revealing booklet of intimate facts, sent postpaid in plain envelope. Zonitors, Dept. 7209B, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

Zonitors

in spades. It even has a harem of "the most gorgeous girls ever picked for a picture"—including Burnu Acquanetta, Eloise Hart, Helen Pender, Elyse Knox, and Phyllis Forber. No wonder everyone wanted to be king!—*Univ.*

P. S.

"Arabian Nights" was scheduled for production before Uncle Sam turned thumbs down on any more lavish sets, but as it hadn't actually started, Producer Walter Wanger was faced with the tricky task of filming an oriental opus minus the usual gold-encrusted palaces, marble halls, etc. Problem was solved by erecting a city of purple and gold tents on the back lot of the studio . . . Wanger entered the De Mille bath-tub sweepstakes with a creation that's completely fur-lined and swimming pool size . . . The leopards wandering around in the background belong to Olga Celeste, who trained the beasts. These are the same spotted scarers who worked in "Jungle Book" with Sabu . . . Maria Montez dances for the first time on the screen, a hip-rolling routine she whipped up herself . . . She also gets kissed for the first time (on the screen, of course) by Jon Hall, with whom she feuded all during production . . . Burnu Acquanetta, the Indian beauty who hoaxed Hollywood by pretending to be a South American, makes her celluloid debut as an Arabian Harem Girl, one of the six beauties picked to act the parts of Virgins . . . Sabu spent every spare moment between scenes studying aviation books. Hopes to join the Air Corps soon . . . The knock-'em-down, drag-'em-out between Hall and Leif Erikson took four days to rehearse, three days to film . . . Part of the background scenery was shot on the famous coral sand dunes near Kanab, Utah.

STAND BY FOR ACTION

The newspapers write frantic editorials about "The Perils Of Divided Command" in our armed forces. Congressmen returning from more or less accurate observation of our military activities in Alaska or the South Seas make

with the mouth because admirals won't seem to take orders from generals or vice versa. Everyone knows that to some extent the healthy peacetime rivalries between the services have been carried over into wartime, occasionally with unhealthy results. We Remember Pearl Harbor.

This is understandable, perhaps, when we remember that the first thing a boot Marine learns is that any member of the Army is a dogface. Army paratroopers look on themselves as elite shock units and speak to ground infantrymen only through interpreters. The Air Corps, the Armored Forces, the Tank Destroyers and all the others—each is jealous of its own peculiar excellences.

But how many of us know that there was a cleavage within the Navy, an arbitrary and almost ineradicable caste distinction dividing officers who were Annapolis graduates from those who were not? And as for the officer who had worked up from enlisted man—an almost impossible peacetime feat—well, the Navy was always awfully, awfully social, and who knew when such a fellow might slip up on his dinner table tactics?

But when the fighting started, red blood took precedence over blue; war washed the starch out of many a stuffed shirt and ironed out phony class distinctions. The story of one such democratic laundering is told in this picture.

Lieut. Comdr. Martin Roberts was sick of waiting for his damaged destroyer to be repaired, so he went in to complain to Lieut. Masterman (Robert Taylor). Masterman was too, too busy entertaining the Senate Naval Affairs Committee, so Roberts (Brian Donlevy) took his beef to Admiral Thomas (Charles Laughton). Roberts had come up from the deck, and perhaps he made his beef a bit strong. The Admiral gave him a dressing down—but he also gave him command of an old four-pipe destroyer and shipped him off to San Diego to get her into action.

Comdr. Roberts was happy to get back into the fighting, very happy until Lieut. Masterman was assigned to serve under him, Masterman, whose blood was so blue you could write with it. By the time Admr. Thomas ran his flag up on the cruiser *Chattanooga,* the situation aboard the old USS *Warren* was explosive.

Shepherding a convoy of transports bringing service wives home from the war zone, the *Warren* ran into her first trouble when she was dive bombed. She survived, but through no help from Masterman. He froze up with buck fever. Next Comdr. Roberts rescued 18 babies and two pregnant women from a lifeboat, and on a cramped destroyer that meant more trouble, especially with Masterman countermanding his superior's orders.

The Japs came back, and the *Warren* had to fight for her life. As the shells screeched, one of the women bore a "son of a gun," and before the voyage ended Masterman learned that the real Navy was not measured by gold braid. Comdr. Roberts learned a few things, too, among them the old axiom that blue blood can be red.

Walter Brennan, Henry O'Neil, Chill Wills, Douglass Dumbrille, Marilyn Maxwell and Marta Linden help out in this lively nautical number.—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

Brian Donlevy took a ribbing for buying a gold mine that didn't produce enough ore to pay expenses, but had the last laugh when experts found rich deposits of tungsten. Days off during production he helped clear roads, construct buildings . . . Walter Brennan has the hogs on his farm slaughtered according to astrological castings. Says it makes a difference in the flavor of the bacon . . . Elsa Lanchester got tired of waiting for Charles Laughton to autograph her book for a mutual friend. Wrote the inscription herself: "Our apologies for the delay in sending you this book, but Charles is at the moment in the midst of a picture and currently seems to think that a pen is something that bites" . . . Donlevy's never met Clark Gable,

but considers him his good luck charm. When he came to Metro, he tried to find something of Gable's in the wardrobe department to wear in the picture . . . Marilyn Maxwell changed her name from Marvel, the tag she used while singing with Buddy Rogers' orchestra . . . Jim Davis, who plays an Ensign, was an oil salesman just six months ago . . . Bob Taylor's stand-in, Tommy Garland, is one of California's best light-heavy-weight fighters . . . The United States Navy cooperated with the studio so the story and action would be absolutely authentic. Technical advisor was Lieutenant Commander H. Don Smith . . . Taylor makes all his decisions by flipping a coin, a lucky half-dollar, paid him years ago for a day's work on a farm.

CRYSTAL BALL

Want your fortune told?

The real low-down, past and present, with a few platinum-plated predictions of things to come? Like to have the nice lady read the tea leaves in your cup, run a knowing finger over the bumps on your noggin, trace out where your palm lines lead, cast you a horoscope full of Taurus or deal your life history from a deck of cards?

No?

So you don't go for the All-Seeing Eye! It's just salmon salad to you, is it? Well, Hitler has his own private astrologer—and what if he has been a

touch cockeyed lately? There are piped vests down in Wall Street who won't pass a dividend till their seer gives with the green light.

So it's still ham-on-rye. Maybe so you'd change your mind if you were Jo Ainsley in this wacky little item. It seems she lost an emerald, size of a small pie plate. Her maid told her to consult Madame Zenobia. Jo (Virginia Field) was more worried about losing Brad Cavanaugh (Ray Milland) than about such dime-store trinkets, but she played along. Mme. Zenobia said the emerald was in Jo's washbasin drain—and it was. And why not? The maid put it there.

So Jo fell for the Madame's occult powers, and La Zenobia had a good thing. She had a better thing when Toni Gerard turned up in her 42nd Street seance parlor. Toni (Paulette Goddard) had red hair and a figure that ran into millions. She also had a cup which proclaimed her "Miss Highwater Texas" and a matter of thirty-eight cents. Toni wanted to learn about the future, especially where she was going to sleep. Mme. Zenobia took one look at the fragrant Texas dew on her cheeks and decided Toni would be good for business.

One day Jo brought Brad down to watch the Madame pull rabbits out of her crystal ball, which was very careless of

(*Continued on page 79*)

Does your One face cream do All these Four things?

I bring your skin 4 aids to beauty in a single jar of cream!

By *Lady Esther*

Is your skin dry and flaky?

My 4-Purpose Face Cream softens your skin—relieves dryness and flaking.

Do you have blackheads?

My 4-Purpose Face Cream thoroughly cleans out the tiny mouths of the pores.

Tiny lines around eyes?

My 4-Purpose Face Cream helps smooth away little lines due to dryness.

Do you have big pores?

My 4-Purpose Face Cream *works with nature*—helps nature refine the pores.

SURELY you aren't using a lot of different kinds of creams and lotions in times like these! But are you sure the *one cream* you use takes care of the 4 vital needs of your skin?

Today more than ever the face cream for which you spend your money must do a "wartime job." It must help prevent the dryness that often causes wrinkles and tiny lines. It must help banish the three worst enemies of your skin: grease, grime and grit—especially if you are doing war work of any kind and exposing your skin to these dangers.

You can count on Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream *by itself* to help keep your skin fresh, radiant and attractive! For this one scientific face cream brings you 4 vital aids to beauty! (1) It thoroughly *cleans* your skin. (2) It *softens* your skin and relieves dryness. (3) It helps nature *refine* the pores. (4) It leaves a perfect, *non-sticky* base for powder.

Send for your generous tube

Mail the coupon below for a generous tube of my face cream! See for yourself why more and more busy, lovely women every day are changing to Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream.

Lady Esther

4-PURPOSE FACE CREAM

LADY ESTHER, (82)
7110 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Send me by return mail a generous tube of 4-Purpose Face Cream; also 7 new shades of powder. I enclose 10¢ for packing and mailing.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

(Government regulations do not permit this offer in Canada)

Co-ed

Needed, but desperately, fever-browed experts to nurse our fighting warriors. Interested parties, apply Uncle Sam!

By Jean Kinkead

Aged eight, all we gals were frustrated angels of mercy. We kept trying to take the dog's temperature and put splints on the cat, and our mothers kept not letting us. Now, however, if there's a drop of Florence Nightingale in us, we couldn't be less frustrated. The Gov't. is literally pleading for 125,000 nurses!

Perhaps you've known sort of vaguely that nurses are needed very, very badly, but it never seemed to have anything to do with you. Nurses are serene and efficient. You're scatterbrained and disorganized. Nurses are velvet-footed and wear crisp starched white. You like to Lindy noisily and wear bright red reversibles. Nope. Nursing is not for your dough.

But wait a minute, kiddies. Maybe it is. Maybe you've been seeing all the wrong movies and getting all the wrong impressions. Student nurses are smoothies just like you and you. They collect Gene Krupa records with Roy Eldridge solos. They read Rupert Brooke's poetry and keep alive on Pepsi-Cola. They're lovely in their uniforms, but when they late-date their favorite interne, you ought to see their spiff red reversibles! Want to hear more?

First of all—the $64 question—why be a nurse? Will it help you to: a) slap any Jap, b) meet any guys, c) make any money? Three colossal yesses. In re a). When you become a student nurse, you do hospital work almost immediately. You give bed baths and sedative rubs. You take temperatures and count pulses. Automatically, you relieve a graduate nurse of these chores and cut down on the number of R.N.'s needed to staff the hospital. The nurses thus released whip overseas to patch up dozens of wounded soldiers, who then whip out and Micky Finn dozens of Japs. All because you were there with your little thermometer and your Sunday smile. Also, it's within the realm of hideous possibility that the war may last another three years, in which case, if you're eligible for Red Cross nursing duty, you can go abroad and do some first hand patchwork. As soon as you decide to become a girl in white (and if you're graduating this June, it's not a bit too early to think about it) you should check on your Red Cross eligibility. Some of the musts are: a high school education, graduation from an approved nursing school and membership in the American Nurses Association. Also you must be between twenty-one and forty, and single. For further details, write the American Red Cross, Lexington Avenue and 38th Street, New York City, for pamphlet ARC 703.

Can you meet any guys, you wonder. So many you'll feel like Betty Grable. At this point, just about the only non-draftable eligibles are med. students and internes. So what could be jollier? And then there are the patients, frequently tall and handsome, who invariably take a turn for the nurse. You may not think romance can bloom in a furnished (sparsely) room, but it's been done. We have one crony who married the (*Continued on page* 113)

"My love has wondrous lustrous hair"

No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous ... and yet so easy to manage!*

SPARKLE AND LOOK GAY, when you play! This jet-trimmed, street-length dress and the shining satin gloves represent the newest note in after-dark fashions. The simple, but dramatic, new hair-do owes much of its beauty to Special Drene Shampoo!

Why Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added is the only shampoo that reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap ... yet leaves hair so easy to arrange!

Do you want alluring hair, the kind men adore ... gleaming with lustre, sparkling with highlights? Then don't go on using soaps or liquid soap shampoos! Because soaps *always* leave a film on hair that dulls the natural lustre!

But *Special Drene* is different! It *never* leaves any dulling film! What's more, it removes the film left by previous soapings, the first time you use it. That's why Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than any soap or soap shampoo!

And due to the wonderful hair conditioner now in it, Special Drene now leaves hair far more glamorous ... silkier, smoother and easier to arrange, right after shampooing! Easier to comb into smooth, shining neatness. If you haven't tried Drene lately you'll be amazed! No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous and at the same time so manageable. Only Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added!

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

No shampoo known today is superior to Special Drene for removing dandruff ... not even those claiming to be "dandruff remover" shampoos. For Special Drene's super-cleansing action removes that flaky dandruff the very first time you use it ... yet is so safe!

So don't put off trying this wonderful shampoo! For economy, buy the larger sizes. Or get a Special Drene shampoo at your beauty shop.

*PROCTER & GAMBLE, makers of Special Drene, after painstaking search and exhaustive laboratory tests of all types of shampoos, have found no other shampoo which leaves hair so lustrous, and yet so easy to manage!

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Soap film dulls lustre—robs hair of glamour!

Avoid this beauty handicap! Use Special Drene! It never leaves any dulling film. What's more, it removes the film left by previous soapings.

•

That's why Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than any soap or soap shampoo!

Special Drene with *Hair Conditioner*

FIGHTING TIGRESS!
Here is fiery romance amid the flame and violence of today's mighty conflict!
GENE TIERNEY
GEORGE MONTGOMERY
LYNN BARI
in
CHINA GIRL
with
VICTOR McLAGLEN
A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE
and
ALAN BAXTER · SIG RUMANN
MYRON McCORMICK · BOBBY BLAKE
Directed by HENRY HATHAWAY
Produced and Written by BEN HECHT
Captain Fifi—115 pounds of curves, crookedness and kisses!

Clarence Bull

Kate's the leggy, slacks-mad gal who once told John Barrymore, "I'll never act with you again!" And the great J. stared. "Act did you say?"

But he was wrong. $600,000 she grossed from "Phil. Story"; she's in a B'way hit right now; and M-G-M's "Keeper of the Flame" looks sure-fire.

Only why go further than columnist Louis Sobol's "K. H.: Saw 'Woman of the Year' and have a very personal question. Would you like to go steady?"

Why, I'm real sorry Bill lost his movie job," said a pal to Bill's pa. "Come again?" demanded Pa. "Sure, I saw him in Schwab's, jerking sodas."

"Oh," said the elder Lundigan. "Schwab's is our Bill's hobby." And it is. So are Wagner, all kinds of weird people, and buying crazy things 12 months a year, which are presented to Ma with a "Merry Christmas, Babe," and wonderful roles like the one in M-G-M's new "Northwest Rangers." •

Bang! She landed in Hollywood, and now they have to worry about two kinds of earthquakes. Hutton of the fierce faces plumb won't relax. At 14, she started jitterbugging up the glory road—Vin Lopez gave her a push and whoops!—she's at Par. in "Thank Your Lucky Stars," and, brother, the joint is jumpin'. Experts vow "incendiary blonde" B. could blow Hitler off the map with a song! Bet fiancé Perc Westmore'll find the army safer!

A. L. Whitey Schafer

Ronnie fought for the England he loved in World War I, and after it was over, couldn't bear to go back to a desk. So he drifted—into stage bits, furnished rooms and lean years, until movies and The Break came along. Now, 20 years later, he's still holding his own in M-G-M's "Random Harvest." But sometimes he says sadly, "Perhaps I should have followed my first love and become a writer. Only trouble being . . . I couldn't write."

Anne Shirley blesses the day movie fans were born! Came home one night and found her house topsy-turvy but not a stitch or jewel missing. Just a note: "When we found out who owned this joint we didn't have the heart to take anything." A devotee of a different color sends posies to her set daily. Eddie Albert courts her, and Payne desperately tries to make amends . . . but as for Anne, she's tending strictly to business in U. A.'s "Powers Girl" and her weekly cookin' class!

Alex Kahle

Denny Morgan has loyal kids. Reluctantly did Stan admit, "I'm afraid John Chas. Thomas sings gooder than my dad." For such tribute he gets a 50c allowance, while Kris wangles nickels on charm, and infant James doesn't care. Pa is now in W. B.'s "Desert Song," but speaking of pix—as an M. D. in "In This Our Life," he wrote a prescription, then to his director's amazement, pocketed same, handed the patient the stethoscope and left!

Bert Six

ALAN LADD

...The hottest guy in pictures!

BY *Roberta Gilman*

HE'S COLD...CALM...AND A KILLER!

His eyes seem to pierce you, go right through you like two icicles. Sometimes he smiles, but it's not a gay smile —it's cold just like he is. And yet, there's something about him that is tremendously attractive to all of us girls.

It was a little over six months ago that Alan Ladd burst upon the cinema scene. It was in a picture called "This Gun for Hire" and his name was listed far down on the billing sheet. But when the critics and the public saw the picture there was only one thing they talked about— **ALAN LADD!** "He's different," they said, "He's unlike any other star."

So the Paramount studio executives realized that they really had something in this lad Ladd and gave him a starring picture all his own—**"LUCKY JORDAN"**— and you'll be able to see it at your neighborhood theatre shortly.

In **"LUCKY JORDAN,"** Alan really establishes his spot in the firmament of stars. He plays the part of a racket boss, a killer, who gets tangled up with a spy ring, only to realize that he can't sell out his country.

We predict that after America sees **"LUCKY JORDAN"** Alan Ladd will be ranked among the ten biggest stars in Hollywood. That's why he's the hottest guy in pictures!

ALAN LADD in *"LUCKY JORDAN"*

A Paramount Picture with **HELEN WALKER** • Mabel Paige
Sheldon Leonard • Marie McDonald • Directed by FRANK TUTTLE
Screen Play by Darrell Ware and Karl Tunberg

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

Alice in Wonderland, Cinderella, Goldilocks . . . a plain little girl living her storybook adventures. Then one day she found herself flung into the most fabulous role of all!

By Daphne McVicker

Deanna Durbin

At 3, family settled in H'wood.

Modern Screen quizzed everyone from the Durbin neighbors in Ontario to the busboys at Universal to track down the human side of Deanna's life. Here it is!

EIGHT YEARS ago, in sophisticated Hollywood, there arose a strain of music—a soft, bewildered phrase, clear, pure, young—a Spring song. Hollywood was a hurrying hurly-burly, and only a few heard. But the music swelled. She was only a little girl, this baby Edna Mae Durbin, who was roller skating home from school singing.

She had always known how to sing. Some remote Durbin ancestor who had sailed into England from France with William the Conqueror had handed down a voice. At the age of three, wearing a little party dress with white shoes and short socks, she got to stay up late and sing "Pal of my Cradle Days" for her mother's friends. A sturdy, four-square little girl, in a plain house on a simple street in Los Angeles. The Durbins had left Canada because Father Durbin could do better in the real estate business in California.

Little Edna was only a year old when the family turned toward the showers of gold in the States, but Edith was a young girl whose friends crowded down to the train bringing her a little gold ring with a ruby to remember them by. It was a painful wrench—but little Deanna smiled up at the sister (*Continued on following page*)

Mom had to nag about piano practise, but never voice, as daughter loved her do re mi's. Lessons were financed by sister Edith. At 10, made singing debut at Eastern Star meeting and netted $5.

Applause swelled from Coast to Coast, and she joined Eddie Cantor's Texaco program at 13. They became fast friends, and every birthday and premiere warranted posies from "Uncle Eddie."

At 15, on top of the world with a 7-year contract at Univ., 9,000 fan letters a week and $1,000 for her weekly radio stint, she still clung to the simple life with funnies and adored purp Tippy!

Never forgot that first test at M-G-M with Judy, made without benefit of hairdresser or make-up man. Both were signed, but Deanna remained on inactive list 'til agent Jack Sherrill switched her to Univ

Became full-fledged star in "100 Men and a Girl" with Leopold Stokowski, who praised her voice to the skies. She got a thrill of her lifetime going to a smörgasbord dinner at Garbo's with him.

Adolphe Menjou played her dad in the same film. She trilled in Italian and Spanish but rarely understood a word of it, although her teacher translated phrases as they went along. Did better in French!

First pic shot at Univ. was "Three Smart Girls" with Barbara Read and Nan Grey; made on pitiful budget by the then-unknown Kaster and Pasternak. At 13, she was no actress, but they needed her voice!

who was to be her friend and sponsor always, and Edith sighed and smiled and faced forward. She couldn't have known what was waiting for this dimpled mite, but Edith loved the golden voice always. It was she who saved money from school teaching and engaged a teacher for a fabulous sum of money to train Deanna's trilling notes. It was Edith who smiled through tears again, later, and postponed her wedding. That could wait—meanwhile opportunity was banging on the plain front door of the Durbin house, and Deanna was skating toward it. . . .

There must be thousands of small skipping girls all over the country crying over a broken By-lo doll, grimacing over their vegetables, gulping them down, pleading for a puppy. Humming as they rock dolly to sleep—and it seems a far cry from the clanking world of pictures. It would have been a strange thought to the Durbins. The real estate business was growing, but the three-house court where the family lived, made neighbors too close for Deanna to have her little dog. Edith was teaching. The baby trotted about the house pushing the doll carriage, saying her prayers, going to Sunday school.

Hollywood rolled by without heeding this simple family in the simple house. But the song bird trill was growing—it was louder now.

Hollywood was trying to grow up. It had struggled out of the thick miasma of Theda Bara and the vampire days. It had banged head-on into a tremendous change called the "talkies" when actors had to find speech, and many of them went under before the new hazard. It had tried voluminous "musicals" that bogged down at the box-office, it had experimented with "classic" singers who could sing but could not act. It had driven full tilt into the iron gates of rigid censorship when it forgot good taste. Men had risen to heights of dizzy wealth and crashed to bankruptcies, actors had flourished and then died in poverty.

Nobody thought of salvation coming from a street of quiet homes with lamplight glowing through windows in the evening. A little girl rocked on the porch, shivering because a bantam rooster that was her special terror had chased her that day. She'd been to the movies and stayed too late as she often did, and she'd been scolded, but now she was home, and safe, happily smiling down at her precious gold bracelet. The kids were calling for a game of Run Sheep Run. It was dusk in Los Angeles, but the bright lights of Hollywood glared hot below.

Small Edna Durbin was growing up. She had bought a blue leather-bound diary and kept it locked in a drawer beside her bed. There wasn't much to hide away in it—basketball and baseball, her pet turtles and their doings, her beloved "Tippy"—now she had a puppy, bought for two dollars in a pet store, and he filled a great deal of her life. Once she wrote, "Met a cute boy today"—and today a boy named Aubrey Grover, who went to Junior High School with a plump little girl, may know that he was the "love interest" in the blue-bound book.

One night Irving Thalberg gave a dinner party for all the big shots in the industry. There was a musical program with Rosa Ponselle, Allan Jones and Gladys Swarthout. And a newcomer, a little girl, gathered in because she had a sweet, good voice. Edna Mae Durbin was to sing with all of these famous people! She was a little unsteady on her shiny shoes, but she sang out bravely, and the next day a basket of flowers came from Thalberg. Edna tore into the house for her family Brownie, and her mother took a picture of the little girl and the big (*Continued on following page*)

The two Svengalis set to work on her, ond the film was a tantastic, $1,600,000 success, pulling Univ. out of the red. "Three Smart Girls Grow Up" with Bob Cummings, netted her over $1500 a week.

Sister Edith married old flame Clorence Heckman, once Deanna was on the up grade. The sisters always shared confidences with one another and Mom. Childhood scoldings invoriably included them both.

basket filled with Thalberg's glowing tribute.

This was exciting! She began to be very glad that Edith had insisted since she was ten on giving baby sister lessons with Ralph Thomas. The news that Edna could sing got around, and once or twice agents heard her.

So the notes thrilled and swelled— Neighbors heard and smiled tolerantly. The kids thought so much study was silly, but kids are like that. And Pollyanna, read while she had the measles, told Edna not to bother about things. So she didn't.

Blues In the Night

"My Mamma done tole me—when I was in pigtails—" She was standing on the studio steps, and she was crying wildly—sobbing till she was ill. A plump little girl, with dimples that should have held only laughter—but she had struck bleak, black tragedy, and it was breaking her heart. Her song was muted and sad, and her fledged little wings were trailing.

No one could comfort Deanna—recently re-created from Edna. Her big sister who'd always known what to do, was helpless. They'd tried her out for pictures, and she wasn't wanted. At thirteen she was a failure.

Poor little Deanna, face wet and heart aching. How in the world had she got like that?

Ralph Thomas was her teacher—and terribly excited. There was a voice here that promised things greater than he dared believe. He called in a friend—a Hollywood agent—Jack Sherrill.

Sherrill came by and listened to a lesson. And Sherrill, too, was excited. This was news, this was big. He hurried over to Metro, and Metro listened.

"Il Bacio" was a specialty of Edna's, and she sang it lustily. She sang "Two Hearts in Three-Quarter Time." She wasn't especially nervous—she had to go home and help with the dishes, run the sweeper, dust her bedroom.

Everybody in Hollywood was always talking movies and contracts, of course, so this wasn't so special, but she sang away briskly enough, and the Metro officers liked it.

But a long distance telephone call to L. B. Mayer was something else again. She began to be a little shivery. They were going to have her sing over the phone to Mayer. It was a quaint picture—the big movie executive with the phone at his ear, and, a continent away, a small, round, somewhat frenzied child pouring out every ounce of herself in a song. Almost a Disney picture—the little notes of "One Night of Love" hopping and skipping over the wire, sounding clear and pure above the roar of Manhattan, while, back in California, a child's heart thudded in rhythm to the notes.

And Mayer liked it! He told them to sign her to a seven-year contract.

The Durbins were never a demonstrative family. But this flash from the hectic world burned into their home, and sparks began to fly. Metro didn't like the name Edna. Sister Edith and mother and father put their heads together. They called in Jack Sherrill. Diana? That was a flowery enough name, with dignity, too. Spell it differently—call it Deanna—and you had something. And so Deanna was born.

Contracts—new names—tests—it was like a screen montage, with a child with her fingers crossed watching the bits whirl by.

Metro was going to do a life of Schumann-Heink. Here, made to order, was a baby songstress to play the baby role.

And then—dark and blue and heavy, clanging out funeral notes, came the change. Schumann-Heink, old and tired and sad, died.

The studio was chilling. *(Cont'd on following page)*

Edgar Bergen gave her a juvenile award far representing ideal yauth. An average student, she liked English and drawing but was na teacher's pet ar great shakes. Wauld rather be aut playing with gang!

15th birthday was celebrated an "Mad Abaut Music" set with cake fram Pasternak. Despite success, she disliked acting and yearned far apera. Dad invested her maney in real estate and insurance!

An hanest-ta-gaadness emater with fingerprints in Grauman's cement, she na langer used menthal-stimulated tears. Braken af her "Mr." habit, she dubbed Kaster and Pasternak, Jae and Babby.

Just back from an army camp tour, Deanna's aching for official sanction to entertain troops in England. Netted 50,000 souvenirs from doughboys on her last year's trek around the U. S.!

Good friend André de Segurola's been her singing master since '36, and still puts her through her paces, one hour a day. Nicknames her "Deonetto."

Nobody wanted a child star, with the awkward age to be bridged. Test her—and then don't bother—

They had to make a gesture and give her a screen test. So Edna—Deanna gulped and lifted her head bravely and trudged into the studio. There was another girl there, a freckled, bouncing youngster called Judy Garland. Somebody had written a skit about a princess in a great big castle and a little American girl who sneaked in to see her. Judy was the American and at the end the shivering pair sang a duet. And then Metro tried something else—a shot called "Every Sunday Afternoon." That was awful!

So they dropped Deanna, and a heartbroken child cried till she was ill.

Makin' Whoopee

Alongside Hollywood was a new medium—radio. And one little, pop-eyed, exuberant man held the hearts of a nation in his hand. Eddie Cantor's radio program

Marriage to Vaughn met with studio and family wholehearted approval. He constantly heckles her about getting fat, tho she's a consistent 120!

Wears no make-up
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her on set before lec

Deanna adores ha
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had a kid star on his
He needed another. A
came over to Cantor a
Deanna Durbin.

Cantor was thrilled at
rushed her over to CBS,
him she was good.

Cantor knew'
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Funny coincidence—Ty enlisted in the Marines, in Washington, at the moment Honk Fonda signed up in the Navy, on the West Coast. Rumor hath it Annabella will come East for a stage job, after Marine P. goes.

By Kaaren Pieck

"People ask, and I say he's a private in the marines." Annabella smiled softly. "I think I am prouder to say that than if he is a general or an admiral."

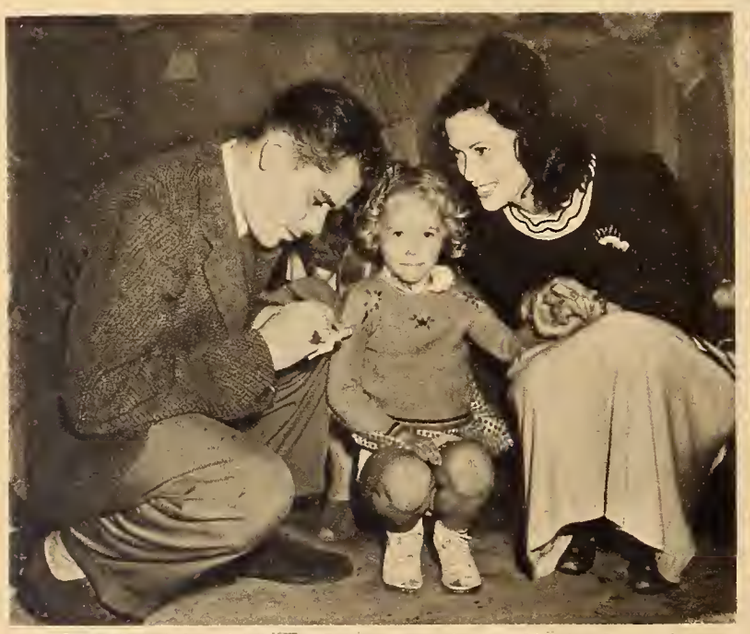
As this is written, Ty Power is finishing "Crash Dive," his last picture till after the war is won. When you read it, he will be in training with the Marines at San Diego. He can't wait to go. His impatience is such that sometimes Annabella gets mad at him. In words only she gets mad, because inside she knows exactly how he feels.

Since the day of Pearl Harbor they both knew he'd be going, though neither said so. Annabella wasn't in the room when Ty happened to switch a radio dial as the news crashed through. He went to find her. Tyrone keeps his emotions in hand. If his eyes blazed, his voice was quiet. "Well, we're in for it now," he said.

Her eyes widened. Her shoulders lifted in a small Gallic movement. That was all. But each knew what the other meant more surely than if they'd cried it from the housetop. Later Annabella put that moment into words. "It was the first good-by."

This is the story of how one man worked out his place in the scheme of war, how one woman met his decision. It's interesting, not because they're movie stars, but because their experience is representative. Their thoughts, their feelings, have been and are being duplicated a millionfold all over America. The central figures here are no longer (*Continued on page 90*)

Ever since George Montgomery met Dinah Shore on CBS "Mail Call" program, her phone's been a steady buzz! Geo. says he wants to join up with the Merchant Marine on an oil tanker.



Opening night of Marion Davies Foundation Charity Party drew 50,000 people to Venice Pier. Foundation provides medical care to children and servicemen. Glenn Ford and Ellie Powell, above.

Members of Westwood Tennis Club and guests paid $3.50 a throw at their "Dugout" Party (decorations à la air raid shelter). Recently reconciled Mickey Rooneys come with the Van Heflins.

CANDIDLY YOURS

Hollywood party boys and girls glam up for the holiday whirl, but proceeds are strictly for country and charity!

It's a great day! That morning Greer Garson and Richard Ney filed their intentions, giving her age as 31, his, 29. This will be a second marriage for both.

Just before slipping into khaki, Ty Power squired Annabella to Marine Corps Benefit Ball, to raise funds for rehabilitation of Marine casualties and their families!

Steve Crane and Lana repartedly tiffed at "Dugout," and she spent most of p.m. jitting with sailor guests. Chums say he flares when she's introduced as Miss T. P.S., all okay next morn!

Guests stayed and stayed! From 9 p.m. to 6 a.m.! Dressed as they'd be caught in an air raid, Grable in formals, Raft in pencil-stripes. Gorged hamburgers, hot dogs and scrambled eggs!

Between pictures, Teresa offered her services to the U. S. Employment Agency as a farm worker and fruit picker, but—soon afterward, she was ordered to take a month's rest, not even to go on that belated honeymoon!

On "Shadow of a Doubt" set, with MacDonald Carey, Alf Hitchcock and Joe Cotten. After "Shadow," T. gave Joe (who had a gold watch from Hepburn) a $1 timepiece engraved, "Joe, gold is where you find it. I didn't."

Under Goldwyn orders to fatten up, Teresa stows it away; vows it doesn't help. She's anxious to take Niven back home to New Jersey so he can meet the folks.

Mrs. Busch turned down a fabulous offer from Boyer, for a week's work in "Flesh and Fantasy" because she'd rather spend the time with Mr. Busch! Above at Ciro's.

"Mail Call," shortwaved overseas by C.B.S., found Teresa, her "Pride of The Yankees" co-star, Gary Cooper, and songstress Ginny Simms doing their bit for the soldiers.

IN THE GROOVE

By Jeanne Karr

Wanta join the Nuts-About-Teresa Club?

Just call her "Mooch" and shower her with red red roses and choc'lit cake!

At school the girls called her Mooch. Her name is Muriel Teresa Wright, but she had to lop off the Muriel when she joined Equity, because there was already a Muriel Wright in the business. By the time they discovered the other had long since oozed back into private life, it was too late for restoration. She still regrets the loss of her first name. To her intimates, she remains Muriel. Even to Niven Busch, her husband, though he met her as Teresa. Teresa's all right, but she feels more like Muriel.

She doesn't mind telling her age. In fact, she'd rather. You get the feeling that the lady prefers truth, not through any high moral pretentions but because her mind works straight, and (*Continued on page 93*)

Hollywood complexions are smooth, pretty . . . no matter how it storms! Here's a chance to learn winter beauty lore.

WINTER SKIN CARE

● Brrr! Cold winds blow and a beauty-wise lass had best attend to her complexion. Hollywood wonder girls always look deliciously delectable 'cause, come snow, hail, rain or sleet, they make skin care as definite a part of their routine as learning the lines of their new scripts. If you'd be as wise . . . and as pretty . . . hearken to these notes on winter-tide glamour.

You're the Leading Lady!

Les femmes, Leslie, Sheridan and Frazee aren't afraid of the big, bad close-ups because their skin is always radiantly well-groomed. How do you stack up? Alabaster brow and dewy cheek, non-shine nose and velvet lips? Fine! Or, tsk, tsk, does the doleful state of your epidermis make you shudder with horror at the sight of a mirror?

If the verdict is negative, modern cosmetics and a bit of native wit will remedy the situation. Film gals know that preserving an elegant complexion is an art and a science. Set to work with the fine collection of beautifiers that any American girl can star on her dressing table. National brands that brighten counters in your local variety store are, dollars to doughnuts, the very same ones that your movie favorite totes in her make-up box!

Ol' debbil Winter, if unchecked, can hang icicles on the finest complexion. Foil him with emollients and lotions and a dash of forethought. No camera "shoots" you in action, but you want to look pretty for your Johnny Doughboy or Billy Bluejacket. Let him remember a radiant you!

Take Your Face to the Cleaners

A face must be clean before it can even begin to be beautiful. The tools for this important job are cleansing cream, soap and water. First, soothe your taut, winter-weary face with the cleansing cream patted on in brisk, upward motions. Feels good, doesn't it? Old make-up and soil dissolve . . . and whisk off efficiently with a soft facial tissue. Now, lather up snowy clouds of suds with a fine facial soap and a pliant complexion brush or sturdy wash cloth. Set to work with a will; scrub thoroughly but gently. Then with warm water, rinse, rinse, rinse. You've now set the ground-work for beauty. Top off this ritual with an exhilarating dash of skin freshener, a soothing lotion or, if headed bed-wards, a film of non-greasy night cream. If you're embarking on a new make-up, you will, of course, apply your pet powder base.

Make with this cleansing business as many times a day as possible. Hollywood darlings, the wise minxes, would almost prefer to clean their faces than sign a new contract. They know their make-up does more for them when it's applied to a clean, healthy skin. And let nothing dissuade you from the complete cream-soap-and-water routine at night. You can't expect to have pleasant dreams with a dirty face . . . and you certainly won't have a pretty complexion!

Be sure that you are well supplied with all the clean-up fixings. Your bathroom cabinet and dressing table are well stocked with creams, soap, lotions and tissue, of course, but how about your kit in the office desk, classroom cubby-hole or factory locker? When your seconds are heavily rationed, a supply of cleansing pads do a grand hurry-up job. Remember . . . for the skin that rates raves, you must be prepared to take your face to the cleaners wherever you may be.

Dry Humor

A dry joke is generally funnier . . . but with faces, we want them pretty, not funny! If you belong to the dry-skinned sisterhood, you'll find that the cosmetic industry's greatest boon is the large variety of rich, emollient creams. In following the Hollywood clean-up routine, let your cleansing cream be the "fatty," lubricating type. The longer it remains on your face, the better. First bind your hair out of the way in a gay bandanna or special net. Slather on the cream (with freshly washed hands, by the way) and let it remain while you do your nails, take a cat nap, or

Jone Frozee opplies creom to her sotiny skin to keep it that woy in all sorts of weother! Jone is winning fons in "Whot's Cookin'."

Snow is fun, ogrees Ann Sheridon, but protect your face ogainst the weather with o powder bose. Ann is in "Edge of Darkness."

The fresh-complexioned chorm of young Joan Leslie is guorded with soothing lotions and creoms. "Thonk Your Lucky Stars" is her newest.

better still, while you soak comfortably in a scented bath. The steam from the tub, acting on the cream, will leave your skin soft and satiny.

You'll need soap-and-water treatments daily to remove dead, flaky, top-layer skin . . . use a mild, super-fatted facial soap or one with an oil or cold-cream base. Be particularly careful in rinsing and follow each washing with an application of soothing lotion or cream to keep your skin soft.

An overly-dry skin always holds threat of wrinkles, fine lines and "laugh prints." Your skin could do with more oil and you can soft-pedal those beauty off-notes with a nightly application of special dry-skin, emollient or all-purpose cream. Massage the beauty-making stuff gently around your eyes, nose and mouth, and don't neglect throat and forehead. Remove the excess with facial tissues, but leave a light film to beautify your skin while you slumber. *(Continued on page 68)*

By Carol Carter

FEBRUARY *Beauty* CALENDAR

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
	1 Wash Day — Saap facial. Leave half inch af suds an face 5 minutes. Remove and see clear, radiant skin.	**2** Faat-Care Day. Trim nails. Push back cuticle. Saak taes in soapy water. Apply bright gay polish.	**3** Mid-week check-up. Inspect wardrabe. Brush and air all togs.	**4** Get a lip brush. Draw a new mauth. Try Bette Davis and Hedy Lamarr patterns for the effect.	**5** Hair-da Day. Two soapings with yaur pet shampoo. Rinse well, set Ginger Ragers style.	**6** Manicure Day. After nail-fixing, smoath an hand cream ar lotion. Saft hands are date-bait!
7 Keep Fit Day. Exercise will da it! If hips need slimming, try the trusty bicycle kick.	**8** About Facel Spread thick caat af vanishing cream aver face and neck. Remove, pat with skin freshener.	**9** De-fuzz legs. Smaath hand latian aver them and feet. Tweeze braws. Remave underarm hair.	**10** Rinse mauth taday and every day with mauth wash. How abaut a date with dentist?	**11** Mid-week daldrums? Take a bubble bath. Wash lingerie. Add favarite calagne ta rinse water.	**12** Try a brightening rinse, after yaur shampaa. Hair needs refreshing, same as everything else.	**13** Manicure nails. Use newly polished fingertips ta write a cheery letter to a distant saldier.
14 Hit the raad. Walk with chest up, shaulders back, tummy in, fanny tucked under.	**15** Mare camplexian capers! Cleanse face, apply mask ar clay pack. Remove. Finish with freshener.	**16** Pedicure Day. Treat taatsies ta bath with foat saap. Massage feet with cream.	**17** Blackheads? Cleanse face, saften with hat tawel. Use blackhead extractar.	**18** Cleanse between teeth with dental flass. Use dentifrice that cleans, palishes and helps whiten.	**19** Far smaath caif, use hair-gripping retainers under yaur curls.	**20** Something new in nail palish today? Try a chic berry shade.
21/28 Check your pasture against the wall. Practise baak-anhead walking.	**22** Time ta pamper face. Cleanse carefully. Leave thin layer af cream an avernight.	**23** Be flawer-fresh with deadarant cream, pawder ar liquid. Use it daily.	**24** Bathe and rest eyes. Make 'em limpider with a new shade af eye shadaw.	**25** Inventary day. Check an casmetic supplies. Make list af replacements needed.	**26** Sprinkle calagne an clean hair brush. Results are aramafull!	**27** Break a fingernail? Paste an artificial one aver it. Apply palish.

By Carol Carter

How TO USE MAKE-UP

Is make-up a mystery to you and powder a puzzle? Film gals have a way with cosmetics . . . learn "how" from them!

It's a mistake to suppose that little girls grow up just naturally knowing how to use make-up as a glamour-aid. Lana Turner, who poses so prettily across the way, Janie Wyatt and other up-and-coming stars have firm opinions to set forth on this subject. Make-up makes or breaks a movie star, as everybody knows, and the words of wisdom that fall from Hollywood's neatly-patterned lips are well worth listening to.

Jane Wyatt says the trouble with most girls' make-up is that they need more practice. When they first begin using it, they usually wear very little on ordinary occasions. Then along comes a big date—and they go all-out for glamour. A heavy layer of foundation, a thick blotch of rouge, rough edges of powder, messy mascara and a frightening hunk of lipstick—and they think they're set to impress and enrapture some unsuspecting male. No, my dears, if you must use make-up—and you must if you're going to keep up with the competition—learn how to blend it artfully and smoothly so none will know where nature left off and the make-up starts.

Lana Turner has another warning for budding glamour girls. A good make-up job takes time, she says. Most girls expect to go through the motions in two minutes flat and emerge as dazzingly gorgeous as their favorite movie star. They're asking for the impossible. Actresses allow a good hour for their face-fixing, admittedly more than you need, but proving that they don't pinch seconds where their good looks are concerned. Saving time on make-up is poor economy. When it's applied in a rush it looks it, and furthermore it comes right off.

FIRM FOUNDATION

How To Choose: The correct powder base is an essential for a good make-up. To simplify the explanation, we'll divide all kinds into four main groups—cream, cake, liquid with creamy, opaque base and liquid with a clear base. If your skin is oily, choose cake make-up or the clear liquid type with face powder suspended in it. If it is normal, use cake or a liquid with a creamy base. If dry, the cream form is for you . . . and a mighty helpful "smoothie" it is!

"Careless Cinderella" is Lana's next apus but La Turner isn t careless with make-up! This glamaur study is praaf af her make-up art.

Some make-up bases come in a variety of shades. Others, such as the vanishing type creams and lotions, are intended only to smooth and protect the skin, not to color it. If you decide on the tinted type, you can choose a color darker than the shade of your skin, or a warm, rosy one to make it look healthy and glowing, but don't stray too far from your complexion's natural tones. A make-up base is not a mask . . . it's a charm aid for a glamorous you!

Application—The success-secret of a make-up base is to apply it with care. Polka-dot it over your face and throat, and blend it smoothly from the start of the neck-line clear to the (*Continued on page 114*)

Eddie (Gea. Montgamery) plats with cranies Frankie (Phil Silvers) and Finnegan (Chas. Winninger) ta regain his share af ex-partner Jae's (Cesar Ramera) Caney Island dive!

First step's sharking $800 at cards in Jae's Ocean Gardens, then setting up a rival cancessian acrass the Baardwalk, "The Sultan Ben Asha and his ten beautiful wives."

By "Spider" Bruce

When George Montgomery puts razz-me-tazz Betty Grable into chains and kisses her, the whole boardwalk quakes in the explosion!

STORY

Kate (Betty Grable) didn't like him. She knew she didn't like him the moment she set eyes on him in the office of Joe Rocco's Ocean Gardens, where she danced and sang.

In the first place, he was a rube. To look at him you'd have thought it was 1898 instead of 1905 and that his clothes came from Sears Roebuck. But Coney Island drew hayseeds the way spilled beer drew flies; that wasn't what bothered her. This hayseed thought he was a wise guy.

Joe introduced them: "Kate Farley—Eddie Johnson."

Kate nodded to him, and then threw back her robe to show Joe the (*Continued on page 103*)

Business thrives until the day a very mortal Finnegan staggers in, and Eddie bounces aut an his ear! A bank promises ta back his new place if he can apen with Katie's act.

Joe recipracates by riating the Sultan's harem. Nat ta be autdone, Eddie strikes back by starting a free-far-all amang the Bricklayer Bratherhoad meeting at Jae's!

During the brawl, Joe flattens Finnegan against the bar rail, and Eddie leads him ta believe he's murdered him—thus blackmailing him inta returning his partnership!

PRODUCTION

B. Grable hates green, swears it's unlucky for her. She moaned mightily but unsuccessfully when told the costumes for her biggest dance number would be shamrock shade. The only available pair of silk tights had already been dyed that shade, so there unfortunately could be no color change.

Word went around the day the number was shot. "Grable in tights, on 5." The director finally had to clear the set of visitors so there'd be enough room for the chorus. Phil Silvers, seeing Betty in her scanty outfit, said, "Gee, you've got pretty legs for a girl." Betty hasn't figured that one out yet, but she (*Continued on page 103*)

When Eddie shackles Katie's (Betty Grable) hands and feet, he accamplishes twa things: (1) successfully tanes down her honky-tonk song and dance act and (2) steals a kiss!

Joe gets his twa cents in once mare, when he tells twitter-pated Katie that Eddie's prapasing just ta get her far his shaw. But this anly delays the ceremany a few days.

Republic star John is greatly in demond ot other studios. M-G-M, planning to make a film of the best-seller, "The Sun Is My Undoing," borrowed John for the port of the tough young sea coptoin, Abiathon Crown.

John Woyne, once of the U.S.C. championship teom, got back in the groove; kicked the pigskin around for some "gog" touchdowns ot Leading Men vs. Comedians game.

By Kirtley Baskette

"Flying Tigers" was a he-man picture, right dawn Wayne's alley. Above, in a scene with Anna Lee. John obsolutely refuses to wear make-up on the Wayne pan. His bare foce shines from the screen, sans camouflage.

John, Marlene Dietrich and Randy Scott, famous "Spoilers" team, are reunited in Universal's "Pittsburgh." John played o villain's part once before; kids liked it so he repeats performonce in "P."

GENTLEMAN JOHNNY

Behind that rugged jaw, those smashing fists, hides Wayne—the pushover for kids, cap pistols and bright new hair ribbons!

Though he admits, "I'm no Mocambo othlete," and his rumbo (so they say) is very bad, John and the Missus take on occasional evening out. Belaw, yep, Macambo!

One day, on the "Flying Tigers" set, big John Wayne sauntered up to Dave Miller, the director.

"How about working over the week-end," he suggested, "and finishing off this sequence?"

The director almost swooned. That was okay as apple pie with him, of course, but he was baffled. "Thought you were going on a hunting trip, Duke," he said.

"Don't feel much like hunting," yawned John Wayne, who's "Duke" to his friends.

Then Director Miller knew something *must* be wacky somewhere. If there's anything John Wayne likes to do it's hunt—and he *always* feels like it. A little sleuthing around the set and the story came to light.

John Wayne had indeed planned a hunting trip for that week-end. (*Continued on page 110*)

WE SALUTE HOLLYWOOD AT WAR!

In H'wood., morale isn't just a pretty face. It's laughs for the homesick—blood for the wounded — millions for guns!

Dottie Lomour hos swept the country like o forest fire in lumber country. If you hoven't bought o bond from Dottie, you oin't lived. She's sold $37,431,186 worth! Once ouctioned off her hankie for $10,000. Similorly, o lock of the fomous Loke hoir went for $25,000; Don Wilson's pants for $5,000 more.

Clork Goble, onxious to shoke off old ties, get into the Big Scrop, took 11 weeks of stiff troining ond blisters to eorn his gold Lieut.'s bors. Jim Cogney succeeded him os Choirmon of the octors' division of the H'wood Victory Com. And believe us, nobody hos to osk what Hollywood is doing in this wor! To dote, its Wor Bond soles omount to $838,250,000! Among the things thot this sum con buy are 8 bottleships for your sons! Or 24 cruisers for your brothers. 670 sub chosers, 120 subs, or tonks, bombers, fighters! Our boys oren't going to die for lock of equipment, ever ogoin, ond we can thank our "stors" for much of the good work!

Bob Hope's the stuff that soldiers' dreams are made of! He's the guy they'd like to give a Congressional Medal. The way he and the gang—Frances Langford, Professor Colonna—have flown to Alaska and the Aleutians to entertain. The way he's brought his show into the Canteen, broadcasting from there—

Stars on natian-wide tours have travelled one million miles. Two such are Betty Grable and Rita Hayworth. Rita visited 6 camps, autographed by the thausand, came back from Texas with a full-fledged nervous breakdown from over-enthusiasm! Betty's camp tatal was 5; she Canteen-queens it every spare second.

John Payne and Jane Wyman toured, collected a neat $52,000 in Norfolk, Va. And in No. Carolina, John sang a sang for each person who bought $15,000 in Bonds! Mony stars have left the good old U.S. to spread enjoyment—Jinx Falkenburg and the Ritz Brothers flew; did 60 shaws in the Panama Canal Zone.

To Boeing Aircraft Company in Seattle came Walter Pidgeon and Adolphe Menjou to ask workers for bigger, better War Bond sales. Seattle's famous Victory Square was agog! Since the H'wood Victory Committee's farmation, 608 players have made a total of 2,923 p.a.'s in connectian with Bonds, charities!

Bette Davis (above with Joel McCrea) is the lady Bob Hope. She's the gal who completed a bond tour, ill; sold a can of oil in Okla. for $100,000; worked like crazy to make the Canteen grow! Said Canteen has fed 300,000 boys, used 3,000 lbs. of java, 60,000 gals. of orange juice, 150,000 packs of cigs.!

With Ronnie in the ormy, Jane Wymon's been touring; helping in any way she con. Stars like Merle Oberon, Martha Raye, Edw. G. Robinson and Al Jolson have gone overseas to cheer troops. Others have taken part in 220 special broadcasts for Gov. agencies such as the War ond Treas. Depts. and Navy.

Sue and Alon olwoys lunch together in the Poromount Commissary, and Sue handles much of her agency business from his dressing room. And olthough the Ladds were denying such rumors a while ago, they're expecting o little Ladd in February.

Thot picture of his wife on Alan Lodd's dressing toble is the some one publishers used on the sheet music of "Sweet Sue," the popular tune of o decode ogo, which she inspired.

Her heart

• Sue Carol thinks Alan Ladd is a pretty fine actor. But as a husband—he's strictly socko! On her dresser there is a velvet pin cushion on which are lined up a series of lapel gadgets—each a little handsomer than the last. Alan told a friend, "You can trace my financial status through those pins. When I was strictly from beans and occasional hamburger, I bought dollar clips from the Chinese stores. Later, the presents came from novelty shops, then from department stores, and finally from a custom jeweler."

Sue wears an anklet and matching bracelet that Laddie (as she calls him) bought for her. Each consists of a delicate gold chain terminated by a heart and key. Each one is inscribed, "To Susie—love, Laddie."

'CAUSE HE WON'T EAT, GETS JEALOUS AS A JUNE BUG,

BRINGS SOLDIERS HOME AT MIDNIGHT? NOPE. JUST 'CAUSE HE'S ALAN LADD!

On his birthday, floods of cards and gifts poured in from all over the country. Laddie's present from Sue was a bound volume of magazine articles written about him and stills from his various pics.

Alan's hair dyed black by the studio, is back to its natural blond, at fans' demand. Above, with Mabel Paige in Par's. "Lucky Jordan." A highlight of the film is the scene in which he brings her a bottle of gin for Mother's Day!

belongs to Laddie

By Rosemary Layng

He designed the wedding ring Sue wears—a series of tiny golden cups, each of which holds a ruby.

The purchase of jewelry isn't the least of Mr. Ladd's shopping accomplishments, however. He has been known to bring home a beruffled gingham housedress for The Little Woman. And he likes to buy lace-trimmed lingerie for Sue, beginning with scanties and ending with chiffon house coats. So far he has never made a mistake in size, so there is none of this surreptitious exchanging of garments among the Ladds such as that which goes on in other households after birthdays or Christmas.

Sue, herself, has rare good taste in selecting golden gadgets. The night that "This Gun For Hire" was premiered, she gave Alan a handsome watch with a wide gold mesh strap. The mesh is made of interlocking links of white, rose and green gold.

His wedding ring matches the mesh wrist strap. Both Alan and Sue are superstitious about removing wedding rings; neither has ever been taken off. If Ladd is working in a picture in which the ring really shouldn't show—for plot reasons—the make-up man covers it with tape and body make-up, and that's that. Camouflage to outwit the hex of shedding the ring.

But, say you, how did this glorious romance start? How does it happen that Sue Carol is wearing a wedding ring that Alan Ladd gave her, and vice versa? How did that little nudist character, Cupid, get in his woosome work between these two. (*Continued on following page*)

Alan Ladd

Her heart belongs to Laddie

As practically everyone knows, a telephone call dood it. Sue had heard a broadcast, ostensibly done by two men of totally different type. She thought they were both brilliant and called the station to find out who they were. She was just getting started in the agency business, and these gentlemen sounded like likely clients.

The humorist at the station said, "Those guys are named Alan Ladd—both of them. Very clever character. Want his telephone number?"

She did.

Mr. Ladd said sure he'd be glad to show up on the Sunset Strip and have a talk with her—what could he lose? He was alone and lonely. Somehow he had never fully recovered from the loss of his mother. She had been a proud little Englishwoman, filled with ambition and unswerving belief in her son. When she went out of life, the mental haven, the spiritual castle, the last solidarity of Alan's family went with her.

Alan had no brothers or sisters. His natural father had died when the boy was five, and his step-father—of whom he was deeply fond—had preceded the mother in death by a year.

Friends? Well most of them had decided Ladd was just another actor. He had a chance for a contract, didn't he, they asked. Maybe not the best contract on earth, but a contract, they said. He wouldn't need to trim the frayed edges of his collars and cuffs, he wouldn't need to traipse slowly down Hollywood Boulevard, drooling before delicatessen windows—if he'd just be sensible—so his "friends" said.

He went up to see Sue Carol who had telephoned him. He was wearing a mental coat of armor about three inches thick because he didn't think anything would come of the meeting. He was so accustomed to disappointment that he didn't anticipate anything else.

Afterward, Sue told him, "There was something about you—that first morning when you walked in. You were wearing the trench coat that was afterward to become famous in 'Gun.' Your hair seemed very blond in the early sunlight, and your eyes were very green."

They had a long talk about pictures, broadcasting, and what Mr. Ladd would NOT do, namely: sign some contract just because it was drawn up on twenty-pound bond paper.

He admitted that he didn't think he wanted to sign a managerial contract either, but he didn't say posiTIVELY. The wind-up (*Continued on page 72*)

With Alan in "Star Spangled Rhythm" is Macdanald Carey, saan ta jain the Marines at San Diega. Tha ance rejected far calar-blindness, he was undaunted; taak treatments far same and has been cured!

Alsa in "Lucky" is Helen Walker (abave) wha ance madelled far publishers of MODERN SCREEN! Sue sald part af her cantract as Alan's agent. He's superstitiaus; wauldn't let her sell it all.

Woman in

Upon completing her nursing course, Joan was invited to Washington to speak with Mrs. F.D.R. and Mrs. Harry Hopkins at a Nurse's Aide Rally.

White

It's tough, it's dirty, it's heart-breaking. But Nurse's Aide work is one of the vital jobs of the war. Joan Fontaine tells why!

By Ida Zeitlin

She proudly wore her Red Cross uniform to the RAF Ball, benefit of RAF families, with Brian and Dame May Whitty. During her Washington trek, she was a dinner guest at the White House!

Joan's next pic will be "The Constant Nymph" with Chas. Boyer and Joyce Reynolds. Modest winner of '41 Academy Award, she keeps a scrapbook filled solely with blasts from the critics!

There was a girl of twenty. She looked so pretty, sitting up in a blue bed-jacket, a blue ribbon round her hair. Preparing to bathe her, Joan drew the blankets aside and uncovered a pair of pitifully wasted legs. An accidental gunshot had struck the girl's spine. Joan kept her head low to hide the tears.

"Am I rubbing too hard?"

"Oh, I can't feel that—"

Joan could feel it.

Then there was a baby, nine months old, so tight in his plaster cast that both legs stuck out straight. You couldn't even clean him properly. In a year, they told Joan, if the cast had done its work, they might not have to operate. His eyes looked up at her with the patience of an old man's. She thought she couldn't bear it.

You learn to bear it. One way is by heeding the counsel of the Red Cross. "When you leave the hospital, leave it all behind you—not only the building, but your own reactions. Don't dwell on what you've seen, don't brood over it. Go back to your normal routine and forget that the hospital exists until the next time."

Being tired helps. Joan (*Continued on page 89*)

Darnell

SHE HANDLES HIGH EXPLOSIVES! Anne has been promoted step by step in the intricate processes of making shells—and has recently completed a special course to become a "job-instructor" in training other girls.

Anne Nissen,
gallant bride-to-be of a soldier

Her engagement to Lawrence Van Orden, was announced by her parents shortly before "Larry" went into the Army

ANNE IS IN UNIFORM, TOO—the trig overalls-and-blouse girls in defense plants all over the country are wearing. "I couldn't have Larry do all the fighting," Anne says. "I wanted to do *my* share."

She is in a big munitions plant—employing 1,000 women. She works on rotating shifts—7 a.m. to 3:30 p.m.—3:30 p.m. to midnight or midnight to 7 a.m.

• • •

Anne says, "In a war plant you work indoors and with intense concentration. This begins to show in your face if you're not careful. Your skin gets a tense, drawn look. I've always used Pond's Cold Cream. It helps keep my skin feeling so *soft* and *smooth*, and it's a grand grime remover when I get home."

Anne uses Pond's *every* night—for daytime clean-ups, too. She smooths Pond's over face and throat—pats gently to release dirt and make-up. Tissues off. "Rinses" with more Pond's for *extra* cleansing and softening, tissues off again.

Do it *yourself*. You'll see why war-busy society women like Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., and Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, III, use Pond's—why more women and girls use it than any other face cream. Ask for the *larger* sizes—you get even *more* for your money. All sizes popular in price, at beauty counters everywhere.

She's Engaged!

ANNE'S LOVELY RING is simply set in a plain gold band. A small diamond is set on either side of the sparkling center stone.

SHE'S LOVELY! SHE USES POND'S

A DARLING COUPLE! Anne and Larry have been friends since high-school days—but on Anne's birthday last year they started devoting *all* their spare time to each other. Anne's lovely complexion is one of her chief charms. "All I ever use is Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "It suits my skin just beautifully." *Yes—it's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's!*

Betty Grable
George Montgomery

. . . and make it SNAPPY!

YOU know we're building the biggest army in our history. You know that candy is a fine food for soldiers. Now listen:

"I want millions of special Dextrose energy tablets . . . millions of candy fruit drops. I want you to package tons of biscuits, bouillon powder, dehydrated mincemeat, prune and apricot powders. I need them . . . so . . . *Make it snappy* . . ."

★ ★ ★

This, in effect, is what an aroused War Department told Curtiss Candy Company. We rolled up our sleeves and went to work, just as every other great American company did.

For months our great food plants have been producing and packaging large quantities of food of various kinds. We are operating 24 hours a day.

This service we consider a duty. We are grateful for the opportunity of serving our country in this greatest of all emergencies.

With the Army, the Navy and War Production Plants all calling for Curtiss Products, there may be times when your dealer won't have a complete assortment of Curtiss Candy Bars. But such shortages are only temporary.

If you don't find Baby Ruth or Butterfinger on the candy counter one day—look again the next. We are filling domestic orders as rapidly as our production facilities permit. Every American will agree with us that Uncle Sam comes *first!*

Here is the Baby Ruth your dealer didn't *have* yesterday. *Occasionally some dealers may temporarily be out of Baby Ruth or Butterfinger. If you don't find them on the counter one day* . . . look again the next. *We're doing our best to fill domestic orders . . . but with us, as with every patriotic American, the boys in service have first call.*

★ ★ ★

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Producers of Fine Foods

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Army Air Corps, he and ...ked for

Another Guild show was "Take a Letter, Darling" with Roz Russell and Cary Grant. Freddie Brisson spent his recent week's furlough with Roz in Palm Springs where she's awaiting Sir Stork

she said, "so you won't get ruined by ducking for apples."

One guest put in an appearance in black velvet. Oh well, the cleaner will probably be able to fix it.

Ann's good-by gifts were an identification bracelet, a 2 x 3 picture of herself, and a billfold.

Check for future reference: There is a constant rumor that Air Cadet and Mrs. Tim Holt will take it to Reno. Furthermore, there transpired recently an unhappy scene between Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville on the set of "Hitler's Children." It seems that Tim Holt was involved, but don't take it seriously because Bonita's loyalty has never faltered. High man on the Granville totem pole is still super duper Cooper.

Here's the latest love stuff on Brenda, the Marshall kid. Bill Holden sent her a nice check for Christmas with the admonition that she was to buy herself a glorious bit of jewelry. For a long time Brenda had been talking about this pin and that; about platinum or gold mounting; about rhinestones and rubies. So she went shopping. She looked AND she looked.

And finally she bought a fence for the back yard.

Everyone in Hollywood has long known that one of the happiest periods in the life of Tyrone and Annabella was that during which they were appearing at the Westport Country Playhouse in "Liliom." Had war not broken out, they would have toured the country with the play. One of the most touching scenes had taken place in a garden, under a massive tree which shaded a white iron bench.

Recently, a friend of the Powers' was wandering through their garden and noticed a white iron love seat. "Where did THAT come from?" he asked.

Tyrone patted the corner. "It's the one from 'Liliom'," he said. "I had it shipped out to . . . well, perpetuate a sentimental memory."

Here's one to mull over while waiting for your next gas rationing coupon to become valid: Ann Sheridan and Clark Gable have many mutual friends, although Ann and Clark don't—so far as anyone has heard—know one another. They (*Continued on page 64*)

When Rita Hayworth emceed Command Performance, she wore her nifty Naval Aid uniform. She's still seeing plenty of Mature, who momentarily expects wife Martha Kemp to take up divorce action!

Charlie McCarthy, Edgar Bergen and Betty Grable "Command Performanced" over C.B.S. for the service men. Betty recently established some sort of record by dancing 43 times straight at the Canteen!

While Gary Cooper was on location for F.W.T.B.T., burglars broke into his house; escaped with valuables. Coop's first fear was for his guns! Above with Claudette Colbert at the Dugout gathering.

may, at some time, have been introduced, or they may have attended the same mob-scene Hollywood party, but that's all.

Yet here are two people who would certainly get on well together. Clark hates chi-chi girls who swoon at the sight of a spider, or who would die at the prospect of sitting in a duck blind at four A.M. He likes a gal who thinks straight, speaks her mind and isn't afraid of ruining a manicure. A girl, in short, like lovely Texas Annie. Who, incidentally, hasn't heard a word from George Brent since their separation.

John Loder is leaving his marriage to Micheline Cheirel, formerly of the French stage, on the cutting room floor. They have one daughter, Danielle, named in honor of Danielle Darrieux with whom John was appearing in Paris when the baby was born. John simply adores the child and has been awarded her custody for 4½ consecutive months each year, plus every Sunday.

Mary Astor has finally filed suit for divorce from Manuel Del Campo. They have been rifting since the early spring of 1942, when a property settlement was reached. Yet it's one of those "friendly" divorces because when he came to Hollywood on leave recently, he and Mary had dinner together.

Addison (Jack) Randall, movie cowboy husband of Barbara Bennett, has announced their separation. He is going to San Francisco to work in a war plant. Barbara left home one Friday evening at 6:30 and was missing until the following Monday morning. Joan Bennett was on a train, going East, at the time and decided to continue her trip only after several frantic telephone calls to Hollywood. Barbara, according to Hollywood servants, has never been herself since her divorce from Morton Downey and the loss of custody of her four children and one adopted son. During Sunday, police reported that she had placed three long distance calls to Morton Downey's hotel in New York, threatening suicide. She later denied the police report.

Married: Richard Travis and Anne Berkey, Beverly Hills non-professional. Richard was introduced to Anne by Anne's brother who is one of Dick's best friends. Those who know Anne say she is charming; has lovely coloring and is a clever conversationalist.

About To Be Married: Janet Blair and Private Lou Busch, whom Janet has known for three years. He used to be an arranger with Hal Kemp's band, and he is currently arranging music for the Santa Ana Band. Janet won't talk about the romance. She says that in war time life is too uncertain to allow a girl to make definite plans.

Jinx Falkenburg and Tex McCrary, former newspaperman now in officer's training camp at Miami, Florida.

Betty Hutton and Perc Westmore. This will be his fifth, but those who know Perc swear that he has had a run of bad luck; basically he's a swell matrimonial bet.

New Americans: Charles Laughton and his wife, Elsa Lanchester, who have just applied for citizenship "because this is our home."

Sues News

By the time you read this, the Errol Flynn case will have been settled, one way or another. There is no doubt that there have been some Flynn wild oats sown here and there, but it is also true that a man of Mr. Flynn's charm, wit, magnificent physique and fame, finds many girls who rush in his direction with open arms. Foolish newcomers to Hollywood sometimes seem to think that the three magic words, Mrs. Errol Flynn, represent a goal at the end of the road of least resistance.

Hollywood opinion seems to be, in general, that Mr. Flynn's luck has gone sour. Not that he would admit it, himself. He is proud, hard-headed, stiff-necked and sensitive. He would prefer to be drawn and quartered before he would admit frustration or bewilderment. Nevertheless, his marital break-up left bitterness. And when Arno—his beloved pet schnauzer—was drowned, unemotional Mr. Flynn searched the sea for hours. Not until there wasn't a vestigial chance of finding the dog did his master give up, sit down on deck and sob like a baby.

And now there are those who say that inadvertently Mr. Flynn has became a pawn in a political mix-up involving names widely known in Southern California. A mix-up in which ambitions and prejudices of which Mr. Flynn knows very little may determine his entire future.

Patriotic Topics

George Montgomery is studying (*Continued on following page*)

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Milland Mocambo-ing. Recent rumors circulated about Ray were: 1: That he'd go to Mexico to learn bull-fighting for a pic; 2. That he'd join up with an English regiment.

For pink-and-white "Natural" beauties —a bewitchingly sweet NEW "Natural"

If you're blessed with the transparent, fair skin that every woman secretly longs for, play it up—shamelessly! Make your skin look even more fragile and baby-smooth with Pond's lovely new Dreamflower "Natural." A whisper of shell pink . . . a breath of soft creaminess—it's a *heavenly* powder shade. Better check up on Dreamflower "Natural" *fast!*

"Dreamflower 'Natural' has just the tint to make blonde skin look beautifully fair and transparent—never 'chalky.'"
MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR.

New! Pond's Dreamflower Powder

Fetching new Dreamflower box! A real dressing-table gem. And Pond's BIG 49¢ box will last for months! Introductory sizes 25¢, 10¢.

Direct Hit
Pond's "LIPS" stays on longer
Gorgeous shades . . . slick texture . . . stays on and on! Wear with new matching rouge—Pond's "Cheeks."
Actual 10¢ size

TODAY! See all 6 new Dreamflower Powder Shades

Natural—for pink-and-white blondes
Rose Cream—peach tone for golden blondes
Brunette—rosy-beige for medium brunettes
Rachel—for cream-ivory skin
Dusk Rose—for rich rosy-tan skin
Dark Rachel—for dark brunettes

At Beauty Counters Everywhere

Greer Garson autographs a sailor's hat while Livvie de Havilland looks on. They're seated at the "Angels' Table" of the Canteen; their escorts of the evening, Nelson Seabra and So. American Jorge Guinle.

Maggie Sullavan and husband Leland Hayward (across the table) entertained a group of pals at the Westside Tennis Club shindig, but Mrs. Hayward spent most of evening dodging photographers.

Carole Landis, just back from a tour abroad, is said to be the most popular girl at N. Y.'s Stage Door Canteen. Above at the H'wood Canteen, the nite before Bob Hope broadcast from there.

Reggie Gardiner and fiancée Nadia Petrova came to the Dugout Party. Reggie led the orchestra and had the crowd in stitches. Above with Phyllis Brooks who came with Arthur Hornblow, Jr.

written Russian. He has spoken Russian since he was a sprout, but he never learned to read and write the language. Now he's getting hep to the Steppes so that he can go into Army Intelligence, he hopes, he hopes.

Knocking himself out is Glenn Ford. He is currently working at Columbia all day, then studying navigation for his Coast Guard duties half the night.

Heather Angel was given 2 days off from shooting her new picture "Time To Kill." Fired by love of Country and the fact that the tomato crop was about to be lost for want of pickers, she drove into the agricultural district and spent her entire two day leave lopping off love apples and lining them up in lugs. At the end of the second day she learned that the paymaster's office was at the extreme end of the field. Her economic sense said "yes," but her muscles said "you're kidding." So she limped to her car and drove back to Hollywood without collecting the tiredest money she ever earned.

Clark Gable looked up Bill Holden immediately after Bill arrived in Miami to start his officer's training course. Clark and Bill had never met in Hollywood, but that didn't stop a prince like Clark from looking up his fellow townsman and giving him some valuable pointers on what was what in the Florida camp.

If you have been wondering about Lieutenant Jimmie Stewart's progress, here's something to give you that hooray-for-him feeling. While an RKO company, filming "Bombardier" was stationed at Kirtland Field in Albuquerque, Jimmie was around whenever possible watching the shooting.

One day, one of the publicity men thought up a good shot: how about showing Randy Scott, Pat O'Brien and Jimmie preparing to board a bomber? Jimmie patted the publicity man's shoulder and said it was a swell idea, but it just happened that he was on his way to do an errand for the Colonel so he couldn't stop.

After the lieutenant had vanished at a rapid double, an enlisted man nearby drawled, "He didn't have anything to do for the Colonel. That was just a stall. D'ya know, that guy won't pose for anybody's fancy pictures. When he quit movies, he quit for the duration unless the film is strictly official. He is sure one swell joe."

Ronnie Reagan, on a recent and very brief leave, brought back one of the best chuckle-getters of the civilian-army situation so far. Seems that, in a certain Northern California county, a preoccupied employee was placidly driving a tractor one morning. The tractor was new, and so was the blade grader being towed (*Continued on page 107*)

Here's our lovely RITA...
Here's the BEAUTY Soap she uses every day

RITA HAYWORTH
COLUMBIA PICTURES STAR
JUST LIKE SMOOTHING BEAUTY IN WHEN YOU TAKE THESE ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS! FIRST, SMOOTH THE RICH LATHER WELL INTO YOUR SKIN
NOW RINSE WITH WARM WATER, THEN SPLASH WITH COLD. PAT THE FACE GENTLY DRY WITH A SOFT TOWEL
NOW TOUCH YOUR SKIN. IT'S FLOWER-FRESH, EXQUISITELY SMOOTH. LUX SOAP'S A REAL BEAUTY SOAP. SOFT SMOOTH SKIN IS IMPORTANT
9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

HERE'S WHY CHAPPED HANDS HEAL SO MUCH FASTER

with medicated NOXZEMA

Badly chapped, red, rough hands are a form of skin irritation. Painful tiny cuts and cracks appear—especially in the knuckle areas.

IF you have red, rough, irritated chapped hands—make this simple test. Apply Noxzema frequently day and evening. Notice how soothing it feels. Next day . . . see how much better your hands *look*—how much better they *feel!*

Noxzema is so effective because it's not just a cosmetic cream. It's a medicated formula that not only soothes the burning, stinging soreness—but aids in healing the tiny skin cuts—helps soften the dry, rough skin and helps restore normal, soft, white loveliness.

Surveys show that scores of Doctors and Nurses (who have trouble with their hands from frequent washings) use Noxzema themselves and recommend it to their patients. Noxzema is snow-white, greaseless, non-sticky. On sale at drug and cosmetic counters everywhere. 35¢—50¢—$1.00.

★ **MEN IN THE SERVICE WANT NOXZEMA**

—use it for chapped hands, face and lips—for chafing, sunburn, windburn, tired, burning feet—and especially for cool, soothing shaves! Makes shaving easier even in *cold water.*

I SAW IT HAPPEN

The occasion was Feb. 12th, 1938—Nelson Eddy's concert at the San Francisco Memorial Opera House. I sat down in front and enjoyed the grand performance hugely. Nelson came out for one of his last encores, and announced that it was a number from his newly completed picture. And I, overly enthusiastic, clapped—right between the title and the composer's name! With 4200 other people all silent, you can believe me, I made a wish. I wished that I might vanish through the floor!

Hazel Rita Saunders
2028 MacArthur Boulevard
Oakland, California.

WINTER SKIN CARE

(*Continued from page 41*)

The Other Extreme

Over-oiliness is quite as much a complexion hazard as dryness . . . but if you're the gal who lists over-active oil glands as her chief beauty woe, you tackle your problem a bit differently than your dry-skinned sister does. Realize that your sebaceous glands are working over-time, and that all your efforts should be towards normalizing them.

You should clean your face even more frequently than the average gal because an oily skin succumbs easily to the ills of blackheads and large pores. Use a liquefying cleansing cream or a liquid cleanser and follow with a vigorous soap-and-water scrubbing. Finish off by patting astringent or ice-cold water briskly over the surface to help contract the pore-openings and counteract the over-oiliness of your skin.

A special cake form make-up base or a vanishing-cream type base will save the oily-skinned girl's make-up from that "beaded effect." Use a powder recommended to cling smoothly and evenly on an oily skin . . . and be sure that your puff is always clean. If you choose the disposable ones, use a new one every day. If not, have two or three and rotate their use so they can be frequently washed. In any case, make it an extra-soft puff. Pat the powder on gently and brush off the excess with a powder brush or a dab of cotton. You'll know the added care is worth while, when you begin collecting such cheers as "How nice your skin looks this evening!"

Beauty Bugaboos

If such nuisances as blemishes and blackheads and "bumps" crop up in your life (the meanies love to make their appearance just before your Big Date), set to work to clear your complexion. But if they persist after normal care, run, don't walk to the nearest doctor. Might be, he'll find it necessary to tinker with your diet and exercise routines.

But many belles who find their faces afflicted with blemishes can right matters themselves. Remember that blackheads stubbornly plant themselves in a carelessly cleaned face. They are oil ducts that have become clogged and covered with surface dirt, but can be removed with a regular blackhead extractor. The skin should be softened first by applying a wash cloth wrung out in hot water. Then the blemishes will come out with some gentle but firm pressure—and the surrounding area should be patted with an antiseptic lotion.

White clay and other packs are mighty useful in cleaning muddy complexions. Smooth them on a freshly-cleaned face and let them remain as long as the instructions recommend. If your skin is dry or sensitive, use an emollient cream after the pack. The cosmetic industry has a remedy for most complexion woes!

Facials Are Fun!

Want to treat yourself to a perfectly grand, relaxing beautifier? Then get the once-a-week facial habit. You'll be soothed and calmed, your tangled nerves get a chance to unravel . . . and all the while your complexion is acquiring new and devastating glamour!

Begin with a perfectly clean face (way back at the start of the article, you learned about that)! Apply your favorite mask, which can be a thick layer of vanishing cream, a delicate pink strawberry number, any one of wonderful, tingling, minty masks, a soothing creamy one, or pepper-uppers with brisk medicinal tangs. Remove the mask after it's been on the required time (some come off with water, some with cream). Finish the facial ritual by briskly patting on your favorite skin freshener or astringent. If your skin is dry, substitute emollient cream and smooth it on gently. You'll be rewarded with a charming and youthful freshness.

Protection is the Password!

A healthy, well-cleaned, freshly toned face should not be carelessly exposed to the far from tender mercies of Jack Frost. So in these winter months, before taking your face outdoors, it's smart to insure protection with a powder base, in either liquid, cream or cake form.

See that your hands live up to the reputation of your pretty face by following every hand-washing with an application of protective hand lotion . . . and extend this hand-some treatment to your elbows. Cold weather is often unkind to 'em, they would appreciate a drop or two of lotion!

All Set for Beauty

"With today's make-up aids," quips Babs Stanwyck, "there are no ugly women, only lazy ones." So set to work now. The basis of all beauty is, after all, your complexion. If it's smooth, fresh, youthful . . . it will live up to the flattery of your make-up, and you'll meet Jack Frost with your best face forward!

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Even though William Powell is a popular and well-liked actor now, it wasn't always that way. When he was just a bit player living in a cheap rooming-house, he used to drive the other roomers crazy playing "Dear Buttercup" on an old player piano. There was one couple in particular whom he annoyed—my mother and father who were on their honeymoon. He finally stopped on the threat of arsenic in his coffee unless the playing ceased!

Betty Pearson
651 Trapelo Road
Waltham, Mass.

To the girl with a soldier overseas... How much do you really want him back?

Just how much do you miss your soldier—far across the ocean?

Do you miss him so much that you'll pass up that jeweled bracelet you've set your heart on?

Do you love him so much that you'll make your old suit last another spring?

Do you want him back so badly that you'll walk to the office and to the stores when you could take the bus—and sit home in the evenings when you might go to the movies?

You do? Of course you do!

So start saving, start denying yourself little "extras" and luxuries right now. And buy United States War Bonds with every single cent that you save!

War Bonds will help bring your soldier back!

War Bonds mean reinforcements for him right now—a reserve for you both in years to come.

War Bonds mean American bombers over Germany and submarines under the China Sea—they really mean a shorter war!

War Bonds are your ballot against inflation—your insurance policy for freedom—your savings bank book after the Armistice is signed.

And over and above all that, they're the most careful and cautious, the safest and most productive investment into which you—or anybody else—could possibly put your money. Start buying War Bonds for your soldier. And start buying them today!

Here's what War Bonds do for You!

1 They are the safest place in all the world for your savings.

2 They are a written promise from the United States of America to pay you back every penny you put in.

3 They pay you back $4 for every $3 you put in, at the end of ten years . . . pay you interest at the rate of 2.9 per cent.

4 You may turn them in and get your cash back at any time after 60 days. The longer you hold them, the more they're worth.

5 *They are never worth less than the money you invested in them. They can't go down in price. That's a promise from the financially strongest institution in the world: The United States of America.*

SAVE YOUR MONEY THE SAFEST WAY—BUY U. S. WAR BONDS REGULARLY

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with one of these 3 perfect powder bases

Now, MINER'S offers you a choice of three perfect make-up bases, all created to give your complexion velvety smoothness, to camouflage blemishes and to hold powder on faithfully for hours. Cream—Liquid—Cake—whichever you prefer, keeps your skin gloriously fresh-looking all day long.

MINER'S Foundation CREAM with LANOLIN.

An exquisite, tinted cream with "something extra"...LANOLIN. Helps soften dry skin and protects against temperature extremes. Provides a perfect make-up base.

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The popular, non-greasy powder and powder base in one. Goes on evenly and easily. Just smooth it on...add loose powder or not, as you prefer . . . then forget re-powdering for hours.

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The modern powder and powder base in cake form, applied with a moist puff. Gives you new loveliness. Ever so easy to use. Convenient for your purse, too!

10c·39c

Try one of MINER'S perfect powder bases today! Choose from six flattering shades . . . and thrill to new complexion glamour!

Sold at all cosmetic counters

MINER'S

Masters Of Make-Up Since 1864

MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 15*)

her, because after one look Toni knew that Brad was for her. He was her man. So what would a girl from Texas do? She got out her rope and branding iron. But Jo was riding herd on Brad—intention, matrimony—and Jo was not a dame to take rustlers lightly.

Toni was finding the going pretty rough, until Madame Zenobia fell off a stepladder and sprained her—uh—her sacroiliac. Toni took over the fortune-telling racket and went to work on Brad by remote control. From back of a thick veil she told him he was going to marry a girl and gave him the exact specifications—her own. Then she set out to prove it to him.

Brad said he didn't believe in fortune tellers, but after Toni had dropped a mouse in a teapot, had her dress torn off and got Brad soundly punched in the nose by a perfect stranger, she began to make a little time. Then unfortunately she fortune-told him into a mix-up with the FBI, and it looked as if Jo would pick up the marbles. So Toni retreated to Texas to do light housekeeping for Grandpa and Blue Boy, a prize boar, but if you think the pig ever lived who was lucky enough to keep steady company with Paulette, you'd better buy a crystal ball of your own. Be smart—put your money on Milland.

Wandering through this Manhattan madhouse are Gladys George, Cecil Kellaway, Clem Bevans and William Bendix. It's a nice neat package of fluff, tied up with a crazy bow.—*U.A.*

P. S.

For the face-in-the-pudding scene, Sig Arno fell into three separate cakes, each one a foot high, five layers of custard filling, gooey meringue and sugared cherries. Remaining three unused ones were sent to the kids at the Los Angeles Orphans' Home . . . The script by Stephan Vas, was originally written with Ginger Rogers and Charles Boyer in mind . . . Oh-Come-Now-Dept.: "Three days after the scene in which Ray Milland's car is buried under an avalanche of watermelons, prop men discovered a tiny green sprout peeping out from under the rubber floor mat. A wayward seed had taken root." . . . Both automobile crashes were scientifically charted so no damage was done to tires or chassis . . . Juve stage star Peter Jamerson, making his screen debut, played the part of one of the sons in the Chicago company of "Life With Father" . . . Virginia Field left Hollywood the last day of filming to join husband Paul Douglas and await a visit from Sergeant Stork. During production, she received a telegram from him every morning, which she answered on her way home every night . . . In the gallery scene, Ray Milland did his own shooting, scored three bull's eyes in three tries. The first part he ever played in pictures required him to shoot a tiny mirror out of the leading lady's hand . . . Whenever Paulette Goddard phones Producer Richard Blumenthal from the set, she speaks French, to keep in practice.

COMMANDOS STRIKE AT DAWN

Since the younger screen stars began signing up for Army, Navy and Marine service at every enlistment booth—with and without benefit of press agent—the over-age actor has become an increasingly valuable Hollywood asset. Pictures have to be made—the War Department says they are tops for troop morale—and they can't be made without men, Clare Boothe and "The Women" to the contrary. Consequently, any actor whose name gives off the slightest tinkle at the box-office can expect to

work steadily as long as he can totter in front of a camera.

Among the older actors there is none whose name on a marquee lures more citizens to queue up at the ticket window than Paul Muni. Even in peacetime there were always more parts waiting for him than he cared to play, and today he could keep busy even if he were twins. This would be Seventh Heaven to most players, who go happily about their acting as long as the people out front are amused, but Mister Muni has always insisted that art and entertainment can be made to mix.

He held out for big roles in big pictures, and consequently he has not been seen as often as his public and his producers might like. Being human, Muni has made an occasional mistake—there was that overstuffed opus about Hudson Bay—but give him a part he can get his teeth into, and he'll turn in a performance that is something to see.

For all the slashing title, "Commandos Strike At Dawn" is not a simple gun-smoking ear-shattering epic in which Our Boys make a monkey out of the Dirty Hun. It winds up in fireworks, very fancy fireworks, but basically it is the story of the transformation of a quiet kindly man into an instrument of death.

The time: 1939; the place: Norway; the opening scene: a party in a small coastal village. Everyone was gay. Even Eric Toresen (Muni) seemed gay as he danced with Judith Bowen. He loved her, but he was just a widower with one small child, Solveig, and Judith was the daughter of a British admiral. She loved him, too, but neither of them spoke, not even when Judith (Anna Lee) took the boat back to England. Love made them stiff and strange to each other; they needed time to learn what had happened.

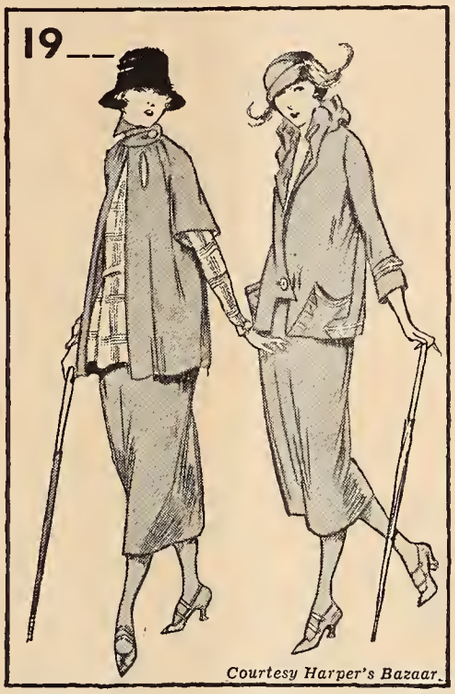
But there was no time. The Germans struck, and Norway was over-run, cut off from England. Day by day Eric saw the invaders debase his precious freedom, watched them plunder his friendly village, stood by impotent while his friends were dragged off to slavery or to torture. At last he rallied those who were left and gave them a battle cry: "Resist!" That night the German colo-

(*Continued on page 72*)

Can you date these fashions?

Fill in the date of each picture, then read corresponding paragraph below for correct answer.

Only daring women bobbed their hair. People cranked cars by hand... sang "Over There". Women in suffrage parades. It was 1918 and army hospitals in France, desperately short of cotton for surgical dressings, welcomed a new American invention, Cellucotton* Absorbent. Nurses started using it for sanitary pads. Thus started the Kotex idea, destined to bring new freedom to women.



Stockings were black or white. Flappers wore open galoshes. Valentino played "The Sheik". People boasted about their radios... crystal sets with earphones. And women were talking about the new idea in personal hygiene – disposable Kotex* sanitary napkins, truly hygienic, comfortable. Women by the millions welcomed this new product, advertised in 1921 at 65¢ per dozen.

Waistlines and hemlines nearly got together. Red nail polish was daring. "The Desert Song". Slave bracelets. The year was 1926 when women by the millions silently paid a clerk as they picked up a "ready wrapped" package of Kotex. The pad was now made narrower; gauze was softened to increase comfort. New rounded ends replaced the original square corners.

Platinum Blondes and miniature golf were the rage. Skirts dripped uneven hemlines... began to cling more closely. Could sanitary napkins be made invisible under the close-fitting skirts of 1930? Again Kotex pioneered . . . perfected flat, pressed ends. Only Kotex, of all leading brands, offers this patented feature—ends that don't show because they are not stubby—do not cause telltale lines.

Debutantes danced the Big Apple. "Gone With the Wind" a best seller. An American woman married the ex-King of England. And a Consumers' Testing Board of 600 women was enthusiastic about Kotex improvements in 1937. A double-duty safety center which prevents roping and twisting . . . increases protection by hours. And fluffy Wondersoft edges for a new high in softness!

Service rules today. Clothes of milk, shoes of glass, yet Cellucotton Absorbent is still preferred by leading hospitals. Still in Kotex, too, choice of more women than all other brands put together. For Kotex is made for service—made to stay soft in use. None of that snowball sort of softness that packs hard under pressure. And no wrong side to cause accidents! Today's best-buy—22¢.

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Any Width up to 16 ft. by Any Length

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YOUR CHOICE of all the up-to-date colors and patterns: 61 Early American, 18th Century floral, Oriental, Texture and Leaf designs. Solid colors, soft Tweed blends, dainty ovals.

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(*Continued from page 70*)

nel was found in a gutter with Eric's knife deep in his back.

Eric hid little Solveig on a mountain farm and disappeared into the forest. But at last he learned two things: Five men had been hanged as hostages because no one would give him up, and the Germans were bringing 200 planes into an airport he had discovered. So he had to go to England and bring back aid. How he did, and how he found Judith and came back with the British commandos on her father's ship—that is the exciting climax of this film.

The top-drawer cast includes Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Lillian Gish, Ray Collins, Louis Jean Heydt, Arthur Margetson and Ann Carter as Solveig.—*Col.*

P. S.

Preparation of the picture was an international affair. Streams of cablegrams and long distance calls shot back and forth to London, Washington, Canada . . . Even the Norwegian Government-in-exile had to be consulted, because the script deals with the occupation of Norway . . . Before C. S. ("Captain Horatio Hornblower" author) Forester could write the story, he had to secure permission from Lord Louis Mountbatten, commanding officer of all British Commando units . . . The problem of a location was solved by Director John Farrow, who remembered Vancouver Island, a place he saw in service with the Royal Canadian Navy, and as close a duplicate as one can find of the fjords, cliffs and mountains of Norway . . . The entire company lived in the famous Hotel Empress . . . Robert Coote, once of Hollywood and now in the R.C.A.F., got back into grease paint again for a short role . . . Before being allowed to cross the Canadian border, every male member of the cast had to obtain permission from their draft board, and everyone had to provide proof of citizenship and pay up their income taxes to the date of departure.

HER HEART BELONGS TO LADDIE

(*Continued from page 53*)

was that he promised to let Sue know what he wanted to do . . . at the end of ten days.

When he walked out of the office, he had every intention of telephoning at the termination of the period and saying, "No, thank you. Hope I see you around some time."

But he kept remembering those merry brown eyes. He couldn't quite forget her soft, earnest voice. He admired the honesty that had made Sue tell him, "I'm just getting started in this agency business. I thought perhaps we could sort of build together a theatrical career for you and an agency for me."

At the end of 10 days, the broadcasting company had offered Ladd a contract, too, which he had decided to sign. "But I couldn't get Sue out of my head," he told Frank Tuttle afterward. "I kept seeing her in my mind's eye: the funny way she has of tipping her head on one side when she's listening—things like that."

So he decided to drop into the new offices and tell her personally that he was going to sign elsewhere.

"Well, where's the contract?" he found himself saying, and for a moment his ears thought, Are you kiddin'? But he had said it, and once the words were out, he was so glad he felt like shaking hands with the sky.

From then on, they were a team. They didn't talk much about it, but gradually they discovered that they liked the same things and the same people, and that they shared pet aversions (phonies of all kinds).

One winter day they drove to Palm Springs to get a series of action pictures. At one of the resorts, they met an old friend of Alan's who suggested that he and Alan do some double dives into the pool. "Come on, Al," he said. "You've still got the stuff that made you West Coast champ, haven't you?"

The results brought Sue out of her canvas swing, applauding. The photographer went to town, on account of the fact that Mr. Ladd in bathing trunks, taking off the high board was photogenic —yea, plus.

The next time a studio was casting a swimming picture, Sue exhibited these stills. "He isn't quite the type," she was told. "For this picture we want a type like the guy Lew Ayres played in 'Holiday.' "

Sue went back to her office and told Alan, "We've simply got to have some more pictures made. We've got to have some debonair play boy poses shot next."

In their files are snaps of Ladd, the cafe society specialist. Ladd, the aviator (which helped to land the part of "Baby" in "Joan Of Paris"). Ladd, the longshoreman. Ladd, the Texas cowhand. Ladd, the lumberjack. Ladd, the fugitive from justice.

Naturally, he had to accumulate the wardrobe for these pictures. He and Sue would go shopping. "I think you should have a roughneck sweater for this picture," she'd say. "And a pair of sloppy levis—several sizes too big." Alan bought same.

As they were leaving the store, Sue would say, "Look at those ties. Aren't they attractive?"

"Think I need a new tie, Susie?" he asked quickly.

fit to be tied . . .

"To be honest—yes."

He looked at a group of Charvet's, but the price tags made him gulp. Further down the counter were another selection —only a buck each. He was torn between the really lush designs and texture of the Charvet's, and the economy of the lesser section. So he bought two inexpensive ties and lugged them home.

Several evenings later, he and Sue had a date to see a movie. "Why didn't you wear one of your new ties?" she asked, when he appeared in the same old ancient neck model.

He explained that he couldn't stand those shoddy items. Every time he started to slide one of them under his collar he remembered how much more handsome the Charvet had been, and he pulled off the substitute in disgust and tossed it aside.

"After this," Sue said sensibly, "why don't you buy one Charvet instead of three or four inexpensive ties?"

He has been trying nobly to do this since. He still has the inclination to look at a sport shirt for five dollars and one for eight-fifty, and to prefer the more expensive one even while he starts to

purchase the five buck item. It's a throwback to those days when he lived for a week on seventy-five cents.

Another hangover from the lean days is his disinterest in food. Nowadays, in the Ladd household, Sue awakens first in the morning and goes downstairs to get the automatic electric coffee maker. She brings it back to the bedroom, places it on a night stand and plugs it in. There it burbles merrily while Alan is in the shower. When he emerges, he drinks several cups of coffee.

diet dilemma . . .

"Wouldn't you like some fruit this morning?" Sue asks hopefully.

"No, thanks."

"Maybe you'd like a poached egg? Or some raisin toast?" his wife continues.

"No, thanks."

"I *do* think you should eat a heavier breakfast, dear. How are you ever going to pick up that twenty pounds you lost several years ago if you don't EAT?" she wants to know plaintively.

"Not hungry," says her wiry husband as he jumps into his clothes and dashes, for the studio.

At ten o'clock, or so, the old digestive system begins to raise a howl. Al's stand-in hotfoots it to the commissary where he procures several doughnuts, more hot coffee and sometimes some fruit for Ladd.

"It's a funny thing about me," Alan told Frank Tuttle. "I don't have any interest in food most of the time, but when I *do* get hungry, I'm ravenous."

When Sue has luncheon with him in the Paramount commissary, he says, "You decide what I should eat." She selects something interesting—nourishing and slightly fattening as well, reports to him and he gives the order to the waitress. Same routine is followed when they go out to dinner, although he usually prefers a thick steak and mashed potatoes for the meal.

There is one thing the Ladds would like to have—more time. They are terrifically busy people because they like to accompany each other on errands or business. For a while they owned two cars, but they finally sold the second because it spent most of its time sulking in the garage. Now Sue drives her husband to work in the morning, then she proceeds to her own office. In the evening she picks him up.

If she has business with one of her forty clients in the evening, Alan goes along. He never enters into the business conversation while it is in progress, but afterward—when he and Sue are alone—he sometimes vouchsafes an opinion. "Usually sound," Sue says. "He really knows as much about the agency business as I do. When my mother passed away, and I went back to Chicago—before Laddie and I were married—he took charge of the office and closed several deals I had pending. He started some new business, too."

One day several months ago, Sue called Alan on the set to say that she had just received notice from their bank that the checking account was overdrawn! Each had an accumulation of checks in his pocket that had been carried around for weeks for lack of time to make a deposit. Sue rushed over, the Ladds had luncheon together and hurried to the moneybags department. Since then, they have agreed on a certain day every two weeks when they have a bank-luncheon. It's the only way they manage to have time to fix family finances together.

They handle all their own investments, securities and tax routine . . . and if you think that isn't a job, remember

"Your Fate is Love—

when your Hands have winning softness"

says Irene Hervey

★ Glorious Irene Hervey with Allan Jones, Universal Pictures' Stars. Aren't her hands adorable! Irene uses Jergens.

"It's up to a girl, herself, to have nice hands," says Irene Hervey, one of Hollywood's lovely Stars. "Jergens Lotion is easy to use and it does help prevent mortifying roughness. Yes—I use Jergens; and I hear the other Stars in Hollywood prefer Jergens Lotion, 7 *to 1*."

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Don't Put a Cold in Your Budget!

DURING THE "COLD" SEASON I HIDE MY HANKIES, PRAISE THE THOUGHT AND PASS THE *KLEENEX TISSUES.* IT'S EASY ON HUBBY'S NOSE... EASY ON MY LAUNDRY BUDGET!

(from a letter by V. P. B., Newark, N. J.)

No Strain on Me!

SAVING GREASE FOR UNCLE SAM IS MIGHTY IMPORTANT AND MIGHTY EASY TOO WHEN YOU STRAIN IT THRU *KLEENEX!*

(from a letter by D. M., Kansas City, Mo.)

WIN $25 (MATURITY VALUE) WAR SAVINGS BOND FOR EACH STATEMENT WE PUBLISH WRITE HOW THE USE OF KLEENEX TISSUES SAVES YOU MONEY AND HELPS WIN THE WAR. ADDRESS: KLEENEX 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO

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BECAUSE IT SERVES UP JUST ONE DOUBLE TISSUE AT A TIME

(★T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Morgenthau.

Alan likes to have Sue on the set when he's working, if she can spare the time. If a difficult sequence is coming up, she usually manages to be in the vicinity—unless it's a love scene.

She can't bear the idea of sitting through one of those pent up, world-well-lost sort of shots. She can go to the finished picture afterward and watch the whole business, and it has no effect on her at all.

green eyes . . .

You see, both the Ladds are—and quickly to admit it—extremely jealous. Not jealous of the present or the future, because they feel certain that they have that problem licked. But they are jealous of one another's past.

No matter how intelligent two people are, nor how deeply in love, there are always little portions of ancient history that crop up and have to be dealt with. One night at a party, there was a good deal of reminiscence about the "good old days" in Hollywood. Naturally, Sue and a former flame were coupled in the conversation, and just as naturally it didn't sit very well with bridegroom Alan.

When he and Sue reached home, there were a few more things said. Every girl who has been married, engaged or in love, knows how those things start and how they proceed. One of the combatants says, "Don't be silly—those things happened long ago, and they don't mean anything now."

And the other person comes back with, "They do too mean something. You said. . . ."

Here we go again.

After several moments of this, Mr. Ladd felt that he had finished with the subject once and for all. He went upstairs, undressed and popped into bed. Suddenly the house seemed ominously quiet.

"Hey, Sue," he called, "when are you coming upstairs?"

No answer.

Donning robe and slippers, he went downstairs to say that he hadn't meant to lose his temper, and that nothing mattered except their being together and planning the future.

No Sue.

He went back upstairs, taking the steps three at a time. He jumped into shoes, trousers and a topcoat, rushed out to the garage and hopped into the car. He backed out like a shot, swung around and started down Los Feliz Boulevard at a pre-war clip.

His headlights found her, head up, high heels smiting the pavement hard as she marched along. She was wearing her mink coat and all the valuable jewelry she had worn to the party. She was obviously bound for some distant destination.

hike at midnight . . .

Alan drew up alongside, opened the door and ordered, "Get in, Baby."

It must have been that "Baby" that did it. Sue climbed in and listened, first to a lecture on the dangers of a beautiful, well-dressed girl trudging unprotected down a lonely highway at three in the morning. Then she listened to her husband's admission that he was sorry for anything he had said to hurt her.

"I warned you," she told him, "that things like this would come up, when you first asked me to marry you."

Sue, like most Hollywood girls in love, had been afraid to believe in anything so wonderful as marriage without complications.

Alan had talked her out of it. "We're alike," he insisted. "We have the same ideas. You're part of my career, and I'm part of yours. We're both rather alone in the world; we've both been pushed around a bit. Both of us hate phonies and want to stick to real values. I'm positive we can make a go of it."

So now, after their first big battle, Alan went back to his original contention. "The only reason we got into this argument was the fact that we're in love. People who never have family rows simply don't care enough about each other to make a fuss when something goes wrong. So tonight only proves that we mean more to each other than ever. After this we'll be careful to skip the reminiscences. We'll hurry to develop some memories of our own."

One means that Alan is using to accumulate memories in a hurry, is that of picking up men in uniform. Whenever he and Sue are returning from a visit, or from a movie (both are ardent picture fans), they invariably stop to give walking soldiers a lift.

This is Alan's idea, and Sue is proud of his intense feeling of friendship for boys in khaki or blue.

"Can I give you a lift?" he asks. When he gets the boys in the car, he asks where they hail from. He has had passengers from Pennsylvania, Illinois, Arkansas, Michigan and half a dozen other states. He finds out how long they have been in the army, and in what particular branch they are serving.

"Tanks," two of the boys said. "It gets to be about 150 degrees in one of our buggies, but we wouldn't be in any other branch for anything. Boy, tanks are the real branch."

Just when the conversation gets good, Alan looks over at his brown-eyed missus. From the corner of his mouth he asks, "Would it be okay to ask them up to the house for awhile?"

She always says, "Of course."

At the house she makes coffee and brings out a cake or some cookies or scrambles a flock of eggs. She has learned by experience that the boys like fancy desserts, so she always has something ready for a parched palate.

About this time one of the boys begins to notice some of the pictures placed

here and there about the house.

You see, each time Mr. Ladd has a fresh set of pictures taken, he inscribes one to Sue, and she puts it up for all comers to admire. They have sort of a perpetual family marathon in progress. Sue puts pictures up in every available space. Alan goes around quietly and takes them down, hiding them in some unusual spot.

Next day, the pictures are again in place, on account of you can never hide anything from a really good housekeeper such as Sue.

"Say," one of the soldiers usually observes, "I saw you in 'This Gun For Hire.' Boy, what a picture!"

photo finish . . .

The army, en masse, begins to have that autographed-photograph hunger, because they know perfectly well that when they get back to camp, no one is going to believe that they have been picked up by Alan Ladd and entertained at his home unless they have graphic proof.

Sue drags out some of the pictures she keeps handy for just such an emergency, and the boys get an autograph. Then—the long evening over—Alan takes the boys back to camp or down to their hotel. On one occasion, his delivery trip carried him so far that he didn't get home until 4:30 A.M., and he had to work the next day. The boys always come back to the Ladd house whenever they hit town, having been encouraged to feel they have a home to drop in on.

This private U.S.O. work has never been discussed by Alan himself. He wanted to keep it secret, but Sue is so proud of him that she had to tell.

Aside from building a permanent and happy life together, the Ladds have one more ambition. Sue said one day. "In the back of my mind I have an idea tucked away. I know a book that I would like to have made into a picture, and I want you to play the title role."

Alan beamed at her. "Same here. Bet it's the same book."

In close harmony they said, "Lawrence Of Arabia."

Seems like a good idea. Producers, please note.

Whether this plan works out or not, it's a foregone conclusion that success in great gobs is coming to the Ladd team. It's always lucky to be so much in love.

10 Years Ago in Modern Screen

February, 1933 was the month 29 people were killed in Communist-Nazi fights in Germany. . . . The League of Nations refused to acknowledge Japan's occupation of Manchukuo. The Nips said "nuts." . . . And an assassin fired 6 shots at President-elect Franklin D. Roosevelt, wounding 5 persons, 1 fatally. . . .

While in Modern Screen. . . . The latest gossip was that Joan Crawford had made a terrific hit in Europe because she was so unaffected. When introduced to the Prince of Wales, Joan gazed at him and said, "Gosh!" . . . Will Rogers had to diet, following a South American tour in which he'd gained 15 pounds. . . . Is Garbo married to Maurice Stiller?, Hollywood wondered. . . . Fredric March and Helen Hayes received Oscars for their work in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," respectively.

NEW . . . a CREAM DEODORANT

which safely

STOPS *under-arm* **PERSPIRATION**

1. Does not rot dresses. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Arrid can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. Arrid is a pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of The American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.

39¢ a jar

(Also in 10¢ and 59¢ jars)

At any store which sells toilet goods

ARRID

THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT

Murphy leaps in with some good advice!

Courtesy Cream of Wheat

Cook creamy white cereal in glass—provide, for sweetening and variety, brown sugar, honey, maple or corn syrup and dried figs.

GIVE BREAKFAST A BREAK

Make this important resolution at the start of the New Year—to begin each day with an energy-giving meal.

George Murphy, star of the Charles R. Rogers production, "The Powers Girl," enjoys a breakfast of pineapple juice, hot cereal and coffee.

Right at the beginning of a New Year, here's George Murphy with a bit of advice that is particularly valuable in times like these when we're all of us busier than ever before; and when we all need to be "hitting on all cylinders" as we go about our business.

"Start each day," says George, "with a breakfast that will provide the pep and and energy required for your *early-morning* activities!"

This is the sort of meal, George told me, that he insists on having when he is working in a picture. "I find I can't get by until lunch on a cup of coffee, and nothing more," he stated with conviction. "Because—contrary to popular belief—picture making is gruelling work."

This may come as something of a surprise to some of us who have watched George "trip the light fantastic" so effortlessly and who have seen him smile his way insouciantly through so many a sequence. What we fail to take into consideration, of course, are the hours of rehearsals and the dozens of "takes" that have gone into the final smooth performance of intricate steps and exacting scenes. But we have his word for it that it *is* hard work and that he can never let down for a minute if he is to give a top-flight performance. He therefore comes to the studio—frequently at the crack of dawn since directors are notoriously thoughtless about early hours—well-fortified, from the food standpoint, for any eventuality.

"When I start off in the morning without eating," he admitted ruefully, "I'm like an automobile that has run out of gasoline—I just don't have the necessary fuel to keep me going."

It's a strange thing how many of us fail to realize this same thing about ourselves. We forget, when we go off to our respective jobs, how long it is since we have eaten and how much we'll be called upon to do before we can "re-fuel." So we set the alarm too late, or turn over for another forty winks.

How many people do this is indicated by a recent survey which showed that three out of five workers in a defense factory arrived at their jobs without adequate breakfasts—many without any! Yet nutrition experts have repeatedly emphasized that a hearty breakfast is a necessary health and efficiency measure that means much in our march towards Victory. "With men, women and children now working harder than ever," is

By Marjorie Deen

the way they put it, "it is of the greatest importance to see to it that the first meal *every* day provides one-third of that day's calories."

Other surveys have revealed that the most popular morning meal in homes where a really nourishing breakfast is regularly served, consists of fruit juice, cereal and coffee. Such a breakfast, though the easiest of all meals to prepare, need never lack variety. The fruit juice can be fresh or canned or a combination of the two types. Hawaiian pineapple juice when available—and we're told it should continue to be present on our grocer's shelves—may rotate with tomato juice and grapefruit juice, also from cans, and all good sources of vitamins B_1 and C.

The cereal may be a quick-cooking white favorite of the whole family, from baby to Dad, which now comes "enriched" with vitamins and minerals. Here, too, variety may be achieved with such ideas as those pictured here, and still others that you can dream up yourself and that will have equal appeal and perhaps even greater originality! Coffee, though rationed, can still be enjoyed every morning of the week if you're careful; but you might try serving tea, cocoa or milk occasionally, too, to stretch your coffee supply so that it will take care of an occasional dinner or guest. Toast should be made of whole grain or enriched white bread. Serve it really hot —with butter or vitaminized margarine and add a sweet spread such as honey, jam or marmalade, for extra interest.

With a meal such as this to start you on your way, you'll have greater capacity to serve and to succeed.

And by the by, if you make an extra amount of cereal and have some on hand, remember there are many economical and nutritious ways to serve it. For example:

BUTTERSCOTCH PUDDING

1 cup cooked white cereal
½ cup milk
2 eggs
1 cup brown sugar
1 tablespoon melted butter or vitaminized margarine
1 teaspoon vanilla

Combine cereal with milk, beaten eggs and other ingredients. Blend well. Bake in greased oven-glass custard cups in moderate oven (350°F.) about 1 hour. Serve warm or cold with light cream or a sweet sauce. Serves 3-4.

Nothing's too good for you, my lad—

not even FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

You're definitely White House material, and you're going into training for it—right now! *Especially the 'white' part.*

Everything you wear is going to be washed with Fels-Naptha Soap. You'll be so shining clean you'll think I've bought you a new dress every day. And don't try to laugh *that* one off, young fellow. You don't know how lucky you are to be starting life in a Fels-Naptha home.

N. B.—You're in luck too, Mother. You're using the finest Fels-Naptha Soap ever made. Milder, quicker-sudsing. Yet—Bar or Chips—priced as low as ordinary soaps.

Golden bar or Golden chips—**FELS-NAPTHA** banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

when UNWANTED HAIR is REMOVED this *Quick, Easy, Modern Way!*

Why risk the loss of romance and popularity because of superfluous hair, when it is removed from lips and cheeks so easily — *instantly* — with Lechler's famous VELVATIZE — the "complexion stone" that leaves your skin smooth and glamorous, with flower-petal loveliness! Immediately, it improves your personal charm and beauty!

USE ON ARMS AND LEGS, TOO!

Complete instructions are included for simple use of VELVATIZE on any part of the body! Carry Lechler's handy VELVATIZE in your pocketbook, use it any time, anywhere, for occasional eradication. So easy and clean — odorless — no muss, no bother — nothing to wash off. NOT a depilatory! Simply "erase" the hair! Lechler's VELVATIZE comes in a smart pastel compact. Equally effective on chin, cheeks, upper lip, arms and legs. No stubby regrowth! Enough in one compact for FULL SEASON'S USE.

LASTS FOR MONTHS

POSTPAID FOR ONLY $1.00

If your Druggist is not supplied, mail the Coupon today. Enclose only $1.00, and we pay postage. Or C.O.D. plus few cents postage. Sent by return mail in sealed plain wrapper.

Lechler's VELVATIZE

HOUSE OF LECHLER, Dept. 322
560 Broadway, New York City
Send Lechler's VELVATIZE compact with simple, easy instructions. I enclose $1. Satisfaction guaranteed.

☐ Check if ordered C.O.D. plus few cents postage.

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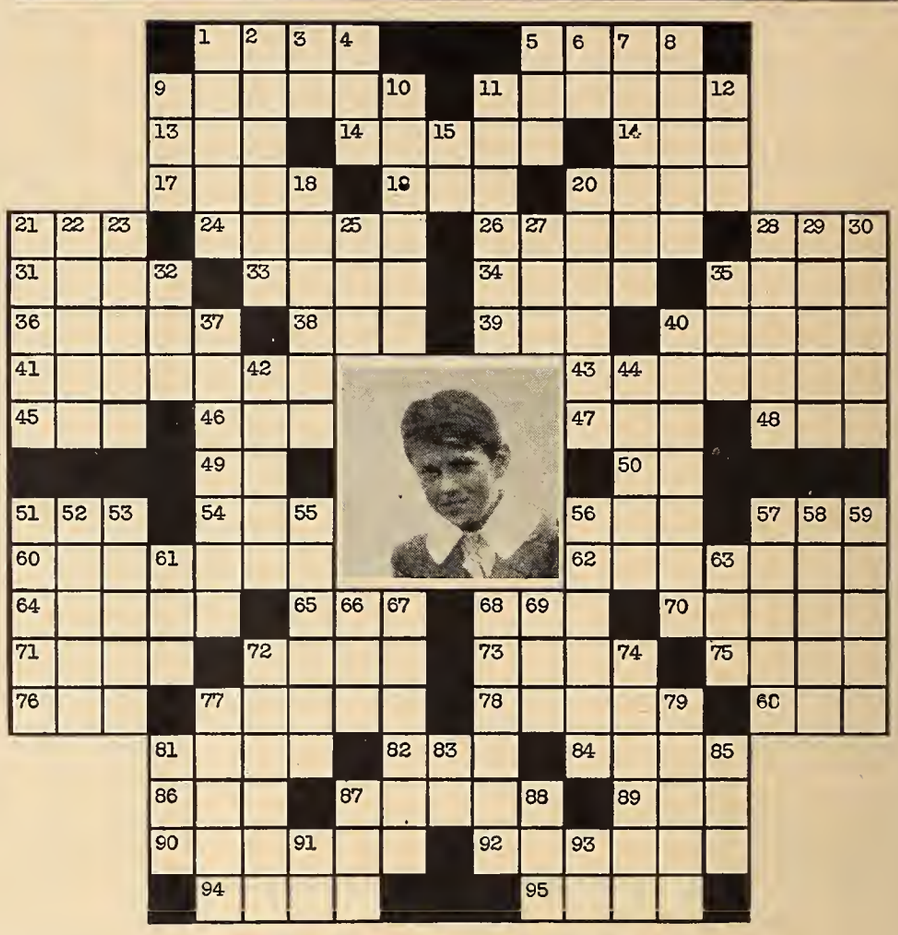
OUR PUZZLE PAGE



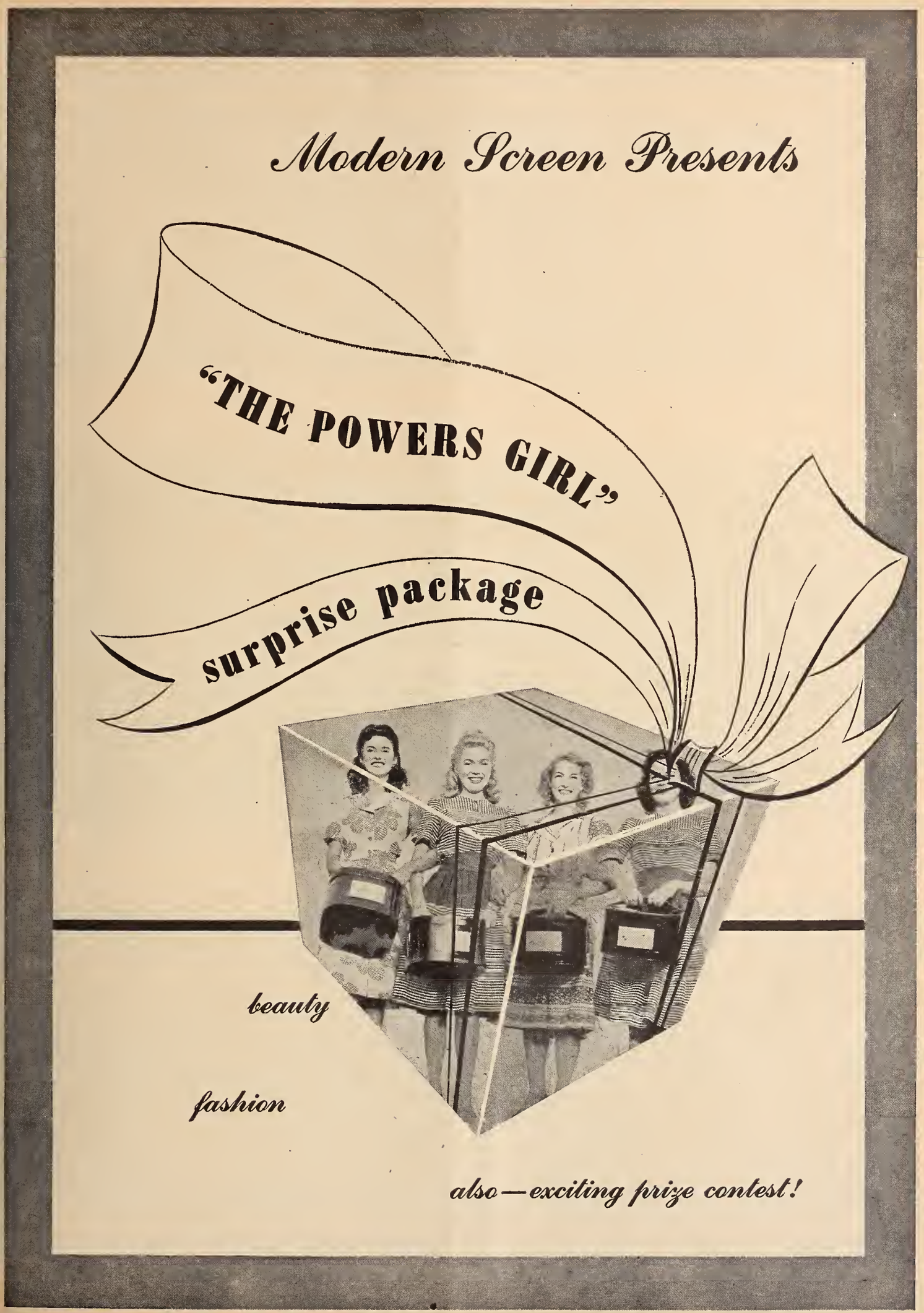
Puzzle Solution on Page 109

ACROSS

1. Academy Award winner (pictured)
5. Star of "Tish"
9. Miss Whelan
11. Merited
13. Medieval ship
14. Heroine of "The Saint" series
16. Judy - - - land
17. Roman emperor
19. The original "Dr. Kildare"
20. Warner Brothers' gown designer
21. Questioning exclamations
24. Actor named Toomey
26. Brenda Marshall's real name
28. Baptist: abbr.
31. "The Magnificent - - - -"
33 Caper: colloq.
34. Femme in "Eyes In The Night"
35. Flat table-land
36. Male star of "Once Upon A Honeymoon"
38. - - - Heflin
39. French "of the"
40. Word describing Bob Hope
41. Dancer in "You Never Were Lovelier"
43. Comic in "Panama Hattie"
45. Thing, in law
46. Dawn goddess
47. Affirmative votes
48. Before
49. Star of "Flying Fortress"; init.
50. "Miss Annie Rooney": init.
51. Eddie - - - ert
54. Born
56. Nurse in "Flying Tigers"
57. Luzon savage
60. Star of "Palm Beach Story"
62. Came
64. Opposite "Woman Of The Year"
65. Film producer
68. "- - - ille"
70. Water nymph
71. Kaaren V - - - -
72. Star of "Johnny Doughboy"
73. Elliptical
75. Durante's famed feature
76. Wife in "Meet The Stewarts"
77. Disembarks
78. Propelled
80. Dead-pan comedian
81. Contest of speed
82. Fold over
84. Shower
86. Annoy
87. Felt pain
89. Hebrew letter
90. Control
92. Leading man in "Between Us Girls"
94. Howl
95. Snug

DOWN

1. Leading lady of "Random Harvest"
2. Great English film director
3. Te - - sa Wright
4. Large evergreen tree
5. Beloved actress, recently deceased
6. Ces - - Romero
7. Opposite our star in "For Whom the Bell Tolls"
8. Approaches
9. Femme in "George Washington Slept Here"
10. Star of "The Chocolate Soldier"
11. Star of "Eyes In The Night"
12. Arid
15. Point of the compass
18. Pointed arches
20. City on the Ukraine
21. Actor in "Here We Go Again"
22. What is Champion?
23. Quarrels
25. Star of "The Hard Way"
27. Female ruff
28. Star of "Now, Voyager"
29. Femme in "Across the Pacific"
30. Male lead of "Springtime In The Rockies"
32. Our star's birthplace: Hel - - -, Mont.
35. Wire measure
37. "China Girl"
40. Film of the wide open spaces
42. Ann Sothern's ex.
44. Star of "My Favorite Spy"
51. Emoted before the cameras
52. Screen villain
53. Loretta Young's sister
55. Colorless, odorless gas
56. Tondelayo in "White Cargo"
57. Flying machine
58. Torment
59. Summed up
61. Bachelor of Civil Engineering: abbr.
63. Father in "A Yank At Eton"
66. Also
67. With our star in "Sergeant York"
68. Last name of 1 Across
69. Mickey Rooney's wife
72. Star of "Syncopation"
74. Departs
77 Baby Dumpling in "Blondie" series
79. Journal
81. Bone
83. Star of first talkie
85. Fruit of the oak
87. Entire
88. One of the Seven Dwarfs
91. 550: Roman num.
93. Box office: abbr.


Modern Screen Presents
"THE POWERS GIRL"
surprise package
beauty
fashion
also—exciting prize contest!

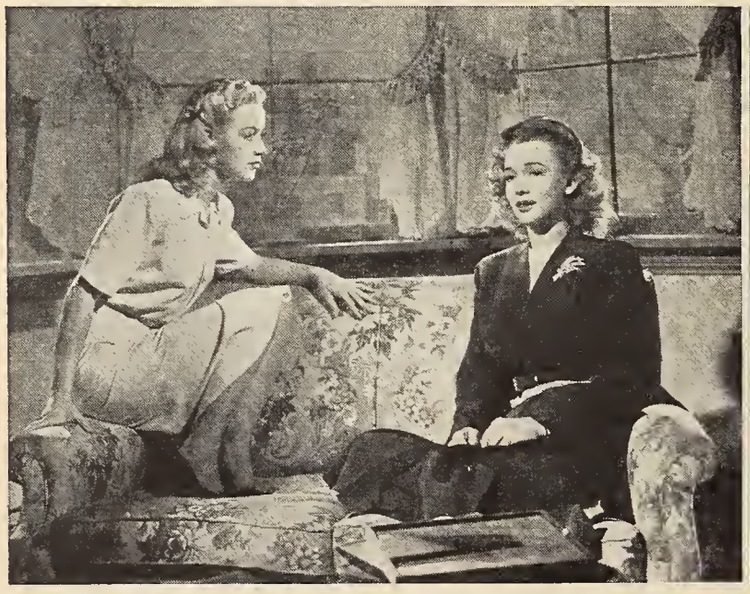
The Powers Girl

If you slipped in a puddle and some fresh photographer snapped your picture there, would you fall in love with him? Anne Shirley does in this wackily gay story . . .

1. Comeromon Jerry Hendricks (Geo. Murphy) is sent by his mogozine, "Today ond Tomorrow," to cover o country foir where B. Goodmon ond ork ore ploying. Steody downpour foils to dompen ordor of jitterbugs!

2. Their rumpus interrupts o high school glee club contest in neorby tent, and one of the teochers, Ellen Evons (Anne Shirley), gives up ond leoves. En route, she's jostled by o drunk ond totters into o puddle.

3. Just os the drunk gollantly swoops her up in his orms, Hendricks snops their picture for "locol color." When the photo's spreod on mogozine cover, Ellen's prudish school boord forces her resignotion.



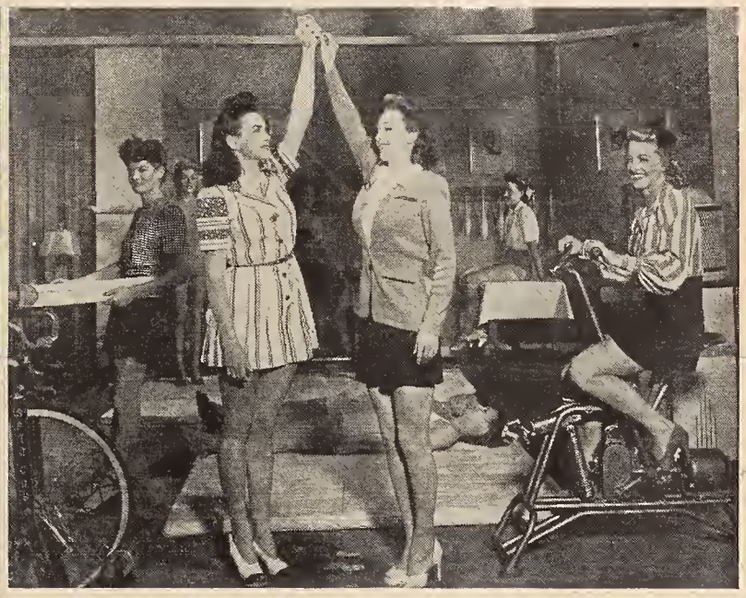
4. She heods for N. Y. to visit her sister Koy (Corole Londis), ombitious bosement model and solesgirl. When Koy heors that Ellen's picture wos used without outhorizotion, she gets o scheme for self-promotion.

5. Pretending to champion Ellen's couse, she storms into the "Todoy ond Tomorrow" editoriol offices. Hendricks, tipped off to her mission, poses os vice president and moneuvers her out of the office to lunch.

6. Koy tells him af her ambitians ta be a Pawers madel. Pretending to be a basom chum af Pawers, Jerry says he'll intraduce her if she lays off the phataqraphic charqes and delivers Ellen's release.

7. Jerry warks his way inta Pawers' (Alan Mawbray) affice pasing as an air-aid warden demanstrating new way ta fight incendiary bambs. Fast-talks Pawers inta seeing Kay, and she's accepted an the spat.

8. Meantime, Hendricks' blaze gets out af hand, and he's tossed into jail os on arsanist. Word of his plight reaches Ellen, who bails him out and falls in lave with him, much to Kay's amusement.



9. As for Kay, she's forgetting about love and concentrating on being beautiful. When training period's over, mannikins make their debut at swank 400 club, where she's crawned reigning model of the year.

10. She invites Hendricks aver ta her table, and Ellen gaes hame ta prepare midnight supper far them. Meantime, Hendricks passes out, and Kay and escart are putting him ta bed when Ellen phanes him!

11. Ellen's furiaus and takes a "hired" fiancé ta Hendricks' farewell party befare gaing in Air Force. The two get in a fisticuffs and the true identity af gigala comes aut. Ellen and Hendricks are wed.

Win a Fur Coat!

MODERN SCREEN'S CONTEST SERIES: NO. 1—"THE POWERS GIRL"

6 Contests a Year! A different contest every two months for a whole year. And a lovely stylish FUR COAT as FIRST PRIZE in each contest! Hundreds of other thrilling prizes! And there will be . . .

New Winners Every Contest! 700 prize winners this time. And we will *not* let anyone be a winner in more than one contest a year. If you miss out this time, you have *five* more chances this year. It's so easy . .

A Baby Can Win! All you have to do this time is write a mere 15 words or less. You'll see what a cinch it is to win one of the wonderful prizes when you look at these . .

CONTEST RULES

1. Read the picture story of "The Powers Girl" beginning on page 80 of MODERN SCREEN. Then look carefully at picture No. 2 and read the caption below it. Write in *15* words or less what you think Anne Shirley is saying to George Murphy. Here's an example: "What are you doing with that camera, you—you—idiot? At least help me up." Or she might be saying: "Don't mind me, Mister. I *like* sitting in puddles." If you like either of the above examples, just reword it a bit and ship it in. Or if you want to dream up something of your own—that's O.K., too. Whatever you do, fill in the coupon below *carefully* and *neatly* and mail to the Contest Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City. **2.** Submit only one entry. More than one will disqualify you. **3.** Anyone may enter this contest except employees of the Dell Publishing Company and members of their families. **4.** This contest will appear in both the present issue and the March issue. Entries, to be eligible, must be postmarked not later than midnight, February 28, 1943. **5.** Neatness and accuracy will count, though elaborate entries will receive no preference. **6.** In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. **7.** The contest will be judged by the editorial staff of MODERN SCREEN. Decision of the judges will be final.

AND WHAT PRIZES!

IST PRIZE: This beautiful I. J. Fox silver-tipped, let-out raccoon coat with flattering tuxedo front.

FIRST PRIZE..I. J. FOX SILVER-TIPPED LET-OUT RACCOON COAT

SECOND PRIZE.....$200 in U. S. War Bonds*

THIRD PRIZE.....American Deb Dinner Dress

FOURTH PRIZE.....Nantucket Natural Dress by Style Trades

FIFTH PRIZE.....2-oz. bottle of "Follow Me" Perfume by Varva

Other Prizes Continued on Page 88

Illustrations of prizes on pages 84, 85, 86, 88.

MODERN SCREEN'S CONTEST SERIES: No. 1—"THE POWERS GIRL"

Please *Print* or *Type*

Your name _____

Street _____ City _____ State _____

Dress size _____ Hat size _____ Glove size _____ Hosiery size _____

Color of hair _____

I THINK ANNE SHIRLEY IS SAYING: _____

_____

_____ (Not more than 15 words)

Mail this coupon to Contest Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City.

*Donated by Charles R. Rogers Productions

HOLLYWOOD WANTED AMERICA'S SMARTEST PLAYSUITS for the country's most beautiful girls . . . so *Freshy's* stylists were asked to design the playsuits to be worn by *John Robert Powers'* long-stemmed American Beauties in the *Charles R. Rogers* production, *THE POWERS GIRL* . Now these self-same playsuits can be yours...to be gay in...to play in...to keep feminine and glamorous in...during your off-duty hours. JAYNE has removed the skirt of her spun rayon basque-striped playsuit to show the pert solid color shorts while PAT, standing at the right, poses prettily wearing the matching, tie-back dirndl skirt...in green, navy or brown...about $8.00. LINDA, seated at the left, wears a playsuit of Sanforized fine-wale white pique printed with bold gingham-checked flowers . . . brown or red flowers with green centers, black flowers with red centers . . . under $7.00. ELOISE takes her ease on the steps in a Sanforized natural cotton playsuit gone gay with printed ric-rac stripes and chintz-figured borders . . . natural with green, blue or red . . . under $7.00.

These Powers Girl Playsuits by Freshy are at your favorite store in sizes 10 to 20.

For the name of the store in your city, write Dept. M THE GOLDMAN COMPANY • 1410 BROADWAY • NEW YORK

SAVE CLOTHING MONEY FOR WAR STAMPS AND BONDS by entering "The Powers Girl" contest. Here are just a few of the many fashion prizes, shown on starlets appearing in "The Powers Girl" picture. For full contest details, see p. 82.

Come on, sweater girls, send in a prize-winning dialogue that will net you a Tish-U-Knit cardigan, one favored by Linda Sterling and you alike.

You'll look as smooth as "The Powers Girl" starlet shown above, if you win duplicates of the bow beret or Wear Right gloves worn by her in movie.

For the modern miss

Starlets Lillion Eggers, Rosemary Coleman, Barbara Slater and Evelyn Frey swing along with their shiny, accessory hatboxes just like true-to-life Powers girls.

Envy the smartness of "The Powers Girl" stars? They make even a simple beret look utterly, utterly. Win one and wear it à la Evelyn Frey.

By Elizabeth Willguss

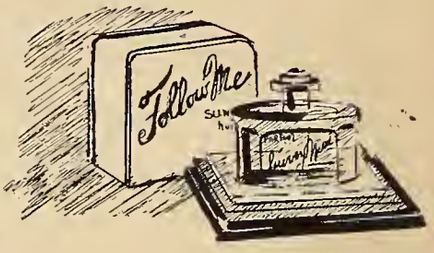
Don't you love winter postels? Lindo Sterling does too, wears this Brewster coolie brim and whipstitched gloves in "T.P.G." Yours to win.

Need another reason for entering "The Powers Girl" contest? Here it is, the fomous brushed rayon Jeep sweater, a prize shown on starlet Rosemary Coleman.

"WHAT'S it got to do with me? I'll never be a Powers girl." All right, so you'll never be a Powers girl. But you want to be poised, attractive to the Nth, don't you? Then heed the advice I heard John Robert Powers give to a girl about like you. He said to study your own personality. Don't ape your favorite movie star but adapt the traits that fit you . . . Remember others see you as a whole . . . Plan your clothes as deftly as an artist paints a picture . . . Experiment on yourself with types of clothes and hairdos . . . Don't underestimate the value of color. Use it to dramatize . . . Above all, be feminine. Follow these do's and don't's, and rival the reel success of Carole Landis who models her way to fame. Mmm, sounds worth trying, Mr. Powers!

Wouldn't you like to own a real movie star fashion? Now's your super chance to win a Freshy playsuit just like the ones worn by these starlets in "The Powers Girl" picture.

Do you believe in the stars? Then win a smart, sterling silver Zodiac ring in your Trinity.



Could you ever have enough perfume? 'Course not, so enter the contest, win a bottle of Varva's "Follow Me."

A stitched calfskin belt by Criterion will fit right into your wardrobe, so try for it.

If it's good enough for Carole Landis, star of the pic, this nifty Tish-U-Knit cardigan is a sweater well worth winning.

Take a good look at the Weskit on Patricia Mace. You're right, you have seen it before, but here's your chance to win one.

NOW that you've had a "Powers Girl" preview of some of the 700 prizes waiting to be won in the contest, what are you waiting for? But, hey, just a minute. Do you realize you might win three Joan Kenley blouses? With tailored suits practically your uniform this spring, what could be more useful? If you're a bowling fan, you certainly will want to try for one of the six bowling-dress prizes. *You, of course, will crave the Grand 2nd prize—$200 in U. S. War Bonds.* All right, you want to get down to business, so go ahead, *turn to page 82*

"The Powers Girl" chooses "JULIET" to win her Romeo

"Juliet" hat by Brewster

Juliet Hat and Gloves as worn by Lillian Eggers featured in the Charles R. Rogers Production "The Powers Girl"—released through United Artists.

As perfectly mated as Romeo and Juliet. Brewster's heart-conquering classic with softly flared brim and cocky pheasant's feather. Wear Right's handsewn eight-button gauntlet in wonderfully washable Double-plex Suede. Both made for each other and made for you in all the exciting new Spring shades.

"Juliet" glove by Wear-Right

BREWSTER HAT CO., INC.
411 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

WIMELBACHER & RICE
244 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

CONTEST PRIZES

(Continued from page 82)

6TH AND 7TH PRIZES
Sets of 3 Tish-U-Knit Sweaters designed by Leon
8TH AND 9TH PRIZES
Sets of 3 Joan Kenley Blouses
10TH TO 12TH PRIZES
Powers Girl Playsuits by Freshy
13TH TO 18TH PRIZES
Carol Crawford Patented Bowler Dresses
19TH TO 21ST PRIZES
Glentex Scarf Wardrobes
22ND TO 33RD PRIZES
Brewster Hats
34TH TO 45TH PRIZES
Revlon Hand Trousseau Trunks
46TH PRIZE
Set of Stardust Slips and Stardust Blouse
47TH TO 52ND PRIZES
Criterion Belts
53RD TO 58TH PRIZES
Housecoats by Wirth-Gold
59TH TO 70TH PRIZES
Wear Right Whipstitch Gloves
71ST TO 95TH PRIZES
"The Powers Girl" books by John Robert Powers
96TH TO 107TH PRIZES
Rice-Weiner Zodiac Rings
108TH TO 119TH PRIZES
Helena Rubinstein Beauty Budget Banks
120TH TO 131ST PRIZES
Movie Star's "Good Behavior" Slips
132ND TO 143RD PRIZES
Three pair sets of Huggersox by Trimfit
144TH TO 167TH PRIZES
Jabot Vestees by Babe
168TH TO 191ST PRIZES
Bottles of Love-Lite Shampoo Rinse
192ND TO 700TH
Sets of 8 x 10 autographed photos of George Murphy, Carole Landis and Anne Shirley

Haw wauld you like ta win this scrumptiaus Freshy playsuit, designed 'specially far "The Pawers Girl"? Anne Shirley, pic's star, likes the super-duper tailaring jab, the flattering dirndl.

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WOMAN IN WHITE

(*Continued from page 55*)

would go home, bathe, tumble into bed and sleep the sleep of physical and emotional exhaustion. Waking, she found herself refreshed in mind and body.

But the thing that helps most—that sends you flying instead of crawling back, that repays you a thousandfold for any hardship—is the patient's gratitude. That may sound sentimental, says Joan, but is none the less true. She laughs a little shakily, remembering the woman whose baby had just been born and whose mind still hung suspended between past and present, between fantasy and fact.

Joan was feeding her. "Yes, I'm very hungry," she babbled, "and they tell me I have a baby girl and that's very fine, but this is the day to do the laundry, and my husband'll be wondering where I am—"

"I phoned him and told him you were here," says Joan. "He's terribly happy about the baby, and after you've had a nap he'll be in to see you. And don't worry about the laundry. It's all done."

Her face relaxed into peace. "Oh, is it? That's wonderful, honey. I suppose you did it yourself. How would I ever get along without you?"

Joan is carrying trays, bathing patients, making beds, performing the dozens of duties that keep a volunteer nurse's aide on her feet six hours a day. It's got nothing to do with her being a movie star. She's just one of many—housewives, clerks, professional women—to respond to an urgent call sent out by the American Red Cross.

help wanted . . .

But while hundreds have answered, thousands are needed. Each month three thousand registered nurses are leaving our hospitals for foreign duty. Cases of small hospitals are already cited which, but for the voluntary service of nurses' aides, would have had to shut down. St. Joseph's in Phoenix, Arizona—where Joan's working now—is equipped to take care of thirty-five babies. Suddenly they found themselves with fifty-two. Babies were being bedded in dresser drawers, nurses had been on duty day in and day out, snatching rest where they could.

Desperate, the hospital called Mrs. George Carey, chairman of Nurse's Aides in Phoenix. She and Bernice Neilson, Director of Red Cross Nursing, rounded up every girl in town who'd completed her training. Those who couldn't be reached by phone were hunted on foot.

As our war frontiers spread, more crises will have to be met, more nurses will be needed over there, more aides over here. That's why Joan's telling this story—in the hope that some of you who read it, who have the time to give and the will to fight for freedom on the home front, may choose to fight.

From her childhood days, when she first started pasting Red Cross stamps on the backs of envelopes, the American Red Cross has represented to Joan an ideal. At school she saw Red Cross nurses ministering to underprivileged children. At home, when she was ill—and she was ill often—nurses came to take care of her. No matter how wretched she felt, ten minutes after the nurse came in she felt less wretched. To her young mind, nurses meant the easing of pain. They meant comfort to the spirit. They also meant Red Cross, even if they weren't Red Cross. As she grew older, Red Cross came to mean more than that—an emblem of selfless dedication, of service to mankind, a kind of altar and a star in the sky.

call to duty . . .

One day a dear friend, Mrs. Henry Patton, came to dinner. She had to leave early. She had to be at the hospital by six next morning. Joan pricked up her ears. What hospital? Why? Mrs. Patton told her—about understaffing, about children who'd gone without baths and clean linen till the nurse's aides had stepped in, about the program being sponsored and the aides trained by American Red Cross.

You applied, Mrs. Patton told her, at the Red Cross Chapter or the Civilian Defense Volunteer Office in your city.

Any woman between the ages of 18 and 50 could enroll, provided she'd gone through high school or its equivalent. You had to take a physical examination. You had to serve without pay. You had to give at least 150 hours of duty each year. The more you could give beyond that, the better. You got a service stripe on your uniform for 150 hours, a second for 500, a third for 1,000.

You took thirty-five hours of theory under a qualified graduate nurse—two hours a day five days a week for three and a half weeks. It wasn't all theory either. You learned to make beds properly, including ether beds (which are pretty complicated) for patients being brought from surgery. You learned to give bed baths—with half the students acting as nurses and half as patients. When you'd finished that part of the training, you got your uniform—a tricky little white-blouse-and-blue-jumper outfit—and took forty-five hours of supervised training in hospital wards.

Your job was to give baths, take temperatures, pulse and respiration, make beds, prepare patients for meals, feed helpless patients, carry trays, take care of bedpans, take patients to and from treatment rooms, answer lights, help with unsterile dressings, tend flowers, rub backs—oh, she couldn't name them all. Partly you took routine jobs off the nurses' hands, partly you did all the little things that mean so much to a person when he's down, and that the nurses didn't have time for.

There'd been a man, for instance, with his leg in a plaster cast for three months. He was terribly patient and sweet—never asked for a thing. That's the kind your heart aches over. He was getting the essentials, but Mrs. Patton wanted to do something extra for him. She lifted his feet into a pan of warm water, bathed them, massaged them, washed between the toes, cut his toenails. He thanked her with a slow grin. "That's the first time in three months my feet feel good."

Joan listened, her purpose forming and crystallizing. This was what she wanted to do—for the Red Cross, for the war effort, for America. Others were doing canteen work, road shows, bond tours. This was for her.

Next day she went down to the Los Angeles Chapter of the Red Cross and enrolled, sighing with relief when they took her. She'd seen some girls rejected, though they seemed to qualify. Later she learned why. "We don't want to waste their time and ours—especially ours—training them, unless we feel reasonably sure they're going to stick."

They asked Joan not to mention her enrollment till her training was completed. In her case there was a special reason for it. They didn't want the papers playing it up. They didn't want anyone called a nurses' aide till she was a nurses' aide. Joan liked that.

on the job . . .

Having taken her thirty-five hours of theory, she was assigned to the Los Angeles County Hospital. The first week was the hardest. Every morning she'd get up a quarter to five, bathe, dress, go down to the kitchen, make sandwiches of whatever she found in the icebox, stick them into her lunch pail together with a bottle of milk and some fruit, and sneak out of the house without waking her husband. She and three or four others had arranged a car-sharing program. They'd drive down together, stop at a drive-in for breakfast, change to their uniforms and white low-heeled shoes at the hospital and report at seven.

You weren't coddled, says Joan. On the contrary, you were sent straight to

MODERN SCREEN QUIZ

This month, the Modern Screen Quiz is going to be completely different! On this page, you see 20 clues. There are two more sets of 20 clues on pages 98 and 111. If you can guess, upon reading the first clue, the name of the actor or actress to whom it refers, score yourself 5 points. If you must turn to the 2nd set of clues before you get the answer, score yourself 4 points. And if you get it the 3rd try, the question's worth 3. So if you have a perfect score, you have 20 questions worth 5 points each which gives you a hundred—Easy, huh? Here's an example: Set 1; clue 1—Her "Heart Belongs to Daddy." Set 2; clue 1—Dick Halliday's her spouse. Set 3; clue 1—Sings with Crosby. Now all these refer to Mary Martin, and it's just a question of how quickly you can catch on. By the way, don't worry about not getting too high a score— Our staff averaged around 70. If you get more than that, you're a genius! P. S. The answers are on p. 114.

CLUES

Set 1

1. Grand Canyon Gullet
2. Horse-racing
3. Glammah!
4. Throbby voice
5. Marine Private
6. Fat stuff
7. Tokyo-Born
8. Cover Girl
9. Genius I.Q.
10. Louisiana dynamite
11. He "Married An Angel"
12. Society plus
13. Artie Shaw's ex
14. Bearded lion
15. Eureka College
16. Forgotten Woman
17. Englishly Handsome
18. Always preferred blondes
19. "Maria"
20. Ear-ful.

FREE OFFER!

Want a brand new copy of Dell's fascinating SCREEN ALBUM full of gorgeous portraits and fact-packed biographies of your favorite stars? Here's how: just fill out the questionnaire below, mail it in to us no later than Jan. 2. An ALBUM goes to each of the first 500 readers replying.

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our February issue? Write 1, 2, 3, at right of the titles of your 1st, 2nd, 3rd choices.

Deanna Durbin ..... ☐ *Gentleman Johnny (John Wayne)* .. ☐

Pride of the Yanks (Ty Power) .. ☐ *Her Heart Belongs to Laddie (the Ladds)* ..... ☐

Wright in the Groove (Teresa Wright) ..... ☐ *Woman in White (Joan Fontaine)* .. ☐

"Coney Island" ..... ☐ *Good News* ..... ☐

Which one of the above did you like LEAST? .....

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3 in order of preference .....

.....

.....

.....

Here's a list of fascinating new charts and booklets MODERN SCREEN's planning. Check ONE that you'd like us to start on first:

Easy Cooking Tips for Beginners .... ☐ *Etiquette* ..... ☐

How to Get a War Job ..... ☐ *Fashion and Shopping Guide* ..... ☐

How to Write a Love Letter ..... ☐ *Beauty* ..... ☐

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the most difficult wards—abdominal surgery, diabetics, burns—with cases of skin grafting that weren't easy to take.

During that first week they were taken to watch a major operation and a childbirth. The operation was a stomach resection, complicated and gory. In sterile caps and gowns, the aides looked down from the theater above. The theater was hot. Joan was afraid she might faint. Fainting is the ultimate disgrace. She concentrated on not fainting. But after five minutes, she grew so absorbed in what went on below that every other sensation was blotted out. Till she felt a nudge from the girl next to her. "Golly!" sighed the other. "Wouldn't you give anything for a candy bar?"

taking it straight . . .

The work isn't easy. Don't go into it, says Joan, with any romantic image of yourself floating from bed to bed, laying your lily-cool hand on fevered brows. It's not like that. You're on the go six hours a day. You do what you're told, and nobody takes the disagreeable jobs off your hands, and nobody says, "Poor little nurse's aide, you're tired, go sit down a while." You're a volunteer, but unless you're prepared to work like a professional, better not start.

Yet the work is the least of your hurdles. Harder than anything else is the establishment of a professional attitude toward suffering—what the Red Cross calls an attitude of impersonal compassion. Tearing your heart into shreds helps no one, but learning how not to tear it is one of the stiffest problems.

Joan's been a patient so often that she doesn't have to imagine how sick people feel. She knows. Once, in a picture, she'd been fighting pain for weeks. The question was, to operate or not to operate. Meantime, the picture had to be finished. After every take, she'd lie down. Before every take, she'd swallow two more aspirins and go out. Night after night she lay sleepless. Brian would read to her till five, then she'd get up and go to work. One day she was rushed to the hospital from the set. They gave her sedatives and hung a *No Visitors* sign on her door. At five-thirty the nurse roused her from the sleep she needed worse than anything else. "Time for breakfast." Joan wanted no breakfast, she wanted to sleep. But the hospital routine couldn't be upset. Now that she's at the other end of the stick, that's the kind of sin she remembers not to commit.

She's deeply impressed with the spirit of her fellow-volunteers. They realize that they've taken on a tough job, they're determined to lick it, and they do. For herself, she says, it's comparatively easy. She works between pictures. But there's one girl, on the swing shift in a defense plant, who gets to the hospital at six or seven in the morning. There's a teletype operator who comes on duty at eleven P.M. and leaves at five. They feel this is a job they can do for their men. Maybe the nurse released by them will one day take care of their husbands at the front. There's another girl whose husband, a navy man, was lost in the Solomons. She parks her three young children with her mother, picks them up in the afternoon, does her marketing, feeds them, puts them to bed and cleans her house at night.

the last word . . .

People like that make Joan feel pretty humble about her own contribution. It's no part of her intention to preach, but she can't help contrasting the response of our working girls with that of our women of leisure. Recently, she transferred to Phoenix to be with Brian who's stationed nearby, learning to be a civilian flying instructor.

Day and evening classes were being formed. Seventy women applied for the evening class—department store clerks, stenographers, school teachers. They pleaded to be taken, they felt dreadful because they hadn't much money to give, they had to do something—

For the day class two applicants showed up.

Nor is this ratio confined to the case of Phoenix. Throughout the country, working girls clamor to do their share and more than their share. They take their training at night. They go on duty week-ends and evenings. But the Red Cross can't meet its daytime requirements. Women with nothing but time and money give money and feel they've done their part.

"But you can't *buy* your way out," cries Joan. "No woman has the *right* to sit at home playing bridge while our men are dying to keep us safe."

She looked small and tired, curled up in a chair after her outburst, after six hours of hospital duty, after talking her head off about the needs of her beloved Red Cross. Asked if she had some final word to say, she grinned and nodded. "Just one. Go down to the Red Cross and enroll now."

LET'S HEAR FROM YOU

Fans, Be a MODERN SCREEN REPORTER! See your name in print, and win $1!

All you have to do is write us an entertaining *true* story about some Hollywood star whom you've known or made faces at or met—a story which we in Movietown will never hear unless you tell it to us. Send as many as you like, and FOR EVERY ANECDOTE WE USE WE WILL MAIL YOU ONE DOLLAR.

Of course, we reserve the right to edit and revise all stories we use, and no contribution will be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Mail your inside story TODAY to MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

PRIDE OF THE YANKS

(*Continued from page 35*)

Tyrone and Annabella of Hollywood, but Mr. and Mrs. Ty Power in the year of our Lord 1943, which is separating more husbands and wives than any year in history.

To Annabella, the word "war" means "your man is going." One is synonymous with the other. Through four years of her childhood, all the story she heard was war, and all the men went. Her father was gone for four years. Her grandfather enlisted as a liaison officer and worked with the Americans. She learned that war was terrifying and, at the same time, that you must endure the terror. When America went in, her reaction was automatic. It meant Tyrone would go. Even as the blow fell, she steeled herself to meet it. That's not courage, she says—just a reflex left over from childhood.

coming up . . .

In Europe all the men went. It came as a surprise to her that here men are drafted in many categories. Because of his dependents, Tyrone had been classified 3A. "Maybe it's a miracle," she thought. "Maybe it won't happen—anyway, not yet." But she's no good at self-deceit. When they heard of this friend who'd been drafted, the other who'd enlisted, she couldn't misread the expression that crossed Ty's face. Her first instinct had been right then. If they didn't tell him at once to go, he'd go himself. And as any true woman would, terror or no, she loved him for it.

People told Tyrone how important movies were to the war effort—as an educational force, as entertainment for the soldiers, as a prop to civilian morale. He said: "Movies will still be made after I go." They told him the government needed his income tax. He grinned. "With all the billions they need, they won't miss mine." They went on persuading and hoping against hope. He went on grinning and looking around.

He didn't want a commission. He's a man with a taste for thoroughness. Whatever he learns, he must learn from the rudiments. As he saw it, an officer's primary function is to lead and handle men. How can you handle men unless you've been one of them?

He had no equipment for such specialized branches as engineering, science, ordnance. He could fly, but they wouldn't take him as a flyer. First, he was over-age. Second, while educational requirements had been lowered, they still weren't low enough to include Tyrone, whose formal studies had ended in high school. By a process of elimination, he reached the conclusion that, without special training, the most useful thing a man could do was just to go in.

The decision was his own. Annabella stayed on the sidelines. She doesn't even remember when they first put into words what they said without words on the day of Pearl Harbor. Sometimes you remember a conversation. He takes you into a corner and says, "Listen, darling—" and it becomes a thing you don't forget. But not with this. He must have said it in the middle of something else—in the car, maybe—. She knows only that she lived so long with the thought of his going, that when he said it at last, it came without shock.

As she left it to him to choose his own time for speaking, so she left his other decisions to him. For reasons as wise as they're charmingly expressed. Most little girls, Annabella thinks, want to be little boys. She never did. She loved being a girl—she loved dolls and pretty dresses, she loved everybody to be nice with her, and that her father had a little preference for her because she was a girl. Now for the first time in her life she wants to be a man. Because, during wartime, girls are doing the best they can, but still they are just second. Second to men. Well then, since you can't be a man, at least you must not make it difficult for him, already it is tough enough. The girl has to help, but not to suggest and advise—which is, perhaps, to confuse and irritate. It is he who takes the danger, it is he who must take the decision. So when Tyrone talked, she listened. When he asked, she answered.

Several circumstances combined to send Ty to the marines—the formation in this country of a glider school, a talk with General Denig of the Marines, a training film he saw, a visit to Camp Elliott. He could get glider training either in the army or the marines. Then he met General Denig. The General struck a deeply responsive chord when he said: "We're first and foremost a combative outfit. No matter in what capacity you join, your first job is to

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learn how to use a gun. A doctor goes out with a gun and a scalpel. A correspondent goes out with a gun and a typewriter. He picks up the gun first and the typewriter second. If it's still around. And if he's still around."

Ty chuckled. That, he thought, was the spirit. He found it again in a *March of Time* release, called "These Are the Marines," a film that showed the devil-dogs in training. If you've seen it, you know how tough that training is. It appealed to something fundamental in Ty. Leaving the theater, he mused: "I'd better give up smoking, I'll need all my breath," then remembered that he wasn't a marine yet.

tough cookies . . .

At Camp Elliott all the men were pretty tough cookies. He liked their combination of independence and discipline. He liked the fact that no one got preferential treatment. He met the head of paratroops, and promptly decided he was the kind of man you'd like to work under. Instinctively you gave him respect and confidence. If anyone could get you out of a jam, this fellow could. To make it short, Ty liked the marines.

So one day he and Annabella took the train to Washington and were very gay. Most of us will recognize the mood as she described it. "It's as when you go to the hospital for an operation. You act as if you were doing that every morning. You talk a little louder, you laugh a little harder. You try to be so normal, and of course you are not, because when you feel normal, you don't have to try."

Came the afternoon in Washington when, before leaving the hotel, he took both her hands. "Darling, when I come back, I'll be in." She nodded, she kissed him and watched him go. Then she went out herself. Always when she's nervous, she has to walk. She walked round and around the Navy building, forcing her mind away from herself and Ty, thinking of all those other men, all those other women, here and all over the world, struggling toward the same high goal—the liberation of peoples, including the liberation of her own beloved France. She and Ty were two little humans among many, taking their place in the onward march, taking their importance from unity with the rest.

Meantime, having passed his physical, Ty was being inducted by Major Howard. "Raise your right hand," said the Major who read the oath of allegiance.

"I do," said Ty. That's all there was to it, not counting the thrill that chased itself up his spine.

Neither in Hollywood nor Washington had he mentioned the purpose of his trip. But newspaper men are no dopes. As he came out at six, there were the newsreel cameras and the whole damn works. He grinned at sight of Tony Muto, Fox-Movietone man. He could see Tony, once this job was done, high-tailing it to a phone booth. Their boss, Darryl Zanuck, was in town. With the proper pride in his calling, Tony'd kill himself to get there first with the news.

Ty got back to the hotel before Annabella. Each time she looked at her watch, she'd decide, "Not yet," afraid to go back and not find him there. It was almost as if he'd returned from the wars to see him waiting, hale, unscarred and smiling.

crucial moment . . .

"Did you do it?"

"I did it."

And when that scene was finished, they went downstairs to drink a toast to the marines.

Later Tony called and Annabella heard Ty whooping over the phone. What he'd foreseen had happened, but with a twist that Capra might have invented.

"What can I do for you?" Zanuck had asked.

"Nothing, chief. Thought you'd like to know that Ty Power just enlisted in the marines."

Pause, long enough for choking. Then: "That's all I need to make my day complete. Henry Fonda enlisted in the navy this morning."

It was all Ty needed. His spirits ran over. The joke was irresistible. The James boys had done it again.

Back in Hollywood, he made an important phone call. "Is this apprentice seaman Fonda? This is marine private Power. Want to hear what your boss said?" Annabella swears she could hear Hank's bellow. She thought it was funny, too, but not that funny.

Ty's on inactive duty until after the making of "Crash Dive," with orders to report, once the picture's finished, to the commandant at San Diego.

Annabella's worked out her own formula—one-step-at-a-time. She thinks only of today. Today he is with her. When he goes to San Diego, she'll think only of San Diego, where she can visit him, and he can come home on leave. She'll face tomorrow tomorrow. Apropos of which, she said something which seemed a clear reflection of her own lovely spirit. "We are so close," she said quietly, "and Tyrone is so important to me—if he would disappear, it is as if I would disappear myself. Well—you don't go through life feeling sad because some day you must die."

They neither force nor avoid the subject of his immiment departure. Above all, they don't dramatize it. Mostly, according to Annabella, they talk silly things about it. As for instance: "How long will it be before you begin to miss me?"

"Half an hour."

"You are very gallant. Now I will tell you what I think. I think that for one month the excitement of new things will be stronger than anything else. But after one month I hope you will begin to feel not so good."

Or he tells her of an encounter with some studio wit. "You're going into the marines?"

"Yes."

"You know you're a coward, don't you? Anyone who quits Twentieth Century-Fox for the marines is a coward."

carrying on . . .

Which makes Annabella the brave one, since she went back to work at the same studio. During the years of her marriage, she's appeared on the stage but not in the movies. This was by no set purpose. There's never been any question between her and Ty of marriage or career. They're both too well-balanced. Had the right screen part come along, she'd have taken it.

Things happen, she thinks, always at the right moment. It just happened that soon after Ty enlisted, they asked her to do "Secret Mission," a story she liked, in which she plays a French girl in the Paris of today. Before, she would have done it for fun. Now she does it because to be busy helps, but, too, because the money is important.

She wants so much to be able to keep their house. "If only for that, the work would be worthwhile. Because our home, it is our life. Even if I am alone in it, he is there in a way. And for him, when the war is over, it will be good to come back to our lovely, happy house. He will be tired of having an awfully little bed in an awfully little corner."

The one thing she won't do is sign a long-term contract. Because imagine he goes to some other place, and he has a week's furlough—she must be free to go to him—maybe it would be for the last time before he sails far away. No picture, no money in the world would be worth her freedom of movement then. No, not even the house.

But that's tomorrow. She'd rather talk of today. And today she thinks it's comical that, in his pictures, Tyrone has worn every uniform but never the uniform of the marines. So she doesn't even know what her husband will look like.

"But I have an idea," she informs you gravely, while her eyes shine. "Not to brag, being the wife, still, I have an idea that Tyrone will look—not too bad."

IS YOUR BIRTHDAY BETWEEN DECEMBER 22 AND JANUARY 20?

Ray Milland's handsome face and figure only begin to tell the story. Life is a sober business to him, as to everyone else born in Capricorn (December 22-January 20). His glamour is a triumph of matter over mind, for Ray is at heart a serious fellow. Far from immune to feminine allure, the beauty-with-no-brains gals will leave him cold as a Russian winter. If you want to make time with Ray and his kind, look as if you just stepped out of a bandbox when you meet him, and then forget your personal appearance, talk intelligently and listen attentively. Don't do any retouch jobs in public —this offends the very strong Capricorn sense of what's proper. He respects only the girls who honestly respect themselves and don't slip into social or personal crudities or vulgarisms. Ray's a natural born leader and executive (as well as an actor) and will want his women—pardon me, woman, for Capricorn is true to the core once his heart is given—to be a fitting consort for an important personage. You've got to have dignity and ardor, discreetly mixed, to hold such as Ray. He has vast stores of courage, dash and honor. His love and friendship may be hard to get. He doesn't wear his heart on his sleeve and is suspicious of those who do. But when he's finally made up his mind about your worth, he sticks. Ray's sign Capricorn produces the tops in sweethearts and husbands for those girls who have the depth to know the best when they see it, and the integrity to dedicate their lives to making him happy. Their reward is an enviable worldly position and a husband to be proud of, who gives a steady and abiding love.

(*Continued from page 39*)

she can't be bothered trying to twist it. She was twenty-four on October 27th and looks a ripe eighteen. Her husband gave her red roses (she's mad about them), an antique gold bracelet and a Persian lamb coat which they bought in advance while the August sales were on.

Everything's pretty about her, but her dark eyes are more than that—deep, soft and mournful as a doe's. She has a quality that stirs the protective in you, no matter that she's done all right for herself and there's nothing to protect her from. You find yourself wishing some lout would say boo to her, so you could paste him one upside the snoot.

audience appeal . . .

She's entrenched in the unshatterable conviction that people are kind. No Pollyanna, she can judge only from first-hand experience, and people have been unbelievably kind to her. To this and luck she attributes her rise as an actress. Not that she disclaims ability. But plenty of girls with as much talent and more just didn't get her breaks—didn't meet kind people maybe, which amounts to the same thing.

The worst experience of her career was trying to get to read for Jed Harris. The biggest professional thrill was returning as an actress to Maplewood, New Jersey, the town of her high school years, and having people say: "You know, Mooch Wright's going to play with Walter Hampden." Partly this was compensation for not having been very bright at school. She couldn't spell, her grades were never more than fair, and teachers would say, "If you'd pay less attention to acting, and more to your books—" This gave her such a guilt complex, that she went around proclaiming she didn't want to be an actress. Except to her father.

They were very close. Her mother died when she was eight. Her father's business involved traveling, so Teresa lived sometimes with relatives, sometimes at boarding school. She was neither lonely nor misunderstood, but perfectly happy with the other kids and the sense of her father's love surrounding her, whether he was there or not. Nor was her soul blighted because some people didn't think much of actresses. Dad said if she wanted to be one, if was fine by him.

At Columbia High School in Maplewood she was charmed to find others agreeing with him—notably Stanley Wood, who taught public speaking, and Mildred Memory, head of the dramatic club. Under their encouragement, she brought her dream into the open, after which things happened faster than they do to most stage aspirants. One step just led to another, smooth as water, Jed Harris the only snag. And in retrospect, even Jed becomes a trifle.

During junior years she copped the lead in "Death Takes a Holiday." Mr. Wood got her a summer scholarship at the Wharf Theater in Provincetown. She worked for part of her board, and the rest was paid by the kind parents of a girl who went with her. She met Doro Merande, young character actress. The following winter Doro played the village gossip in "Our Town," and Teresa went backstage to see her. She was dressing with Martha Scott. When Teresa left, Martha said: "There's a girl who could understudy this part."

Since the girl was still at school, nothing came of that except Doro, the darling, remembered it a year later. Martha had gone to Hollywoood, Teresa had come to New York, Dorothy Maguire was playing the lead, and again they needed an understudy. Doro got the stage manager to hear Teresa read. He thought she was okay. "Come in tomorrow and read for Jed Harris."

She came in tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow. Each time Jed said he'd be there, and he never was. She came by day and by night, before the matinee, after the matinee and between matinees. She came with her heart in her throat and left with it in her boots. For a month she came and sat and sat and sat, till somebody said: "You'd better go home now." She came one rainy evening, got her feet wet, sneezed all the way uptown in the horrible subway, reached home so weary and heartsick that she didn't care if she got the job or not, and believed she meant it. Later the phone rang. "Come in at three tomorrow. Mr. Harris'll be here."

"He will, too," predicted the friend

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"Nothing's the matter with *you,*" Joan said. "It's your *hair!* It's dull and mousy-looking. Men go for girls whose hair is full of sparkle and highlights. Why don't you try Nestle Colorinse? You'll be thrilled at the difference it will make in your hair." That very night Ellen used Colorinse and listen to what she told Joan—

"I NEVER THOUGHT my hair *could* look so lovely. Colorinse has given it a warmer, richer tone—filled it with highlights that catch the light and sparkle every time I turn my head. And now my hair's so much softer and silkier—easier to manage, too."

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with whom she shared a tiny apartment.

"Why?"

"Because you've got a cold in the head."

The young cynic's prediction proved accurate. Teresa read one scene, retired to the wings and bawled. She was comforted by the doorman and a colored valet, who told her she was doing fine, hadn't a thing to worry about, now get in there and show him. Heartened, she blew her nose and returned for the second scene. Harris mumbled something. She caught—"awfully young—see what you can do with make-up." That night the stage manager phoned her that she was in.

Understudies work as extras. Her first appearance was with a crowd of twenty, and she made an unmitigated pest of herself. "What do we do when we walk on?"

"We just walk," they told her bleakly. Wrapped in black cloaks, carrying black umbrellas, the twenty walked, only their feet showing. But Teresa's heart sang, and her feet gave a wonderful performance.

Dorothy Maguire stayed healthy, so it wasn't till the play road-showed that her understudy got a chance at the lead. That was when Mooch made good in the home town—and elsewhere. Then came "Life With Father." Oscar Serlin, the producer, was looking for a blonde but interviewed all comers. The story goes that Teresa struck him all of a heap and caused him to cast the blonde idea overboard. She doesn't care for the story. It's invented. Serlin was less than dazzled. "We've been thinking of a blonde," he said. "But, if possible, we'll give you a chance to read."

She read five different times before an assorted group at the home of Howard Lindsay (co-author), and she read badly. This is not coyness. Lindsay bore her out. Months later he told her, "I thought you were hopeless." She was saved by Russell Crouse (co-author) who clung stubbornly to what was little more than blind instinct—she had a quality that was right for the part. On opening night his instinct took bows.

curtain call . . .

On opening night you're in such a daze that it's all a confusion of flowers and wires and curtains going up and down and kind people saying kind things and a sense of this-can't-be-happening-to-me. Her first clear memory is of changing to the new dress she'd bought for the occasion—gray, with an iridescent slip and down shoulders. She also wore pearls and she went to the Rainbow Room with her dad and stepmother and a fourth person, identified only as this boy.

Dad and his wife had to catch the last train to New Jersey, but she and this boy walked along Sixth Avenue, waiting for the papers, then stopped at a horrible little dive because it was the only place open at that hour. Her hands were shaking so, that he had to open the papers, and the notices were so marvelous that she eyed him fearfully, whispering, "Maybe they've made a mistake." And a funny little man came up and told them what a wonderful fighter he was, and this boy stuck a paper under his nose and said, "Look what a wonderful actress she is." On the strength of which they all had coffee together, then this boy took her home, and she read Dad the notices over the phone.

That's practically all there was to it. The play ran two years. Mr. Goldwyn and Miss Hellman asked Mr. Serlin if he thought she could play Zan in "The Little Foxes." He thought she could and supervised her screen test. Mr. G. liked it, and Mr. G. signed her—for the one part, with possible options.

strains of Lohengrin . . .

On the Goldwyn lot, she met Niven Busch, the writer. There's really nothing to tell about that, except he asked her to dinner, and she went, and they had lots of fun and grew very friendly, then she had to go East to try out a Molnar play for Mr. Serlin. With Niven in Hollywood and Teresa in New York, of course nothing *could* happen—nothing except letters and long distance phone calls, nothing except you realize when you're far away how much a person means to you, nothing except she told her father she was going to marry Niven Busch, though, come to think of it, he hadn't asked her yet.

"Then how do you know?"

A gurgle escaped her at the simplicity of men. "I just know."

Dad seemed to find that conclusive, and not altogether to his taste. "You *would* have to fall in love with someone three thousand miles away." He likes Niven now though. He's never met him, just talked to him on the phone, but he likes him on the phone.

When the Molnar play flopped, she flew back to California—to Niven, not the movies, for it wasn't till after she arrived that Goldwyn picked up her option and loaned her to Metro for "Mrs. Miniver." Then came the problem of finding time to get married, since "Pride of the Yankees," followed hard on "Miniver," and Teresa wanted to wait till she wasn't working. She also wanted a wedding without benefit of publicity.

"You know you'll have to tell us all about it," said publicity kindly. (This kid was a wide-eyed, helpless cinch.)

"Yes, I know."

"When are you getting the license?"

"When are you going to give me some time off?" This, with the license already tucked away. They'd gone to Santa Monica for it, the wide-eyed cinch having figured that no one would dream of covering Santa Monica.

They were married in the garden of Bee and Winston Miller. Bee is Niven's sister, Winston's a writer, and they're both angels. She had only two days for shopping, and she's always wanted a pale blue wedding dress, but all they could find in pale blue was a sports dress. It did have long sleeves though, and Bee said if the line was changed here, and the buttons removed there, it would look like a simple afternoon dress. So that's what she wore. With a hat to match and a veil dripping from

I SAW IT HAPPEN

In New York City when Ken Murray was appearing with Dinah Shore and Will Bradley at the Paramount Theater, Ken was in the middle of his act when a young man from the first row had to leave rather suddenly. Ken promptly jumped off the stage, clad only in his underwear (which was part of the act), dragged the young man back and forcibly detained him until his act was over. Whereupon he released him, commenting, "Now I'm through, I don't give a damn what you do."

Mary Anne Pingel
502 Wirthman Bldg.,
Kansas City, Mo.

the hat. Niven sent white orchids. Well, he didn't exactly send them. She and Bee decided that white orchids would be right. Niven just paid for them.

She sat in the house all morning, and couldn't believe that the time was really coming when the guests would arrive. There were only twenty or so—Niven's family and a few close friends. Bee was matron of honor, Winston best man, the big tree they were married under looked like an altar, the minister was so sweet, the garden so lovely and the bride so happy, that she even felt a little sorry for the publicity men she'd outsmarted. Not sorry enough to spoil anything, of course. All that kept it from being perfect was that Dad couldn't come.

After ten days at Carmel and Yosemite, they came home to the house they'd rented in Van Nuys, not far from the Millers. Thanks to Bee, everything was clean and shiny. Ernest, who'd worked for Niven before, was in the kitchen. All Teresa had to do was report to Universal for "Shadow of a Doubt."

Some day she hopes to be an efficient housekeeper. She knows her way round a stove, but gets nervous. Leave her in sole occupation, and she'll manage. Poke your head in at the wrong moment—any moment's the wrong one when Teresa's cooking—and the jig's up. She used to do all right when she had no money—tossed a chop and a can of spaghetti together and thrived. But something tells her that wouldn't get by with Niven. He's the kind of man who likes to eat meat three times a day. She gained pounds on their honeymoon by sort of following suit. When she works, she's too tired and tense to eat much. Otherwise, she doesn't care what's on the table, so long as it's chocolate—cake, pudding or candy—and isn't fish.

She thinks her husband's good looking, but feels shy about saying so out loud. He's also a very encouraging man, puts the average husband to shame by telling his wife she's a good driver. Backs it up, too. Lets her drive him and seems to enjoy it, though she didn't learn till last year. That may be his way of apologizing because she drives a second-hand car. It's his fault. "Don't learn on a good one," he advised her. "You're sure to bang it all up the first couple of months." At the end of which time Uncle Sam was saying no.

He likes to go shopping with her, and her faith in his taste is touching. There was a dress she and Bee thought was lovely, but the minute Niven clapped eyes on it, he saw it was wrong, and it was. Yellow and white are her favorite colors, purple the only one she loathes. She seldom wears the silly hats she buys. They never look the same as the day you went into the shop and tried them on. Perfumes makes her dizzy. She can't smell it at first, so she keeps dabbing it on, till all of a sudden she's drunk. So she sticks to light toilet waters, preferably with a tang of spice.

cuff notes . . .

She doesn't smoke. She loves to sew and keep scrapbooks. She reads fan magazines in beauty parlors. Superstitions are silly, but she can't help saying bread-and-butter when she comes between people. For years she tried to cure herself of nail-biting, and succeeded at last by filing her nails a new way. Now she just bites hangnails.

She's an inveterate loser. Gloves, bags and handkerchiefs vanish into space.

What worries her most is meeting and talking to new people, but she's getting over that. She's afraid of small things—not just worms and bugs—anything measuring less than a foot. She drove a cameraman nuts because, try as she would, she couldn't pick up a canary. It didn't seem to have any skin on it.

"Look," he explained patiently, "it's a bird. It's a little yellow canary and it won't bite you. If it does, I'll let you bite me."

"What fun would that be?" wailed Teresa. In the end he got his picture—with the girl smiling soulfully at the bird from a safe distance.

Sports hold no charm for her, but when you've got a husband who dotes on golf and riding, a problem arises. She's not really afraid of horses—they're nice and big—but she's not enthusiastic either. Especially since the day Niven lured her on top of one, and it ran away with her. She was very much upset. Niven wasn't. So she'll probably spend her next vacation with a golf club in one hand and a horse in the other. Dogs are another story. If their lease didn't say no dogs, she'd have cocker spaniels galore.

They don't entertain much, because she's been working steadily and going to bed right after dinner. She sleeps like the dead. Niven reads. That's all he does—writes all day and reads all night. They don't even listen to the radio—except news and "Information Please," and Niven tries to catch any South American music that's going.

Her own reading has been sort of limited to date. She means to expand. Maybe it'll help her with games. Their friends are forever playing games, predicated on a wealth of information Teresa hasn't got. It reminds her of school and not being able to spell. She sits in a corner and dies and wishes they'd stop, or joins them and dies and wishes they'd stop. The trouble is, sighs Teresa, she's not educated enough. Coronet removed any shadow of a doubt on that score. They ran an intelligence test. She took it and got 59. She gave it to Niven, who got 107. She gave it to Hitch on the set. He got 110. Niven was furious.

"He'll be still more furious when he find's out I told." Comes that gurgle again—distinctive, fetching and holding the promise of a joke. "It's all right, though. Don't give it a second thought." Because even when he's furious, he's kind.

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MOVIE SCOREBOARD

175 pictures rated this month

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults.

Picture	General Rating
Across the Pacific (Warners)	C 3½★
A-Haunting We Will Go (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Almost Married (Universal)	2½★
Are Husbands Necessary? (Paramount)	2½★
Army Surgeon (RKO)	2½★
Atlantic Convoy (Columbia)	2½★
Avengers, The (Paramount)	C 3½★
Bombi (RKO)	C 4★
Berlin Correspondent (RKO)	2★
Between Us Girls (Universal)	3★
Beyond the Blue Horizon (Paramount)	3★
Big Shot, The (Warners)	3★
Big Street, The (RKO)	3★
Blondie for Victory (Columbia)	2½★
Boogie Man Will Get You, The (Columbia)	2★
Boss of Hangtown Mesa (Universal)	2½★
Broadway (Universal)	3★
Busses Roar (Warners)	2½★
Cairo (M-G-M)	C 2½★
Calling Dr. Gillespie (M-G-M)	2½★
Corpse Vanishes, The (Monogram)	2★
Counter Espionage (Columbia)	2½★
Crossroads (M-G-M)	3★
Danger in the Pacific (Universal)	2★
Deep In The Heart of Texas (Universal)	2½★
Desperate Journey (Warners)	3★
Destination Unknown (Universal)	2½★
Devil With Hitler, The (United Artists)	2★
Dr. Broadway (Paramount)	3★
Drums of the Congo (Universal)	2★
Eagle Squadron (Universal)	3★
Enemy Agents Meet Ellery Queen (Columbia)	2½★
Escape from Hong Kong (Universal)	2½★
Escape From Crime (Warners)	2½★
Eyes in the Night (M-G-M)	C 3½★
Eyes of the Underworld (Universal)	2★
Falcon Takes Over, The (RKO)	2½★
Falcon's Brother, The (RKO)	2½★
Fighting Bill Fargo (Universal)	2★
Flight Lieutenant (Columbia)	2½★
Flying Tigers (Republic)	3★
Footlight Serenade (20th Century-Fox)	3★
For Me and My Gal (M-G-M)	C 3½★
Forest Rongers (Paramount)	3½★
Friendly Enemies (United Artists)	2½★
Gay Sisters, The (Warners)	3★
Get Hep to Love (RKO)	2★
George Washington Slept Here (Warners)	3½★
Girl from Alaska (Republic)	2★
Give Out Sisters (RKO)	2½★
Glass Key, The (Paramount)	3★
Gold Rush, The (United Artists)	4★
Grand Central Murder (M-G-M)	3★
Great Commandment, The (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Great Man's Lady, The (Paramount)	3★
Her Cardboard Lover (M-G-M)	2★
Here We Go Again (RKO)	2½★
Hidden Hand, The (Warners)	2½★
Holiday Inn (Paramount)	4★
I Married a Witch (United Artists)	3½★
I Married An Angel (M-G-M)	2½★
Iceland (20th Century-Fox)	3★
In Old California (Republic)	2½★
In This Our Life (Warners)	3½★
Invisible Agent (Universal)	2½★
It Happened in Flatbush (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Jackass Mail (M-G-M)	2½★
Joan of Ozark (Republic)	2½★
Juke Girl (Warners)	3★
Just Off Broadway (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Lady In a Jam (Universal)	2½★
Larceny, Inc. (Warners)	2½★
Let's Get Tough (Monogram)	2½★
Little Tokio, U. S. A. (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Loves of Edgar Allan Poe (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Mad Martindales, The (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Magnificent Ambersons, The (RKO)	3★
Magnificent Dope, The (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Maisie Gets Her Man (M-G-M)	2½★
Major and the Minor, The (RKO)	C 4★
Man Who Wouldn't Die, The (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Manila Calling (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Mayor of 44th Street (RKO)	2½★
Meet the Mob (Monogram)	2★
Meet the Steworts (Columbia)	2½★
Men of Texas (Universal)	C 2½★
Mexican Spitfire's Elephant (RKO)	2½★
Mexican Spitfire Sees a Ghost (RKO)	2★
Mississippi Gambler (Universal)	2½★
Moon and Sixpence, The (United Artists)	3½★
Moonlight Masquerade (Republic)	2½★
Moontide (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Mrs. Miniver (M-G-M)	4★
Mummy's Tomb, The (Universal)	2½★
My Favorite Spy (RKO)	2½★
My Gal Sal (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
My Sister Eileen (Columbia)	3½★
Native Land (Frontier Films)	3½★
Navy Comes Through, The (RKO)	3½★
Nightmare (Universal)	3½★
Now, Voyager (Warners)	3½★
Once Upon a Honeymoon (RKO)	3½★
One of Our Aircraft Is Missing (United Artists)	C 4★
Orchestra Wives (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Overland to Deadwood (Columbia)	2½★
Pacific Rendezvous (M-G-M)	2★
Panama Hattie (M-G-M)	2½★
Parachute Nurse (Columbia)	2½★
Pardon My Sarong (Universal)	2½★
Phantom Plainsman, The (Republic)	C 2★
Pied Piper, The (20th Century-Fox)	C 3½★
Pierre of the Plains (M-G-M)	3★
Powder Town (RKO)	2½★
Pride of the Yankees (RKO)	4★
Priorities on Parade (Paramount)	3★
Private Buckaroo (Universal)	2½★
Remember Pearl Harbor (Republic)	2½★
Riders of the Northland (Monogram)	2★
Rio Rita (M-G-M)	3★
Road to Morocco (Paramount)	C 4★
Romance on the Range (Republic)	2★
Rubber Rocketeers (Monogram)	2★
Sabotage Squad (Columbia)	2½★
Saboteur (Universal)	3½★
Seven Miles From Alcatraz (RKO)	2½★
Seven Sweethearts (M-G-M)	3½★
Sherlock Holmes and the Voice of Terror (Universal)	3★
She's In the Army (Monogram)	2½★
Ship Ahoy (M-G-M)	3★
Ships with Wings (United Artists)	2½★
Silver Bullet, The (Universal)	2★
Sin Town (Universal)	3★
Somewhere I'll Find You (M-G-M)	3★
Sons of the Pioneers (Republic)	2½★
Spoilers, The (Universal)	3½★
Springtime In the Rockies (20th Century-Fox)	C 3½★
Spy Ship (Warners)	2½★
Street of Chance (Paramount)	3½★
Submarine Raider (Columbia)	3★
Suicide Squadron (Republic)	3½★
Sunday Punch (M-G-M)	2½★
Sunset Serenade (Republic)	2½★
Sweater Girl (Paramount)	2½★
Sweetheart of the Fleet (Columbia)	2½★
Syncopation (RKO)	3★
Take A Letter Darling (Paramount)	3½★
Tales of Manhattan (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Talk of the Town (Columbia)	C 3½★
Tarzan's New York Adventure (M-G-M)	2½★
Ten Gentlemen From West Point (20th Century-Fox)	3★
They All Kissed the Bride (Columbia)	2½★
This Above All (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Thunder Birds (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Timber (Universal)	2½★
Tish (M-G-M)	2★
Tombstone (Paramount)	3★
Top Sergeant (Universal)	2½★
Torpedo Boat (Paramount)	2½★
Tortilla Flat (M-G-M)	3½★
Tuttles of Tahiti, The (RKO)	3★
Under Brooklyn Bridge (Monogram)	2½★
Undying Monster, The (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Wake Island (Paramount)	4★
War Against Mrs. Hadley, The (M-G-M)	C 3★
West of the Law (Monogram)	2½★
Wife Takes A Flyer, The (Columbia)	2½★
Wings and the Woman (RKO)	4★
Wings For the Eagle (Warners)	3★
Yank at Eton, A (M-G-M)	C 3★
Yankee Doodle Dandy (Warners)	4★
You Can't Escape Forever (Warners)	2½★

DEANNA DURBIN

(Continued from page 33)

over the picture career that had been dangled for a moment and snatched away.

But wheels revolve within wheels in the great factory that is Hollywood.

Rufus Le Maire had gone to Universal Studios. He took with him the despised Durbin contract. Cantor was getting fan mail on the program, and there just might be something in it.

Universal was in a bad way. It had been bought by financiers. Joe Pasternak had been dishwasher, bus boy and waiter at the old Paramount studios at Astoria, L. I. In 1928, he'd gone to Europe to do Universal's foreign pictures. There were two young foreigners to return, for Pasternak had gathered up Henry Koster, an ex-Berlin reporter who spoke no English. The pair of young foreigners crashed into the home studios fighting for their lives. They had dreams and visions, but Hollywood was cold. There was an easy way to brush off ambitious youngsters.

The studio couldn't give the directors Edith Fellows, but they offered Durbin. Pasternak looked at the test and was outraged—an awful test, again! Deanna had been asked to do a test for a script called "Three Smart Girls."

"Laugh and cry at the same time," they told her, and poor little Edna didn't know how. Pasternak threatened to resign, but the studio didn't mind! He did the best he could. Speaking the language of music, he approached the little girl, and she heard him. He began to show her how to walk, move, speak.

The symphony of the nightingale had dropped again to B-minor. A B picture, low budget, scorned by the brass hats, was designed to get rid of all these white elephants. But low, bubbling, lilting, the notes began to rise.

The two young men were gayer now. Life brightened and grew rosy. Solemn little Deanna, "mistering" everybody, was told to say "Joe" and "Bobby" and finally she learned. Lines came easily. Roars of "Kill the baby" and "Hang the twins" stopped being ogre suggestions from a frightening fairy tale and were

I SAW IT HAPPEN

I was ill in bed when our phone rang. Upon answering it, my brother called me out of bed, saying, "Something's funny here." When I got on the wire, a pleasant voice said, "This is Miss Durbin's secretary. What is your name?" I answered, somewhat surprised, "My name is Gootter." The secretary said, "One moment, please," and then I heard the loveliest voice ever, saying, "Hello, how are you?" Bewildered, I answered, "Fine, but who are you?" "Deanna," she said. "Deanna Durbin, the movie star?" I shrieked. Now she was bewildered—"Yes, I am—Who are you, please?" I told her, and she apologized for calling the wrong number. She was in N. Y., trying to call her personal friends named "Drueder." We talked for about 15 minutes, and it was one of the most thrilling events of my life.

Rita Gootter
2516 Mermaid Ave.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

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studio slang. Deanna waved off menthol tears and sobbed real sobs out of the depths of her excited heart; she laughed real laughs. She was too natural—her only flaw as an actress. Sturdy and realistic, dreading being "actor-y," she took it as she liked, and Pasternak and Koster began to let it roll that way.

Pasternak was beginning to laugh at himself as years after he was to do, telling how he'd tried to rid himself of this million dollar baby. He knew now what could be done. It was a fresh wind blowing through the jaded studios—a thrill, a drama, and a dream come true.

HALLELUJAH!

Nobody knows what they thought: Father Durbin going about his business, looking seriously back on the small girl who'd learned lessons industriously at his knee, who'd bitten her lip and learned to drive a car when she was ten, who'd minded her Daddy and listened wonderingly to him, and now— Mother Durbin, English, quiet, teaching the girls to keep a home fresh and swept and aired, to make muffins for tea, to wear home-made frocks, and get sweet, long sleep—Sister Edith— Not till long afterwards did Deanna know that Edith had shaken her head when the boy of her dreams was urging marriage.

A manufacturer signed Deanna for a name for cotton and silk dresses—her records were selling all over a continent—Universal was back on its feet, and the men who had put it there were breathless, apprehensive. For all of this depended on a small, serious girl who was still so uncertain that she listened anxiously for criticism and was ready to wilt if it came. "One loud 'Boo' and we lose her" Koster said, and they walked softly near a child's trembling heart.

The thunders of fame thrummed on—

There was a Deanna Durbin Club and another and another. Five thousand fan letters tumbled in the day after her first song. She was a child with licorice sticks in a drawer and a puppy grabbing her skirt in his teeth, and the whole country was crying out for a sight of her.

She was sent across the continent—New York, Washington, the White House wanted her—and quiet, poised, still not quite believing, she smiled and sang.

New York and a premiere was frightening—in Hollywood, actors are everyday people, but in New York the mob surged around and over the visitors till Deanna was terrified. She was glad to go back home. Studio school wasn't so much, she'd liked the different, democratic world of the public school. But it was amusing to be in a classroom where exuberant Mickey Rooney was asking everyone to marry him.

Outside a world was clawing at this palace of serenity and dreams. What would become of this Cinderella when it was time for a prince? What kiss would wake the Sleeping Beauty? The studio was careful, and scripts were selected slowly. Great names dotted them now. Deanna was to play with the important ones—Stokowski led a hundred men to her notes.

One year, two—five—a tremendous celebration that, five years of pictures without a failure. Deanna IS Universal Studios. "First Love," "100 Men and a Girl," "It's a Date," "Spring Parade"—

But—she was growing up.

Into the gossip columns crept a whisper—studio trouble. Deanna was insisting on picking her own pictures, she wanted to grow up. . . . And yet, running up and down stairs in her sets until Bruce Manning, producer, asked her, "Have you any goat in you?" Hurling herself full tilt into the rich outpourings of her voice, quietly filling her roles, the same quiet, sturdy, wholesome child of the early days was going her peaceful ways. Singing made her hungry—she said, "Aw Bugs" when she was annoyed, and "Phooey" when she was outraged—she skipped about with her puppy and played with her turtles— There didn't seem any foundation for the stories.

So there had to be other reasons for mutterings. She had played in "That Certain Age"—she was a big girl now—how about kisses?

It was to be Bobby Stack who did the kissing, and nobody knew who was most embarrassed. The whole studio was agog. Weeks before the kiss came, everybody knew about it and teased and teased and teased. Teasing isn't fun when you're just a girl at home. When the whole world is watching you, it's excruciating.

IL BACIO

'Way in the beginning of this real life fairy story, small Edna Durbin had registered tremendously with a song that rang out over the air ways and through all of the theaters. Rich, rising, full throated and beautiful, it was her special song—"Il Bacio." The Kiss.

It threaded through the whole, tremendous success story— She was a child at her first cocktail party in New York, she was an honorary Boy Scout and Sea Scout—perhaps the only one in the world. She had nine thousand fan letters a week—and she still loved fuzzy animals and charm jewelry, match box folders and purple monkeys. "Bring me lots of little packages," she told her friends on her fifteenth birthday. She had made a million dollars, and she was wide-eyed and sweet— "You can't put Deanna into a picture," Koster said, "you must put the picture into Deanna—so clean, sweet, sensible—"

A long time ago, on the set of "Three Smart Girls," Joe Pasternak had scooped Deanna's nervous little hand into his and led her about introducing her to every member of the cast and crew. There was a little, excited feminine rustle when she reached one spot—Deanna nodded and moved on—a tall boy—who was he?

He was Vaughn Paul. The one-time manager of Universal, Val Paul, had a son, a graduate of the University of California. He'd grown up around the studio, and he had a knack for it. When "Three Smart Girls" reached production,

QUIZ CLUES

(*Continued from page* 89)

Set 2

1. Thrice wed
2. He's color-blind
3. Sex
4. Herby Kay
5. Son of Fury
6. "Bad Boy"
7. Once Stewart's gal
8. She's athletic
9. Nurse's Aide
10. Mrs. O'Keefe's ex
11. Overseas
12. Loves Palmer
13. Sweaters
14. Just 54
15. Horse-crazy
16. Oscar-copper twice
17. 20 years on top
18. Married a fortune
19. Dr. Lindstrom
20. Loved Scarlett

4

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he was nobody's "son" any more—he was a quiet, efficient assistant director, working hard, succeeding.

The evening that "That Certain Age" was finished, Deanna told the gang to come for a swimming party at her house next day. If her eyes lingered a little specially on the good-looking boy she "just knew," nobody noted it—then. He agreed to come, and they swam lustily, kids at play. Only—when the party was breaking up, Vaughn lingered a little.

"You can come back," Deanna suggested, "on Sunday—if you like."

There weren't any others on that Sunday in September, 1938. Just a boy and a girl—the boy stammering a little. He wanted to ask this kid for a date—to go to dinner with him. And the words wouldn't come. The afternoon wheeled by, and it was twilight, and he still couldn't quite say it. And then, gulping like a schoolboy, Vaughn Paul asked Edna Mae Durbin to go to dinner.

And every month, on the eighth, a single gardenia repeats the story that began that lazy September afternoon—

The couple slid into the small coupé, and Deanna flushed a little. She had a confession. "It's my first—real—date—"

They went to Lucey's, Italian atmosphere, spaghetti and minestrone, organ music, simplicity—any girl and any boy, whispering together. Finding a great deal to talk about. They went on to a preview—"Boy's Town" at the Filmart Theater. And then it was time to go home. The car whirled into the Colonial Drive-In on Sunset Boulevard, and the pair had hot fudge sundaes. By eleven o'clock, they were back at Deanna's door. She looked up at him, her eyes wide, her breath a little fast—and Vaughn smiled and brushed her hand and went away.

"Gee," he told the folks at home, "there's a girl you can talk to."

It had been her first date. Was it always this way, the little girl wondered? Going about the long, strenuous days at the studio, working terrifically hard, fleeing from the pursuing clutches of fans, dizzy with studio lights—she felt the strange singing all through her. Looking forward to evening—to the ring of the telephone—to a coupé driving up. Glancing across the set and meeting a pair of eyes that said, "Yes—it's like that."

It's like that—but he was a man, a grown-up, and he was a little troubled and uncertain about this young, trusting thing — he suggested, swallowing hard when he did it, that maybe she'd better have some other dates. Get around. See other men. He stared into space and gruffly issued these orders and, obediently, Deanna tried. But there was something missing in those dates, and she found herself refusing them. With him, there was always that singing sureness, that perfect confidence and trust—and the something special beyond, that lighted the moments with a touch of fire.

Life in the pleasant home went on. Edith was married, and happily. The Durbins liked the senior Pauls.

And slowly, and steadily, but very surely, a clear bright flame was growing. The music of "Il Bacio" was very sure now—the Kiss—the little princess was stirring in her sleep. The enchanted wood was changing from prickly barriers, to blossoming spring leaves. Another note of music—from "Snow White" this time — "Some — day — my Prince will come—"

Deanna had been a reserved little girl, given to sedate "Mister-ing." She'd never said "Darling" to everybody. Now, when she said darling to Vaughn, it had a very special, close meaning for them both.

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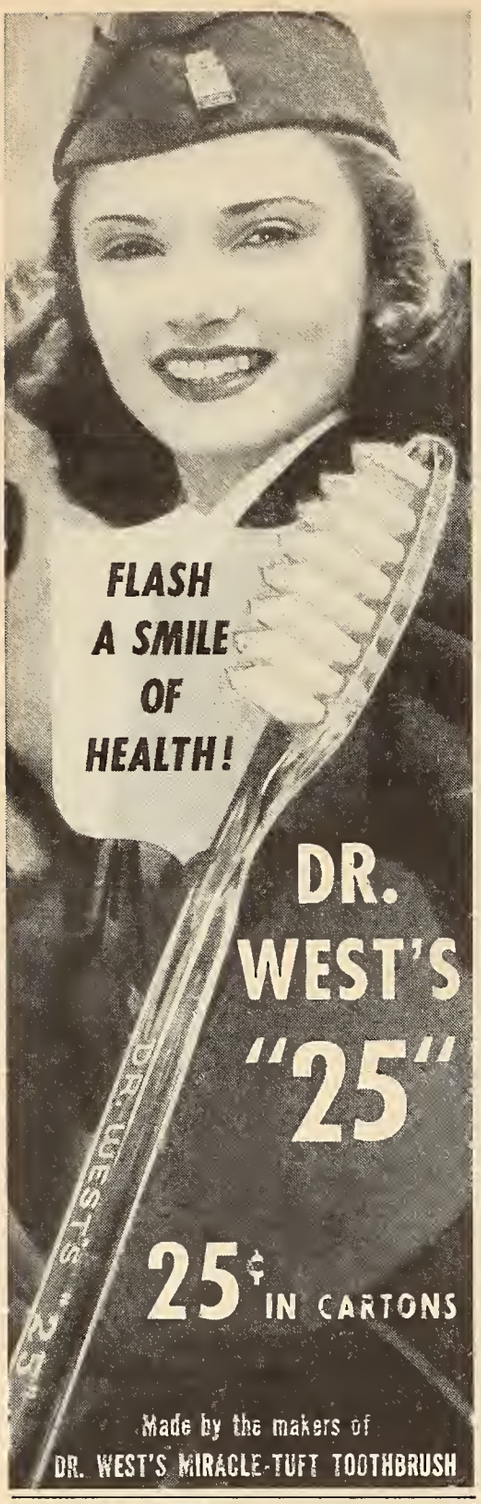

Vaughn brought a little gold bracelet charm, inscribed with the names and places they had visited on their first date. "Boy's Town," "Colonial"—Deanna had it made into a locket. And one exactly like it made for Vaughn's watch.

A very quiet boy and girl, so much like so many others, and yet so very, very different— They dropped in on friends and double dated with college pals of Vaughn's. At the Cocoanut Grove, when the tall boy asked for "My Wonderful One" from the orchestra, their fingers linked—that was their song.

Gossip columns burned— Were they STILL dating—would they elope?

"I wouldn't," Deanna's eyes gave her pledge to her parents, "I couldn't do that to you—"

Do that? She didn't even want to. The little girl who'd read Pollyanna and trudged about with her teddy bears was growing up, but she was growing into the sweetest fulfilment of a girl's life. Deanna didn't want to elope—she wanted the whole, long, sweetness of an engagement, with His voice on the phone and His whisper at the door.

Deanna had toppled heavy-handed Hollywood on its ear a long time ago, and she wasn't going to surrender to it now.

What did he say when he proposed? Deanna says she doesn't know. One day, the mounting wonder came to a climax—"Il Bacio"—The Kiss—Vaughn was a long way ahead of Bobby Stack although the papers didn't know it. And Deanna had a whispered secret for Sister Edith, who'd paid for those first lessons, who'd paid for others from André de Segurola, who'd waited for her own romance. Suddenly Vaughn had stopped talking about other men—suddenly there weren't any other people in the world. They began to talk about a wedding. He'd suggested that they drive down to Brock and Company to pick up a ring—kind of a special ring.

He went into the store leaving her in the car and was back with the package, driving away, before she opened it. He was staring at the road, but his eyes flicked over a little, and finally he grinned, a simple, boy's grin, hiding the tumbling excitement. She could hardly speak. She said, "How beautiful—how beautiful—"

Vaughn, who speaks simply and wears no heart on his sleeve, had done something very special about the ring. He'd designed it himself. It was a huge round diamond, banked on each side by a hill of rubies, and on each side of the rubies by a smaller hill of diamonds.

Mother and Daddy were returning on one of the first blacked-out ships from a trip to ancestral England, so the couple in the coupé had to drive to Edith's house to show off the ring. And after

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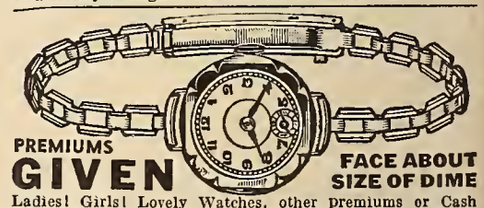

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that, they must wait till the announcement could be made by Mr. and Mrs. Durbin—who were to announce the engagement and coming marriage of their daughter on April 18, 1941—the thirty-third anniversary of simple Ada and James Durbin.

The pair drove to inspect churches, and they picked out the Wilshire Methodist where Jeanette MacDonald had married Gene Raymond.

HERE COMES THE BRIDE

So there were showers and parties, luncheons and dinners. One day Vaughn walked into a tumult of gabbling girls a-thrill over Deanna's presents. Deanna looked up and saw him in the doorway—so lost, so pathetic, so sweet—so all-hers! Her eyes filled, and she knew suddenly that this was the most important thing in all the world.

They had quarrelled now and then—who doesn't? She was slow getting ready for dates, and he was prompt. They'd been teased. And there was danger in the very fact that they were so well known by all the world.

So Deanna looked at the boy with his sensitive mouth and his quick, lighting eyes, and love beat strong and throbbing inside her.

There had never been quite such a wedding. For this was important to the singing bride. Vera West had designed the gown, and Mrs. Durbin had brought lace for the veil from France. The great church was hushed and lovely, but nine hundred friends had been asked, and outside thousands of fans waited.

She was very beautiful with the floating veil, the flowers with streamers, long gloves, and great, excited eyes.

Anne Gwynne and Helen Parish, Mrs. Thomas King and Mrs. Heckman—Dee-dee, the confidant of cradle days for matron of honor—Anne Shirley, Mrs. Bradley, Gene Read—beautiful girls in beautiful costumes, preceding the lovely bride, came down the aisle.

A hundred police officers moved about outside. Judy Garland and Dave Rose were there, holding hands. Mickey Rooney listened to Deanna's hushed whisper, to Vaughn's ringing, firm response. There was a reception at the Florentine Room of the Beverly Wilshire, and a giant cake topped with a bird cage holding a pair of love birds greeted the guests.

The song had reached its high note—

Little Deanna had come down the aisle on her father's arm—the Daddy who had taught her to read, watching now as his songbird went to a new place. She saw Vaughn at the altar, smiling his funny, close-mouthed smile that meant deep happiness—she gulped a little, and her voice was a husky murmur. But they were a pair of kids still, and afterwards when he began skidding down the aisle, hauling her with him, she tripped on the long veil and whispered, "Don't go so fast, darling—" first words of Mrs. Vaughn Paul.

It was a huge wedding, and the famous principals went on to great splendor on their wedding night. The Wilshire bridal suite had once housed an Indian rajah and his retinue. Deanna, looking about and turning her eyes to Vaughn for reassurance, must have had a flashing picture of her Arabian Nights picture book—

It was splendid and marvelous—but the car was waiting. And next morning they drove to Santa Barbara. Then to Del Monte, to a Lodge where a room faced the sea.

They wanted a one-story English farmhouse, high on a hill, between the canyon and the Pacific—they wanted chintz and weathered wood, a flower-decked drive. They fussed over things at nights, they swept and tidied, and the little bride with her curls tied in a hanky, scolded and stormed—and sang—

There was a big playroom looking into a flowery garden, and a Dutch fireplace—everything they'd wanted. Vaughn was happy at home nights, scoffing at Deanna's urging to go out with the boys.

Happy ever after—it looked that way.

There was a small ruffling battle with the studio, for Deanna was a big girl now and wanted parts that suited—but that smoothed out. She had a house crammed with shower presents, silver and china and glass. But—off in the distance, rumbling, there was a strange, unmusical sound—cannons—guns—planes—

They had a year. They made a home. And there was sister Dee-Dee's wonderful baby to play with—a baby who could say "Awah" for "Auntie," a baby who wanted to be sung to sleep—dreams grew in Deanna's eyes and a lullaby stirred in her heart.

They had a Christmas—and Deanna has never missed a Christmas at home. The world was roaring, and the sound was ugly and harsh and menacing, but for a little while, the new nest was cosy.

ANCHORS AWEIGH

The world reached in.

Nobody knew what was said on one of those evenings at home, curled on the big, specially built couch, fingers linked, talking. But Vaughn knew what he must do, and Deanna had never failed to meet an issue four-square. It had to be the Navy. Something far bigger than Hollywood was thundering at the gates of civilization. A man had to go do his part.

So Vaughn enlisted in the Navy, to be an Ensign.

She'd signed up, with most of the stars, to help at the camps. And the roar of applause and welcome almost deafened her ears. Soldiers everywhere, hanging up "Welcome" signs, baking cakes for her in the mess halls, giving her insignia.

But sometimes after she'd sung till she had to stop, she cried and cried—for soldier boys here and for one who wasn't here.

While she was in the East, he left. The honeymoon home was to be sold. Deanna's time and strength was to be divided between the soldiers and her work. Vaughn was gone.

It was April now. April, to the sound of factory whistles screaming, of machines rolling day and night, of the smash of artillery and the whine of shells. April 18th—wedding anniversary. Vaughn never forgot special dates—he never failed to come to her. She worked and waited and cried a little, and the day drew nearer.

At midnight her father and mother drove her to the airport. A plane landed, at last, a plane with no berths and a haggard, uniformed man climbed out. Deanna's eyes touched him and passed him—this man was grey-faced from eighteen hours sitting up with no sleep on the long trip from Washington, D. C. A man in uniform whom she'd never seen. And then, all at once, she cried out— Not a stranger at all.

Vaughn Paul had come home.

They had a week on that first leave.

They stayed at home, talking, talking, catching up, looking into the strange changed future, holding hands.

Edith and her husband and baby had moved in to stay with Deanna, and they stayed on while Vaughn was there. On the last night as they talked, Deanna

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went to the kitchen to supervise the chocolate cake and ice cream—Vaughn's favorite dessert.

All over the country, there must have been shaded lamps shining down on just such a scene—a boy and a girl with far-gazing eyes, friends, and fun, cake and ice cream, talk and dreams. The boy in uniform.

Because the world must be safe for quiet homes like those—

The next morning Deanna drove Vaughn to the airport, and he flew back to Washington. There were no tears. The night before their anniversary was present-giving time—the "lots of packages" theme of a little girl who always liked life to be like a storybook. She gave him a handsome luggage tan traveling alarm clock, red silk robe and red leather slippers. He paraded in the fine new clothes, laughing, and she put on the pearl necklace and matching pearl bracelet that were his gift to her. Edith had brought a gag gift for a going-away present, a Navy goat that played "Anchor's Aweigh."

And so the little nightingale sings on, but there is a new note in the music.

She writes a long letter every day. When he can, Vaughn answers. And once, when she was working on the set in "Tonight and Forever" she looked up at lunch time, and a man sitting in her car said politely, "Hello, there." Deanna said "Hello"—and then she could scarcely speak. The cameras rolled, and a startled girl who had just seen her husband appear on a surprise visit after three months, had to go through her part with a heart thundering inside her, enough to make an older person faint.

The photograph of a tall boy in summer khaki stands in her dressing room, and now and then she looks at it for help, and the old, deep sweetness pours through her, with a steady strength that makes courage rise.

She knits sweaters for army boys. She spends lots of time with Edith and the baby, and she runs in to visit Anne Shirley. She works in the victory garden that Vaughn planted under the bedroom window, and the prosaic onions and squash that Deanna never liked take on new glamour.

There is Swedish modern furniture in the dressing room bungalow now, instead of the childish decorations that went in when a round-eyed, plump baby star first took it over. There's a piano and a Capehart. When she listened to a radio program recently, she heard the announcement that Bobby Breen would broadcast, and she waited to hear a high, sweet voice. When a deep, booming tone came from the instrument, Deanna was amazed—

"Why," she thought, "we've all grown up—"

They have all grown up, and the world is old, and there's cruelty out there and shadows and aching pain. But life has always had its dark side, even in the stories. There's so little to be done about that.

"What will I do?" Deanna Durbin wonders, and the answer is what it always was.

"I'll sing." Because, while spring comes again and freshens the trees and grasses, a world will surely stop to listen to a carol that makes it young again. Not now, "Home, Sweet Home"—though that will come some day. Not, perhaps, "Il Bacio"—though everywhere, for every boy in uniform, there's a girl who waits. But strong, pure, serene, as always, there's a voice singing—and never will that singing hush while the world goes on.

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Helen S. Mitchell

Principal Nutritionist,
Office of Defense Health and Welfare Services

Every day, eat this way

MILK and MILK PRODUCTS
. . . at least a pint for everyone—more for children—or cheese or evaporated or dried milk.

ORANGES, TOMATOES, GRAPEFRUIT
. . . or raw cabbage or salad greens—at least one of these.

GREEN or YELLOW VEGETABLES
. . . one big helping or more—some raw, some cooked.

OTHER VEGETABLES, FRUIT
. . . potatoes, other vegetables or fruits in season.

BREAD and CEREAL
. . . whole grain products or enriched white bread and flour.

MEAT, POULTRY or FISH
. . . dried beans, peas, or nuts occasionally.

EGGS
. . . at least 3 or 4 a week, cooked any way you choose—or in "made" dishes.

BUTTER and OTHER SPREADS
. . . vitamin-rich fats, peanut butter, and similar spreads.

Then eat other foods you also like

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Washington, D. C.
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"CONEY ISLAND" (PRODUCTION)

(*Continued from page 45*)

has the entire crew working on it.

George Montgomery practiced weeks to perfect his "barker" routine. Didn't dare eat in the commissary, wearing his zooty 4-button jacket, Sears Roebuck catalog model, circa 1900.

The only location trip was to nearby Venice and the concessions at Ocean Park. Betty invited a flock of service men to come along as her guests and rode the roller coasters with them between scenes. "Tunnel of Love" was out of bounds. One soldier brought her a gift that was almost priceless—3 cartons of chewing gum!

Only 350 extras were available to play Gay Ninety types, so they were told to change clothes a couple of times and wander through the scenes again.

Priorities prohibited the making of the necessary elaborate outfits, so auctions and clearances were covered. All the old hats and dresses are authentic.

Two oddest jobs: Technical adviser Ernie La Verne had to figure out where to get a five-legged pony, two-headed calf and a mummy of an Egyptian Pharaoh. One of the wardrobe girls was assigned to follow Grable around the days they were shooting the dance numbers, to see that she kept away from anything that might snag the irreplaceable silk tights.

Production had to be geared to halt every half hour. Betty's corsets laced her waist into an 18-inch span, and that's as long as she could work at one time without keeling over.

The specially constructed saloon bar was made 100 feet long, of solid oak. The men extras spent all their free time, one foot on the rail, dreaming of the good old days.

Idle Hopes Dept: Betty loves large bars of soap, hopes to get one as large as a basketball some day. Phil Silvers asks only a chance to use his pet line of dialogue in a picture, to wit: "You're not going to send the kid up in this weather in a crate like that!"

"CONEY ISLAND" (STORY)

(*Continued from page 44*)

new costume for her closing number. It was a creation—all sequins and spangles, with a hundred feathers stitched on where they'd catch the eye.

"Like it, Joe?" Kate asked.

"A knockout!" he said.

But the rube grinned and said: "One more feather, baby, and you'd fly." Then he faded out the door.

Eddie (George Montgomery) knew when to pull a fade. There wasn't much Eddie didn't know, especially when it came to cards and dice and similar devices for harvesting easy money. The rube get-up was pure come-on.

Eddie had business on his mind now as he walked out to find Frankie (Phil Silvers) at Joe's bar. Unfinished business. Two years ago he had gone partners with Joe Rocco (Caesar Romero) in a traveling carnival. One night in St. Louis they got into an argument over how it should be run, and Joe dealt a cold poker hand to see which one of them would get out. Eddie lost—and when he woke up next morning he discovered he had been cold-decked.

That was all right. Eddie and Joe had spent years gypping each other; it was part of the racket. Let the smartest man win, and no holds barred. However, as a matter of principle Eddie figured that half of Joe Rocco's Ocean Gardens belonged to him, but Joe couldn't see it. Not ten minutes ago he had told Eddie to go jump in the ocean, so now Eddie had to take steps.

"After all," he said, "a guy has his pride."

Frankie grinned: "What's the first move?"

Eddie bought a drink for Finnigan (Charles Winninger), the bleary Irishman who insisted there was no such thing as bad whiskey, and went out to a table close to Joe Rocco's stage.

"Let's give this Kate the eye," he said.

"Good old Joe!" Frankie sighed. "Always a blonde."

Then the stagehand put up a sign KATE FARLEY, and she burst onstage. Eddie winced. She had the legs, she had the voice, she had the looks—but boy, how she threw them away! She danced as if she had convulsions; she sang as if the audience was four blocks away—but loud; and the costume took all the zing out. Eddie gave a snort: Feathers!

He sneaked backstage and was leaning against the proscenium when she came bouncing off. He whistled like a canary. He waved his arms like a bird flying. Then when she came at him, he laughed and did another quick fade.

turkish vengeance . . .

Kate would have been happy never to see him again, but as it turned out she had to. He dropped in Joe's gambling room that night and palmed cards faster than Joe's crooked dealers. He walked away with $800 of Joe's money, and before the week was out he had opened up a concession across the Boardwalk.

SEE SULTAN BEN ASHA AND HIS TEN BEAUTIFUL WIVES, the gaudy canvas banner screamed, and Joe sent Kate over to find out what Eddie had.

He had plenty. He had a Turkish harem layout, complete with Frankie made up as the Sultan and ten little numbers varying from redhead to brunette to blonde.

"Step right up, lady," he grinned at her. "Step right up and see the Moorish Maidens—just birds in a gilded cage."

Kate leaned close to Frankie and said: "How goes it?"

"Okay, Kate," said the Sultan. "How's it by you?"

"A Turk!" Kate sniffed, loud enough for everyone in the crowd to hear. "If he's a Turk I'm Tetrazzini."

"Smart people these Turks!" Eddie didn't bat an eye. "Two days off the boat, and he speaks pure Canarsie. Step right up, folks—only a dime."

just desserts . . .

They stepped up, and Joe Rocco had to take it and like it. At least, he took it and liked it till he caught Finnigan outside steering his customers away.

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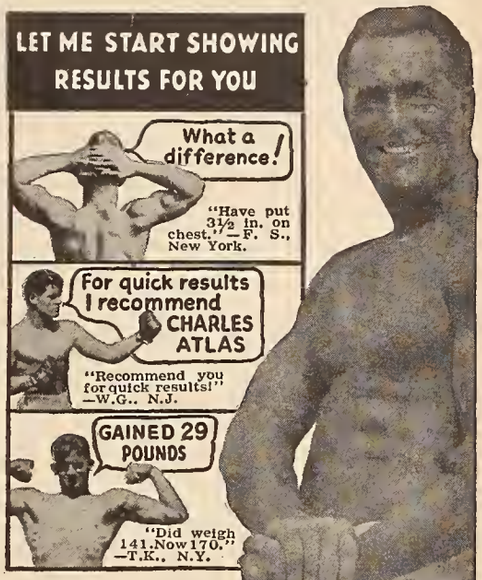

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nigan was whispering into every ear. "Chronic prognosis the bartender's got—and him after handling all them glasses."

Joe would have killed him, but Kate knew who had put the Irishman up to it. So that night Joe arranged matters so that two hard guys turned up for Eddie's first show. They claimed Eddie's harem was a gyp; they got loud about it; finally they got violent. When the dust settled, and Eddie picked himself up off the floor, his sideshow looked as if the Sultan's ten wives had got into a family argument—with ball bats.

The wreckage didn't bother Eddie. He changed his banner to read SEE THE TURKISH HAREM AFTER AN EARTHQUAKE and packed them in at fifteen cents, instead of a dime. But if mayhem was what Joe wanted, Eddie was happy to play along.

The night Joe Rocco was entertaining The United Brotherhood of Bricklayers, Local 742, Eddie and Frankie wandered over to the Ocean Gardens and engaged the bartender in conversation. After a minute Eddie let out a roar.

"So!" he yelled. "You say John L. Sullivan was a bum."

The bartender looked surprised.

"What do you mean—the Irish can't fight?" Frankie screamed.

"John L.!" shouted Eddie. "A drunken, besotted bum, was he?" He turned to the crowd. "Fellow Bricklayers—are we going to take such talk? From an Orangeman?"

So the Hibernian bricklayers went to work on Rocco's bartender and his bouncers, while Eddie and Frankie stepped back out of range to watch the carnage. Chairs flew through the air; bottles crashed on hard skulls; and no one could hear Kate's singing, no matter how loud. Joe tried to stop the free-for-all, but Finnigan pulled him away.

"Sure and don't stop it now—they're just after getting warmed up."

Joe jerked loose, swung solidly on Finnigan's unshaven jaw and rushed out to put a stop to the melee before Ocean Gardens turned into driftwood.

Frankie nudged Finnigan with a toe and said: "Out cold—cold as a kept woman's heart."

Eddie shook his head. "Poor Finnigan," he said. "To die that way."

"Who—*him?*" Frankie laughed scornfully. "With all that rot-gut in him, you could hit him with a meat cleaver and never even raise a bruise."

"For our purposes," said Eddie, "poor Finnigan is dead. Come on—let's get the corpse out of here."

Consequently, it was quite a sight that Kate called Joe Rocco out to see a couple of days later. A hearse was rolling solemnly past Ocean Gardens, and behind it in a carriage rode Eddie and Frankie,

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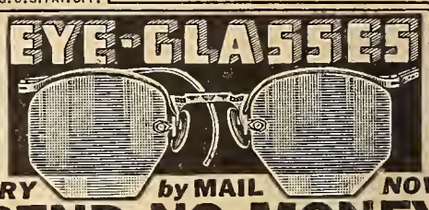

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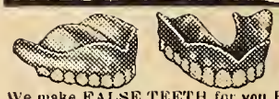

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weeping copiously. Rumor had it that the occupant of the hearse was Finnigan —and Joe was scared.

He remembered hitting Finnigan, everyone remembered Finnigan lying there cold as a clam—and even at Coney Island manslaughter was frowned on. Joe saw visions of iron bars, and Eddie didn't help much when he returned from the funeral talking about the comforts of hanging versus the electric chair.

He stared down at his drink on Joe's best table and shook his head sadly: "It's too bad—somebody is sure to tell the cops who hit Finnigan."

"Somebody?" Joe asked. "Who?"

"Me." Eddie sighed and looked wistfully around Joe's Ocean Gardens. "I'll bet Kate will miss you."

"So?"

"I'll miss you," said Eddie. "The place will miss you—that is unless . . ."

"Unless what?"

"You need a partner," Eddie said. "I've told you that all along—remember? Now if I owned half of Ocean Gardens—if you let me run it my way . . ."

"What then?"

"Amnesia is a wonderful thing," Eddie grinned. "When the cops come, I could forget everything. I never really liked policemen anyway."

Rocco didn't like jails, so that's the way it was. Eddie took over, and pretty soon Ocean Gardens began to look like what he called a high-class joint. The waiters wore Tuxedos, instead of aprons; there were cloths on the bare tables; Eddie even coaxed the orchestra to tone it down till the customers could hear themselves speak. But he had no luck with Kate.

chained . . .

She knew her stuff, and she was taking no lip from Eddie. When she sang, she sang—but loud. When she danced, she knocked herself out. After watching her, Eddie always felt slightly deaf and very tired, and the customers looked wilted. So one night he sneaked up on her in the wings.

"Look at that ham," he said, and bent over. There was a sharp *click*, and when Kate looked down, her ankles wore a pair of handcuffs. She started to swing on him, but he caught her arms and there was another *click*. More handcuffs. Kate forgot she was a lady. She tried to scratch him. She tried to bite him. She spoke to him severely. But he merely picked her up, carried her out onto the stage and balanced her carefully against a prop tree.

"When that curtain goes up," he said sweetly, "you stand here quietly."

"I won't," Kate screamed.

"Then you'll fall on your pretty puss." Eddie tapped the floor with one toe. "And don't try to blast their ears off."

"I won't sing a note," said Kate. "I won't open my mouth."

"Okay," said Eddie, "but you'll look awfully stupid—leaning against a tree and doing nothing. And by the way—" He plucked a feather from her costume. "The moulting season has arrived." He plucked another feather. "From now on you're an artist—not an ostrich."

When he walked offstage and gave a signal to the orchestra leader, there wasn't much Kate could do except obey orders. She stood quietly and sang quietly, so that Joe Rocco's customers had to look at her and listen to her. What they saw and what they heard was plenty. Kate's figure without feather camouflage was prettier than a $10,000 bill, and her voice was a soft husky invitation to romance. The curtain dropped on more applause than Kate had ever hoped to hear, and she would have done an encore, but Eddie picked her up again and carried her to her dressing room.

the walking dead . . .

"Always leave 'em wanting more," he said and unlocked her ankles. He straightened, and she held out the handcuffs on her wrists, but instead he kissed her. Kissed her quickly and completely. Then he turned the key again and walked to the door. "Remember that, darling," he said lightly. "Always leave 'em wanting more."

"Why *you*—" Kate looked for something to throw, but Eddie had pulled another quick fade.

Business at Ocean Gardens built up and up, and Joe Rocco told Kate reluctantly that he had to admit that Eddie knew the right answers. Eddie wanted to open a new place, a really swanky place, and Joe had about decided to play along. But the night the papers were to be signed Finnigan came reeling back from Atlantic City, full of life and liquor, and Joe rescinded Eddie's partnership and put all the profits in his own pocket. Eddie was out in the cold again.

But Eddie found a warm spot in the heart of the Brooklyn Savings Bank, of all places, when he explained that one thing and one thing only made the cash register tinkle at Ocean Gardens. That thing was Kate Farley.

The bank president nodded. He had been trained to see a dollar a long way off. "You want to open a place of your own," he said. "Well, we can take care of the finances."

"And I can take care of Miss Farley," Eddie said.

It was in the bag—or would have been, except for William Hammerstein. The famous William Hammerstein, who produced the magnificent musical shows at the Victoria Theater. Somehow he heard about Kate and came out to Coney Island talent scouting. Eddie saw him in the audience at Ocean Gardens and knew what was up. If Hammerstein heard Kate, he would hire her for Broadway. If Kate went with Hammerstein, Eddie's new restaurant went out the window. So Eddie went into action.

First he made Mr. Hammerstein comfortable. Then he made sure Joe Rocco was safely busy elsewhere. Then he arranged for a wheezy blondined understudy to go on instead of Kate, and sent Finnigan to Hammerstein's table to play Kate's boozy father. This done, he told Kate he was giving her one performance off and took her out where the moon shone down and the waves whispered on the sand.

"I love you, Kate," he said.

He told her of the fine restaurant he was opening, just for her. Just because he loved her, he had talked the Brooklyn Savings Bank into putting up the front money. Just because he loved her, he would make her famous.

"I love you, too, Eddie," she sighed. "I guess I always have. I guess that's what made me so mad at you."

That took care of Mr. Hammerstein, or should have. The trouble was that Joe Rocco came back to Ocean Gardens before Hammerstein left, and when he told Kate about the chance Eddie had gypped her out of, she understood just how much he loved her. The only thing in the world Eddie loved was himself.

So she had Joe take her over to the Victoria Theater in New York so Mr. Hammerstein could hear the real Kate.

But his accompanist couldn't play in the tempo Eddie had taught her, the slow rhythmic lilt that brought out the husky

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sweetness of her voice. He played like a mechanical piano, and as Kate stepped to the apron of the stage, she felt stage-fright clutching her throat. But suddenly the piano stopped—started again—and this time the teasing lilt was there. She looked down into the pit, and there at the piano was Eddie, grinning.

Afterward, after she had talked about a contract, she went looking for him, to ask him why. This time he kissed her so hard it hurt and then started to go away.

"You're big-time now, Kate," he said, "and I'm just a small-time grifter. That's why I did it. I loved you so I couldn't bear to lose you. And I knew if Hammerstein ever heard you, he'd take you away from me."

Kate stared at him. "If you really want me, Eddie," she said, "no one can take me away from you. No one—ever."

"You mean you'd marry me?"

"Try asking me," she smiled. "We could even have two week's honeymoon before Mr. Hammerstein's new show goes into rehearsal."

So next day the little church in Brighton Park was full of happiness. Kate was happy in her wedding gown, waiting for the organ to commence "Here Comes The Bride." Frankie was happy because he was best man and because he had got Eddie to the church on time. Even Joe Rocco looked happy, but no one seemed to think that was odd.

disappointed bridegroom . . .

Then just as the organ began to roll out the old familiar thumping chords, a dignified little man popped into the room where Kate was waiting. He had a legal paper, and he was looking for Eddie.

"It's the lease on the new restaurant," he said.

"But Eddie's given up the restaurant," Kate told him.

"Oh, no," said the little man. "I'm from the Brooklyn Savings Bank. He's opening the restaurant with Kate Farley."

"But Miss Farley is going to sing for Hammerstein," Kate objected.

"She *thinks* she is," the man smiled. "But once she's married to Mr. Johnson, he'll change her mind. That's part of his bargain with the bank."

So while Eddie waited at the altar and organ music boomed through the church, Kate wiped the tears from her cheeks, lifted the train of her wedding gown, and fled. Love! She hoped he would die. She hoped he would wither and blow away.

She did not set eyes on him again until the opening night of Hammerstein's new operetta. He came backstage between acts and wished Kate well, but he wasn't the old Eddie, and for all she hated him, that bothered her. He seemed quiet and subdued, almost sad. Even when Joe Rocco began to rib him about the past, he showed no fire, none of the old wisecracks, the quick comeback.

"Sure, Joe," he said. "You gypped me in St. Louis, and I put one over on you in Chi. In the long run it evens up."

"But I pulled the topper—that gag out at Brighton." Joe threw his head back and roared. "That little guy in the frock coat at your wedding. Why if I hadn't hired him, I'd have sworn he was a banker, myself."

Eddie looked into Kate's eyes. "That's right, Joe," he said. "That phoney banker topped them all."

Then, before Kate fully realized what had been said, he faded out again. She saw the look of guilt in Joe Rocco's face and ran to the dressing room door, but Eddie had been swallowed up in the backstage confusion. Then the orchestra out front began the overture to the second act, and Kate had to forget all about love and Eddie, had to force herself back into the world of musical make-believe.

How she got through it she did not know. She smiled and sang and danced across the stage light as a playful child, but always her eyes were searching through the theater for a face she could not find, and her heart was a cold lump of dough under her breast. Even when the final curtain fell, and Mr. Hammerstein came back to tell her that she was New York's new sensation, that now she had the town at her feet, it meant nothing to her. She wanted Eddie, she wanted to see him and touch him and tell him this success, all these cheering people meant nothing unless she had him beside her.

"An encore," Mr. Hammerstein insisted. "The audience will not go home. You must sing them at least one more song."

Kate let them push her out on the stage once more, but she knew she could not do it. Her heart was gone; she could not sing another note tonight. Perhaps she could never sing again, unless Eddie came back. When Joe Rocco signaled the curtain up, she just stood there in the spotlight, voiceless, helpless in front of all those applauding people.

Then through the pandemonium came a familiar bar of music, a lilting teasing air, faint as the forgotten fragrance of some old flower. Kate closed her eyes, trying to catch it more clearly, and suddenly her heart woke.

She looked down into the orchestra pit, and there he was, his fingers skipping impudently over the piano keys. He grinned at her and nodded toward the wings. There stood Mr. Hammerstein. There stood Joe. Both grinning like Cheshires.

Kate gave one swift adoring look down at Eddie gazing up at her from the pit, then lifted her head and heart and sang.

WIN $5.00 in WAR STAMPS

Personally, we think that our prize-winner for this month gives you a wonderful idea for combining business with pleasure. And it's important business! A couple of good headlines don't mean an ended war; more and more Bonds must be bought. What are YOU doing as your share? Tell us, and take your chance on winning $5 in War Stamps.

Every Sat. nite a local radio station here plays three hours of recorded music. The object? A Bop-Hop. The idea is to help bop *the enemy as you* hop. *Each week various clubs, and sometimes individuals, entertain. For music they tune in to this local station. Each guest, as well as the host or hostess, pays a twenty-five cent War Stamp. The stamps are then given to the Crippled Children's Clinic in the form of Bonds, with the understanding that they will not be cashed for twelve years. We're buying a huge amount of Bonds this way. Why couldn't "name bands" use the idea on a coast-to-coast hook-up, and let the entire United States have Bop-Hops?*

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GOOD NEWS

(*Continued from page 66*)

to level a gravel highway rutted by a recent rain. Both tractor and blade grader were prideful possessions of the County Highway Department and boasted a screaming paint job of vivid orange.

Abruptly fifty-pound sacks of sand began to fall on all sides of the tractor. The driver, looking up, saw a flight of bombers ten thousand feet above in the airy blue—all apparently bent on exterminating driver, tractor and grader.

There had been some slip-up, according to Ronnie, and no one had informed the county officials that the army paints all its bombing targets a bright orange. The bombardiers—at that distance—saw nothing but the color . . . and pulled the bomb release.

The driver left his equipment precisely where it had been when the bombardment started and hiked back to town. He hasn't been heard from since. Meanwhile, the county busied itself painting its highway machinery a nice inconspicuous brown.

Jibe Talk

Fan story of the month involves Veronica Lake. While she was in New York with ace publicity woman, Lyle Rook, she attended a theater. When she was on her way to the powder room to repair make-up after the filming, she happened to be separated from Lyle by the crowd. Two women, near Lyle, were idling in the lobby, and one of them glanced after Miss Lake with a disparaging sniff. "Wonder who she thinks *she* is," one woman jeered. "Veronica Lake, junior?"

To Let

Housing in Hollywood is a headache. Remember, a few months ago, when vast numbers of screen people were moving out of their big Beverly Hills mansions into apartments? Well, they take it back and swear they never did it. Ordinarily it is no trick to rent a charming home to some snow-weary tourist who wants to spend the winter in California, but those days are gone for the duration. There just aren't any renters.

So, Dorothy Lamour and her parents have moved back into their Beverly Hills home.

So has Claudette Colbert.

Olivia de Havilland has just finished furnishing the house she leased in Coldwater Canyon. In the house is an extra bedroom, prepared in a fashion to please Geraldine Fitzgerald. Livvy would like to have Geraldine and her youngster move in, considering the fact that Geraldine's husband—who was chief representative of the Irish Red Cross in this country—has been ordered back to Ireland.

To dispel once and for all those rumors about Joan Fontaine and Olivia not getting along, please note: the sisters, together, shopped for almost every item of furniture that went into the house.

Along with Olivia, to the new home, will go Alma, the famous. Alma has long been Olivia's half-time maid, and Alma is celebrated over Southern California for her tea sandwiches. She mixes water cress and cream cheese for one type of spread; blackberry jam and peanut butter for another; parsley, sweet butter and mashed sardines for another. It is to drool. You haven't lived until you've had tea at Olivia's.

Birth of the Bruise

So you still think working for pictures is idling in eiderdown? Comes now the case of Nancy Coleman. In "King's Row" she had a scene with Charles Coburn, who was her

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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

cinematic father, in which she got knocked flat. At the end of the day's shooting, she walked with a list to leeward and the look of liniment deep in her eye.

Next, she was cast in "Dangerously They Live" in which Raymond Massey, as a psychiatrist, had to slap her vigorously.

Now she's working in "Edge of Darkness" in which Helmut Dantine grips her by each arm and bends her backward across a table on which there are such blunt instruments as inkwells, books and paper weights.

There once was a young girl named
Nancy.
With bruises both common and fancy.
She lost the decision
In every collision,
A heck of a wreck was poor Nancy.

Baby Talk . . .

Last week Alan Ladd handed his wife, Sue Carol, a small, tissue-wrapped package from the jeweler. When Sue, who loves surprise presents like a motorist loves his last five tires, opened the gift, she found a trick locket that unfolds into a three-leaf clover. In one leaf there was a tiny picture of Alan; in the second there was a picture of Sue, and in the third there was a picture of a blue cradle. When Ladd, junior, arrives this spring, his first picture will supplant the cradle.

Cornell Wilde and his wife will have a full cradle in January.

Michele Morgan and Bill Marshall aren't—as this goes to press—prospective parents, but notice this evidence of future intentions. Bill Porter, a publicity man at RKO, and his family were dining at a favorite rendezvous when Bill and Michele entered the other night. One of the Porter children is a heartbreaker with golden curls and violet eyes. She is just two. After Michele and her husband had told the junior miss a reluctant good-by and seated themselves in the next booth, Bill Marshall enjoined his wife, "See what can be accomplished in two years if you really try!"

Short Shots

The nicest thing about being a star is that you get to do the most fantastic things. Like riding an elephant, for instance. Name of rider: Ann Sheridan. Circumstance: the elephant was working in "Edge of Darkness." Length of ride: From Set 14 at Warners' to Set 7 where Director Lloyd Bacon was working. Further details: the elephant's trainer walked along beside him, guiding the pachyderm, while Ann sat on high, laughing her head off in anticipation of the expressions she was going to surprise when she charged onto the set.

She wasn't disappointed.

* * *

Guess who has mike fright? Ray Milland. Although he has made a good many radio appearances, he still turns green at the idea of facing that great unseen audience. (He should have lived in a Hollywood bungalow court.) Anyone as intelligent as Ray gets disgusted with himself for having a phobia, so Mr. Milland has deliberately agreed to make repeated air appearances. Recently he flew to New York just to work on a series of programs. He was air sick on the plane, too.

* * *

Ida Lupino, working in "Devotion," the story of the Bronte sisters, has her first screen opportunity to be beautiful. Ordinarily, when Ida shows up in the Green Room at Warner Brothers she "looks like something shot out of a cannon after having been whipped by an egg beater," as one studio wit said. When she came in for luncheon the other day, she was wearing a gorgeous tight-waisted velvet gown and a mass of curls. Bogart, de Havilland, director Irving Rapper, Paul Henreid and half a dozen others arose to ask in planned chorus, "Who is that bee-u-tiful girl?"

* * *

Fred Astaire wanted Joan Leslie to dance with him in "Holiday Inn," but other picture commitments interfered—also state regulations about how long she could work per day. But Fred didn't forget his desire to dance with her, and when "Look Out Below" was scheduled, he saw to it that she was tested for the part opposite him. "For crawling under the house," moaned Joan, "look at me! I still haven't lost my baby fat, and now I've got bands on my teeth. Everything happens to me." She made the test anyhow, and it came out fine. But for laughs, you should see Joan mimic herself trying to talk to Fred Astaire, trying to laugh and be too, too gay—without showing her teeth.

* * *

Bette Davis had a rocky month during November. She couldn't seem to get rid of her cold; she was spending vast amounts of the celebrated Davis energy on the Canteen; she was disappointed in the turn of events influencing the filming of "Old Acquaintance." Some of you will remember that Bette Davis was teamed with Franchot Tone when she worked in "Dangerous" which snared the Academy Award for her. She is convinced that Franchot Tone is one of the most sensitive of actors on the screen today, and she wanted him for her opposite part in "Old Acquaintance." All arrangements were made, and Franchot was set for the part when the government announced the $25,000 ceiling. Tone was still willing to make the picture if his total salary—which he couldn't draw—would be turned over, intact, to charity. There seemed to be some red tape attached to this, so Mr. Tone simply withdrew from the cast. Later, when the ceiling was announced for 1943, instead of 1942, it was too late for Franchot to return to the part. John Loder was the lucky winner. Bette has worked with him before, and she is very fond of him, but she *did* want to commemorate "Dangerous."

* * *

Deanna Durbin has long wanted to go to England to sing for the soldiers, but such trips have to be arranged with a good deal

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In his own case, he was brought back to splendid health. He acquired wealth, too, as well as world-wide professional recognition. Thirty years ago, he was sick as a man could be and live. Once his coffin was bought. Years of almost continuous tropical fevers, broken bones, near blindness, privation and danger had made a human wreck of him, physically and mentally.

He was about to be sent back to England to die, when a strange message came—"They are waiting for you in Tibet." He wants to tell the whole world what he learned there, under the guidance of the greatest mystic he ever encountered during his twenty-one years in the Far East. He wants everyone to experience the greater health and the Power, which there came to him.

Within ten years, he was able to retire to this country with a fortune. He had been honored by fellowships in the World's leading Geographical Societies, for his work as a geographer. And today, 30 years later, he is still so athletic, capable of so much work, so young in appearance, it is hard to believe he has lived so long.

As a first step in their progress toward the Power that Knowledge gives, Mr. Dingle wants to send the readers of this notice a 9,000-word treatise. It is free. For your free copy, send your name and address to the Institute of Mentalphysics, 213 South Hobart Blvd., Dept. E70 Los Angeles, Calif. Write promptly.

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BUY WAR BONDS

GOOD NEWS (Continued)

of secrecy and rather far in advance. She's foiled for the time being, because as soon as she finishes "Forever Yours" the studio has "Three Smart Girls Join Up" scheduled.

* * *

Dennis Morgan is the character who went up and down the lanes of Hollywood, wringing his hands and begging to be allowed to sing—remember? Finally, Warners' acceded to his request and cast him in "The Desert Song." He had recordings made of each of his songs and took them home to Lillian. The next day he continued with recordings for the picture. Ditto the next, and likewise the next. *That* night, he was slated to do bus boy service at the Canteen, and—remembering Dennis' yen for song—several persons INSISTED that he sing for the soldiers. Which he did. They wouldn't let him shush; they called for more.

Many choruses later, Dennis went home. Lillian was waiting for him. "Honey," she said, "your mother brought over a new piece of sheet music today. Wouldn't you like to run through it?"

His answer persuaded Mrs. Morgan that sometimes husbands are very difficult to understand. Imagine Dennis *not* wanting to sing!

* * *

Quotables From Notables

Bette Davis and her husband, Arthur Farnsworth, were driving to Victorville, a resort approximately 150 miles east of Los Angeles. Dutifully they observed the 35 mile speed limit, turtling along over interminable California highway. Suddenly Bette turned to her husband and smiled. "You know, Farny," she said, "a girl certainly has to be in love with a man to ride along with him at thirty-five miles an hour."

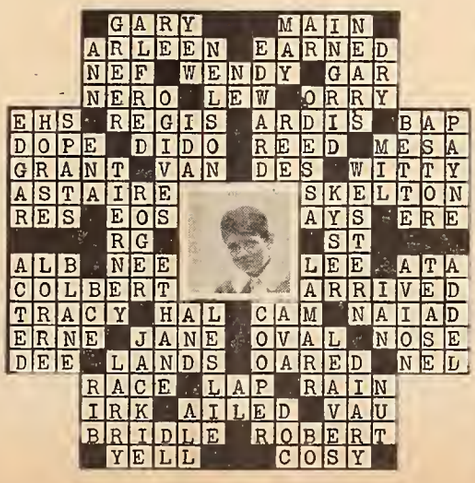
* * *

Walter Reed, dazzling young leading man at RKO, has just become a father. Shortly before the boy was born Walter and his wife went on a shopping expedition. In telling about it afterward, he told a friend, "We were down in the baby departments, buying bibs, rattles, bonnets, and diapers. You know—character make-up for a sub-juvenile."

* * *

The four Ameche boys are known as Donnie, Butch, Tommie and Slug. Recently, while Mrs. Ameche was entertaining guests, Tommie entered the room wearing an expression of intense hauteur. Said Tommie, aged 3, informing on his kid brother, aged 2, "You'd better come out here, Mother. Slug is being a drip again."

Solution To Puzzle on Page 78



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GENTLEMAN JOHNNY

(*Continued from page 47*)

In fact, he had banked pretty heavily on it. He had his gun-chums lined up, his duffle packed, the station wagon greased and the map marked for the High Sierras. Then someone told him about an extra worker in "Flying Tigers." He'd joined the army. He had orders to report in a few days. If "Flying Tigers" stretched out a week, that expectant soldier went into khaki without any vacation. But if he finished up quick—well, he'd have a week off with his folks and his girl. Right then was when John Wayne decided he didn't want to go hunting at all. He wanted to finish up that boy's work so he'd enter the war happy.

gentlemen's gentleman . . .

Somebody once said: "A gentleman is he who has consideration for others." I know offhand you wouldn't put rugged John Wayne on your top ten list of elegant Hollywood smoothies. He's no Boyer nor Colman nor William Powell. He isn't sophisticated, and his drawing room grace maybe isn't all it should be. "Duke" Wayne has a face as strong as the mountains crags he loves to hunt. He has shoulders like the Boulder Dam, a 215-pound six-foot frame that's all meat and muscle. He's from Iowa via the Mojave desert via USC. He's the daddy of four prize darlings instead of "daddy" to a flock of Hollywood cuties. A family man instead of a fop. His poise and polish aren't anything for the Charm Books.

But John Wayne has pals in Hollywood who will fight you at the drop of one word against him. That's because in their book—and mine, too—he's one of the greatest gentlemen in the movie game.

In these jittery times it's a distinct pleasure to point this out about a solid rock of a man's man who has been around Hollywood a good dozen years and some sixty-five pictures—and has kept his feet firmly on the ground through all of them. Hollywood has never changed Duke Morrison—not one milligram of *phonius balonius* has entered his red American bloodstream since the day he was picked off a studio swing gang and made a star.

Here's what I mean: Not long ago John traveled to Lawrence, Kansas, to appear with the opening of "Dark Command." In that midwestern home of the University of Kansas, the Republic press agents had an idea. It might be a good stunt if star John Wayne had a date with a Kansas U. sorority girl. If there's anything John shies away from it's publicity stunts—he's much too modest—but they finally talked him into it. A lucky sorority girl was chosen, and that evening John beaued her around Lawrence to the college hangouts, a shindig for the visiting actors and then to the picture's opening. There he had to desert his co-ed date to make an appearance on the stage. When he returned to his seat—she was gone.

"Campus rules," a college authority told him. "All sorority girls have to be in by eleven o'clock. She had to leave but said to thank you for a nice evening and please excuse her."

John was dismayed. He rushed out of the theater, grabbed a cab and pulled up at the sorority house door in time to catch the girl and tell her good night. When he got back to the Hollywood troupe, they asked him why he'd run off in such a sweat.

"I didn't want her to come home alone," said John. "Why, her sorority sisters might think I'd ditched her. Besides, I wouldn't have that girl think I was so rude as to let her get away without saying good night."

Now, that casual date—for publicity purposes only—meant absolutely nothing to John Wayne personally. There isn't a happier married man in Hollywood than John. But he's just the kind of guy who can't think of anyone's being hurt.

Maybe because John Wayne came up the straight, hard way in Hollywood is why none of Glamourland's artificiality has ever been able to stick to his big frame.

His story isn't new but it's worth telling: How Director Raoul Walsh, hunting a two-gun hero for "The Big Trail," caught John earning his cakes and coffee shifting furniture on a Hollywood set and had a great light smite him.

"Say, Bud," he called, not knowing John from Adam, "can you ride a horse?"

John didn't even grin. He was stunned. Could he ride a horse after all his kid years on a western ranch! He just nodded.

"Well, let your hair grow," counseled Walsh, "and we'll make a test." The test was it; John was in. It was as simple as that. And even though "The Big Trail" was probably Hollywood's major money flop of all time, costing millions and bringing back peanuts, it showed a few people around town a new face and one the American screen could use. Because what John Wayne is—not what he acts—is what registers when the camera bears down.

straight shooter . . .

What Wayne is is an honest, straight-shooting and utterly guileless species of Western *homo Americanus*. Marion Michael Morrison is half Scotch, half Irish, a very nice combine of ancestry for a he-man to start with, if you ask me. His dad ran a drug store in Winterset, Iowa. That's where Marion Mike was born. The Morrisons moved West early, though, to patch up his father's ailing health. They landed near Lancaster on the reaches of the Mojave desert and staked out a homestead. A Glendale drug store business brought them to town again. And John started growing up the typical way a big Southern California kid grows up.

He played high school football, and in the summers he packed ice or picked fruit around at the ranches. He never had much money, and he had to hustle. Because he was a big kid—six feet at sixteen—he had some college chances. Annapolis was John's ambition, but he got beat out there in a competitive exam. University of Southern California was next choice. He thought about mechanical engineering. But he thought more about football. He played a good college tackle—not All-American, but good. Soon they called him "Duke" Morrison, after an old-time famous gridster.

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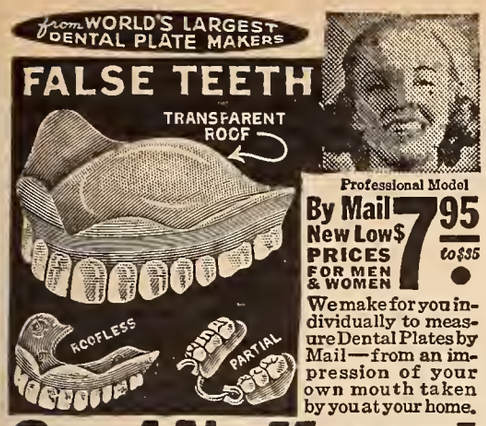

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mutual adoration society . . .

When the lightning struck John, he had only a couple of college seasons behind him. He hadn't been anywhere particularly, except one stowaway stab at Hawaii, which afflicts all Southern California rah-rahs before they graduate.

But, background or not, there was something there—the same something that smooths over John Wayne's dramatic shortcomings today and makes those who see him on the screen subconsciously say to themselves, "There's a man!"—and like saying it.

The same Lieut. Commander John Ford of Midway, who's a man's man himself from the word "Go," first saw it. Jack Ford and Duke Wayne have been pals since the day Ford heard that one of his scene shifters was a USC tackle working his way through school. Between scenes, Ford, who's always in for a little fun, called Duke over.

"Hear you're a prize tackle," he said. "Well, come on," he ragged, putting out a stiff arm, "let's see you do your stuff!"

Duke took a flying tackle that lifted his set boss in the air like a ten pin in a bowling alley. That might have sent a lowly grip to the cashier for his pink slip with any phoney director. But when John Ford picked himself up he was both a fan and a friend of Duke's. And he has been both of these ever since.

John Wayne will tell you today, "No matter what picture I make, I guess the director is John Ford." He means that Ford taught him all he knows about acting and is still his subconscious Svengali no matter who's in the canvas chair. No wonder. It was John Ford who first brought out what John Wayne had for Hollywood in "Stagecoach," and it was Ford who guided him to his greatest acting triumph in "Long Voyage Home." They've been on a hundred camping trips and sailing expeditions together. The friendship started long before John was any pumpkins in Hollywood, and it will probably persist as long as that pair of he-men live. Because there isn't a more loyal and honest friend in Hollywood than John Wayne. He has never palled up for political reasons. If he likes you, he likes you for keeps and that's that. You might land in jail—as some of John's friends have—but you are still John Wayne's friend if you ever were.

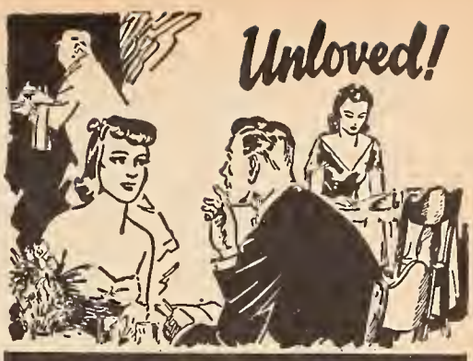
Today, for instance, John's best friends are mostly old friends. His off-studio buddies are largely old USC school and football teammates. Some make as much in a year as he does in a week, but that never enters the picture. Nor, on the lot,

QUIZ CLUES

(*Continued from page 98*)

Set 3

1. Engaged to Nick Condos
2. Hit the "road"
3. Tondeleyo
4. Sarong
5. Speaks French, too
6. Hey, Abbott!
7. Melanie
8. Eugenia
9. "Rebecca" haunted her
10. Rogue male
11. Sings well
12. Brenda and . . .
13. Eloped
14. "Dinner" guest
15. Call him "Dutch"
16. Anna Held
17. Random Harvest-ed
18. Once a stilt-walker
19. Garbo's compatriot
20. Army Air Corps



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has John forgotten that he, too, was a "Juicer" and a set handy man. He's always gassing with grips or props or little guys he likes. The size of their checks doesn't tag his friendships.

double trouble . . .

When they were making "Melody Ranch" at Republic, John moseyed over from his "Mesquiteers" set one day. They were shooting the action climax of the picture, a long shot scene where a street car piles into a brick building and knocks it down. One of those funny-looking studio street cars was lined up on a track, and standing at the wheel was a stunt man, dubbing for a certain star. John got to chinning with the stunter, whom he knew. The double said he needed some cigarettes, "Run over and buy some," offered John, "I'll stick here until you get back."

No sooner had the double departed than the director called for "Action!" The scene was shot, the car crashed into the brick wall and a rubble of brickdust and crashing plaster buried it. Out of the mess, to the company's huge surprise, stepped—not the stunt man—but John Wayne! He'd driven the car without a minute's hesitation, thinking his stunt man friend would be in a jam if he caused a delay. Miraculously John didn't have a scratch. "I always did want a ride in one of those things," he grinned to the pop-eyed director.

John himself has never used a double, although he has been chasing around in death-defying serials and slam-bang westerns a good half of his Hollywood career. He has absolutely no fear. In fact, a while back, just starting on "Reunion" at M-G-M, a strictly high class acting picture, Johnny confessed to his Republic pals, "Wish it was a Western. They're a lot more fun."

Fun to big John Wayne is action. He can have it in the mountains, out on the sea, riding a cow pony on the desert, or driving his station wagon Hell-bent for Mexico (before the rubber panic) with a brace of dogs in the back seat, guns and shells and a tested buddy, like his hunting companion today, Don "Red" Barry. Or he can have it at the Hollywood Athletic Club, sparring a few rounds with Red Barry or Ward Bond, a pal of his gridiron days who has done all right himself in Hollywood as a man's man.

When he made "The Spoilers," the big ox got going so fast and furiously that he knocked over and ruined two process screens setting back his studio $1500 apiece. He has sprained about every muscle in his body and slapped some bones out of joint making Westerns, but that only makes him feel good about his work. He's proud, too, that his kids are turning out to be chips off the old block.

The other day John brought his eldest son, Michael, on the Republic lot, and proudly exhibited him around to his pals. Reason: Mike had a lovely mouse, a shiner that glowed like a dark opal. "You should see the other kid!" boasted Papa Duke.

If I'm giving the impression that John Wayne is belligerent, however, let me hasten to fix that up. It is hard to get Big John really mad, despite his whipcord muscles, his ham-like hands (that once bowled over a steer). He's as gentle as a kitten by nature. But whenever any Hollywood falsity intrudes on his private life, then he speaks his piece and to the point.

I'm thinking of the time not long back that John's wife, Josephine, went to Reno with her sister. The sister got a divorce; then the pair traveled in Mexico a while. One Hollywood gossip merchant announced promptly that John's wife had left him, was getting a divorce. That, of course, is the perennial accusation that fastens on Hollywood's married couples like barnacles on a boat. Usually it is simply shrugged off. But the minute John read the absurd rumor, he stalked into the columnist's lair.

"Listen," he said, "I wish you'd get this and get it straight. My wife's not in Mexico for a divorce. If she were, I'd be down there on bended knees asking her to take me back. But she's not and you'd better say so!"

The gossiper took one look at John's face, reached for the typewriter and said so, pronto.

home, sweet home . . .

John Wayne's home is sacred to him. He doesn't allow any of the ballyhoo or bushwah of Hollywood to get near the front door. He lives on Highland Avenue, in the older residential section of Los Angeles. It was the house he and his wife, Jo, chose right after they were married. It's an Italian villa type, not new but comfortable, and furnished with wonderful antiques. They've never moved and probably won't. That's where their family has been born, and the place is full of memories.

John's wife was Josephine Saenz, daughter of the Panamanian Consul in Los Angeles. She is striking looking, dark, pretty and aristocratic. John knew she was for him forever when he first saw her. That was when she visited a set where he was shifting things around. They say he hung around the front door of her house for months just to get a glimpse of his dream girl. Even chased after her to Laguna and other resorts just to gaze! He didn't dare speak without an introduction; he's not the brash type. Finally he met her at a party, said what was in his heart, and pretty soon they were married—in Loretta Young's garden, by the way.

Through Josephine Saenz, John Wayne is now listed in the Los Angeles Social Register, as she was one of the local blue-bookers. That doesn't bother him too much, because he never thinks about it. A man like John Wayne is himself wherever he is and people respect that—in social circles or in a pup tent. Fortunately Mrs. Wayne is not only an ideal mother but a wife who gives her husband plenty of time with the boys, knowing his main interest is right at home.

looking forward . . .

He has no dreams of fame or mammoth success. He would like eventually to be a director to duck a bit of the necessary glamour of Hollywood. But John Wayne lives and works for five reasons: Their names, Jo, his wife, and the four beautiful kids, Michael, 7, Antonia, 6, Patrick 3 and

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Linda 1. Two boys, two girls. A family like that can make a rugged he-man like John Wayne soft as an old ice cream cone when family sentiment is concerned.

"The greatest day in my life," John confesses unashamed, "was when my boy, Michael, first called me 'Daddy.'" I know an actor who sat with John through the picture, "Penny Serenade," with Cary Grant and Irene Dunne. You'll remember it was a knockout tear-jerker about kids losing their families and families losing their kids. Said this man: "John bawled like a baby all through the picture. That guy is a sucker when it comes to kids!"

I hope I'm not making John Wayne out as a dull, straight man and plaster saint. It isn't that at all. He's as regular as an army sergeant. He likes to take a drink when he wants it, smokes cigarettes, is a sucker for fancy new ties, has his faults and weaknesses even as every human being. He likes jokes and fun like the next guy—but it's always clean, and often a Wayne joke will point a sly moral.

The other day on a picture in Hollywood a certain actor was popping off rather too loudly about what was wrong with this country and the people running it. The actor didn't mean anything by it, especially; he's a likeable chap, harmless and good-hearted, but a little loose-lipped.

John didn't say anything. But he got a couple of friends to play FBI operatives. They visited the set, walked away with the noisy actor and generally scared the living greasepaint off him. He returned silent—for the first time in weeks. John chuckled. The gag was just a gag to him. But at the same time the whole set silently applauded.

As for John Wayne and the War Effort, he's socking into War Bonds as much of that sugar as spills over from his family expenses. He's on deck for all the service benefits he can play, and whatever way his movie fame can be applied to the Big Push he's for it all the way. Besides, he recently bought a 1,000-acre ranch which he has offered to the government to raise whatever it wants. There's a silk worm project that may start there any day.

So far the army hasn't called John, and it may be a while before it does. A man of thirty-five heading a family of six has to think twice before leaving. Just the same, Big John Wayne is restless because, like I said, he's a man's man who thinks straight and believes in action. It's a dilemma for a family man and an American gentleman who wants to make a personal appearance in The Big Scrap.

"For the first time in my life," John confessed to a pal the other day, "I wish I didn't have my family obligations." When a devoted, family man like John Wayne says that you know he's upset. Maybe soon he'll find the right answer to that situation. Gentleman John Wayne always has found the right answers.

CO-ED

(*Continued from page 16*)

appendectomy in Room 202, and another who hooked a gorgeous complex fracture of the tibia. (Nurses never call patients Mr. Jones or Smith. They're always "the stunning arrested pneumonia in 61" or something equally grotesque.) Fortunately, most nursing schools have a fairly early curfew so that your family needn't worry too much about the mad pace.

Can you make any money? Yop. Hunks of it. R.N.'s are practically the most highly-paid females extant. They earn up to $75 a week plus maintenance on private duty and up to $6,000 a year as supervisors. If you prefer general hospital work—which gives you ever so much more freedom and leisure—the salary is usually $100-$150 monthly, plus room, board and laundry. If you live at home, the salary is slightly higher. Should you prefer a nine-to-five job, there are dozens of openings for industrial nurses in factories which pay up to $50 a week. Another heavenly thing, from a financial standpoint, about being a nurse is this. Your livelihood is assured just as long as you're spry enough to navigate. You can retire, marry a dream-man and have one dozen kids. Then if home life palls, you can take a brush-up course and hop back into uniform again.

potential whitecaps . . .

Now for a gander at what you have to have to get into nursing school. You must be at least a high school graduate. Some schools which are part of universities want a year or two of college, and two schools have a college degree as an entrance requirement. For the most part, though, the little old high school diploma goes and a good scholastic record. You must produce proof from your doctor that your health is but perfect. This includes all phases—dental, mental and what have you. No personality check-up is given, but there are a few qualities you'd do well to take along. A sense of humor is indispensable, and friendliness, sympathy and gentleness are rather nice, too. Neatness, efficiency and all those grim virtues are helpful, but they needn't be innate. You can acquire them en route. A lack of squeamishness, which is really nothing more than a kind of detachment, can also be developed, we've been told. The wherewithal, naturally, is another item. Tuition for the three years' basic training usually ranges from $50 to $200. If you really want to splurge and guarantee yourself a beautiful job, there's the Yale School of Nursing at $1,000.

At some state universities, maintenance and tuition are on the house, and you need only stake yourself to books (about $30 for second-hand ones for the three years) and uniforms (around $50. You need six of them a year, and they're under $3.)

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. . . For wear with uniform or evening dress. The English woman's complexion idea is best for wartime

THE "MADE-UP" LOOK is out. "Fresh" beauty is the thing. English women achieve it with ENGLISH TINT . . . American women find Princess Pat ENGLISH TINT ROUGE is the one rouge that gives a naturally alert look in either uniform or civilian clothes. It's just the "right" color. Nothing else is like it—or even close. Ask for Princess Pat English Tint Rouge, English Tint Lipstick or English Tint Liquid Liptone (the new absolutely smear-proof liquid lipstick) to match.

PRINCESS PAT
English Tint Rouge and Lip Color

New 11-Minute Home Shampoo Specially Made for Blondes—Washes Hair Shades Lighter Safely

This new special shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening — brightens faded blonde hair. Not a liquid, it is a fragrant powder that quickly makes a rich cleansing lather. Instantly removes the dingy, dust-laden film that makes blonde hair dark, old-looking. Called Blondex, it takes but 11 minutes for a glorious shampoo that you can do at home. Gives hair attractive luster and highlights — keeps that just-shampooed look for a whole week. Safe, fine for children's hair. Sold at 10c, drug and department stores.

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Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable*, are wonderful! Used successfully for over 20 years by Dr. F. M. Edwards in treating patients for constipation and sluggish liver bile, today Olive Tablets are justly the choice of thousands upon thousands of grateful users. Test their goodness TONIGHT! Follow label directions. 15¢, 30¢, 60¢.

NEW SOAP *Clears Skin*

Ugly pimples, blemishes and itching skin rashes, impetigo, ringworm, eczema, externally caused, often quickly relieved by new medicated TALLY SOAP. *Tally Soap* must show as much as 50% improvement or money back. Ask for Tally Soap at chain, drug and department stores everywhere. TALLY SOAP CO., 207 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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Practical nurses are always needed! Learn at home in your spare time as thousands of men and women —18 to 60 years of age—have done through CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING. Easy-to-understand lessons, endorsed by physicians. One graduate has charge of 10-bed hospital. Nurse Cromer, of Iowa, now runs her own nursing home. Others prefer to earn $2.50 to $5.00 a day in private practice.

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Mrs. B. C., of Texas, earned $474.25 while taking course. Mrs. S. E. P. started on her first case after her 7th lesson; in 14 months she earned $1900! You, too, can earn good money, make new friends. High school not necessary. Easy payments. Equipment included. 44th year. Send coupon now!

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Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

Name_____ Age_____
City_____ State_____

summer, Congress appropriated $3,500,000 to encourage girls to become nurses. The lion's share of this has gone into scholarships at approved nursing schools, which means that if you're otherwise okay, an empty piggie bank needn't hold you back.

The best way to discover which school is for you, is to go to your high school guidance bureau or the Public libe and browse through the catalogues. Have some idea of what you're after in the way of tuition, location, etc., and choose one whose rules and regulations won't be too impossible for you to live by. For instance, some schools allow but one week-end leave a semester. Don't get involved there if you're a prom-trotter. Some give very short vacations. (Nursing classes stop for the summer, but hospital work goes on and on, you know.) So if you wilt in the heat, be sure to pick a school that gives at least a month for recuperation. If you're terrifically athletic, select a school with a good gym, tennis courts and swimming pool. However, don't make the tragic error of enrolling in a divinely country clubby proposition, only to discover it's not on the approved list of the American College of Surgeons or the American Medical Association. There are 237 of these unapproved schools, and not one of their graduates is eligible for membership in the American Red Cross Reserves or for any really superb Federal nursing job. You can get a list of the approved schools by writing to the American Nursing Association at 1790 Broadway, New York City. And incidentally they have some fascinating pamphlets outlining dozens of nursing careers.

So come on, little jitterbugs. Won't you let Uncle Sam harness some of that priceless energy of yours for a pretty grand cause? You'll be doing one of the noblest jobs in the world, and say! We bet you'll look awfully beautiful in white.

HOW TO USE MAKE-UP

(*Continued from page 43*)

forehead, and up to the hair line and to the ears.

Powder Policies

How to Choose—Do you periodically check your face powder shade? Skin shades change when the winter winds blow just as they do when the summer sun blazes. Outdoor exercise, indoor occupations and certain physiological causes tend to make your skin become lighter or darker. For best effect, your face powder should be a shade deeper than your skin tone, and it may have a richer, pinker cast to brighten your skin but, as with make-up base, it should be a fairly close match.

Putting it on—There is only one right way to use face powder. A clean, extra-soft puff should be generously covered with powder, patted well over the face, throat and back of neck, and the excess smoothed off with the edge of the puff or a fresh wad of cotton.

Red-Readiness

Choosing Lipstick and Rouge—You know there are three tones of red—orange, blue, and pure red-red. Do you know which is for you? The best way to find out is to experiment with small sizes, but a few generalities will help you. If you have blonde or red-gold hair and a yellowish under-tone to your skin, orange-hued lipstick and rouge are probably your best choice. If your hair is dark and your skin has a blue tone to it, wine or purplish lipstick and rouge are most likely to do most for you. If you're the typical All-American girl, average skin and medium hair, a safe color accent for you is a bright, true red.

Application—Rouge comes in cream, cake and stick form. Try using cream or stick for home make-ups, and cake for touch-ups. Cream rouge should be dotted over the cheeks on top of the foundation, and blended into a smooth, even layer. If your face is too broad, start the rouge on the cheek below the center of the eye. If your face is too narrow, bring the color nearer the nose.

If you want clear, neat liplines, draw them with a lipstick brush. Or a paint brush out of your kid sister's water-color set. Then fill in the outline with your lipstick. Set the pattern by pressing facial tissue firmly between your lips.

Eyes Right

Equipment—To put mysterious glints and sparkling lights in your eyes you need mascara, eye shadow and eyebrow crayon. Black mascara if your hair is dark, brown if it's light. Same for eyebrow crayon. Eye shadow shade is a matter of personal preference and the color of your eyes. Green is lovely with hazel, blue or brown eyes; blue and gray shadow are for hazel or blue eyes; brown and the mauve shades are good with hazel or brown eyes.

Procedure—Put your mascara on first. Clean the brush, have it dripping with warm water, rub it over the mascara. Brush the color on from inside the lashes towards the tips. Then smooth the eye shadow on the upper lid, fading it imperceptibly towards the brow. To make close set eyes look farther apart, start the eye shadow above the center of the eye. Eyes that are too far apart may be made to look closer together by shadowing them more heavily on the inner corners and very lightly towards the outer. If your brows are scanty or too short in length, fill in the missing hairs with a brow pencil. Use short, straight strokes, to simulate actual hairlines.

Follow the rules! You'll soon rival the brothers Westmore as a real make-up artist, and your own pretty puss will be a generous reward for your patience.

QUIZ ANSWERS

(*Continued from page 89*)

1. Martha Raye
2. Bing Crosby
3. Hedy Lamarr
4. Dottie Lamour
5. Ty Power
6. Lou Costello
7. Olivia DeHavilland
8. Jinx Falkenburg
9. Joan Fontaine
10. John Carroll
11. Gene Raymond
12. Cobina Wright, Jr.
13. Lana Turner
14. Monty Woolley
15. Ronald Reagan
16. Luise Rainer
17. Ronald Colman
18. Cary Grant
19. Ingrid Bergman
20. Clark Gable

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What About That Boy In The Service? Yes, what about that sweetheart, brother or son in Uncle Sam's forces? Think how he'd cherish a beautiful enlargement of his loved ones — and think how much you will enjoy a studio-quality picture of *him!* And think how much more pleasure you'll get from an artistic, natural *colored* enlargement!

Here's What To Do — Just mail the coupon to us today . . . or a letter giving name, address, and color of hair, eyes and clothing. Include all information. Also send 10c to cover cost of mailing. Your original snapshot or negative will be returned with your FREE 5 x 7 enlargement! That's all there is to it! Act now! Offer limited to U.S.

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CITY _____ STATE _____ COLOR CLOTHING _____

Try this Bride's Beauty Secret...

go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

This thrilling beauty care, based on skin specialists' advice, is praised by lovely brides!

HER thrilling story may soon be yours! First, a lovelier complexion! Then, riendly compliments . . . admiring lances saying you are oh-so-lovely!

"The Camay Mild-Soap Diet is just vonderful," says this beautiful bride, Mrs. Gover. "It has done so much for my omplexion that now friends even ask or my beauty secret."

Proved Milder by Actual Tests!

The Camay Mild-Soap Diet can make a hrilling difference! For, without knowng it, you may be letting improper cleansng dull your skin, as so many women do. Or you may be using a soap that isn't as nild as a beauty soap should be.

Skin specialists themselves advise a egular cleansing routine with a fine nild soap! And Camay is not just *mild*—t's *milder*—actually milder than dozens of other popular beauty soaps we tested. That's why we say, "Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet tonight."

From the very first treatment you'll notice how fresh it makes your skin feel —how much more *alive!* Be faithful—nd in a few short weeks, new loveliness nay make pretty compliments an everyday occurrence in your life!

GO ON THE CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET TONIGHT!

Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water, then thirty seconds of cold splashings.

Next morning, one more quick session with this milder Camay and your face is ready for make-up. *Regular* cleansing reveals the full benefit of Camay's mildness.

This lovely bride, Mrs. J. D. Gover of Va Stream, N. Y., says: "I'd been on the Camay M Soap Diet only a short time when friends bega compliment me and beg for my beauty secret.

Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

FOR 30 DAYS . . . LET NO OTHER SOAP TOUCH YOUR SKIN!

MODERN SCREEN

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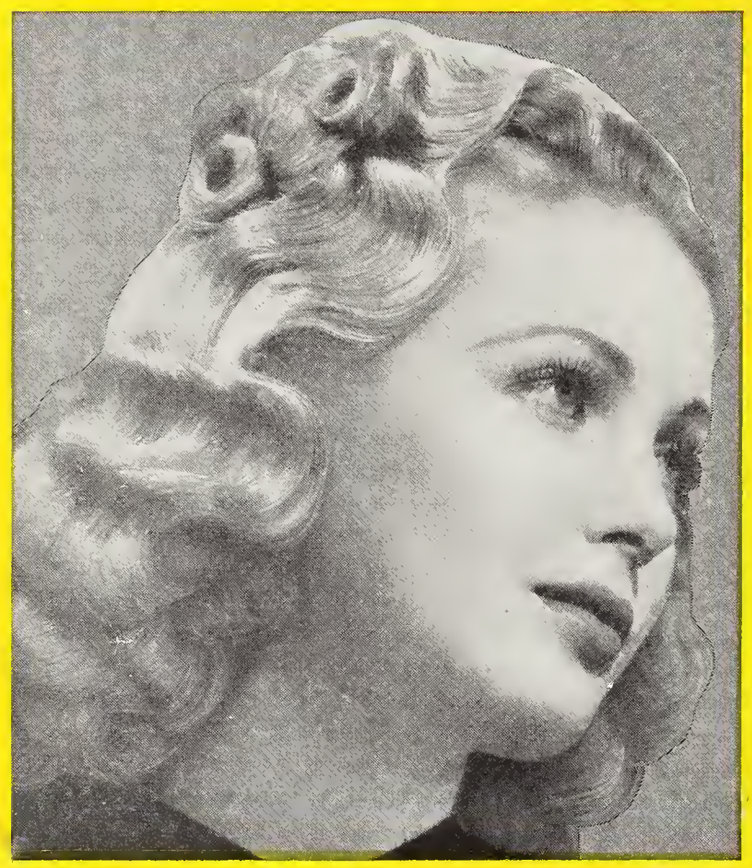
RITA HAYWORTH

RONNIE REAGAN'S *Life Story*

Charm-Kurl PERMANENT WAVE

COMPLETE HOME KIT *Only* 59¢



JUNE LANG Glamorous movie star, praises Charm-Kurl. This actual photograph shows her gorgeous Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave.

SO EASY EVEN A CHILD CAN DO IT

Charm-Kurl is easy and safe to use; no experience required; contains no harmful chemicals or ammonia; requires no machines or dryers, heat or electricity. Desirable for both women and children.

USERS *Praise* IT

Here are excerpts from just a few of the many letters of praise received from Charm-Kurl users:

GIVES NATURAL WAVE

"I've been a user of Charm-Kurl for some time. I like it very much. It gives me a nice, natural wave." Mrs. B. Maina, Ill.

LASTED 9 MONTHS

"I have used Charm-Kurl before and it is really wonderful. My last Charm-Kurl permanent lasted nine months and my hair is still very curly. I wouldn't change a Charm-Kurl permanent for a ten dollar permanent." Miss Ruth Henry, Ohio.

MAKES HAIR LOOK NATURAL CURLY

"I would ten times rather have a Charm-Kurl permanent because it makes your hair look like natural curly, and soft." Carolyn Fleet, Penn

CHARM-KURL IS WONDERFUL

"I am sending for my Charm-Kurl kit. I have already bought one and I think Charm-Kurl is wonderful." Miss Betty Johnson, Ohio.

PERMANENT FAR ABOVE EXPECTATIONS

"The permanent which I gave my little girl was far above expectations and her hair which is soft and fine was not harmed in the least but looked like a natural wave." Mrs. W. E. Williams, Maryland.

THRILLED WITH CHARM-KURL

"I have tried the Charm-Kurl and was greatly thrilled with its results." Phyllis Schwensen, Neb.

DELIGHTED WITH RESULTS

"I am more than delighted with the results of my Charm-Kurl permanent. It is soft and fluffy, and it was the most 'painless' permanent I ever had." Mrs. W. J. Stites, Utah.

PRETTIEST PERMANENT I EVER HAD

"I was delighted with my Charm-Kurl permanent. It left my hair soft and lovely and gave me the prettiest permanent I've ever had regardless of the cost." Miss Betty Moultrop, Washington.

FAY McKENZIE starring in "Remember Pearl Harbor," a Republic Production, is delighted with her lovely Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave, pictured above.

EACH KIT CONTAINS 40 CURLERS SHAMPOO & WAVE SET also included

There is nothing else to buy. Shampoo and wave set are included in each Charm-Kurl Kit. With Charm-Kurl it is easy to give yourself a thrilling, machineless permanent wave in the privacy of your own home that should last as long as any professional permanent wave. You do not have to have any experience in waving hair. Just follow the simple instructions.

MAKE THIS NO-RISK TEST

Prove to yourself as thousands of others have done, without risking one penny, that you, too, can give yourself a thrilling permanent at home the Charm-Kurl way. Just follow the simple, easy directions and after your permanent wave is in, let your mirror and your friends be the judge. If you do not honestly feel that your Charm-Kurl permanent is the equal of any permanent you may have paid up to $5.00 for, you get your money back.

FREE up to $1.00 WORTH OF WAVE SET

In addition to the wave set included with the kit, you will receive with each kit an extra supply, sufficient for 16 oz. of the finest quality wave set that would ordinarily cost up to $1.00 . . . enough for up to 12 to 16 hair sets.

SEND NO MONEY

Just fill in coupon below. Don't send a penny. Your complete Charm-Kurl Home Permanent Wave Kit will be rushed to you. On arrival deposit 59c plus postage (or $1.00 plus postage for two kits) with your postman with the understanding if you are not thrilled and delighted with results, your money will be cheerfully refunded on request. We pay postage if remittance is enclosed with order. You have nothing to risk and a beautiful permanent to gain so take advantage of this special offer. Send today!

Charm-Kurl Co., Dept. 354, 2459 University Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

MAIL THIS NO-RISK TEST COUPON TODAY

Charm-Kurl Co., Dept. 354, 2459 University Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

You may send me a Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave Kit complete with 40 Curlers, Shampoo and Wave set. On arrival I will deposit 59c plus postage with my postman, with the understanding that if for any reason I am not satisfied, you guarantee to refund the purchase price immediately. I am to receive FREE with each kit an extra supply of material, sufficient for 16 oz. of wave set.
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Ilona Massey in "FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN"

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

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2...it creates a satin-smooth make-up
3...it clings perfectly...really stays on

YOU'LL note a wonderful change the first time you make up with this famous face powder. You'll see how the Color Harmony shade created by *Max Factor Hollywood* for your type... whether blonde or brunette, brownette or redhead...gives new attraction, new appeal to your beauty by giving your skin a lovelier, more youthful color tone. You'll note how the superfine texture creates a soft, satin-smooth make-up. And you'll be thrilled with the unusual clinging quality that keeps your make-up looking lovely for hours. Try *Max Factor Hollywood* Face Powder today... make a new beauty discovery!..One dollar.

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..FACE POWDER, ROUGE AND TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month — The greatest star of the screen!

When "Cabin In The Sky" was playing Broadway a couple of years ago, we went to the Martin Beck three or four times to hear the cello-voiced Ethel Waters singing "Taking a Chance on Love" and all the other melodies by Vernon Duke.

★ ★ ★ ★

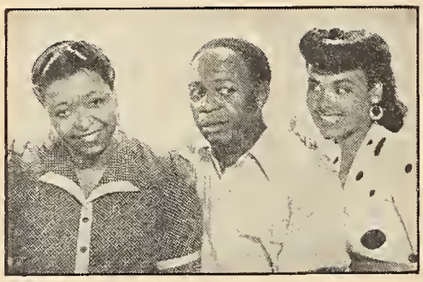
Here was a musical play with a real plot, a touch of poetry, too. What a film it will make, we said to ourselves, lion to lion.

★ ★ ★ ★

And now Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is getting set to release "Cabin", happy in the knowledge that preview reports have branded it "a honey", "a dream" and just plain "excellent."

★ ★ ★ ★

M-G-M rules the raves.



The trio of star entertainers heading the cast are Ethel Waters, Eddie "Rochester" Anderson and Lena Horne.

★ ★ ★ ★

Lena is a find. She is destined to become another Florence Mills.

★ ★ ★ ★

Nor must we fail to tell about Louis Armstrong, Rex Ingram, Duke Ellington and his orchestra, The Hall Johnson choir. They're all there in "Cabin In The Sky".

★ ★ ★ ★

It's another excellent musical production by Arthur Freed. The screenplay is by Joseph Schrank. It is the first film that has been directed by the talented artist Vincente Minnelli and he is to be congratulated.

★ ★ ★ ★

A few additional numbers appear in the film by Harold Arlen and E. Y. Harburg. One in particular is entitled "Happiness is a Thing Called Joe."

★ ★ ★ ★

No more paragraphs on "Cabin" for the moment. Turning to other films, we recommend emphatically the current Spencer Tracy-Katharine Hepburn "Keeper of The Flame".

★ ★ ★ ★

If you liked "Mrs. Miniver" and "Random Harvest", you will recognize the same M-G-M touch in this adaptation of the novel by I. A. R. Wylie.

★ ★ ★

How are the New Year's resolutions coming?

★ ★ ★

Well, they were too tough at that.

—Leo

MODERN SCREEN

STORIES

RONALD REAGAN
You love the grown-up Ronnie? Wait till you read about him as a kid 26

MISS TERRIFIC!
Ask Raft, her mom, kid cousin, the football contingent; they'll tell you Betty Grable's a reg'lar gal slightly on the super side! 34

ROGUE MALE
He broods . . . snaps . . . reverses like a Georgia back. No wonder John Carroll's the biggest question mark in Hollywood 38

"HELLO, FRISCO, HELLO"
A lusty legend of wide-open Frisco . . . with Johnny Payne and Alice Faye finding success and losing each other, until 40

JOHNNY PAYNE—BOND SALESMAN
Singing himself hoarse, clopping his size 12's around to music, selling the shirt off his back, that was part of a terrific job for Uncle Sam 42

SPEAKING OF FLYNN . . .
MODERN SCREEN'S *cameraman follows Errol Flynn to work one day . . . and snags a fistful of newsy candids* 46

HE WANTED WINGS
And how he wanted 'em! Those six weary months of waiting were tougher for Bob Sterling than any night raid over enemy territory will ever be! 48

KID SISTER EILEEN
Believe it or not, Janet Blair was the homeliest kid in Altoona, with pudgy cheeks and braces on her teeth 61

VIENNESE KNIGHT
Helmut Dantine escaped from a Nazi concentration camp to tell MODERN SCREEN *his fantastic story* 66

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John Payne, *Appearing in 20th-Fox's "Hello, Frisco, Hello"* 62
Susan Hayward, *Appearing in Par.'s "Star Spangled Rhythm"* 63

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COVER: Rita Hayworth, appearing in Col.'s "My Client Curley." Valentine, courtesy Narcrass Greeting Card Co.

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Look what's on the entertainment horizon! Broadway's big fun-jammed musical show is on the screen at last! Crowded with stars —and songs—and spectacle—in the famed M-G-M manner!
CABIN IN THE SKY
starring
Ethel WATERS · EDDIE (ROCHESTER) ANDERSON · Lena HORNE
famed singer of torch songs!
at his funniest yet
screen's new gorgeous song bird!
with LOUIS ARMSTRONG · REX INGRAM
DUKE ELLINGTON AND HIS ORCHESTRA
THE HALL JOHNSON CHOIR
Screen Play by Joseph Schrank · Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI
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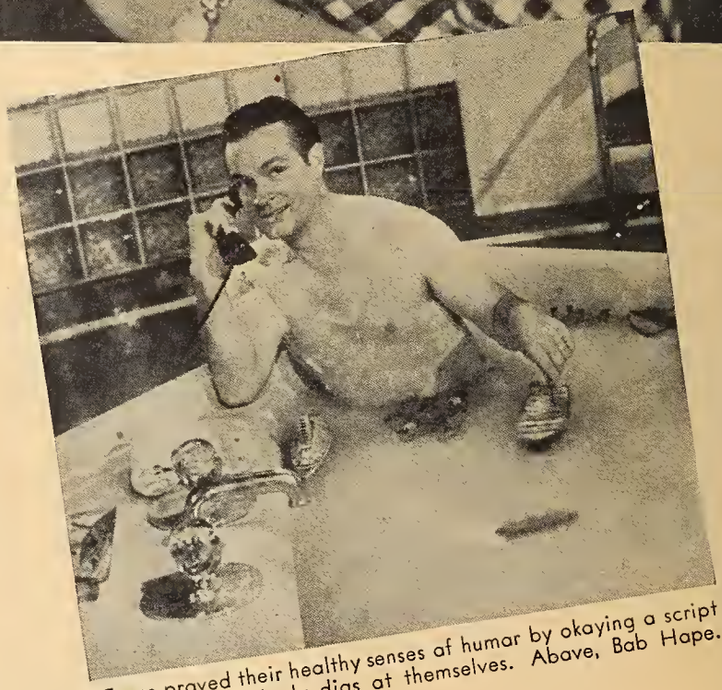
DUKE ELLINGTON AND HIS FAMOUS ORCHESTRA MAKE THE SCREEN SHAKE WITH RHYTHM!
HEAVENLY MUSIC TO LIFT YOU TO THE SKIES!
"Cabin in the Sky", "Taking a Chance on Love", "Happiness is a Thing Called Joe", "Life's Full O' Consequence", "Li'l Black Sheep", "Honey in the Honeycomb", and more honeys

Bing Crosby and eldest son Gary both were smacked by Betty Hutton in the pic. Bing enjoyed the sensation, but son found it the only unsavory part of his screen debut!



Execs proved their healthy senses of humor by okaying a script jam-packed with sly digs at themselves. Above, Bob Hope.

MOVIE REVIEWS

By Zachary Gold

STAR SPANGLED RHYTHM

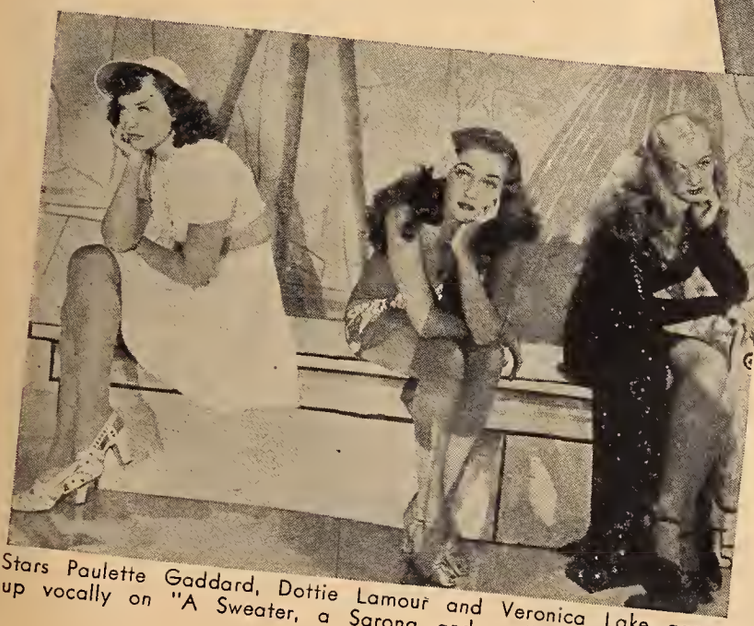
• In the days when I wore knickers and a haircomb that featured a single, stubborn cowlick, the feature of the parties I attended was the grab-bag. This was a large and rather mysterious box brimful with gifts large and small, simple and ornate, with a few ridiculous objects such as a diaper or a clothespin thrown in just for the laughs; I always got the diaper. Ever since I have been somewhat leery of grab-bags.

But "Star Spangled Rhythm" is the grab-bag to end them all. Everybody on the Paramount lot is wrapped up in this package; and when I say everybody, I mean just that. Paulette Goddard comes neatly boxed with Dorothy Lamour and Veronica Lake; Bob Hope and Bing Crosby have tough competition in little Gary Crosby, Bing's son; Fred MacMurray, Franchot Tone and Ray Milland take turns; Mary Martin, Dick Powell, Alan Ladd, Rochester, Victor Moore, Betty Hutton, Eddie Bracken, Walter Abel—And when they run out of actors, they throw in a couple of directors to take up the lag; Cecil B. DeMille and Preston Sturges speak their lines just like the common or garden variety actors. See below for more details.

Of course, with such a huge cast you don't get very much of anyone in particular. It's more like vaudeville; each of the stars comes on to do a turn and then bows out at the wings. And just like vaudeville some of the turns are longer than others; and just like the grab-bag some of them, unfortunately, are diapers or clothespins. But, (*Continued on following page*)

Par. put two rising stars, Macdonald Carey and Alan Ladd in "Finole."

Rachester's dancing partner, Katherine Dunham, holds an M. A. degree.



Stars Paulette Gaddard, Dottie Lamour and Veronica Lake gang up vocally on "A Sweater, a Sarong and a Peek-a-boo Bang."

Vic Moore (gateman) writes his sailor boy that he's a studio boss. When the ship docks, he and Hutton are caught in a web of lies!

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then, you don't have to like all of it; there's enough for everybody. Just leave me Paulette Goddard.

The story, and there's a good deal of it, I warn you, has to do with a sailor (Eddie Bracken) who comes back to the States believing that his father has been made head of the studio. What's more natural, in that case, than that he invite his buddies to come along and pick out a couple of Paramount nifties for their dates? His father (Victor Moore) is really something less than president; he's gateman in charge of Gate No. 9 and, considering the fact that Paulette, Dorothy and Veronica come rolling through regularly, he hasn't such a bad job after all. But with son coming down for the day, he's in a bad fix until an enterprising switchboard girl (Betty Hutton) fixes things up so that he can act the big shot when his son arrives. It's not as hard as it seems, for as Vice-President in charge of production all he has to do is say "It stinks" whenever an idea is suggested to him. From that point on, the picture becomes a tour of the Paramount lot and a showcase for the talent.

Just reaching in blindly, here are a few examples of what you'll get: Mary Martin and Dick Powell do a pleasant song number, set on one of those super-duper streamliner trains. They're backed up by the Golden Gate Quartette, four Negro singers whose harmony and sense of rhythm are something to hear.

Franchot Tone, Ray Milland, Fred MacMurray and Lynne Overman team up in the old musical comedy skit called, "If Men Played Poker The Way Women Do." This finds the boys discussing the latest hat styles, rubbing their fingers along table edges to see if there's any dust around and peeking at each other's cards. Hilarious stuff.

Veronica Lake, Paulette Goddard and Dorothy Lamour bemoan their fates in a woeful trio; they're destined, so they sing, to sweaters (Paulette), sarongs (Dorothy) and peek-a-boo bangs (Veronica). They're immediately followed by Arthur Treacher, Walter Catlett and Sterling Hollaway who do a brisk burlesque of the same number.

Bob Hope, besides m.c.-ing most of the show, has a funny comedy skit for himself; Jerry Colonna appears in this one. Rochester, in the zootiest of zoot suits, is the principal figure in a Harlem fantasy; a couple of acres of chorus girls appear in a production number entitled Swing Shift; Bing Crosby chants the Finale which is something like Ballad For Americans but isn't. Tucked away also is a ballet number by Vera Zorina, a few minutes of square dancing, a weird bit by two acrobats and what appears to be Bob Hope's brother. If you're interested in how the directors make out in this actor's extravaganza, here's the meat of Preston Sturges' role: an executive comes breathlessly up to him and moans, "Something unfortunate has just happened to me." Mr. Sturges says (admirably, I may add), "Good."

There's more, of course, but I'm rapidly running out of the space to list them. But before I do, here's a kind word for Betty Hutton who is blonde, beautiful and vivacious and who, if she can rid herself of her zany instincts, would be a very charming actress. "Star Spangled Rhythm," just by virtue of that enormous cast, is any movie fan's meat; see it before it's rationed.—*Par.*

P. S.

Everything and everybody at Paramount was used for this one. Even the famous studio gates were put to work. The portals were uprooted, moved 500 yards north and photographed on an inside street to avoid traffic tie-ups.

The story kids studio production chiefs, uses thinly-veiled variations of their names. (Script tags:—Mr. Freemont, B. G. De Soto; Real-life counterparts:—Y. Frank Freeman, Buddy DeSylva.)

Cecil B. De Mille did his scenes in his traditional riding outfit, added gags to his part of the script, refused to wear make-up or use the services of a stand-in. Didn't fluff his lines once, but scared the dialogue out of Betty Hutton during one of his white-rage speeches. After they did the take over, De Mille told her: "Don't be frightened. I've been doing this scare act for 30 years."

Bob Hope's brother, Jack, made his first film appearance wandering into a scene carrying fan mail. Jack kept adding more letters to the stack at each rehearsal, till Bob stopped him with, "Stop trying to build up your part, Jackson."

Hope's sequences weren't filmed until he returned from his Alaskan army camp tour. Dressed in his costume (white dressing robe, black derby) he and his writers dreamed up five different endings to the scene between takes. Preview audiences were asked to judge which one was best, recommended all of them be left in.

Dance Dept. All Zorina's numbers were created by husband George Balanchine . . . Katherine Dunham, who dances with Rochester and Slim and Slam, majored in anthropology at college but chucked studying when she went to Haiti and became more interested in native dances than racial types.

Music Dept. The eight songs are the work of masters Johnny Mercer and Harold Arlen. Expected to hit the public fancy fastest is "Black Magic" sung by Johnnie Johnston while Zorina dances . . . Bing Crosby sings the "Old Glory" number standing in front of a fluttering silk flag and a 25-foot-high model of famed Mt. Rushmore Memorial in the Black Hills of South Dakota . . . The Golden Gate Quartette has been singing together for 16 years. Started 'way back in grammar school in Virginia.

YOUNG AND WILLING

The Bohemian Life and How To Live It comes in for another investigation in "Young and Willing." Not so long ago Rosalind Russell demonstrated how to become a writer in "My Sister Eileen"; "Young and Willing" goes onward and upward with the arts and tells you how to become an actor. The scene is still Greenwich Village, and this time the camera focuses on six young hopefuls.

These six live rather hectically in a single apartment, three boys sharing one bedroom, three girls the other, and visitors laying themselves to sleep in the bathtub. While this sounds slightly risqué, it's really only a practical arrangement and, as my Aunt Tabitha once remarked, there's safety in numbers. When six theater hopefuls get together, the result is not sex but Stanislawsky.

Stanislawsky, let me explain quickly, is a method of acting. Evenings find our heroic six posing and posturing all over the living room of their apartment. They imitate birds and bees; they try to be apples, oranges and ham sandwiches on rye: this being the essence of the Stanislawsky Method. And in these days of food rationing not a bad idea at that.

Aunt Tabitha to the contrary, love can find a way even in a mob. So two of the hopefuls are secretly married; so well married, indeed, that they're expecting a baby. And in the approved manner of song, story and the Will Hays office, the others have paired off in twosomes.

As far as their acting careers are concerned, however, they find themselves stymied. They discover that a famous Broadway producer has rented the apartment below them; seems he wrote his first play there and has a sentimental attachment for the place. It seems, also, that he's lost the script of that first play, and the six upstairs have found it, rehearsed it and are ready to put it on.

The only fly in the ointment is that the producer, like most of his ilk, refuses absolutely to have anything to do with actors. So waiting for the opportune moment, they meanwhile pry away the radiator pipes so that they can spy on the habits of the producer. Discouragingly, he sleeps most of the time.

In the midst of all this Junior G-Man stuff, their parents get wind of their somewhat irregular mode of living and begin to arrive with shotguns behind their backs. The kids explain wildly, run to take a peek at the peaceful producer, receive letters from their local draft boards and are, generally, in one hell of a mess. But the show must go on!

The kids put on the producer's first script; he comes running madly upstairs to announce that they've the murder play burlesque of the season; the draft board gently collars one of the hopefuls. There's a round of kisses. Papa puts the gun away. Everybody's happy.

You'll find these merry insanities acted out by William Holden, Eddie Bracken, James Brown and Robert Benchley, and on the distaff side, by Susan Hayward, Martha O'Driscoll, Barbara Britton and Florence MacMichael.

O. K. kids, make like an apple!—*U. A.*

P. S.

If Director Edward H. Griffith hadn't been thumbing through a particular issue of Life magazine over a year ago—the story of "Young and Willing" might never have reached the screen. Seems Griffith was so impressed with the magazine's pictorial review of the stage production, "Out of The Frying Pan," he made a special trip to New York to catch the show. Result: Paramount wrapped up the comedy hit and took it back to California (including two of its stars, Florence MacMichael and Mabel Paige) . . . Tennis champ Jim Brown was busy defending his title at the Pacific Southwest tournament in Los Angeles when a talent scout spotted him. Though Jim lost the match that day—the Brown career was given a decided boost, and he was handed the leading role in the picture! . . . Playwright Francis Swan admits he swiped most of the situations and dialogue in his play from real life. The story is patterned after his sister's experiences as a young actress trying to crash Broadway . . . Company was thrown into a dilemma in the middle of the picture when Florence MacMichael's baby voice suddenly hit the lower registers and emerged a "whiskey tenor." Poor Florence, who has survived

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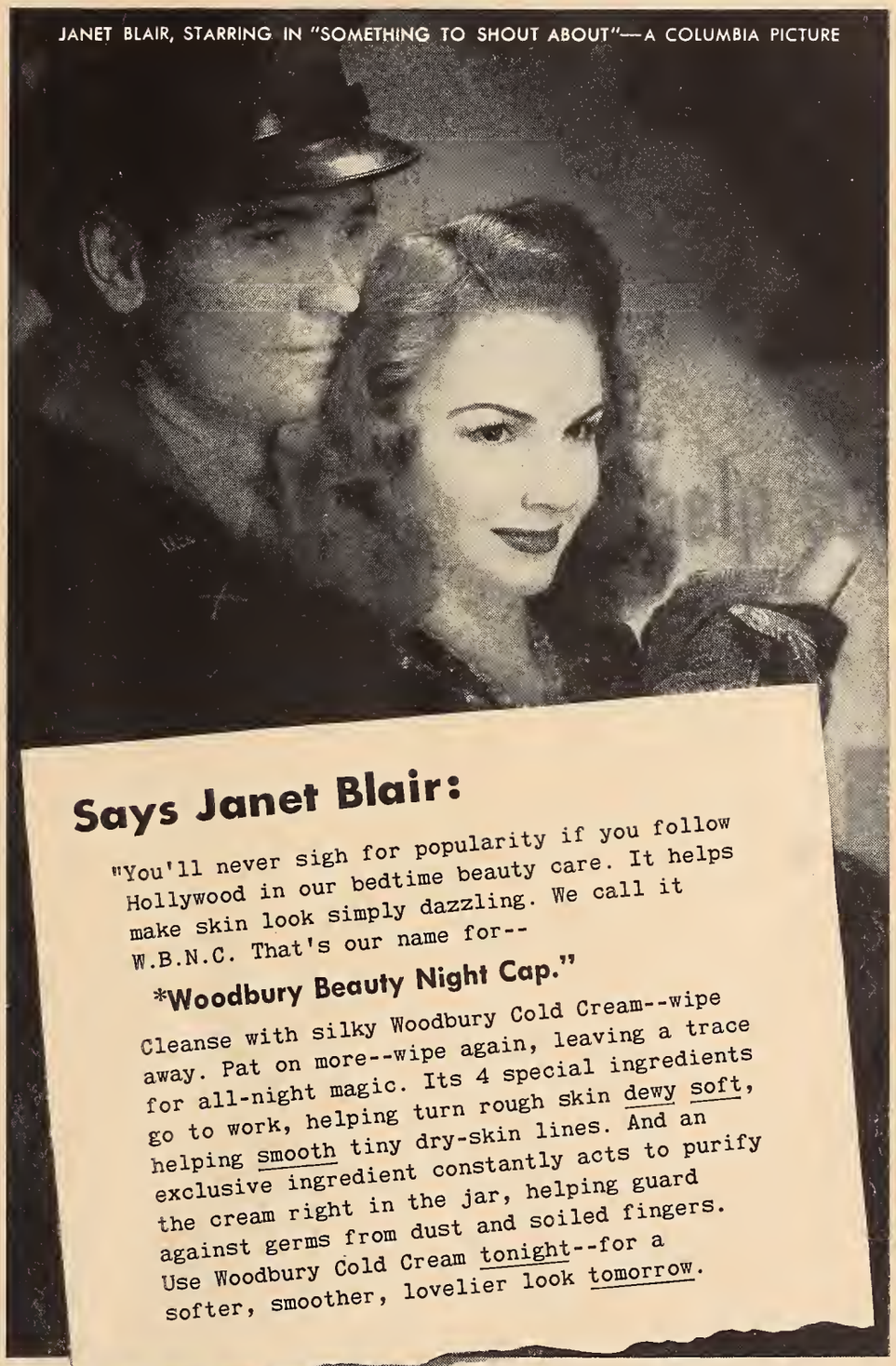

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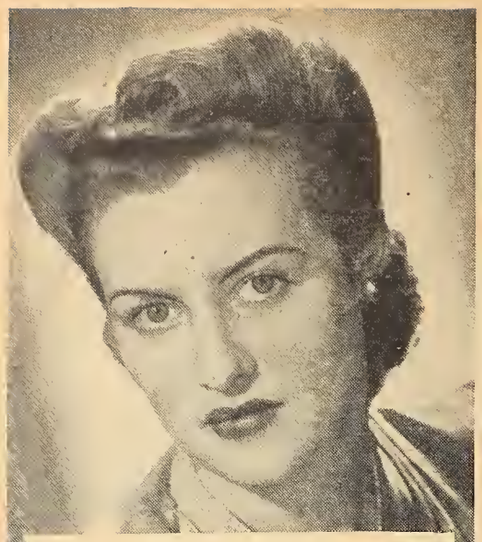

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the rigors of countless snowy New York winters, had to come to the land of orange blossoms to catch her first cold!

REUNION IN FRANCE

"Reunion in France" is another melodrama of Paris under the brutal Nazi heel. The shadows over that unfortunate country conceal not only Hitler's hordes but the heroism of the underground movement which, through all of Europe, bides its time and meanwhile cuts and slashes at the Axis wherever and whenever it can.

Joan Crawford stars in this one; and supporting her are John Wayne, this department's private bet to assume the mantle of Gary Cooper some day, and

Philip Dorn, who is heading for stardom.

The picture opens early in that tragic May when France fell. Michele De La Beque (Joan Crawford), a spoiled, beautiful and fabulously rich daughter of the republique, is leaving for a season in Biarritz. She leaves behind her Robert Cortot (Philip Dorn), her fiancé, an engineer high in the councils of the state. In the midst of her vacation, France falls.

She returns to a Paris which is sullen under the Nazi occupation. But where the Nazi generals dance to pass the time pleasantly, there are lights, laughter and food in plenty. And there are always certain Frenchmen sharing the gaiety with them; Robert Cortot, for one.

Shocked and bitter when she finds Robert in league with the Nazis, Michele turns to the one trade she knows in order to earn enough money to keep her alive: clothes. In Montanot's, where the fat German hausfraus come to revel in the chic that was once France, Michele acts as salesgirl and mannequin. Outside the employees entrance one night, she finds her arm taken by a young man, evidently desperately tired and hurt. Lurking in the darkness behind them are the bulky figures of two Gestapo agents. Michele falls in with the ruse, and the two stroll off as if they were lovers.

The young man turns out to be Pat Abbot (John Wayne), late of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., and even later of the R.A.F. and the Eagle Squadron. Shot down over France, he's trying to find his way back to England. Michele is determined to help him. She turns to Robert Cortot, telling him that she wants to go to Lisbon; and could he get visas for herself and her chauffeur, a young American student.

They are on their way to the border when the Gestapo suddenly closes in on them. Michele is bitter, believing that Robert Cortot has betrayed her. But she learns that Cortot, in reality, has helped fashion an underground railway for R.A.F. pilots shot down over France; that he has, indeed, organized groups of saboteurs through all the factories. Eluding the Gestapo, she sends Abbot to England and freedom while she returns to Paris and to the lonely man who must act the part of a Nazi puppet. Overhead an English plane, as it once did in fact, spells out the word: Courage.—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

Philip Dorn and his wife launched a non-profit business venture during production. Rented a store, gathered donated merchandise from local shops and rounded up some volunteer salesmen. All proceeds go to buy needed clothes for orphans of Navy men . . . Joan Crawford spent her spare time in conference with producers, learning how to become one of 'em. Producer Carey Wilson invited her to give the woman's angle on a short subject he's making, titled "For Men Only." . . . Joan also found time to start a day nursery for mothers who work in defense plants, so they can leave their kiddies in safe hands while they put bombers together . . . When the Terry cook left, Joan took over the three-meals-a-day department and surprised hubby Phil, who didn't believe her when she told him she could cook, too.

CHINA GIRL

For some reason, Gene Tierney is Hollywood's accepted standard of Oriental beauty. In "Sundown" and again in "Shanghai Gesture," Miss Tierney could be found somewhere on the road to Mandalay where Mr. Kipling's flying fishes play. To filch another line from the Kipling classic, it's just a hoot and a

holler to China 'cross the bay. And so in "China Girl," Miss Tierney plays the part of a Chinese nifty named Haoli Young. Haoli Moses!

Miss Young, to be sure, is a Vassar graduate and speaks a Park Avenue brand of American which simplifies things for George Montgomery, who, as Johnny Williams—newsreel photographer, falls rapidly and completely in love with her. Not that Johnny ever has any trouble with women, no matter what language they speak. His philosophy is simple. "I only want what you can see and grab hold of." It's terse, to the point. And effective.

"China Girl" is a colorful melodrama, laid in the Orient before December 7. It's a bundle of Jap intrigue and Chinese resistance in the days when all we had in the Pacific area were a couple of volunteer flyers with the Chinese armies and some newsreel photographers: Remember the picture of the Chinese baby crying in the bombed railroad station?

Caught by the advancing Jap armies, Johnny Williams is offered the chance to photograph the Burma road for the Jap Intelligence—or death. He makes his escape to Mandalay, helped by a Major Bull Weed (Victor McLaglen) and a Captain Fifi (Lynn Bari). In Mandalay he meets his buddies in the American Volunteer Group who are, in his opinion,

suckers for risking their necks. And he meets Miss Young.

From there on he makes his play for Miss Young while the Japs creep closer to Mandalay, and while he dodges sudden death in the danger-haunted alleys of the city. For Bull Weed and Captain Fifi are really Jap agents, determined to return Johnny to the Nips. It's nip and tuck as to who's going to win out—Miss Young or the Japs—until the final reel. It ends in semi-tragedy in the bomb-shattered city of Kumming where Miss Young is killed by a Jap bomb.

Despite it's ending, however, "China Girl" is far from tragedy. It's brash and exciting, and it handles anything serious with a light touch. Though it tries to say a few things about China and the war, it is far more concerned with the breezy love-life of Johnny Williams. "China Girl" won't make your hair stand on end, but it may entertain you.

There are a couple of interesting angles to "China Girl": There's a Hindu boy who can only throw sevens when he's playing dice, a crook who calls civilization a "rest between murders," an elderly Chinese doctor who continues teaching poetry to a classful of children while bombs fall on the city. That comes under the heading of color; and colorful, too, are the flying scenes.

Besides the principals, Alan Baxter, Sig Rumann and Myron McCormick will be found in "China Girl." The dice-throwing Hindu boy is played by Bobby Blake, and there's a spot for Ann Pennington in one of the café scenes.—*20th-Fox.*

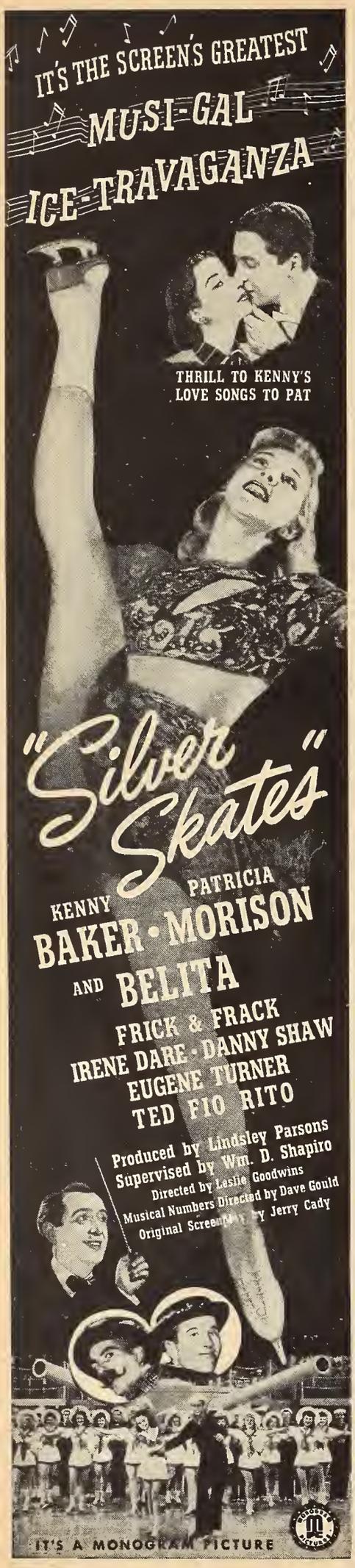
P. S.

Gene Tierney used no special make-up for her role as a full-blooded Chinese girl. Gene's Swedish-Irish-French-Spanish heritage allows her to play any nationality, including Oriental, with the use of different lighting . . . George Montgomery fought against growing a moustache for the film, but liked it so well after it had sprouted, he's asked the studio to let him keep it in all his pictures from now on. Makes him look even more Gable-ish . . . Ben Hecht, prowling around Los Angeles, found a perfect set for a Mandalay hotel—the Bradbury Building in the heart of the business district. Built by a wealthy man with exotic ideas in 1891, all the offices open off balconies, the walls are panelled in oak and gold, the floors are Italian marble, and the roof is one enormous sheet of glass . . . Director Henry Hathaway once spent a year in Burma doing research, so the native backgrounds are authentic . . . Technical directors on things Japanese were an Armenian, Liparit Hambartsumianz, and a Frenchman, Louis Vincenot . . . No Chinese youngster of nine was found who could project the character of an uncouth street gamin. All of them were too well-mannered. Bobby Blake was borrowed from Metro and given a special make-up . . . Gene suffered a minor case of shell-shock after working 5 days in a building supposed to be under bombardment by the Japs.

WATCH ON THE RHINE

I will tell you first that "Watch On The Rhine" will wring your heart and make you weep; and in the dark you will clench and unclench your fists; that it is the warm and tender love story of a man, his wife and their three children; that it is vibrant, cruel and frighteningly alive, like a nerve-end exposed. And you must see it.

Somewhere near the beginning of "Watch On The Rhine," the hero, Kurt



Muller, is asked what his business is, what is his trade. He says: "I? I fight against Fascism. That is my trade." It may seem an easy reply; for today to quote from the picture again, we are all Anti-Fascists. "Yes," his wife says quietly, "but Kurt works at it. That is the difference."

There is a quality about "Watch On The Rhine" that puts it in a class different from all previous anti-Nazi pictures. It does not horrify for the sake of horror or solve its problems by those Superman gymnastics which are as valid as the comic strip they draw upon; neither does it simplify to absurdity or merely jeer comically at the Nazi buffoons. Yet it is full of the true horror of Nazism, and it's main character is a man who puts Superman to shame. It is "dated," for it takes place before we had yet entered the war, but not even tomorrow's headlines will state so clearly and so aptly what we are fighting for and why. It does not stop

to preach, and yet it will move you to tears, to shame and to determination.

The story is concerned with Kurt Muller, his wife Sara and their three children who come as refugees to America. They return to the home of Sara's mother, the Farrelly Mansion, a large and gracious house near the Potomac outside of Washington. Fanny Farrelly is a brash, impulsive and good-hearted woman; something of a social figure in Washington circles. At the time the Mullers return, she has as house guests Count Teck de Brancovis, a Roumanian nobleman, and his American wife. Teck immediately spots Kurt as being something more than just a "refugee." He fishes for information at the Nazi embassy, and from what he learns he shrewdly deduces that Kurt is a leader of the underground movement in Europe. When the time comes for Kurt to go back once more to the danger-ridden shores of Europe, Teck threatens to expose him to the Nazis unless he pays $10,000 for his silence.

It is a melodramatic situation, and Lillian Hellman who wrote the original play never fails to tell a tense and crackling story. But it is not so much the bones of the story which make "Watch On The Rhine" outstanding. It is the people, rather. They are drawn full-blooded and in the round. Bette Davis, who did so well in Miss Hellman's "The Little Foxes," plays the part of Sara, a woman of infinite character: her son tells her she is brave, and she answers, "It isn't like that at all. When the time comes—when it comes, I do my best." Paul Lukas is Kurt, and he is all that a hero must be; a compassionate, full-hearted man who does what he has to do and does it well; he says at one point in the picture (and if I am quoting too much, I cannot help it, since the picture says so many things so well, "I cannot longer just only look on. I say with the great Luther: I must make my stand. I can do nothing else. God help me. Amen." And then, there are the children, Joshua, Babette and Bodo, as wonderful a trio of children as has ever graced the screen.

"Watch On The Rhine" is a noble picture. It is difficult to speak about it because it is so much better than anything I may write of it. Someone once said that a critic faced with something good can only say "Go and see for yourself. Anything else is superfluous."—*War.*

P. S.

Bette Davis was so anxious to work in "Watch On The Rhine" she talked producer Hal B. Wallis into letting her accept a minor role in the picture, while Paul Lukas, Lucille Watson and others grabbed off the fatter parts . . . The film marks Herman Shumlin's first venture in Hollywood. Heretofore, Shumlin has confined his directing talents to the stage, ("The Corn Is Green," "The Little Foxes") . . . This is the second straight picture that Davis has teamed up with kid-star Janis Wilson. Between takes, Janis and Bette spent most of their time swapping "shop talk" about acting . . . Poor George Coulouris in his role of the Nazi villain has been murdered 500 times by Paul Lukas. Four hundred and ninety-seven of his executions were nightly affairs during the show's 15 month run in New York. Only three of 'em occurred in Hollywood during filming of the production . . . Lucille Watson had a difficult time reading lines before the camera after a season on Broadway. "Stage folks have to have powerful lungs," claimed Miss Watson "or else they'd never be heard in the peanut gallery." It took four days to tone her down to a movieland whisper!

FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM

When Amelia Earhart, that gallant lady of the skies, crashed somewhere in the wide wastes of the Pacific, it marked the end of an era. For she was almost the last of that intrepid group of fliers whose exploits and spectacular flights wrote the aviation history of the twenties and the thirties: Wiley Post, Floyd Bennett, Roscoe Turner. Aviation today is more serious, more efficient, more deadly; and, perhaps less romantic.

"Flight for Freedom" does not presume to be a screen biography of Miss Earhart. Yet Tonie Carter, the heroine of the story, is obviously patterned after the original. Like Miss Earhart, Tonie Carter's last flight finds her spinning down from the limitless sky into the silent, placid Pacific. "Flight For Freedom" attempts to provide an explanation for that sudden and tragic disappearance.

Since the picture is fiction and not

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biography, it also tells a romantic story. Tonie Carter (Rosalind Russell) was a jodhpured and grimy student pilot when she first met Randy Britton (Fred MacMurray), a world-famous pilot with an easy and devastating way with women. Tonie is properly devastated by his charm and cruelly hurt when he casually pops off to South America in the midst of their romance.

Determined then to become a famous flier in her own right, she teams up with Paul Turner (Herbert Marshall), a plane designer. Between them they plan a series of flights that culminates in her record-breaking West to East hop across the United States; Randy Britton's record, by the way. This lank, unspoiled girl captures the heart of America and achieves the fame she wanted. But she continues her flights, each more dangerous than the last. Turner begs her to stop, to become his wife. She promises to marry him—after one last flight.

This last one is to carry her around the world. Midway in the flight, at Hawaii, the U. S. Navy suddenly wires her that they have a favor to ask. They want Tonie Carter to crash somewhere in the Pacific. This will give the Navy, presumably bent on rescue, a chance to fly over the Japanese Mandated Islands and photograph the illegal bases which the Navy is sure the Japs have built there. The "crash," of course, is to be only a fake. The Navy would provide a navigator to guide her to a tiny island where she would remain in hiding until the search — and the photographing —are over. Tonie agrees.

At the rendezvous-point Tonie meets her navigator: Randy Britton. And there, on the lonely Pacific island, they catch up the threads of their bittersweet romance for the last time. The last time—for Tonie discovers that the Japs know of their plan and intend to "rescue" her before the Navy would have a chance to swing into action. So in the early dawn of a Pacific morning Tonie takes her plane up. Alone.

Since she must be really lost now, for the trick to take effect, she flies out as far as her gas permits, noses the plane as high as it will go, and then comes spinning down into the huge nowhere of the ocean; to death and to glory. . . .

Much of the picture is devoted to the atmosphere of those earlier days of flying; to the tense drama of a Bendix air race, to the first, eerie blind landing. But all of it is concerned with a slim, beautiful and gallant girl—Tonie Carter.

Or, if you like, Amelia Earhart.—*RKO.*

P. S.

The plane Roz flies in the picture is a huge twin-motored Lockheed-Electra, a type that has flown the Pacific many times. Ship was under military and civilian guard all the time it was not in use . . . During production, two especially nice things happened: Roz discovered (1) that she would become a mother in Spring, and (2) she was chosen Most Cooperative Star of the Year by the Hollywood Women's Press Club . . . Herbert Marshall let RKO use some of his original cartoons, which he collects, as decorations in the club scenes. His prize of the group is a Bairnsfather drawing of three British soldiers making tea in a trench. Bart, himself, is one of the soldiers . . . MacMurray got a day off during production, spent the entire evening before readying his guns and decoys for a day of duck shooting. Got there bright and early at 3:30 A. M., only to discover he was one day too early for the opening of the season . . . Studio grips and mechanics stood around with broad grins the day scenes were shot showing Roz Russell fixing the innards of her plane. She fooled 'em all, scorned their advice and did everything perfectly. "I've been working with boats and autos since I was 15," she explained . . . Roz and Fred played those tender love scenes with their feet encased in extra-heavy, water-proof boots. Their feet don't show, but waves kept rolling in all the time, soaking them ankle-high . . . After every kiss, Fred removed Roz's lipstick with one of those paper hankies. Fred's comment, gazing at the Kleenex: "Now every time I look at one of these things, it smiles right back at me!"

LUCKY JORDAN

If you have never seen Alan Ladd this is as good a time as any to catch up with his career. In his first picture Mr. Ladd was grim-faced and hard-eyed and limited strictly to speeches no longer than two words in length; in his second, Mr. Ladd was permitted a tight-lipped grin or two. In both cases he was highly effective. Paramount, after sniffing the wind and carefully counting up Mr. Ladd's mounting fan mail, has now boldly eased up on the reins and given Mr. Ladd his head. All the props that previously surrounded Mr. Ladd's perch have been knocked away; no one shares the star billing with him and, cruelest blow of all, there's no Veronica Lake. It is a case of sink or swim, and Alan Ladd proves buoyant as a cork.

"Lucky Jordan" is the story of a big city, big-time racketeer who gets caught up in the mills of the draft. Neither his lawyer, nor a beery, gin-drinking old darling whom he hires to play the part of his mother can convince the draft

board that he shouldn't hear the sweet music of reveille.

Once in camp Lucky lays plans to make a break just as if the Army were nothing better than a jail. He does it by stealing a car and kidnapping a beautiful canteen hostess (Helen Walker) who stumbles into his escape. But the car Lucky stole had been owned by an Army engineer; and a brief case thrown carelessly on the car seat contains plans of a very secret and very valuable new tank. Before Lucky can draw a deep breath, he's knee deep in Nazi spies and hi-jacking gangsters; the Nazis want the plans for obvious reasons, and the gangsters want it so they can sell it to the Nazis for $50,000.

Upon discovering the worth of the brief case, Lucky promptly raises the ante to a round $100,000, planning to use the money to hide out until the war blows over. Meanwhile the canteen worker, beautiful as ever, has been falling slowly in love with Lucky and trying to convert him to the cause of the United Nations. Lucky falls into line easily enough on the love business but re-

mains stubborn about going back to the Army with the plans. That is, until the gin-soaked old darling who once played his mother is cruelly beaten up by the Nazis who are hot on his trail. Whereupon Lucky decides to clean up the Nazi spy nest. And he does, too; and what's more, gets the girl in the bargain.

All this is done to the tune of deft dialogue, some odd and interesting backgrounds (a flower garden, for instance, turns out to be the Nazi headquarters), some tense scenes and a dozen or so outrageous coincidences.

Helen Walker does very well with her role as the canteen worker; Marie MacDonald as a secretary of the lap-sitting variety and Mabel Paige as the gin-guzzling Annie are high spots. Sheldon Leonard blusters brightly through his role as heir to the "Lucky Jordan" empire. But the main attraction in "Lucky Jordan" is watching Alan Ladd who began as only a glimmer in Paramount's heaven of stars.

Look at him now!—*Par.*

P. S.

Alan Ladd has now moved up to Chief Villain. This is his first starring role . . . Laddie's golden locks are the real McCoy. Studio execs let him switch back to his natural coloring when femme fans requested the change . . . Helen Walker debuts in this. Was seen last in the Broadway stage success "Jason" . . . Marie MacDonald is back for another try at movies, this time as a blonde. Romanced with Bruce Cabot during production . . . Ladd shivered in wet clothes for two days, working on one short scene. Nervous prop men and insurance men stood by with bottles of aspirin and blankets, but Alan came through without a sniffle . . . The troupe was the first company ever to invade the famous Meline Estate Gardens in Pasadena for a location scene . . . After one day's shooting, H. Walker was all set to go back to the safe stage. First scene required her to drive a car at top speed, then barely escape a collision . . . Mabel Paige, obliged to dye only half of her hair for her characterization of a frowsy panhandler, went into hiding until the picture was finished . . . Alan keeps up his record of gal-toting, with the gals getting heavier each time. In "This Gun for Hire" he carried Veronica Lake (98 lbs.); in "The Glass Key" it was Bonita Granville (105 lbs.) and in this, Helen Walker (115 lbs.)!

PUT YOUR BOOKS IN UNIFORM!

You think he's got a perfectly gorgeous mind . . . a fund of knowledge that smacks of the Britannicas. The 1943 Victory Book Campaign sounds like it was made for him . . . and all the nice guys like him. You're going to round up every foot-loose book you can lay your mitts on. And you're going to solicit friends to do the same. Before you're done, your crowd will have turned in every good new book around. And there'll be a noble stack of oldies in addition. You will get started right away, won't you? And deposit your loot at the nearest U.S.O. or library branch, from where they will be sent to army camps all over. The fellows want them even more than cookies . . . so do get started in a hurry!

Don't waste PEPSODENT

It takes only a little to make your smile brighter

- Nearly one-fourth of all the Pepsodent we make goes to men in uniform . . . they want it . . . they deserve it.
- At the same time, we are trying to supply the biggest number of civilian customers in Pepsodent history.
- But, wartime restrictions limit the amount of Pepsodent we can make.
- So . . . we urge you: Don't waste Pepsodent. Use it sparingly. If you will help save enough for others . . . there will be enough for you.

Lucky for all . . .

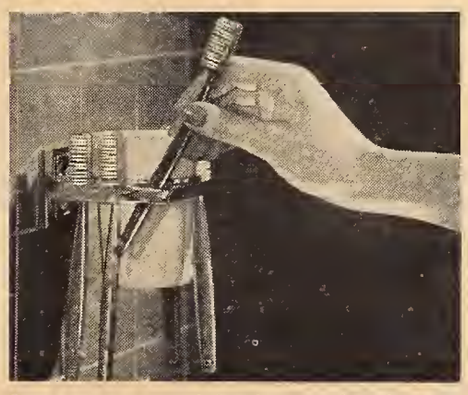
dental science knows no more effective, safe ingredients than those which make up Pepsodent's patented formula. That's why Pepsodent is so good, so effective, so safe that only a little is needed to make teeth brighter, make smiles more sparkling.

1. MOISTEN your brush before applying paste. If you apply Pepsodent before wetting brush, it may wash down the drain. Finish brushing before rinsing brush.

2. MEASURE out only as much paste as you need. About three-quarters of an inch is enough. Always squeeze and roll tube evenly from the bottom. Replace cap.

3. POUR Pepsodent Powder into the cupped palm of your hand — enough powder to cover a 5¢ piece is plenty. *Do not* sprinkle it on the brush — this is wasteful.

4. SHOW children how to dab — *not rub* — moist brush in powder to pick it up. Measure out the right amount for small children and teach them the proper way to brush teeth.



5. HANG your tooth brush up to dry after you use it. Bristles will stay firmer and last longer this way. Soggy, worn, wilted tooth brushes are inefficient, wasteful.

6. YOUR DRUGGIST is trying his best to serve everyone. Don't blame him if his Pepsodent stock is low and he has to disappoint you. Try again in a few days.

Co-ed

If going steady with an army serial number isn't all you hoped for, here's how to do your jilting gently!

By Jean Kinkead

Are you one of the unfortunates who sent a big, lovely Valentine to a San Francisco A.P.O. back in December, and are now sitting tight sending none, getting none and loathing the whole business of V.'s Day? That, chums, is bad. But very. Of course if you're married, that's one thing. But if you're just "going steady" (and is that a laugh) with a lad overseas, shame on you. Okay, okay. you're saying, but he looked so pathetic, and I *do* like him—though I know now this isn't IT. Or maybe you're saying—I'm out of my head about him. Completely crazy for the boy, but I'd still like to dance or go to the movies occasionally while he's away.

In other words, going steady with a serial number is pretty drear. What to do if you were impulsive enough to sign a long term contract? There are two angles, depending on your situation. 1. Supposing everything went black when he told you he was going away. You didn't really love him at all, but for seven or eight hectic dates you thought you did. Patriotism, youth, sentimentality and a wide streak of Bette Davis all got together and made you swear you'd write daily and never look at another man. And then he went away, and there you were with your three dead gardenia corsages, his quartermaster corps insignia to sew on your coat and no torch whatsoever. Should you keep grinding out the love letters and spending your nights in lonely splendor; or slip him the axe by V-mail and risk the demoralization of his entire regiment?

We're of the school that believes in honesty with a pinch of tact. Jilt him so painlessly that he won't know he's been jilted. Gradually, let your letters encompass more and more people and places. Intersperse the "I love you's" with a few friendly "one of the reasons I like you so well is . . ." Having laid the groundwork with several warm-hearted, interesting, but definitely friendly rather than lovey letters, write him one that says something like: "How much better we know each other now than we did two months ago. V-mail is quite a thing. We were such noble infants swearing undying love on the strength of practically nothing, weren't we? I'm sure that the very next morning you realized it wasn't a very adult thing to do. It took me a week or two to (*Continued on page 113*)

"Her lovely, shining hair
It did my heart ensnare!"

No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous ... and yet so easy to manage!*

HER GLEAMING LOCKS (shampooed with Special Drene) rival the glitter of her sequin gloves and dress! The smart simplicity of her lovely hair-do is accentuated by the tricky ornaments—satin bows with tassels of silken balls cut from ball fringe.

For glamorous hair, use Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added . . . the only shampoo that reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap, yet leaves hair so easy to arrange!

Nothing makes a girl so alluring to men as shining, lustrous hair! So, if *you* want this thrilling beauty advantage, don't let soaps or soap shampoos rob your hair of lustre!

Instead, use Special Drene! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo . . . how gloriously it reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far more glamorous . . . silkier, smoother and easier to arrange, right after shampooing! Easier to comb into smooth, shining neatness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

You'll be thrilled, too, by Special Drene's super-cleansing action. For it even removes all embarrassing, flaky dandruff the first time you use it . . . and the film left by previous soapings!

So, before you wash your hair again, get a bottle of Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added! Or ask your beauty shop to use it. Let this amazing improved shampoo glorify your hair!

*PROCTER & GAMBLE, after careful tests of all types of shampoos, found no other which leaves hair so lustrous and yet so easy to manage as Special Drene.

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY — Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Soap film dulls lustre—robs hair of glamour!

Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Special Drene! It never leaves any dulling film, as soaps and soap shampoos always do.

•

That's why Special Drene Shampoo reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Special Drene with *Hair Conditioner*

THERE'S A FIGHTING MAN IN YOUR THOUGHTS TODAY!
Here is what's in his heart!
The heroic epic of those valiants who smashed Rommel in Africa! . . . And even more, the stirring story of the human emotions and passions that flamed in their blood as they fought on to Victory!
HENRY
FONDA
MAUREEN
O'HARA
in JOHN BROPHY'S immortal war romance
IMMORTAL SERGEANT
with
THOMAS MITCHELL
ALLYN JOSLYN · REGINALD GARDINER · MELVILLE COOPER
BRAMWELL FLETCHER · MORTON LOWRY
Directed by JOHN STAHL
Produced and Written for the Screen by Lamar Trotti
A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

Janie . . . all scrubbed and brushed and pretty for the moments she can snatch with Ronnie! And, when he's gone, the gallant way she crowds her life with war jobs, work on W.B.'s "Princess O'Rourke," the baby. But first and always, Ronnie, to plan for and to dream about. We've told you, further on, all we know of Ronnie and all we could get out of Jane. The rest remains strictly 'twixt the two of them.

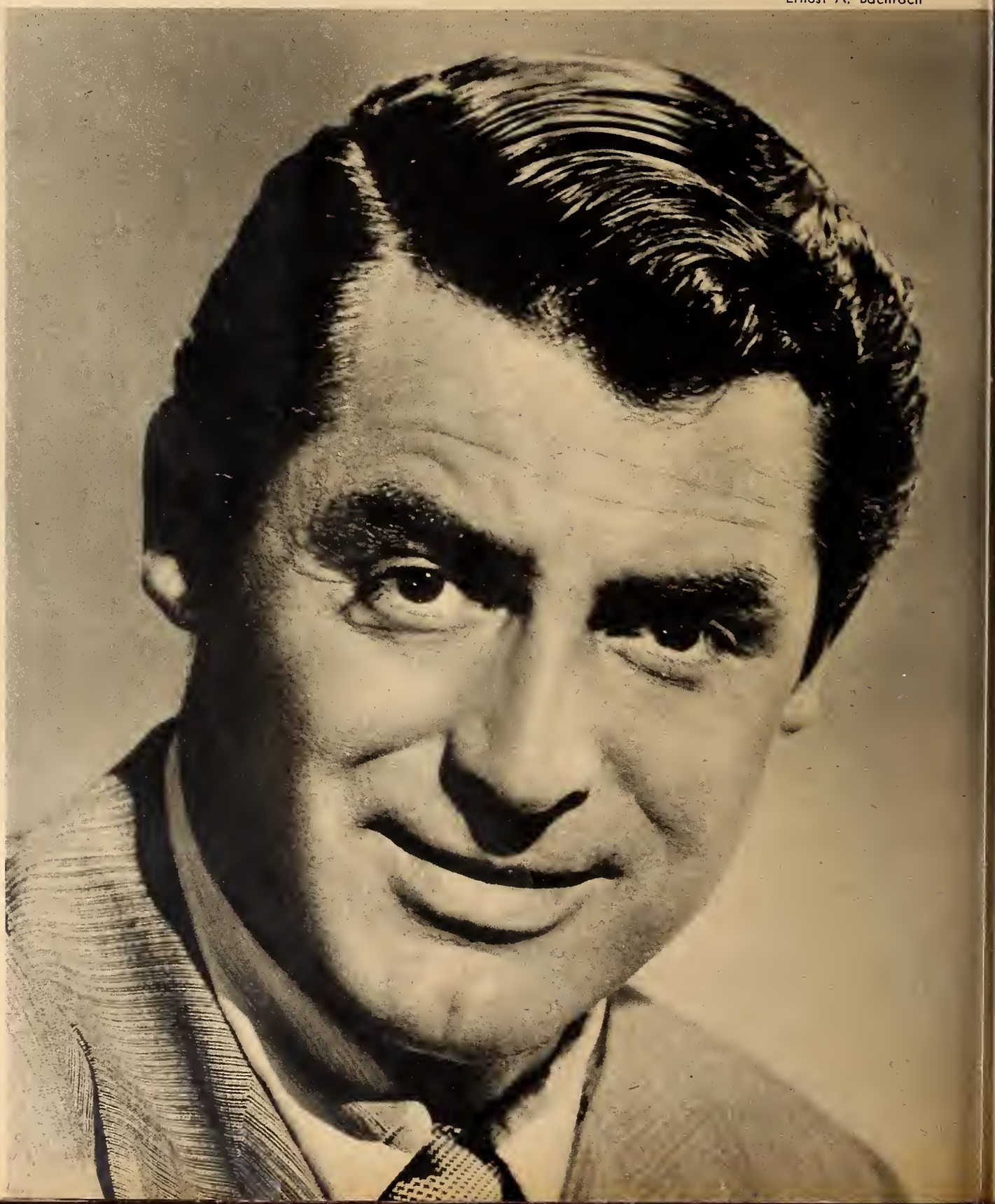
Pardon us, Mr. Muni, we know you hate applause ("because no actor should come out of his role to take bows"). But allow us a few claps for your magnificent prancing puppets. Your melodious fiddling. Your superb role as a Norwegian in Col.'s "The Commandos Strike at Dawn." And one final round for that heavenly little woman who keeps you in Muni paradise with her scrambled eggs and sour cream!

A. L. Whitey Schafer

Mary Martin's heart sho' nuff belongs to daddy Halliday, but it's a devotion divided by baby Heller. *That* lucky miss had an Xmas stocking hung for her before she ever set foot on earth! Mary's native Tex. ranted and raved over the godless name, and a Mary was tacked on in case she ever tired of living up to the Heller! Doesn't look like she will, tho—the way she acted up when Par. stole Mommy for "Star Spangled Rhythm"!

Cary Grant, by general consensus, is something beyond and above. Figuratively, that is, up until now. But literally from the moment he enters the Army Air Corps. Experts in higher mathematics argued he'd be of more value in taxes than in uniform. But Grant had different ideas. As a parting shot, he's throwing his full weight into RKO's "From Here to Victory" with a performance that's simply *gleaming* with GRANT!

Ernest A. Bachrach



Joan Crawford's like a gorgeous hunk of diamond! Glittering, many-sided, fabulous! Crawford trailing maid, secretary, dachshunds. Shoveling out time and money to charity. Dashing off an autobiography. Racing home to kiss the adopted tots good night. Tossing off three model movies a year (the latest, "Reunion in France" for M-G-M). Getting things done in a twinkle . . . and, bless her, doing them with DASH.

Stack stopped grinning that wide and wonderful grin of his, for a while. There was that tricky knee keeping him out of the Navy Air Force, and nothing seemed to matter as much. Now that he's finally in, he'll leave behind him a trail of glittering dames, a gigantic collection of loving cups, a darned good job in pics. But the grin is back, as you'll note from Univ.'s gov't. short, "Keeping Fit." And boy, is he ever!

THE LOVE STORY THAT WAS *Hushed* UNTIL PEARL HARBOR

One night she found love after years of waiting . . . and at dawn this round-the-world girl flier faced the most desperate sacrifice America ever asked of any woman—or any man. The navy's most amazing pre-war secret probed in a great and startling love story.

ROSALIND RUSSELL · FRED MacMURRAY

"FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM"

HERBERT MARSHALL

EDWARD CIANNELLI · WALTER KINGSFORD

Produced by David Hempstead · Directed by Lothar Mendes

Screen Play by Oliver H. P. Garrett and S. K. Lauren

AN RKO RADIO PICTURE

Trogedy struck the Keogon home when Moureen (who dubs herself Murmur) toppled down during o game of "Ring-Around-the-Rosy" ond broke her leg. Neorly tore her porents' heorts out when she pointed to the cost ond woefully wailed, "Poooor Murmur."

LC-USZ62-19204

By IDA ZEITLIN

RONALD REAGAN

Bet you've wondered what kind of a kid Ronnie was. Well, here's the first exciting instalment of a life story that'll make you laugh, cry—and love him more than ever!

● Ronnie sat on the front steps and brooded. It was a little cold for sitting on the front steps, but Ronnie had plenty to brood about, so he didn't notice. Bobby Jiggs, his Boston bull, sat beside him, nose on paws. Every once in a while, he'd lift the nose hopefully and nudge Ronnie's hand. Ronnie continued to brood.

He was probably the only kid in Dixon—in Illinois—in the whole world maybe—who couldn't get to see "Birth of a Nation." Except Moon. Moon was the nickname attached for obscure reasons to his brother Neil. Moon had gone off with his own crowd to kick a ball around. Normally, Ronnie would have asked nothing better than to tag along. Normally, Moon bellyached plenty about being tagged by a darn kid two years younger. This afternoon he'd muttered, "C'mon, if you want." But this afternoon Ronnie was concentrating on his woes.

"Birth of a Nation" had come to town in one of its periodic revivals. The Reagans were consistent movie patrons. They'd go together, Jack and Nell sitting in the rear, Moon and Ronnie scrambling for seats as close to the screen as they could get. (Except on solemn occasions, few and far between, their parents were Jack and Nell to the Reagan kids.)

It happened that the Klan was then also enjoying a revival in these United States, and with all the fervor of a two-fisted, fighting Irishman, Jack hated the Klan. No son of his was going to sit through their shenanigans. In vain Ronnie pleaded, in vain appealed to his mother. This time she sided with Jack. Even man-to-man argument failed. Having studied history, Ronnie sought to point out to his father that the Klan of those days and these were two different things.

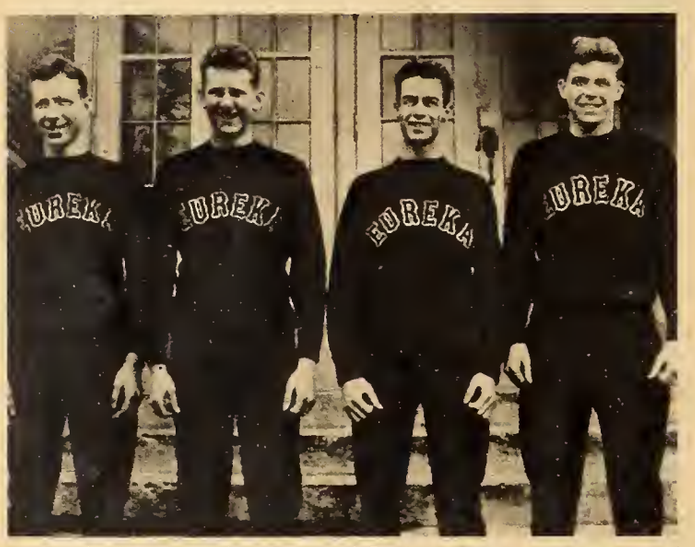
If anything, Jack's mouth turned a shade grimmer. "The Klan's the Klan, and a sheet's a sheet, and any man who wears one over his head is a bum. And I want no more words on the subject."

Ronnie kicked his feet out of the house and sat down to wallow in self-pity on the front steps.

If you're healthy, you can wallow just so long. Funny thing, Ronnie found himself musing, this was the first time Jack had ever put his foot down. When you asked for a new baseball bat, Jack was the kind who'd growl, "Think I'm made of money?" and all the time he'd be reaching in his pocket and pulling out the change. You never gave it a thought, just grabbed the dough and ran for the bat.

Yet there'd been times when money was pretty scarce. Nell worried about money. (Even today she looks at the price tag (*Continued on following page*)

Ronnie got his first job at 14, digging a cellar. He and a buddy shoveled hole big enough for them, and then just *sat!* Above, with Mom, Pop and Moon (guy with groovey center hair part).



At Eureka he majored in Soc. and Ec. 'cause they were easy, and concentrated on dramatics, sports and politics. Got poor marks but won 3 varsity sweaters and odd-jobbed for pocket money!

Lifeguarded 7 straight summers to earn college tuition and reportedly saved 77 souls. Worked from 9 A.M. to 10 P.M., taking only 3 holidays the entire stretch (spent 2 of 'em swimming)!

first.) Not Jack. When Nell sighed that she wished they could even lay a little by, his answer came pat. "I've always been able to make a living, and I always will." But even when things were toughest, Ronnie couldn't remember that he and Moon had ever gone without.

He guessed his folks were okay. He recalled with a shudder the lady who once asked him if he loved his father and mother. "What for?" he'd blurted, incapable of analyzing the shiver of distaste that ran through him. You didn't go round talking about things like that. Instinct told him that Jack would have approved his answer. He'd have been as embarrassed as Ronnie by that love stuff. Nell? She did all right, too—for a mother. She didn't paw you—just asked 18 times if you wanted potatoes, and if you didn't, she'd still think you were turning 'em down because somebody else wanted 'em, so finally you'd better take the potatoes.

Secretly he was willing to admit that maybe he did love them. His mind went back to the flu epidemic in Monmouth, when he was in the third grade and school closed down and everybody wore masks, and suddenly Nell had it, and the house grew so quiet, and you sat watching for the guy with the black bag, and when he came down Jack went outside with him, and you waited with a lurking terror for him to come back, and he'd say, she's going to be all right, but his face didn't say so, and you went to bed and woke up with a weight dragging at the pit of your stomach, till one day Jack said she's going to be all right, and his face looked as if the sun was out, and that's how you felt and the world was right again. Yeah, he guessed he *(Continued on following page)*

Sports columning after college led to radio announcing in Des Moines, Iowa. While covering Chicago Cubs' training at Catalina Is., he met a movie casting director who gave him a H'wood job.

Very first day on lot, Ronnie fell off a horse and dislocated his shoulder! In '37 he and Lana Turner were plugging in W.B.'s "B"s, but he was trying for bigger roles, upon advice of Pat O'Brien.

During early H'wood days he squired Susan Hayward. First love was a next-door neighbor whom he courted all thru school and planned to wed—until a Paris diplomat stole her heart!

He wasn't bitter and kept an eye peeled for a sports-lover with humor. Janie was a hothouse flower, but love scenes in "Brother Rat" led to a 52-carat amethyst.

In Warners' "Tugboat Annie Sails Again," Janie and Ronnie once more played opposite one another. Ronnie says acting's the one job he wants to do in the world, elects Janie as his favorite actress.

Ronnie metamorphosed Janie from a languid night-clubber into a hearth-hugging sportswoman (started swimming lessons on honeymoon). They rarely night-lifed, spent most P.M.'s reading or playing gin rummy!

In May '40 they were wed in a small Glendale ceremony, Janie for third time, Ronnie for first. Received with J.'s mom, Mrs. Falk.

loved 'em all right, but he'd sock any guy that said so.

They had fun together, too. Ronnie's chin dug deeper into his palm as his memory dug deeper into the past. There was the time in Chicago when he and Moon ran away. Saturday night it had been. Jack was at work, Nell marketing. He and Moon blew out the gas before they left, so as not to waste it, and when Nell got back, she smelled it and ran to open the windows and thought they were dead. But they were a mile and a half away, and a nice drunken man was trying to talk them into going home. That's where Nell caught up with them. They got their hides tanned, but it was worth it.

There was the time Moon hitched on a beer-truck and his leg was run over, and Ronnie went bragging all over the neighborhood. There was the first day he got up after pneumonia, and all the kids brought their lead soldiers in, and the sun streamed through the window, and he felt like a king with an army of 500. There was the time Jack caught him fighting, and slapped him in the pants for getting licked. Then Ronnie blew up. "I was just haulin' off to lick *him*, when *you* butted in." Jack proffered apology in the form of two bits.

There were the evenings when Nell read aloud—every evening except when they went to the movies. At one end of the kitchen table sat Jack with his paper, at the other end Nell, flanked by the kids. Smack in the middle stood a huge pan of popcorn with butter and salt. If she was to live at peace with the Reagan boys, there were three edibles Nell never dared run out of—popcorn, apples and salted crackers. As she read about the Knights of the Round Table or Peary at the Pole, four (*Continued on following page*)

One month before Moureen come, Ronnie wos contemplating whether his BOY would be boseboll or footboll ployer. Jonie threotened to give infont owoy if it were o gol. Melted ofter one look!

Got on famously from moment they took their vows—Janie cultivating the "musts" in Ronnie's life—strawberry shortcake, steak 'n' onions, 8 hours sleep, Crosby records, Thorne Smith books. Loves the way he superstitiously carries good luck penny and forever knocks on wood. Had party on Maureen's 3 months birthday.

In '41 Ronnie had a feud with Beverly Hills building authorities, who called his house an "eccentric lean-to." Later they built a nest on a hill overlooking city. Were great buddies of Eddie Albert.

Baby Maureen has Janie's wide forehead and China blue eyes but inherits her Daddy's friendliness and heavenly disposition. Proud parents gave her a gigantic Teddy bear on her 2nd birthday, Jan. 4th.

hands would go dipping into the huge popcorn pan.

There was the day he read himself. Jack came in to find him on the floor with the paper.

"What do you think you're doing?"

"Readin'."

"You and who else?"

"Just me."

"Read me something."

Ronnie did, and his dad's jaw dropped. He even called the neighbors in—for Jack, an admission of considerable pride.

"Where did you learn?"

"I dunno." Much later he figured he must have learned during those evenings, while he leaned on Nell's arm and followed the print.

There'd been lots of moving around—from Tampico where Ronnie was born, to Chicago, to Galesburg, to Monmouth, back to Tampico and at last to Dixon. Whenever they moved, first thing the boys did was rig up a reading light in their room—an unshaded bulb hanging from a cord over the head of the bed. Every night they read themselves to sleep. Nobody bothered them, nobody said, "That's bad for your eyes." Now Ronnie was having trouble with his. Teacher said he'd have to wear goggles.

Reason they moved so much, Jack was a shoe salesman. He was always getting better jobs. He loved shoes and feet, and putting the right ones together. Back in Monmouth, one guy's feet were so bad, he was in a wheelchair. Been to all kinds of doctors, they couldn't do a thing. Jack started fooling around with him and, before you know it, the guy comes walking in with a big grin and a cane. Finally Jack took a partner and bought this shoe store in Dixon.

Ronnie chuckled at the memory of their drive here. Shortly before they moved, his cat had had kittens—duly named King Arthur, Sir Galahad and Buster. Jack said they'd have to be left behind. Ronnie turned for aid to Nell, notoriously a softie. She inserted the cats in a basket, covered the basket and sneaked it to the floor of the back seat where the boys rode. The kittens kept popping their heads up, and Ronnie kept shoving them down. The noise of the engine covered their meows—either that, or Jack was pretending not to hear.

On arrival, Nell carried the basket off to be dealt with later. They were hauling stuff into the house when, suddenly, like some darn movie, from around the corner steps mamma cat, tailed by three balls of fur. They sail past the family, sniff the steps, sniff the porch and vanish through (*Continued on page 87*)

Moureen's nursery's the first place Rannie heads for when he comes in on leove. Breaks all the rules, picking her up when she squawls, jouncing her on his knee. Colls her "Nuts" ond "Monkeypuss" to tease J.

Precocious Maureen holtingly took her first steps shortly after her first birthday. Rannie found his account closed after going into khoki ond hod to chorge expensive Xmos gifts for Janie to her!

Betty ond her nephew Peter ore greot footboll fons, constontly proctise in the front yord. Lost Foll she wos elected honorory Coptoin of the Comedians teom which ployed ond lost to Leoding Men 92-79.

Betty's sister Morjorie occomponies Betty's vocol gymnostics every doy. Thot photo of Geo. hos o speciolly processed, roised surfoce to give o third dimensionol effect.

When rift rumors were rompont, George sent posies with o gushing note: "If I loved you holf os much, it would still be twice os much os ony other girl is loved." Thot p.m. the lovebirds were like this!

Miss

McClelland Barclay has painted three portraits of her, any one of which is more alluring than a cageful of houris—whatever houris are.

She receives 14,000 letters every month; of this staggering figure, at least several hundred are always honorable proposals of marriage.

When she walks down the street distant enough to be unrecognized by miscellaneous far-sighted gentlemen, they invariably whistle at her. There are no statistics available, but it is probable that she has evoked more long-drawn vocal expressions of delighted surprise than the latest Petty girl.

When she appears at the Hollywood Canteen, its name is automatically changed to the Riot Room.

Recently she was selected as the third best box office bet by a national convention of motion picture exhibitors.

Month in and month out, her name is mentioned more frequently in fan magazines and syndicated columns than that of any other film star.

Publicity men in her (*Continued on page 80*)

Vic Moture come o-colling on Cesor Romero ond Betty on "Coney Islond" set. During locotion ot Venice Amusement Pork, Groble entertoined 30 tickled doughboys on the rides ond shows!

By Kaaren Pieck

Terrific!

Alias Betty Grable, the gal who outhollers lusty Dodger fans, bowls a mighty 230 and reaps 14,000 fan letters each month!

CANDIDLY YOURS

Since the Granville-Cooper split, Jackie's got a new lease on life with Pat Carlyle and Linda Darnell, above on their first date. He's one of the last Naval enlistees!

This is the reaction Greer Garson and Alan Mowbray got when they offered Roddy McDowall a cigarette at the Christmas Benefit Show. Proceeds went toward buying dinner baskets for Las Angeles' needy.

The Ty Powers double-dated with Geo. Raft and Betty Grable at Jitterbug Jamboree at H'wood Legion Stadium. After winding up work on "Crash Dive," Ty will go on active duty as a glider pilot in the Marines!

Alan Ladd's in a bad way with his draft board, 'cause his home town of Little Rock, Ark. can't find his birth certificate! Above, with Sue and the Red Skeltans.

Valentine Greetings from Hollywood's woosome twosomes, where Cupid spreads the spirit 365 days a year!

Though Ann Sothern dates Cesar Romero, her heart belongs ta Bob Sterling, stationed at Santa Ana. But altar-trekking's out of the question for now. Ann's waiting for final divorce decree.

A big Mocambo party was tossed to celebrate Bruce Cabot's induction inta the Army. Above, with Errol Flynn and Marie McDonald, over whom he's vying with Brazilian millianaire Gea. Guinle.

While waiting to be called up for active duty, Ensign Robert Stack gave the Hollywoad feminine population a whirl. Took Dolores Moran dancing at Mocambo, but all his dreams are of Anne Shirley!

John Corroll and daughter, Juliono. Julie hos 2 cats nomed Coo-Coo ond LoToots.

Before John goes off to war, he'll have six cars (including station wagon) and 400 duelling pistols to get rid of. Now he's acting with Susan Hayward in Rep.'s "Hit Parade of 1943."

The house John lives in was built for Ma, Mrs. Emma LaFaye, but she stays there only during Julie's periodic visits! Other times, she occupies a Beverly Hills apt. closer to her friends.

Is this guy Carroll a goon? A jerk?

A fourteen-carat gent?

Start reading and judge for yourself!

Carroll has great mechanical skill. He designed above recording apparatus; has fully-equipped workshed near the house.

The big swarthy youth was leaning against the cashier's counter in a Hollywood studio commissary, paying his lunch check. Suddenly he heard his name. He stared at a group of men at a table.

Said one, "Did you see that awful stinker we just made with a dope named *John Carroll?*"

Said another, "Yes, but it didn't smell half as bad as *John Carroll,* himself. What a bum!"

Groaned the third, an important looking gent, "Terrible! And to think we're stuck with his contract. I've been lying awake nights trying to figure out how to get rid of this *John Carroll.*"

The big boy turned to the cashier. "Who's that man?"

"Don't you know? He's the president of the studio."

"Thanks," said John quietly, and left.

Next morning the president of the studio got a letter asking for John Carroll's release from his contract—his first studio contract, his first hard won Hollywood break. Six months later on Hollywood Boulevard John ran into the president of the studio he had deserted.

"You're John Carroll, aren't you?" said the (*Continued on page 77*)

By Jack Wade

Rogue Male

1. BEULAH: "If we get thrown out of many more places trying out new acts, I'll end up dancing on crutches."
JOHNNY: "Yea . . . we were going big, weren't we?"

2. SAM: "There's millions there . . . so much gold you can shovel it up like coal in a bin."
JOHNNY: "There, you see? I knew something would turn up."

By Maris MacCullers and Kay Hardy

"HELLO, FRISCO, HELLO"

Gilt-edged Nob Hill froze the song in Johnny Payne's heart, but Alice Faye had the patience of a woman in love.

STORY

They came hurtling out of the side door like a row of toppled bowling pins. First Dan, then Beulah and Trudy and finally Johnny Cornell. Sharkey stood in the doorway—reserved for entertainers, artists, truck drivers, drunkards and bums—with huge arms swinging slowly from side to side. From inside came the shrill sound of laughter of women and the bass rumble of men's voices. The whole street was blaring, blazing, nervously alive, dotted with signs: The Billy Goat, Happy Valley, Fat Louie's. San Francisco! The Barbary Coast!

"It's a hint," Sharkey said. "I don't want you here."

"Is he talking to us?" Dan said.

Beulah shrugged, "Could be."

Johnny brushed off his suit as he stood up. "We were doing fine. The act was going great. Trudy put that number across like—"

"Sure, sure," Dan said.

"We don't need Sharkey. We don't need an old dive like the Colosseum." (*Continued on page 101*)

PRODUCTION

Most awesome sight during production: Laird Cregar in make-up, with a flaming crimson beard exactly matching his henna-ed, permanent-ed hair. Ever since George Sanders stole all the Technicolor scenes in "Black Swan" with the red-beard trick, Laird's been yearning for an assignment like this.

Alice Faye's first day on the set, after a year and a half's absence, gave her the jitters. Everything was made as easy for her as possible. Schedules called for a singing scene (she likes them best), and all her old studio pals gathered around to welcome her back.

Alice is only 7 pounds lighter, but that slight change in weight affected the work of at least 70 people. The wardrobe department had to make a brand new dummy-replica of her figure, and all the Faye make-up charts had to be revised to complement her slightly thinner face. New hair-do's were created, designs for her picture wardrobe were changed—all of which meant new lighting formulas and different set (*Continued on page 106*)

By Kirtley Baskette

JOHNNY PAYNE - BOND SALESMAN

Kissing ladies who had to be pried loose . . . making like Gypsy Rose Lee . . . scrubbing his sox and shirts and ironing 'em on a hotel room bureau—it was all part of Johnny's job for Uncle Sam!

• Sales were slumping off a bit at the big bond rally in Richmond, Va., and the tall, dark, handsome and haggard fellow was at his wit's end. He'd babbled like a tobacco auctioneer for hours and days. He'd made speeches, danced with the customers and raffled off every wardrobe item he could without going to jail. He'd even crooned a few songs in a voice husky with weariness. He'd auctioned off kisses. He'd kept a grin on his handsome pan all the while. But now he was stumped. He turned appealingly to his bond booster partner, the pretty blonde Hollywood actress. She was out of ideas, too. She'd been through the same mill.

"Okay," announced big John Payne to his audience, thousands strong. "What will it take now to sell you folks some more bonds?"

"Do an exhibition ballroom dance with Jane!" somebody back in the hall yelled.

John was weaving on his feet, and that bright idea almost slugged him out for keeps. Of all things he couldn't ever do for sour apples it was—dance. There had always been complaints. An exhibition! Shades of (*Continued on following page*)

While in civilian life, John brought the shekels into Uncle Sam's treasury on a band tour with Janie Wyman. In Jan. he joined the Army Reserve for a 40-week civilian pilot training course, which will fit him for service as pilot or instructor. He'll be called to active duty at the end of the stint.

When Jane Russell went on a personal appearance tour, Johnny reportedly buzzed her phone every step of the way. *She's* so smitten she lost pounds on his account! The beauteous Jane is one reason why his attempted reconciliations with Anne haven't come off!

If there's a piano in the house, he finds it and pounces down to play a tune. Above, before Lux Theater broadcast.

Veloz and Yolanda! He looked at Jane. She nodded.

"You're on!" croaked Johnny Payne. "For a $25,000 sale I'll do it. But don't ask for your money back when you see what you get. Remember—the bonds are good even if the dance is terrible!" So the sale was subscribed and—

"If my baby ever asks what poppa did in the Big World War," grinned Big John Payne to me, "I'll just tell her about that light fantastic. Me with my two left feet! And number twelves, too! All I can say is that if it was tough on me, think of poor Jane!"

Of course John Payne figures on a more solid war record than that. In fact, by the time this is printed John Payne, that tall, dark and handsome Hollywood hero guy, will have himself a new job. He'll be Private John Howard Payne of the Army Air Corps Reserve, in training somewhere in the Southwest to be a Service Pilot. If he doesn't wash out, and he has no such intentions, John will be busy as a bird dog until the Victory Parade in Berlin, aboard transport, training, bomber or ferry planes, working steady, seven days and nights a week, for Uncle Sam.

That's a far cry from the glamour of Hollywood's studios, but the set-up won't be as strange to John as you'd think. He's campaigned for Mr. Whiskers before. What's more, he discovered the job he did for his country packed more of a thrill than any fame or fortune gathered from Hollywood in seven long years—and that's something. Because John leaves the movies Number One Young Star of the year with six hit pictures still packing 'em in all over the nation.

It was only a few weeks ago that John pulled into Hollywood after 14 days of the toughest but most thrilling part he ever played—selling War Bonds for Victory!

He arrived home 12 pounds lighter with dark hollows under his brown eyes. Half his wardrobe was missing, his hair was fuzzing down over his collar and his big body aching from whirlwind, bond-plugging days and sleepless nights. But he was the happiest star in all Hollywood, and with good reason: He'd traveled thousands of miles in hurry-up auto trips,

It's rumored he still carries a flaming torch for Anne. Offered to meet any conditions if she'd forgive. Above, with Jack Oakie, La Mirandа and Alice Faye on set of "Hello, Frisco, Hello."

Clowned around with June Havoc at studio and is genuinely fond of her, but altar shy. June, mom to a 6-year-old by her first marriage, just won a divorce.

starred at a hundred bond rallies, given out with a couple hundred speeches, a few score radio broadcasts. And when his Uncle Sam could use the dough for a mighty mission, John and Jane Wyman peddled around $10,000,000 of what it takes to buy tanks, planes and guns.

That's a fair enough good-by for any movie star leaving the screen for a bigger job. I thought maybe you'd like to hear all about it. Because, for one thing, it may be a spell before I can write another story on John Payne, and that's too bad, because I like to write stories about John. He's sort of tongue-tied at times and not the kind of fellow to dream up romantic stuff about sailing the Seven Seas or chasing head hunters in New Guinea. But you can count on what he says. Besides, I had a hunch the picture of Bashful John playing Salesman Sam in person ought to yield a chuckle here and there and maybe a solid lesson or two. I wasn't disappointed.

For instance, if you can close your eyes and see a movie-struck lady at a big (*Continued on page 93*)

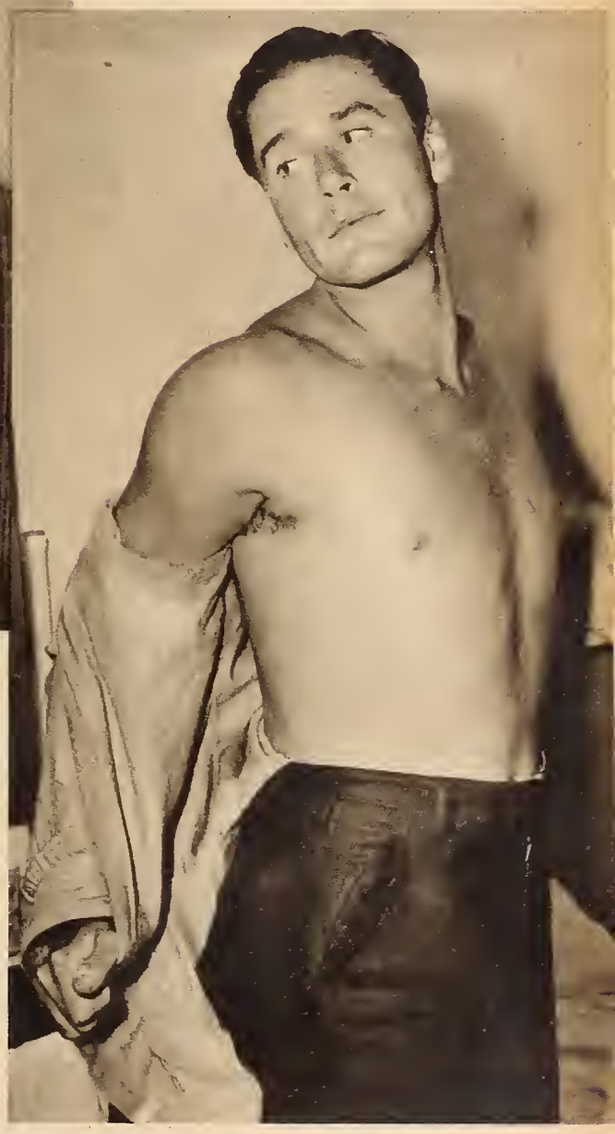
Speaking of Errol Flynn ...

As we go to press, a question mark still hangs over the Flynn trial! But whether you're for or agin' him, the guy's still news . . . and news is what we're dishing!

Errol's dropped tennis because of ill-health, submits to daily naps prescribed by doctor. For muscly movie roles, keeps toned up by daily work-outs with ex-pug. Still smokes fiendishly, borrowing cigarettes from everyone, paying off weekly with stacks of cartons.

Flynn talks by the yard about his new farm, keeps eagle eye on crops, weather conditions, barnyard clucking with chickens, ducks and geese. Actress Virginia Christine and John Garfield grin over tale of pet sea gull, rescued with broken wing from Errol's lion dog.

Errol hovered like o biddy over detoils of his 12-room house. Spurned decorotors, furnished it himself. Lost so much poundoge over thot ond his lost pic thot Worners' were worned to take it eosy shooting "Edge of Dorkness."



Next to slop-around clothes, Errol leons toword neot bow ties ond double-breosted jobs with "o Woll Street" look. His swish grey Pockord convertible coupe, with speciol body, is goraged for the present becouse of no tires.

While others on "Dorkness" set gin-rummied, Errol pecked out current book obout Arno, pet hound who rolled off yocht into the Pocific. Flynn has olso outhored o ploy, bought by Worners', ond o notionol mog story on John Borrymore.

The Scotch-Irish Harts lived till recently in Newcastle, where Bob was born. The clan includes married sister Helen, Bob and Melee (above). Pop Hart used to catch for Chicago Cubs, now manages golf course.

HE WANTED WINGS

Rosemary Layng

A guy can eat his heart out while a million other young eagles are blasting Japs and Germans out of the sky. Ask Bob Sterling . . .

Bob Sterling's a very impatient young man. When he has to wait for things, he doesn't like it. He had to wait from December 7th to November 10th to get into the service, and he didn't like that at all.

It was on Pearl Harbor Day that he made up his mind he was going to war. Made up his mind isn't quite the right way to put it. With Bob, as with thousands of men, one followed the other as naturally as B follows A.

He was at home that Sunday, reading the funnies. The radio was tuned in on some musical program, but he wasn't really listening. It must have been a jerk station, anyway, for the music ran on uninterrupted till the phone rang.

"Is your radio on?" asked the friend at the other end.

"Yes."

"You don't sound excited."

"What about?"

"Good Lord, the Japs have attacked Pearl Harbor!"

That night he went (*Continued on page 72*)

This sward-snouted trophy, gifted to Bob, was once a 259-lb. Marlin snared off Catalina by Ann Sothern who holds the record for last summer.

Left at home with his civvies: 25 pairs of shoes and a lucky brown hat, dragged into every pic including M-G-M's "Somewhere I'll Find You."

The only photos publicly flaunted by Bob are his sister's and Ann Sothern's. Bob worked with Ann in "Ringside Maisie," says pic started him upward.

Bob met Hedy when he jounced her rear fender, stopping for a traffic light. She and Ann Sothern shared Bob's last splurge before leaving for training school at Santa Ana.

Give Beauty a Hand

"Smooth, white hands are your pass to beauty and loveliness," says pretty Ann Rutherford in a recent interview.

Ann softly works the cuticle back after a soap-and-water soaking.

Ann Rutherford, whose new hit-opus is "Whistling in Dixie," suggests charm hints for your hands. Be glamorous to the tips of your fingers!

By CAROL CARTER

After polish dries, apply hand lotion or cream for softer and more delicate skin beauty!

y a colorless liquid base
ore your polish, and you'll
cover enamel wears longer!

Sparkling-eyed Ann Rutherford was speaking . . . "Today's pretty hands are busy hands!" And suiting the action to the word, the brunette love of Andy Hardy's life reached rosy-tipped fingers towards a buzzing telephone. "Yes," she'd serve doughnuts at the Stage Door Canteen. "Yes," she'd sell bonds at tonight's premiere. "Yes," to a Red Cross rally.

The delicate Rutherford hands are sure 'nuff busy . . . and pretty no end. How come? A rainbow collection of brilliant polishes, ranging from rose-petal pink to a deep, flaming garnet, a never-broken habit of applying lotions after every hand-washing, frequent creamings and special cuticle-removing preparations, says she, help her to keep her digits at their handsomest.

Ann was in New York as part of a whirlwind Bond Selling Tour that took her all over Uncle Sam's map. One-night stands left little time for elaborate beauty-parlor sessions. "But, then I was prepared," she cheered, "I've always done my own nails. I never light long enough in one spot for anything else." With a bit of art, a stock of finger-beautifiers and the correct procedure (read further for that!) you, gentle reader, can provide your own hands with Hollywood caliber treatment.

Keep 'Em Clean

Put lots of soap-and-water emphasis on your hands! Frequent washings are mighty important in creating glamorous mitts. Don't be satisfied with a hasty lick'n'promise dunking, but think of every hand washing as a beauty treatment. Then you'll be sure to use gentle, pure, cake and laundry-form soap, whether it's hands, dishes or stockings you're sudsing.

Naturally enough, frequent washings are apt to prove a bit drying, and hands have fewer oil ducts than other body areas. Because nature has been stingy, it's up to you to provide lubrication for smoothly beautiful hands. Steal a leaf from La Rutherford's charm book. Resolve that as regularly as you wash your hands, you will pamper them with a special lotion or cream. Keep convenient bottles in kitchen and laundry, as well as in the bathroom cabinet, then you'll never neglect this beauty "must." If you do a daily stint in an office, keep a bottle in a desk drawer. Defense workers stow their hand-prettifiers in their lockers. Many industries supply their employees with these special lotions, for efficiency experts know that smooth, firm-skinned hands are defter, less liable to infections.

If you're starting on a grubby job, like painting the book shelves or transplanting the rose bush, dig your nails into a cake of soap and scratch across its surface. That's a trick of Ann's for she loves to putter in the garden, "and my mother's always wailing that I never wear gloves. To placate her, I use the soap trick." After the job's finished, wash out soap, and the nail tip will be left spotlessly clean.

For a further cleanliness-measure, smooth on a protective cream before setting to work. You'll find it a boon for busy fingers. And speaking of busy fingers, Ann's a dynamo of energy. Movie career and a Bond-Selling record would be enough for us average guys. But no. Ann also likes "to mess around with oil painting, and I do a bit of clay sculpting. Very poorly in fact." Which is modest but untrue. Ann's hobbies have a definitely professional slant. But how they do dirty a gal's hands! That's where a protective is such a help. Whether you're riding a hobby or building bombers, (*Continued on page 85*)

By Carol Carter

"Finger-tip glamour is important", says Linda Darnell. She's in "City Without Men."

Rita Hayworth credits her lovely nails to daily care. At present she's seen in "My Client Curley."

Betty Grable can well be proud of those pretty nails she displays in her latest hit, "Coney Island."

Color at your fingertips!

Hollywood hand-habit . . . gay, sparkling polish gives extra glamour to pretty hands!

Pretty hands! Deanna Durbin's in "The Amazing Mrs. Holliday."

• "The touch of your hand" . . . script writers are always referring to it, Tin Pan Alley sings its praises. Must be something to this hand craze! In Hollywood, reels of film have photographed a hand opening a door, dialing a phone, holding a cigarette. The slightest movement can add a touch of mystery, glamour or suspense to any scene.

In your own life, the first thing the all-important "He" notices at the touch of your hand is the condition of the nails. So let's take a peek. Are your nails an asset or a liability? Are you flattering them with a becoming shade of polish?

Color Calendar

Fashion experts have told you how to match your gowns, gloves and shoes. Now, match your nail polish to your complexion type and the general color scheme of your favorite suits and dresses. Glance at some of the easy rules for color harmony for hands, and you'll want to try them next time you purchase a bottle of polish for your finger-glamourizing chores.

Take inventory of your type of beauty. Are you an outdoor all-American girl who looks grand in sport clothes? Then, with your tanned cheeks and healthy complexion you're sure to like those sparkling orange and rust shades of polish. They're becoming to you red-heads, too! You with the exotic, pale, white skin and small delicate hands, try wearing smoky tones. They look charming with your type of skin. If you boast luscious blonde tresses, then be oh-so-alluring in soft pastel shades of polish. And you brunettes can win looks of praise and admiration when you saunter forth in one (*Continued on page 114*)

PIN-UP CHART FOR

hand beauty

Fresh-fingered Hints from Screen Lovelies Are a Helping Hand to Charm!

Ruth shapes each of her lovely nails into becoming ovals.

RUTH HUSSEY

Patch a broken nail with scotch tape or paste a ready-made one on 'til the real one grows in again. Cover with gay polish, and no one will notice the camouflage.

Soap-'n'-water scrubbing of hands is a daily "must."

ELIZABETH FRASER

Be sure to use hand lotion after each and every washing. Keep an extra bottle in desk drawer, locker or kitchen to have hands looking smooth all day.

Julie keeps hands lovely by using hand cream often.

JULIE BISHOP

Begin your manicure with a colorless base, then apply two coats of your favorite nail polish. With tissue, remove tiny line around nail edge to prevent chipping.

Anti-chip device: a final layer of colorless polish.

ANNE GWYNNE

For brittle nails massage a nail lubricant on them daily. At night soak fingertips in warm oil before going to bed. Wear cotton gloves to protect bedding.

GOOD NEWS

Judy shoved work oside, lovished oll her time on Dove Rose before he left for Army. Moved from Brentwood home to oportment for durotion.

By Fredda Dudley

Glenn Ford off to Marines! Cary Grant and Roz Russell cop H'wood Women's Press Club Golden Apples!

Alas, No Gas!

The big story in Hollywood this month is Shortage. Shortage of butter, eggs, meat, gas and film. And men, Sophronia, MEN!

All manner of amazing things happened as a result of gasoline rationing: Bing Crosby moved into an apartment near the studio because he didn't have gas to get back and forth from his ranch to the sets. Then his ration board thought it over and decided to give him a B card, so Bing moved out of the building, just as nearby autograph kiddies began to search the vicinity.

* * *

John Payne moved into the apartment building in which Jack Oakie was living and was promptly invited to join the family for dinner. Venita Varden's mother does the cooking, so Mr. Payne is feeling at home. He is thriving, but with a sigh, because the minute he finishes "Hello, Frisco, Hello," he will be in the Army Air Corps.

* * *

Paul Henreid (Continued on following page)

Seven thousand people sardined into Las Angeles Examiner benefit. Livvie de Havilland glows over cigarette case given Mante Blue for M.C.'ing at 25 performances.

Bob Young, night-flying instructor, took evening off to squire wife to Mocambo, was nabbed at exit by autograph-hunting sailor. Eight-year-old Carol Ann is adoring fan, but hates seeing Daddy in mush-stuff.

Bonito Granville spends spare moments rustling up cookies for three branches of the service: Cooper in the Navy, Tim Holt in the air corps, and Briggs (above) in the Marines!

Dennis Morgan shovels out succulent tidbits at Hollywood Canteen, founded and godmothered by Bette Davis. Service men are allotted 10 minutes apiece to jive with Grable.

Abbott and Costello, backstage at Examiner Benefit, talk over possible overseas tour of Army camps, would like to include Russian. Hearing how guys relish home-town papers, they recently sent stacks abroad.

thought he had preempted a spot for himself at the head of the Bright Idea class. When the threat of gasoline rationing was just a small, pesky sprout in the garden of California transportation, he oozed quietly down to a reliable dealer and bought a gasoline scooter represented to get upteen-umpty miles to the gallon. Came the rationing day, and Paul drove his scooter down to the nearest filling station, worried mightily because it was going thrub-squee instead of put-put. An attendant took one look and explained that the gimmick was cracked, and the scooter wouldn't be useful until it was fixed. Catch: the government has been using gimmicks by the carload, and there's no telling when Paul will be able to have his scooter repaired.

* * *

Cesar Romero, the most unremitting Don Juan in town, has been nipped in the gas tank. Before Annie Sheridan left for Mexico, Cesar planned to take her on a whirl of nighteries. Then he began to calculate the distance from his home to Encino, thence to Mocambo, thence to El Serape, thence to Encino. . . . So he wrote Ann a bon voyage note.

* * *

Hedy Lamarr and Jean Pierre Aumont started to Mocambo one night and ran out of gas, so they tried to get a cab and were told that taxis in Los Angeles are now prohibited from delivering any person to a night club, a department store or an athletic event. So they walked. But when the place closed at 12 (yes, Hollywood night life has simply ceased to be), Hedy Lamarr and Monsieur Aumont were marooned. Then, from an adjoining table, arose a tall stranger and said, "My wife wants me to tell you that we live in Beverly Hills, and we'll be glad to drive you to the most convenient bus line." Gone are the days when a citizen would have driven some 200 miles out of his way, simply to have been able to say, "Hedy Lamarr (Continued on page 64)

Reggie Gardiner and bride, Nadia Petrovo, cut wedding cake at reception given by Arthur Hornblow. Later flung Hollywood's first rationed dinner. Guests came with own eggs, sugar, butter, coffee!

SUSAN TUCKER HUNTINGTON
of New Canaan and New York

Her engagement to Aviation Cadet Warren Albert Stevens was announced September 9th. *Her Ring* (at right) is set with an emerald, Susan's birthstone, shining either side of the exquisite diamond.

Warren has gone South to train as an Army flyer, and Susan is hard at work at the Delehanty Institute taking the course in "Assembly and Inspection" so she'll be ready to step right into a vital job on an airplane production line.

"Drills, bolts, screws and nuts have a way of leaving grimy smudges on my face," says Susan, "so I'm being *extra* fussy about getting my skin *extra* clean. Pond's Cold Cream suits me just fine. It helps slick off every tiny little speck of machine dirt and grease—and afterwards my face feels soft as a glamour girl's."

Use Pond's yourself—and see *why* Susan says it's "grand." You'll see, too, why war-busy society women like Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., and Mrs. W. Forbes Morgan praise it—why it is used by more women and girls than any other face cream. Ask for the *larger* sizes—you get even more for your money. All sizes are popular in price. At beauty counters everywhere.

LEARNING TO DO A JOB THE U. S. NEEDS—At her bench at the Delehanty Institute, Susan drills precisely accurate holes in metal castings—a process she'll use often when she starts her war job. "Warren would be surprised if he could see how mechanically exact I'm getting to be," she says.

Susan Huntington, Air Cadet Stevens Married in Alabama

Just as this page about Susan's and Warren's engagement was going to press—they were married! Like so many girls engaged to army men these days, Susan's wedding plans were changed almost overnight.

She's Engaged!

She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

'SHALL I SEND HIM YOUR LOVE, TOO?'

Susan asks Jupiter—sympathetic wire-haired terrier. After a grimy day in the school shop, it's wonderful to feel frilly and feminine again. Susan, in her sweet pink negligee, is bewitching with her big dark eyes, and flower-lovely Pond's complexion.

COPY SUSAN'S SOFT-SMOOTH COMPLEXION CARE—

Use Pond's Cold Cream as she does—*every night* and for daytime clean-ups.

First, Susan smooths Pond's all over her face and throat. She pats gently, with brisk little pats to soften and release dirt and make-up. Then tissues off well.

Next, Susan "rinses" with *more* soft-smooth Pond's Cold Cream and tissues it all off again. "My face feels *grand*," she says.

It's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's!

A Paramount Picture with William Bendix ★ Jerry Colonna ★ Walter Abel ★ Marjorie Reynolds Betty Rhodes ★ Dona Drake ★ Lynne Overman ★ Gary Crosby ★ Johnnie Johnston ★ Golden Gate Quartette ★ *and* Cecil B. DeMille ★ Preston Sturges ★ Ralph Murphy *and many others of your favorites!*

It'll Never Be Topped!
THE PARAMOUNT MUSICAL COMEDY OF THE YEAR!
Star Spangled Rhythm
Starring
BING CROSBY
BOB HOPE
FRED MacMURRAY
FRANCHOT TONE
RAY MILLAND
VICTOR MOORE
DOROTHY LAMOUR
PAULETTE GODDARD
VERA ZORINA
MARY MARTIN
DICK POWELL
BETTY HUTTON
EDDIE BRACKEN
VERONICA LAKE
ALAN LADD
ROCHESTER
Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL
Original Screen Play by Harry Tugend
ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

Janet Blair

Kid sister Eileen

By Cynthia Miller

Braces on her teeth, straggly Dutchboy bob, li'l Janny Blair was a perfect drip until . . .

• If you've ever lived in a small or medium-sized town, you know Janet Blair. She's the average American youngster. She's the kid next door with the friendly grin and the braces on her teeth, who went scooting by on roller skates or bike. She's the kid who giggled with sister Louise in the porch hammock, and yelled herself hoarse at football games, especially when big brother Fred was playing. She's the kid who loved oatmeal for breakfast, ice cream at all hours and food where she found it. After school she'd drop in at her father's produce market, sidle into the refrigerating room, stuff herself with grapes, plums and pears, and bewilder the family who couldn't understand why their healthy youngest showed so wan an interest in dinner.

Her dad called her Brown-eyed Chuck. She lived in the big house that seemed forever full of young life and laughter. Her mother loved to feed the football team steak and potatoes after the big game on Saturday. There were Valentine parties and Hallowe'en parties and Fourth of July picnics. Christmas was family day—they'd all gather round the tree on Christmas morning to open their gifts. Without being spoiled, the children formed the heart of the household. Janny never had to weep because she couldn't have a new party dress, but the exchequer didn't run to fancy fur coats. She was Janet Lafferty then—of the Laffertys of Altoona—the kind of family that goes to make up the backbone of America, that stands for the sunny, sturdy, self-respecting way of life America's fighting to keep.

If you'd known her then, you might not have recognized her a couple of months back at the premiere of "My Sister Eileen" in Radio City's Music Hall. She'd been a nice, fresh-faced kid, but no dream girl. You remember the braces, you remembered the straight hair, bobbed à la Jackie Coogan in "The Kid." You remembered nothing to prepare you for this vision in powder-blue crepe which rose to the introduction of Janet Blair, lovely young face framed in soft chestnut curls, all the more radiant because the lips trembled a little, and the eyes misted. The eyes were the same all right — big, brown and luminous. Yes, it had to be (*Continued on page 96*)

Ever since Janet signed letters to daughboy correspondents with a kiss, they've been hounding her to sell real smacks for cash! However, fiancé Lou Bush (above) has a corner on *that* market!

Don Ameche loves funnies on a par with Janny, so they had a picnic every Monday on set of Col.'s "Something to Shout About." It's rumored she'll replace Mary Martin on Bing Crosby's airings!

John Payne

Susan Hayward

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

Jock Benny, Lindo Dornell, Geo. Burns ond Ed. Contor ot conteen set up by newsreel comeromen, bockstoge.

Ginny Simms, Edgor Bergen, Chorlie, Filipino Modome Tim ond Loretto Young short-woved to boys overseos.

Comic trio, Horpo Morx, George Burns ond Grocie Allen hod the benefit porty in stitches from stort to finish. Grocie invoriobly goes to o porty in pint-sized Austin jom-pocked with big-cor-owners!

rode in my car—on the left hand side of the rear seat, and she hung onto that strap right there."

* * *

George Tobias didn't have enough gas to get to Warner Brothers, so he hitch-hiked; it required three hours and five drivers to deposit him within walking distance of the studio, and he wasn't recognized once. He fled through the make-up department to pick up a layer of dark pancake and reported to the set where his job all day was to drive a truck into a scene and out again. We refrain from quoting Mr. Tobias at this point.

* * *

Universal planned a terrific birthday party for Deanna Durbin in honor of her newly acquired 21 years, but she lives 17 miles away from the studio, so they held the celebration, not on her birthday, but a day before. Reason: she had to come into the studio anyhow for wardrobe fittings for "Three Smart Girls Join Up". P.S. Vaughn Paul and Deanna have long had a system of gift-giving in their family; when one gives some particular item for a birthday or Christmas, the other follows up on the next holiday with a masculine or feminine counterpart of the same gift. For instance: Deanna gave Vaughn a beautiful traveling clock when he went into service, so—for her birthday—he gave her a gold alarm clock that plays "It's A Long Way to Tipperary." The last of its kind, by the way, because there's a shortage of clocks.

* * *

Another grave shortage exists in the maid department. Sue Carol has had luncheon with Alan Ladd at Paramount every day on which he has been working since they were married—until one day last week. Alan was observed at a stag table, and it almost caused a "stop-the-presses" rush of correspondents who wanted to know what had happened to Sue. Had the prospective heir put in a hasty appearance, they queried breathlessly. Alan shook his head. Nope, Sue was at home doing the housework because their latest maid had resigned in favor of Lockheed.

* * *

Tyrone and Annabella have a stout fence surrounding their proud crop of Rhode Island Red chickens, and there is a vicious rumor afloat that Mr. Power is terrific on the .22, in case anyone has a furtive notion of augmenting his meat ration. However, chickens have their limitations—they give only one kind of fruit. The Powers, during the beef shortage, had scrambled eggs for breakfast, soufflé for luncheon and sunny-sides-up for dinner. Tyrone, after several days of this, took a disconsolate walk out to check on the welfare of his four dogs and found them licking chops over a larrupin' dinner of braised horse meat. Mr. Power returned thoughtfully to his wife. "Darling," he hinted, "if we continue to be without red meat, I hope you fool me sometime and serve a three-inch steak—without telling me whether it mooed or whinnied over the pasture gates."

* * *

Anne Shirley, seeking to alleviate her personal gasoline shortage, started down from one of the highest of Hollywood hills at a coasting zip. Around curves she went, rolling up mileage and cutting down costs. Finally, with a regretful sigh, she had to make a boulevard stop at Sunset . . . and was flagged down by a grim-faced traffic officer who gave her, forthwith, a ticket. It seems that the California Highway Code deems it illegal to operate a car not in gear; gas shortage or no, the law says you must, while coming down a hill, keep the motor turning over (using high octane, brother) while you apply your brakes. So Anne says she has "Compression depression."

Mrs. Macdonald Carey has the prize grocery story of the month. The day before Mac was to leave (to report at Marine boot camp), she was shopping at her neighborhood meat shop when the butcher, after having glanced swiftly in either direction with a conspiratorial eye, asked from the corner of his mouth in a cavernous tone, "Could you use some bacon?" Betty, looking over *her* shoulder, whispered, "Do you actually have some?" The butcher wrapped up a small package with the air of an old-time bootlegger jacketing a pint of stuff just over the border. "It's really Howard Hughes' bacon," he explained, "but he hasn't come after it, so I'm giving you a break . . . on account of your husband, see." It gives Betty a great deal of quiet pleasure to realize that *she* brought home the Hughes bacon; it proves something, but she isn't sure just what.

Most envied girl in Hollywood this month was Marguerite Chapman, who was the only distaff member of the cast working on "Destroyer" for Columbia—the new Glenn Ford picture. For several days, she was on the set with 250 men, that rarest of all commodities. So, this portion of our report closes on a seemly note: Ah-men!

TAXES AND WAR BONDS—It Takes Both!

Heart Mart:

Married: on December 6 in a quiet ceremoney, Nadia Petrova and Reginald Gardiner.

* * *

Filed Suit for Divorce: Ann Sheridan from George Brent in Mexico. Ann is staying at a small town near Mexico City. Which brings us to the interesting coincidence that Errol Flynn is also in Mexico, but hundreds of miles away from the capital. One Hollywood daily has carried repeated reports that Mr. Flynn had been sending roses by the hamper to Anne. When asked about it, Anne looked like a gal from Texas who could place a .45 slug through the ace of spades at twenty paces. "If Flynn has been sending me roses," she burst out, "I'd like to know where they are getting waylaid, because I've never even seen so much as a leaf, and you may quote me on that."

Best bet on this one: That they may see each other in Mexico because any man would be foolish not to go dancing with Anne if he had the chance; she's such a grand gal.

Los Angeles dailies, the day after the Ilona Massey divorce was granted, printed the interesting news that George Brent was happy over the situation. Dope on this one: your guess is as good as ours.

* * *

Apart: Greer Garson and Richard Ney. It is quite possible that this romance, sincere as it was during its brief life, will never end in matrimony. There were too many handicaps for Cupid to overcome before winter set in, and that little fat rascal never owned an overcoat so he can't operate to advantage when California's air — breathed unexpectedly on a December morning — almost knocks you flat in your shivering tracks. With Ney in the Navy (and someone should write a song with that title) they will be separated much of the time; career troubles intervened, too. Count this one as a charming episode, probably ended.

* * *

Mad About Each Other: Brenda Marshall and Bill Holden continue to be—even miles apart — a gladdening pair. Thanksgiving Day, Brenda was invited to the home of Bill's parents for turkey 'n fixings. When she arrived, Bill's mother (Continued on page 106)

Do you wear "Natural" powder?

Then don't MISS this heavenly NEW "Natural!"

The misty shell-pink softness of this new "Natural" gives your skin a new look! A delicate transparent glow—exquisitely blonde . . . tender . . . but radiantly alive!

Pond's new Dreamflower "Natural"—so different from heavy, chalky, ordinary blonde powders—makes your skin look fair, but never "powdery" or faded. Try this frailest, sweetest new Dreamflower shade *soon!*

"I have always worn 'Natural' Powder—but I've never found one that suits my skin so well as Pond's beautifully blended new Dreamflower 'Natural.' It is an unusually lovely shade."
MRS. FRANCIS GROVER CLEVELAND

New Pond's Dreamflower Powder

New Dreamflower Box— dainty as a garden bouquet. Luxurious dressing-table box—only 49¢. Two introductory sizes —25¢. 10¢.

Tops the List!

"*What lipstick did you last buy?*" a beauty editor asked recently. Pond's "Lips" topped the list! Matching compact rouge—Pond's "Cheeks"!

Pond's "LIPS"
—stays on Longer

Actual 10¢ size

TODAY!

See all 6 new Dreamflower Powder Shades—

NATURAL—for pink-and-white blondes
ROSE CREAM—peach tone for golden blondes
BRUNETTE—rosy-beige for medium brunettes
RACHEL—for cream-ivory skin
DUSK ROSE—for rich rosy-tan skin
DARK RACHEL—for dark brunettes

At Beauty Counters Everywhere

VIENNESE KNIGHT

By Sylvia Katz

Fate scooped Helmut Dantine out of Hitler's hands, deposited him in Hollywood, to play the heiling Nazi.

After Pearl Harbor, tongue-wagger spread rumor that Helmut was interned, brought to studio under guard. "Hollywood was a pretty lonely place until I got that cleared up," says Helmut.

Six-ft., hazel-eyed Helmut says fans think of him as treacherous-looking villain, never know him off-screen. Warners' have him cropped within an inch of his scalp for "Edge of Darkness" and "Mission to Moscow."

"DIVIDE me into two parts; the before and after."

"Before what?"

"Before 1938 . . . occupation of Austria . . . escaping with my hide and almost nothing else."

Helmut slips into a recitation of the facts as though it weren't he at all whom he was talking about. You hear about those three unbelievable months in a concentration camp. About the ominous months before that in the Austrian diplomatic corps and his appointment to the embassy in London. He tells you of the University of Vienna . . . the Consular Academy . . . the tight little Dantine family, so snugly rooted to their home in Vienna. You hear about how relatives wangled passage for him to America . . . brought him to Los Angeles . . . shoved him into U.C.L.A. before he'd learned the word for juke box.

In another deft sentence or two he brings himself up to date, and you sit there (*Continued on page 79*)

For Wear in your Country's Service

CUTEX PRESENTS "ON DUTY"

Dedicated to you thousands of WAVES and WAACS, Canteen Workers and War Factory Workers, Ambulance Drivers and Nurse's Aides who are working for your country . . . the new Cutex "*On Duty*." It's color-right. And it's made by a new fast-drying formula that saves your precious time. Wear "*On Duty*" in your country's service.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING
NAIL POLISH . . . . ONLY 10¢
(PLUS TAX)

NORTHAM WARREN, NEW YORK

For the modern miss

Prove you're Uncle Sam's Valentine this Feb. 14th, by wearing his lacy Irene-designed Defense Stamp Corsage.

Bow knots and seersucker spell spring, don't they? And when they go into a flattering Wirth-Gold housecoat, what more do you want?

Of course you have to come across with a greenback for Uncle Sam's Valentine corsage. That's your insurance for tomorrow. But cast your saucer eyes at the other ten; each one a precious prize that you might win in the still-open "Powers Girl" contest. (See our February issue for more complete details.) This is your best bet to save both clothing coin and store stocks. So win what you need!

Mary Martin, now seen in Paramount's star-studded "Star Spangled Rhythm."

You know, suits? And blouses, especially startling white ones like those Mary Martin adores? Well, you might win three varied Joan Kenleys; a blouse wardrobe.

When it comes to Glentex scarves, you may win them in sets of three. Imagine!

Isn't this the different-looking print you've fancied? Yes, it is chicken wire, in a Nantucket Natural. Mary adds her own white chiffon 'cause she likes it that way.

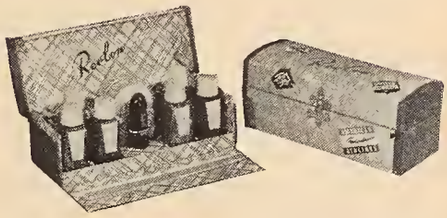
Looking ahead to spring and low socks, could you think of a better time to win three pairs of Trimfit's Huggersox?

Put on a new frilly front with Bobe's foamy jabot-vestee, a luscious concoction of lace and net.

by Elizabeth Willguss

Are you the one? The lucky girl who'll win this breath-of-spring dancing dream? Mary Martin looks just the way you'll feel in this poppy-scattered American Deb dress. Draped jersey and soft chiffon make you a vision of floating loveliness.

Wouldn't you love to own this Helena Rubinstein budget beauty bank to help you save for beauty?



Why not try to win this perfect plus Revlon hand trousseau trunk, the better to woo hand beauty the Carol Carter way.

High score gals, take note. Do you realize you have a chance to win one of six of these gabardine Bowlers designed by Carol Crowford?

"Here's the way to see what I like in clothes." That is Mary Martin for you. Pulling open both wardrobe doors in her New York hotel suite. And telling you to go ahead and look. But not to expect the dresses to look much on the hanger. Because they're simple. Just line. So you take Mary at her frank and friendly Texan word and fashion-feast on her wardrobe. It's a half and half affair, but hubby Halliday's suits take up the lesser half. She's right. The dresses look like nothing on the hanger, and they're all line. But what line! Especially that Ming orange job. Then you can't stand it any longer. You have to look up at those hats. That's where Mary Martin starts with clothes. At the head. With the maddest, most beauteous hats you ever saw. She thinks nothing of having a dress made for a hat. While she combs out her feather cut, you talk about clothes and this spring. "I'm not a bit worried," she tells you. "I was lucky enough to buy several Liberty prints last year. I'll have those made up, and I won't need another thing." That's the patriotic way this Hollywood star answers Washington's plea not to buy what you don't need. And don't forget—she loves clothes. But not as much as Heller or Halliday.

Girls who live by the clock can't SUFFER by the CALENDAR!

NO need to tell you how valuable time is now! You *know*. Doing the work you have always done—cheerfully accepting new duties—wedging in time for service organization activity, you find that your months are woefully short.

Now, especially, the days you used to give grudgingly to menstruation's functional pain and depression are too precious to waste. And wasting them is very likely *needless*. For if you have no organic disorder calling for special medical or surgical treatment, Midol should make these trying days as comfortably carefree as others!

But don't regard Midol as just another means of relief for "dreaded days headache". Its comfort goes farther. For while it is free from opiates, Midol helps lift your "blues"—and an *exclusive* ingredient speedily eases spasmodic muscular pain of the period.

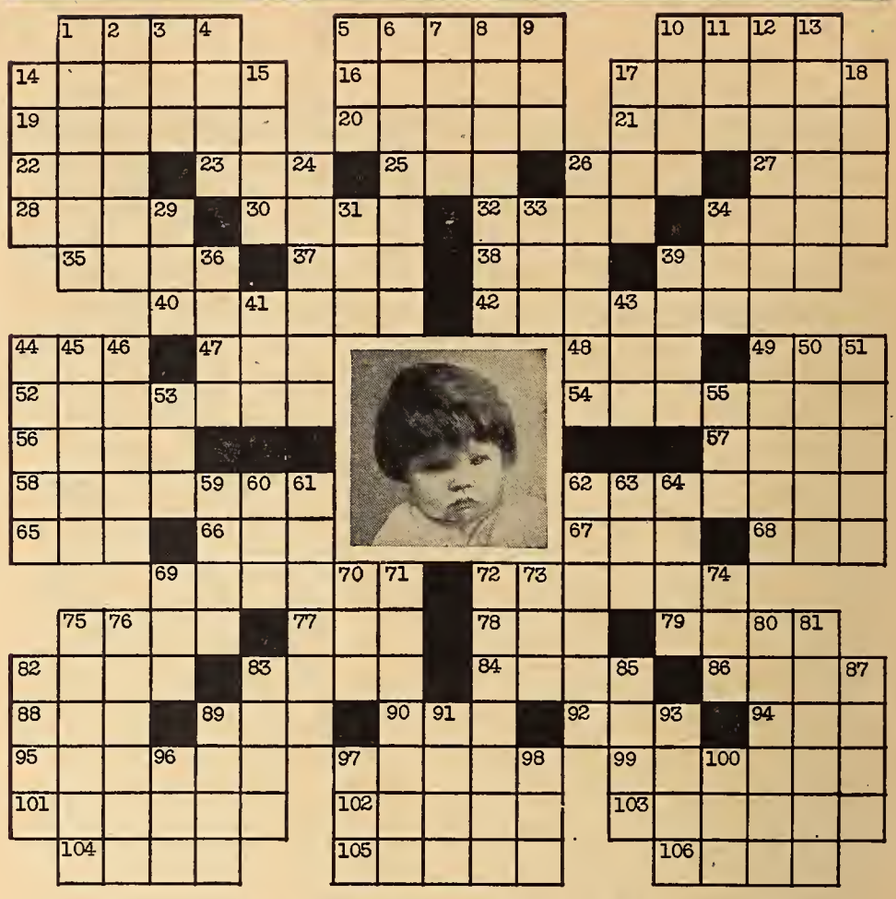
Get Midol *now*. Have it when you need it. Large packages for economical regular use, and small packages to carry in purse or pocket. At your nearest drugstore.

MIDOL

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — Replacement or Refund of Money if Defective or Not as Advertised Therein

RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN

OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 87

ACROSS

1. Important production by 5-across
5 & 10. Mrs. Phil Harris
14. Feminine lead in "Shadow of a Doubt"
16. Femme in "Behind the 8 Ball"
17. "Pierre of the - - - - - -"
19. Threw with force
20. Musical vibration
21. Frida in "Edge of Darkness"
22. Hebrew high priest
23. Bone
25. Peer Gynt's mother
26. Contend
27. Femme in "Flying Tigers"
28. "The - - - - Comes Through"
30. George - - - - as
32. Repast
34. "- - - - Had Four Sons"
35. Cure
37. "This - - - For Hire"
38. "They - - - Kissed the Bride"
39. Elizabeth - - - - on
40. "Youth on - - - - - -"
42. Laurence Olivier's historical role
44. Notices
47. Neither
48. "The Gr - - - Man's Lady"
49. "The T - - - of the Town"
52. "Madame Spy"
54. Haji in "The Desert Song"
56. Lamb's pen name
57. Measure of land
58. Alice Faye's maiden name
62. Femme in "That Other Woman"
65. Felix Br - - - art
66. "Busses - - - r"
67. Star in "The Major and the Minor"
68. John Li - - -
69. Star of "Random Harvest"
72. Femme in "Yankee Doodle Dandy"
75. East Indian sheep
77. Topsy and - - -
78. Sphere
79. Baseball team
82. Biblical king
83. Eastern European
84. Pat Corbett in "Gentleman Jim"
86. Hawaiian garlands
88. "T - - - illa Flat"
89. Plaything
90. Star of "George Washington Slept Here"
92. Bungle
94. T - - - Birell
95. Comedian in "Arsenic and Old Lace"
97. Uneven on the edges
99. Star of "Once Upon a Honeymoon"
101. Odorous vegetables
102. Ponder moodily
103. Fashioned
104. Star of "The Pride of the Yankees"
105. Phil Harris' radio boss
106. So be it

DOWN

1. Anise in "The Watch on the Rhine"
2. Get there
3. Walter A - - -
4. Belgian river
5. Play a role
6. Femme in "Journey for Margaret"
7. Showy flower
8. One of the "Gay Sisters"
9. Measure of length
10. Escape
11. Indian mulberry
12. Surrenders
13. Group of nine
14. At that time
15. Entrance
17. Father of 1-across
18. Appear
24. Star of "Casablanca"
26. Alice Faye's first booster
29. Bark shrilly
31. Chick in "Who Done it?"
33. H - - - n Gilbert
34. Sanders, the "S - - - t"
36. Femme lead in "Arsenic and Old Lace"
39. Repetition of speech forms
41. Decay
43. Dooley Wilson in "Casablanca"
44. White poplar
45. Takes out
46. Cuts
49. Broad neck scarf
50. Ugarte in "Casablanca"
51. Bend in subjection
53. Snooze
55. Marjorie - - - beau
59. God of love
60. Leon Er - - -
61. Meekly
62. Star of "Footlight Serenade"
63. - - - Hunter
64. - - - - Bari
69. - - - Tinney
70. Mrs. Mickey Rooney
71. Former Pyrenees kingdom
72. Femme in "My Friend Flicka"
73. V - - - Vague
74. Henry O'N - - - l
75. "Pardon My - - - - - -"
76. Imitation beaver
80. Star of "Wings and the Woman"
81. "My Sister - - - - - -"
82. London foreign quarter
83. "- - - - of the Pioneers"
85. Units of work
87. Carnelian
89. Alice Faye's first husband
91. Time of day
93. Star of "You Were Never Lovelier"
96. Craggy hill
97. Flow out
98. The beautiful H - - -
100. Falstaff's follower

"Every girl should have a lovely *Lux Complexion*"

says this charming young star

"Soft smooth skin wins romance," says lovely Veronica. And tells you of the daily beauty care she never neglects. "The Lux Soap lather's so creamy it's like a caress on the skin," she says. This ACTIVE lather removes stale cosmetics, dust and dirt *thoroughly*—gives precious skin care it *needs*.

Try these beauty facials for 30 days and see!

Veronica Lake

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "STAR SPANGLED RHYTHM"

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Code in Your Doze?

Ugh! SCRATCHY HANKIES ALWAYS PLAYED HAVOC WITH MY NOSE. BUT NOW I USE SOFT, SOOTHING *KLEENEX TISSUES.* BOY—WHAT A RELIEF!

(*from a letter by* E. F., San Francisco, Calif.)

Sheer Today... Gone Tomorrow!

AFTER LAUNDERING I WRAP MY DELICATE SILK STOCKINGS IN *KLEENEX.* IT HELPS PREVENT RUNS AND SNAGS!

(*from a letter by* H. F. W., Pontiac, Ill.)

Sweeping Beauty!

WHENEVER I BREAK A GLASS I USE A DAMPENED *KLEENEX TISSUE* TO PICK UP THE SMALL SLIVERS!

(*from a letter by* I. G., Fresno, Calif.)

*I WAS THE PRINCE OF WAILS TILL MOM GOT KLEENEX**

WIN $25 (MATURITY VALUE) **WAR SAVINGS BOND** FOR EACH STATEMENT WE PUBLISH WRITE HOW THE USE OF KLEENEX TISSUES SAVES YOU MONEY AND HELPS WIN THE WAR. ADDRESS: KLEENEX 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO

KLEENEX SERV-A-TISSUE BOX

SAVES TISSUES-SAVES MONEY

BECAUSE IT SERVES UP JUST ONE DOUBLE TISSUE AT A TIME

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

HE WANTED WINGS

(*Continued from page 49*)

to see Ann. Before meeting Ann Sothern, Bob hadn't known girls could be like that. (Be it added in parentheses, there aren't many like Ann, in or out of Hollywood.) You could talk to her about anything, and she'd understand. She was never heavy-handed. Her humor threw life into balance. She could be a gay companion and a loyal friend. Under her surface sophistication, she was an idealist like himself. She had both wisdom and warmth of heart.

He'd met her first when they made "Ringside Maisie" together, but that didn't count. One day—he was living with his family then, just across the street from Hedy Lamarr—he went out and saw Ann and Hedy strolling together. It was just after Ann's separation from Roger Pryor. He crossed to speak to them, and Hedy asked him in for a swim in the pool. For the first time that afternoon, he got a taste of Ann's quality. She was alone after dinner that evening when the butler announced Mr. Sterling. They sat before the fire, talking till midnight. They've been talking ever since. About everything under the sun. Bob thinks they'll never get to the end of their talking.

People wonder if they're going to be married. A couple of facts will indicate that such wondering is premature. Bob's in the service. Ann's divorce from Roger Pryor won't be final till next May. By then Bob may well have been shipped overseas for all they know. Whatever they may feel or hope, they can't make plans for next week nowadays, much less for months ahead. Their friendship has enriched the lives of both. For the present, they're content with that.

hearth-sider . . .

Bob's a rarity in Hollywood. He puts women on a pedestal—an oddity Ann likes in him. She respects his integrity, his faith in the basic truths, like home, marriage and babies. He's nuts about babies. He'd rather raid the icebox than go to a nightclub. He razzes her about her cooking—which is limited to throwing an egg together or making waffles—after the cook's mixed the batter. She says he spoils her dogs. It's a question whether there's much spoiling left to do, after Ann gets through. Doonie, the Scottie, and Bogie, who's just dog, persuaded themselves that Bob came in of an evening for the sole purpose of taking them for a run and feeding them Friskies. "Say hello to my dogs," he writes from camp.

He hates brittle, superficial women. Except for a good old red mouth, he can't stand make-up and loves shiny noses. To that whim Ann makes one concession. She starts out powdered, but if her nose gets shiny and he says leave it that way, she does—once in a while. He's nice about hats, says she can get away with a dish pan on her head. If he likes a dress, you could wear it seven days a week, and he'd tell you seven days a week how pretty it was. If Ann wore nothing but dirndls and jumpers, preferably blue, that would be fine with him.

Her friends took to him, and he to them. He thinks Mal Milland, Ann's closest friend, is a jewel. Mal's tall, so he calls them Mutt and Jeff. He's the most thoughtful guy she's ever known. He chased all over town to find just the right kind of shawl with a pocket in it as a gift to Ann's grandmother on her 86th birthday. When she first met him, Ann wasn't feeling very merry and stuck close to the house. He thought that was bad for her. He said there was a quiet little place in Pasadena he'd like to take her to. It turned out to be a jitterbug joint. Soon Ann was laughing and dancing with the rest. She's been laughing ever since.

He didn't have to tell her what was on his mind the evening of Pearl Harbor. Knowing him, she knew he'd want to get in as fast as possible. All he said was: "Unless I'm in the service, I'm not really doing anything." It boiled down to how soon and what branch? How soon didn't depend entirely on him. Before enlisting, he'd have to make "Somewhere I'll Find You." Plans for that picture were too far gone to be interfered with by him, and the government was telling movie actors to stay put for the time being.

plane-shy . . .

For a while he was torn between the marines and the army air corps, but finally plumped for the latter, though he'd never gone up in a plane without being sick. This in no way diminished his ardor for flying. He began studying aerial dynamics at night. Math had never been his long suit, so he boned up, worked trigonometry problems with another boy on the set between takes. When they couldn't get together on the answer, they'd phone the teacher. It was no uncommon thing to see Bob, receiver in one hand, pencil in the other, earnestly sketching sines and cosines in space. He whiled time away by scrawling Cadet Hart on scraps of paper and admiring the effect. That's his real name, you know—William J. Hart. That's how he enlisted. But the boys call him Bob, just as they call Bill Beedle Bill Holden. You can't fool the boys.

Because they waited till Clark was able

to come back after Carole's death, the picture wasn't finished till long past schedule. On May 16th Bob sent in his papers—birth certificate and three letters of recommendation. For reasons beyond the control of anyone, six weary months elapsed before his induction.

On May 18th, he began watching for the postman. On the 23rd, he began getting the jitters and grew progressively worse. He sent letters and wires till he was asked politely to quit. When the time came, he'd be notified. He could interest himself in nothing, settle down to nothing. He wasn't working, having refused the part of the son in "The War Against Mrs. Hadley." The son, you'll remember, was at the outset a young wastrel who didn't want to fight.

"I can't do it," said Bob. "Sure I know it's only a picture. Call me childish, screwy, anything you like. But right now I can't play a guy who won't fight."

They put him into "Gentle Annie" instead. But after a couple of weeks' shooting "Gentle Annie" was postponed, and Bob won't be in it now. He wouldn't go anywhere except to the homes of friends. Ann tried to drag him down to the Hollywood Canteen. He shook his head. "Those guys are in uniform. I'm not." The day he was inducted, he said, "Let's go to the Canteen."

Late in October came a notice, calling him to Oxnard. They gave him physical and written tests, took him up in a plane. For the first time he wasn't sick. They told him he'd be notified.

"How long will it take?"

"Not long." He wanted to go into it with them, but thought better of it.

Back home again, he couldn't sit still, spent three days on the golf course. On Saturday Hank Wilson, with whom he'd been living, called him there.

"There's a letter here that looks important."

Bob didn't wait for the rest. His voice was jubilant when he phoned Ann an hour later. "I'm in!"

But some of the fizz had gone out of him by the time he saw her. The prize was safely his. Nothing could pry it loose from him now. Now he had time to contemplate the other side of the picture. "I'm leaving November 10th," he said quietly.

g. i. bob . . .

She considered that a moment. "It's not very long, is it?" How did she feel? How did you feel when it happened to you? We'll let it go at that.

The barber found Bob at the shop door Monday morning. He couldn't wait to get that G. I. haircut. He'd had to grow his hair long for "Gentle Annie," and he hated it. "Makes me look like an actor." He emerged from the barbershop, grinning and virtually bald.

"Prepare yourself," he yelled from the hall of Ann's house. "I'm walking in."

She circled round him. "You look pretty silly."

"Yeah, and the back of my neck feels cold." First day at camp, they give the boys haircuts. All they gave Bob was a look. "Pass, soldier," they said.

He spent Sunday getting his business affairs into shape and deciding what clothes to give away. The rest he had demothed and packed in a steamer trunk. It was so important to get that done in a hurry that his final week in Hollywood found him practically shirtless.

He floated round the studio in a happy daze, a different character from the guy who'd been chewing his nails for the past six months. They showed him a service flag in the art department,

(*Continued on page 76*)

"Speak the language of the Heart with soft, confiding HANDS"

says *Ilona Massey*

Ilona Massey, starring in Universal's "Frankenstein Meets the Wolf Man"; with Joe Allen, Jr. Such thrilling hands!

"It's wonderful how easily a girl helps to keep her hands smooth and feminine with Jergens Lotion," says Ilona Massey, charming young Hollywood Star. "The Stars in Hollywood, they say, use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1. It's so nice and quick—never sticky. I've used Jergens Lotion for years."

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Jergens Lotion for Soft, Adorable HANDS

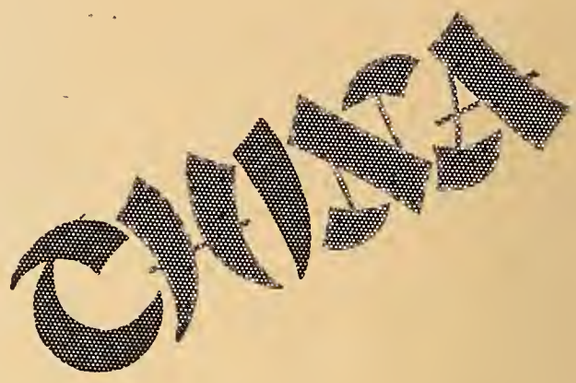
The first in a series on

THE FOODS OF OUR ALLIES

Loretto Young, stor of Poramount's "China," tokes up chopsticks and Chinese cookery with Anna Moy Wong.

Miss Wong, soon to be seen in "The Lody from Chungking," prepares "Mo Goo Chow Fon" (see story for tronslotion)!

Not to be outdone, the chef of the Beverly Hills Tropics comes up with on Egg Foo Young-Fried Noodle combination.



By Marjorie Deen

In inaugurating this series on the favorite foods of the United Nations—whose flags appear above in imposing array—we feel ourselves fortunate in having Loretta Young and Anna May Wong as our guides to Chinese cookery. Both of these lovely ladies of filmdom are connoisseurs on the subject—Anna May by birth, being the daughter of two natives of the Land of the Dragon, although she herself was born in America; Loretta Young by choice, having "adopted" China because of her unbounded admiration for the bravery and the fortitude of our Far Eastern Allies. In fact, because of her outstanding voluntary work in their behalf and her signal contributions to their cause, Loretta recently received the United China Relief Plum Blossom Decoration. Furthermore, her voice was chosen as the perfect one—both in intonation and inflection—for teaching the English language, by means of special phonograph records, to students in Chinese universities.

Small wonder, therefore, that Miss Young's interest in China includes a marked degree of enthusiasm for that vast country's traditional dishes and somewhat "different" methods of food preparation which have earned for the Chinese, in the eyes of a large proportion of epicures, the right to be known as "the world's best cooks, bar none!"

"There are many things in the line of food preparation that we in this country could learn from China *right now,*" declared Loretta as we gathered around the table at the Beverly Hills Tropics, which specializes in just such dishes as we were discussing. "For example, since the Chinese have never had a generally bountiful supply of meat, they have learned to make a virtue of necessity and have become past masters in the art of *stretching* their meat supply by *extending* meat flavors in ways that we would do well to copy. Then, too, they feature meat substitutes—such as eggs, fish and poultry. And here again—necessity being the mother of invention—they have devised a truly amazing variety of meatless dishes."

"Also, be sure to notice," said Anna May Wong at this point, "that whether they are built around meat, fish *or* poultry, Chinese dishes feature delicious sauces that both combine and enhance the various flavors and serve to impart those flavors to the accompanying rice or noodles. Then, too, as I pointed out in my introduction to the book of New Chinese Recipes—originated for United China Relief—the Chinese custom of cooking foods for only a short time in only a small amount of liquid preserves both minerals and vitamins.

"Incidentally," she went on, "I can recommend these recipes highly because they call only for ingredients that can be found in local grocery stores."

These, therefore, are the recipes we have collected for you here. Remember that, in order to prepare them successfully, you don't have to develop any special skill, nor have a Chinese Victory Garden as does Anna May Wong! All you need is some measure of Loretta Young's appreciation of the advantages of cooking "the Chinese way," coupled with a certain de-

gree of culinary curiosity on your own part. Then, with such simple suggestions as these to guide you, it won't be long before you have proudly added some timely Chinese dishes to your own cooking repertory!

MOO GOO CHOW FON
(Fried Rice with Mushrooms)

1 cup rice
1½ cups cold water
3 tablespoons peanut oil
1 teaspoon salt
a dash of pepper
2 eggs
½ pound mushrooms, sliced
2 tablespoons onion, diced
2 tablespoons soy sauce
½ teaspoon sugar

Wash rice in several waters, place in a 3-quart saucepan, add water. Cover and bring to a vigorous boil over a moderately hot flame. When steam and foam begin to escape, turn flame low or place saucepan on asbestos mat and cook rice about 20 minutes longer (or until tender). Allow rice to cool. Place oil, salt and pepper in a preheated skillet. Add slightly beaten eggs, fry until firm, then cut into shreds. To fat remaining in pan add sliced mushrooms and diced onions. Cook over low heat for 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Add the rice and the combined soy sauce and sugar. Cook and stir until rice is hot. Serve immediately. Serves 4.

JAN NGON YOK
(Steamed Beef and Sweet Pickles)

1 pound flank or round steak
1 teaspoon salt
a dash of pepper
1 tablespoon cornstarch
2 teaspoons soy sauce
2 tablespoons oil or melted fat
2 tablespoons minced sweet pickles
2 tablespoons scallions or minced onion

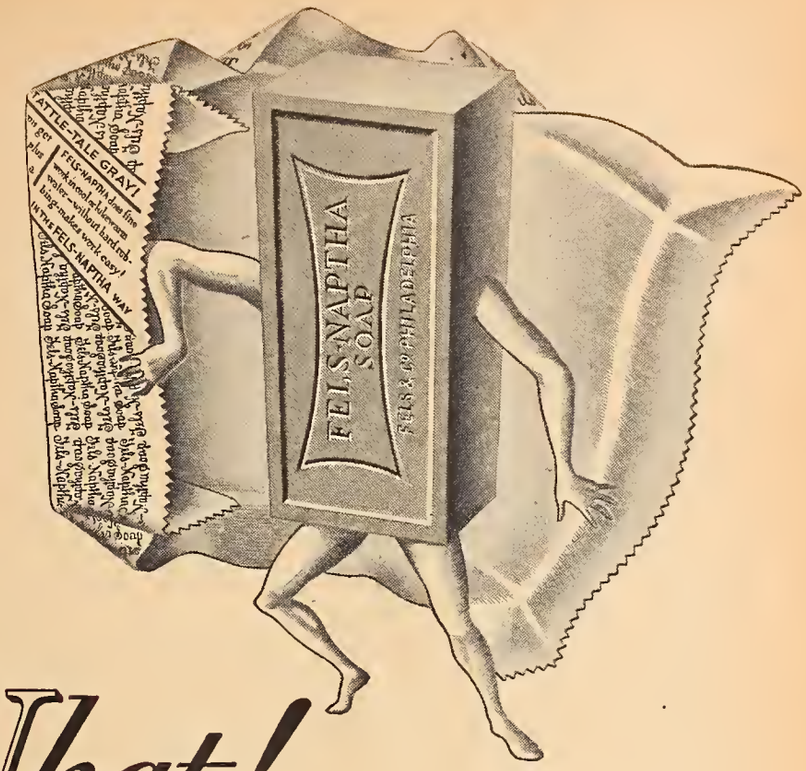
Cut the meat into ⅛ inch thick slivers and place in a shallow baking dish or casserole. Sprinkle the meat with the combined salt, pepper and cornstarch, then with the soy sauce and oil or fat. Blend thoroughly; add sweet pickles and scallions or onion. Place water to the depth of ½ inch in a deep frying pan or skillet. On a trivet or rack high enough to hold dish above water, place the dish containing the meat mixture. Cover the kettle tightly and steam over a low flame for about 45 minutes or until meat is tender. Serve immediately with hot boiled rice. Serves 4.

EGGS FOO YOUNG

8 strips bacon, diced*
1½ cups finely minced onion
2 cups fresh shrimp
2 tablespoons beef bouillon**
6 eggs
1 quart peanut or vegetable oil
1 tablespoon cornstarch
2 tablespoons soy sauce
⅞ cup beef bouillon**

Heat the bacon in a heavy skillet, add the minced onion and cook until tender and golden brown, stirring constantly. Clean shrimp, mince fine and place in skillet with the 2 tablespoons bouillon. Cook over low heat 3-4 minutes. Cool in a bowl. Beat eggs slightly, add to shrimp mixture. Place the oil in a 10-inch frying pan and heat to moderately hot (300° F. on fat thermometer). Drop shrimp mixture carefully into the hot oil, by spoonfuls, and cook until each little omelet is golden brown on under side. Turn and brown on other side. (The total cooking time should be about 5 minutes.) Remove omelets with a slotted spoon. Drain on absorbent paper and keep hot while preparing sauce. Moisten cornstarch with combined soy sauce and beef bouillon and cook over low heat until smooth and thickened, stirring constantly. Serve with omelets. Serves 4.

*Left-over bacon fat may be used instead.
**Use 1 bouillon cube dissolved in 1 cup boiling water, for total amount of liquid called for.



What! NO DISHES?

You have just bought a piano, a living-room rug, a fine watch, or some similar, substantial adjunct to your home or your scheme of living. What extra inducement was "thrown in" to influence your choice?

The answer, of course, is—*nothing*. In fact, you'd be suspicious if something extra had been offered! You are satisfied the article itself is worth the price you paid.

Most Fels-Naptha Users feel the same way about laundry soap. They know that a bar or box of Fels-Naptha Soap is worth every penny of the purchase price—in *extra washing energy*. They don't want any other *extras* "thrown in."

As one woman aptly puts it, *"the soap that's cheapest at the counter isn't always cheapest when the washing's done."*

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MINER'S Liquid MAKE-UP

MINER'S Foundation CREAM with LANOLIN

MINER'S Patti-Pac CAKE MAKE-UP

MINER'S
Masters of Make-Up Since 1864

(*Continued from page 73*)

with small photos of Gable, Stewart, Montgomery and the rest. They showed him the spot where his own face would be, right next to Gable's. He said nothing, but you could see he was pleased. There was no one on the lot he forgot to say good-by to.

With Ann's help, he did his Christmas shopping, which included ten gifts for kids. He didn't take her along when he bought hers. He gets a bang out of surprising people. Half the fun lies in watching their faces when they open the package.

Ann had been wanting a pair of black cameo earrings, with a little brooch to match. She knew Bob was scouring the town for them, but he kept his findings to himself.

At her house one day he and his sister had their heads together over what he could get his mother. Bob said, "I saw some lovely old silver down at Crouch's. Do you think she'd like that?"

"What in heaven's name were you doing at Crouch's?" Ann inquired. Too late, she realized she should have kept her mouth shut. Since it was too late, she went blithely wading in deeper. "Bet you found those cameos."

"Now you won't get them!"

There was also the question of what to give Bob. He had one obsession. He wanted nothing different from what the other fellows had, nothing to stamp him even faintly a glamour boy. All their friends called Ann, and she went crazy trying to delete. Fountain pen and bath clogs, Kent brush and shaving kit, and her repertoire was exhausted. Someone sent him a sewing kit, which he eyed as one eyes the more loathsome reptiles. "Now what would a guy do with a gadget like that?" He soon found out. Cadet Hart tore his dungarees, and Cadet Hart had to mend 'em.

It had long been agreed that Ann was to give him a watch. "Just a plain one," he insisted. "The kind all the fellows use."

"What kind is that?"

"Stainless steel, shockproof, waterproof, sweatproof band, sweephand, luminous dial . . ."

"Did you say *plain?*" she screamed.

She made him go down with her to order it. "But it won't be a surprise!"

"It might be a horrible surprise if you don't go. I'm taking no chances."

But he wouldn't do anything so simple as walk out of the shop with it. It had to be sent to Ann, she had to present it, and he had to act as if he'd never seen it before.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Several years ago while the neighborhood gang was playing baseball in an empty lot, Joe E. Brown passed and began to umpire for the boys, with plenty of fans to watch. Suddenly, one of the boys who was running across the street to join the game was struck by a car and knocked down. Joe E. Brown dropped everything and took the boy to the hospital himself to have him cared for. I guess we'll all remember that!

Miss Eda Girlando,
332 East 22nd Street,
New York City.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

At the Jefferson vs. Brackenridge game, the teams were getting ready for the second half of the game when a man announced something through the microphone. We couldn't understand what he was saying because we were so excited about who was going to win. Suddenly, we saw that everyone was standing up and shouting. We looked up and saw a jeep leaping back and forth across the field. To our surprise, Ruth Hussey was in it!

Angelica Garza,
3703 W. Martin,
San Antonio, Tex.

so longs . . .

He spent Sunday evening with his family and friends, and they knocked themselves out, building up a casual atmosphere like that of any Sunday night dinner. Monday he dined with Ann. She had his favorite dishes: meat patties, mashed potatoes drowned in gravy, string beans, corn, ice cream with chocolate sauce and coffee.

"Three Hearts for Julia," her new picture, was being previewed that night. Ann doesn't go to her own previews. She stays home and paces, having made her friends, who do go, promise they won't phone her because she doesn't want to *know* how the picture went. At the stroke of 12, she gets them out of bed to find out.

This was the most peaceful preview night Ann had ever spent. She forgot all about "Three Hearts for Julia." Of all the nice things she'd done for him, said Bob, that was the nicest. It proved she was definitely no glamour girl.

Their parting belongs to them. For the record, she said: "Good-by, honey, good luck." She's always been one to underplay her scenes.

Next morning his mother and sisters took him to the station. They breakfasted in the coffee shop, which was jammed with boys in uniform, stowing bacon and ham and sausage away.

"I'll have hot cakes and bacon," said Bob.

"You'll have hot cakes," the waitress informed him. It was meatless Tuesday. Bob wasn't in uniform, so he couldn't have bacon. He howled. But he had hot cakes and loved them.

They left him before train time. "I don't know exactly where I have to report, Mother, so let's just say good-by here." He'd gone on trips before. They said good-by as if this were another trip.

He's been in for six weeks with no leaves and no visitors. Otherwise, everything's fine. The guys are all good guys, and they seem to think he's okay. On his birthday, they gave him cigarettes. They also asked him to put on a show, which he wrote himself. He reviewed it too. "Lousy, but a great success."

Once in a while they get 15 minutes to themselves, and 400 boys make a beeline for the phone. Two minutes apiece—that's the gentleman's agreement. By the time you get your girl, it's hello Ann, good-by Ann.

As this is written, Christmas is just round the corner. There'll be two holidays for Ann and Bob this year—December 25th and the next day, when he gets his first leave. She bought him a set of luggage. He can't use it now, but never mind. It'll be waiting when Hitler's a grease-spot, and the flyer comes flying home.

ROGUE MALE

(*Continued from page 39*)

big shot. "Well, I wish you'd clear up a puzzle for me. Why in the world did you run out just when we had big plans for you?"

John told about the lunchroom scene. The prexy almost swooned. "My boy," he said, "you don't mean it! Why, that was a rib, a joke, a frame-up! We went after your goat—just for laughs. One of those men was a professional ribber. We had our fun and then forgot it."

"I didn't," said John. "And it wasn't funny."

rugged individualist . . .

That little episode happened several years ago. But it still spells John Carroll right to the capital C. He plays Hollywood straight. He misunderstands and he's misunderstood. He acts himself and they tell him he's wacky. He's accused of wasting his talents, passing up his chances, doing the wrong thing at the right time. He's flighty, undependable; he'll never learn. He's this and he's that —and isn't it too bad?

Well, yes it is. It's too bad that John Carroll isn't the big star he deserves to be. He has been around Hollywood off and on since 1929! He's a 6 ft. 4 hunk of male personality as virile as Gable, only younger. He's blessed with a booming personality baritone. He has everything; talent, looks, vim, vigor and more spirits than a Kentucky distillery. And yet—

Just the other day, after smashing out a hit in "Flying Tigers," John played a two-day, small-time part in "Youngest Profession." He's up and down, in and out—as usual. How come? What's this enduring Carroll mystery?

There isn't any, really. You have to know John, though, or the answer is so simple it escapes you. Hollywood is a place of postures and poses, of types and tight rope walkers, of yes-men, politicians, courtiers, diplomats.

And in the Hollywood circles, Johnny Carroll has always been out of place. He is today and he always will be. He's a maverick, a rogue elephant, a lone wolf. "I'm an animal," says John simply. "That's all. I don't know anything about politics or publicity. I just act myself. That's all I can do."

It's natural that John Carroll is like he is—a non-conformist, unfettered and unafraid. His real name is Julian LaFaye. His French forefathers were adventurers of the *voyageur* type, and swashbuckling. They left France for a crack at the New World and they fought and gambled and won. Part of his clan traces to the New Orleans buccaneer, Jean LaFitte. On another limb of his tree the Lafayettes grow. In fact, LaFaye is merely Lafayette (John will tell you) without the "tte."

John's grandfather LaFaye was a wealthy old tyrant with a plantation from here to Texas and four hundred slaves. On both sides his Gallic ancestors were Creole aristocrats. They did as they pleased—just like John. They thought nobody was any better than themselves. Neither does John. They were hearty, lusty livers. The last LaFaye is the same.

John's pretty and aristocratic mother lives with him today. But she's my authority that Son John never was a docile mama's boy. "From a boy," she told me, "he wanted to run things himself. He was never afraid of life." When he was only 13 John ran away from home, and they had a hard time getting him

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back. In his 'teens John was a hot New Orleans blood, handsome, headstrong, dashing and restless.

One night, in Mardi Gras season, John came home late after a young set ball. He was king of the affair and decked out in his evening finery. He woke up his family. "I'm leaving," he told them.

"But John—why—where?"

"I don't know," he said. "But I'm going. I've got to."

That's all he'd say. They told him there'd be no money for such foolishness. Before their eyes he packed up. Next morning he was gone. John sailed the seven seas, lived abroad, came roaring back home a year or so later, broke but happy. He couldn't stay in college. He was too restless. He tried; it wasn't any use. Pretty soon he was gone again.

John tells you frankly today, "I haven't any education. I haven't a speck of veneer. All I am is an honest guy with a lot of talents." He isn't being boastful or bold or shy either. He couldn't be a phony to himself or anyone. He's telling the truth.

One of the many talents was a voice. His father, a banker, had also been a singer. John inherited a voice that today makes some people in Hollywood moan when they think about it. It's going to waste here. It might not have if John Carroll had been the serious, studious, careful type.

He had $100,000 to make himself into a great operatic baritone. He got the legacy as a young man. He studied in New York, Paris, several places. His teachers told him he had a future limited only by his ambition. The ambition was there, but the minute a confining cramp set in—it was gone. Opera singers, John found, had to train like racehorses. They had to go around in capes and trick hats and put on a lot of fol-de-rol. They did the same things and met the same people. The world was too narrow.

John took his $100,000—and spent it. On himself, on fun, travel, girls and good times. On going places and seeing things. Since that day he has maintained the same attitude toward money. It isn't to save; it's to use. He has never had any trouble making it, only keeping it. I doubt if John has much of a bank account today. Any other actor around Hollywood broke as long as John would find that depressing. No money bags—no place in a Hollywood world where wealth is the measuring stick.

"Listen," says John, "the best night I ever had in my life was spent under a bridge with a tramp. I was bumming my way across the country. It was rainy and cold. He was cooking dinner out of a tin can. I told him I wanted to be a screen star, and he laughed. 'Then what you got?' he said, 'a lotta money and a lotta headaches. But me—brother—I'll have my freedom and this here tin can!' I couldn't answer the bum."

happy-go-lucky . . .

Not that John Carroll has ever yearned to live the penurious life. Not by a long shot. When he has made money, he has spent it. One of his cars in his extra days was a fabulous thing of super-duper proportions. In his time he's spent more money for instance on guns than the average person puts in a house and lot. He's had cracks at polo and horses, boats, planes and everything. He's gambled some, too, but he's rotten at that. He's lived high or low as luck had it. "I've always spent more than I made," admits John freely. He jokes that the reason studios keep him under contract so long is that he owes them so much they can't fire him!

There isn't a more prodigal fellow in town than John. Whatever he has belongs to anyone he happens to fancy. He's always getting taken for a chump, that way. But he doesn't mind. Once, while I sat in his room with him, the police called up. They said they had his former servant in the clink. The servant had John's car and a lot of his initialed luggage.

"He says," informed the cops, "you gave it to him."

"Gosh," said John, with a puzzled frown. "I don't remember, but maybe I did."

"But," argued the cops, "we had a complaint from your house. They said the stuff was stolen."

hitchhiking pickpockets . . .

John mumbled a few words. It turned out the stuff wasn't stolen. He'd given it away and then forgot about it! John first came to Hollywood in an old Ford from Louisiana. On the way he picked up a Negro to give him a ride. Later on he picked up an Englishman. They stopped in one town. Next morning the colored lad was gone with John's bags. John drove on. Next night he and the Britisher stayed in another town. In the morning, the car was gone and the limey with it! John hitchhiked into Hollywood, broke and with the clothes on his back! He never even called the cops about that.

But although he's without money half the time, there has never been a starvation period in John Carroll's Hollywood saga. "When I went broke," he says, "I got out of town. And I always came back with a wad." John did this four or five times. None of this pounding the pavements, boy scout stuff for him.

Once he found himself getting beneath what he considered his standard of Hollywood life. John caught a freight East, hopped off in Texas and made a pile in the oil wells. Another time he joined up with a race track outfit and risked his neck in dirt motor dromes until he had enough to come back right. He has done a dozen things, "Including," John will grin wickedly just to shock you, "a little bootlegging."

If you ask John Carroll for a description of himself, he says, "I'm a stormbird." He isn't kidding. But in spite of all his flights, he has been sincerely based in Hollywood since he first got here. Only, in his own home nest he has managed to kick up storms. Life to John would be intolerable in balmy weather.

In John Carroll's book there is a major crime—dullness. Upsetting the punch bowl, figuratively, at Hollywood parties has not earned him the popularity prize, although actually John could give half the town cards and spades in charm and come off easy winner.

But here's what I mean:

Not long ago a Hollywood dinner party was beginning to sag. John was a guest (he's always being invited around—but his frankness doesn't keep him around long), and he came right to the rescue. He launched into a long, lurid tale of shipwreck, adventure, South Sea sirens, buried treasure and about everything else you could imagine, with himself the hero. The table listened spellbound. When John had finished with a tingling climax, one dainty lady gasped, "Oh, Mr. Carroll—how wonderful! And to think it all *really* happened to you. It's all *true!*"

"True?" roared John, making the glasses rattle. "Ha-ha-ha! Not a *word* of it's true!"

Again, he was invited to a party where

(*Continued on page 111*)

VIENNESE KNIGHT

(*Continued from page 66*)

wondering what the heck it's all about. So he was born . . . he went to school . . . got caught in the mess abroad . . . and here he is. How do you do, Mr. Dantine. Glad to meet you . . . but it's not a column of figures you're reciting. It's a guy's life. Suppose you begin again, and never mind the statistics. Just tell us about *you*. Begin as far back as you can remember. Vienna, you said. Start there.

He throws a long leg over the arm of the chair and digs down into the cushions.

"I'd rather begin with Broadway. Gwen's there now in 'Janie,' you know. Ever met her? Marvelous girl, Gwen. But then, you wanted things from the beginning, didn't you?"

viennese waltz . . .

He started, for no particular reason, with the Carnival in Vienna, the year he'd turned sixteen. The city burst into fireworks each evening, and everyone waited for the Opera Ball to climax the crazy excitement. Helmut asked the prettiest girl in school to come. True they weren't yet 18 as they should have been, but nobody'd ever know, and

MODERN SCREEN QUIZ

From what we can gather, you did quite wonderfully on last month's quiz . . . so we're making no changes at all this month in the way it works. On this page there are 20 clues. On page 89 and 111 there are two more sets of clues. If you can guess, after mulling over the first clue, the name of the actor or actress to whom it refers, score yourself 5 points. If you must turn to the second set of clues before you get the answer, score yourself 4 points. And if you guess on the third try, the question's worth 3. For a perfect score you'd have to guess all 20 questions on the first set of clues. 20 questions . . . at five points each . . . adds up to 100, and a shiny gold star. Simple, no? Go ahead . . . you quiz-ical brighties, and no cheating! 50's normal, 60's good, 80, or slightly under, is in our class, and anything over is strictly genius!

QUIZ CLUES

Set 1

1. Famous father
2. Professor
3. Tough guy
4. Ava's guy
5. "I wasn't born with a bustle."
6. Male Warbler
7. Dallas, Tex.
8. Ballet
9. No. 1 Irishman
10. Genius
11. Our favorite blonde
12. Tail Waggers
13. "Mooch"
14. Triller-diller
15. "H. M. Esq."
16. "Dancing Daughters"
17. Eileen's sister
18. Louisville, Ky.
19. Killed in "Kildare"
20. Taylor-mad

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there'd be champagne to drink . . . and confetti to wade through as they danced . . . and music!

There was, too! Gallons of the bubbly stuff and yards of confetti dripping from the balconies in rainbows. She was lithe as an angel to dance with . . . and just as lovely. This was the night to tell her how wonderful she was. Or anyhow, it would have been if someone hadn't suddenly nabbed him by the ear and shunted him toward the exit. The next day, through sheer embarrassment, he asked to be transferred from her class.

"That was Project No. 1," he says. "I'm afraid I recovered pretty quickly. In Budapest the following summer I met a girl . . . courted her for three weeks . . . exchanged a dozen long and earnest letters . . . and never again saw her in my life.

"Right now I can't think of women in terms of anyone but Gwen Anderson. When she left for Broadway, I moved into a bachelor apartment . . . one of those stateroom affairs where you can't take a man-sized step without scraping your shins against the furniture. And small as it is, it has a way of looking vast and vacant when I get home in the evening. That's when I start thinking about New York and the way Broadway looked the night we were married. Gwen writes it's a lot different now. She says Times Square's a village green compared to the blaze of lights on South Bend's main street. I'd be seeing it for myself, if I weren't so tied up here."

Funny how it happens. He had tested for the part of the heiling Nazi in "Mrs. Miniver," but so had a dozen others. And the only experience stacked behind him was the Pasadena Playhouse. For almost a month the studio hedged while the stubble on his face grew thicker. "Don't shave. We may need you for further tests." And then the next morning, "Forget it. You're not quite right for the part."

When they finally did phone to say he'd do, Helmut felt his wiry beard, reached for his razor and started hacking it off.

That first screen test was something they hadn't told him about at the Playhouse. He grinned at the gory mixture of ketchup and melted chocolate that dribbled into his mouth. Laughed out loud when he remembered himself trying to do a "Bogart" while smelling like a Hershey bar.

And then he thought back further to his debut in "Escape." They had tossed him a uniform with shiny buttons and said, "Be a bellboy!" No beginning was too humble . . . and, frankly, Helmut was feeling glowy over the job he'd done. The night "Escape" was premiered, Helmut rounded up his fans . . . two nice aunts and a half dozen staunchest friends. After dragging them off to the theater, he sat there fidgeting through the thing . . . and then found he'd been cut completely from the script.

"That, of course, is what you call being kicked in the pants. And," says Helmut, "it hurt."

But that was before "Mrs. Miniver." Said opus being what it was, Helmut suddenly found himself IN. He's just shot "Edge of Darkness." Thinks it's silly as all hell that he had to be another Nazi. He of all people!

Right now he's feeling like a kid who snatches a cup cake from the kitchen table and then saves it for hours because it's too good to eat. Snatched and saved till now, his part in "Mission to Moscow" was also too good to eat. He wanted that part . . . wanted it badly because it meant a chance to slip from a Nazi uniform into a friendlier one. In "Mission to Moscow," he's a Russian army officer, ardently anti-Nazi . . . and Helmut was drooling for a change of diet!

MISS TERRIFIC!

(*Continued from page 34*)

studio refer to her as Miss Terrific.

But to one person in the world, she is just a nice girl of 25 who plays the radio too loud on Sunday mornings, and who sometimes seems just a trifle TOO extravagant about furs and perfume.

Mrs. Grable christened her younger daughter Ruth Elizabeth, and promptly shortened it to Betty. And when Mrs. Grable discusses Betty's childhood, the one antic she remembers best is Betty's delivery of a popular song of the day.

miles that make us boo . . .

Betty was a chubby character with large, serious blue eyes and a shock of hair as white as full-blown cotton. When requested to perform, she was boosted to the piano bench and assumed a stance in which a round tummy was a leading feature.

Then she gave out as follows:

"There are MILES that make us happee.
There are MILES that make us boo.
There are MILES that TEAL away our sorries,
As the HUNSHINE TEALS away the dew."

Her rendition was never inhibited by doubt; she was sure that she was giving her all in a highly acceptable manner. But heed the story of the grown-up Betty, the first time she embarked on an army camp tour to entertain the boys.

Long before she left Los Angeles, she confided to several close friends at the studio that she was scared stiff. "I'll blow up," she prophesied gloomily. "I won't be able to think of anything to say." So several sympathetic publicity boys wrote a charming speech, which Betty memorized.

Came the night when Betty, resplendent in a metallic-cloth dress, walked uncertainly out upon a rough board platform to face the hysteria of ten thousand men in uniform. Betty certainly hadn't been mentally prepared for this ovation; she was just one slim girl, standing alone and rather stunned by the welcome of her public.

When the baritone and bass roaring had subsided, she tried to recite her delightful canned speech. One sentence chattered forth hesitantly; the second was even more reluctant. Betty gave it up. Taking a step forward she said, "Gee, fellows, I'm so scared up here that my knees are knocking together. I'm no good at making speeches!"

The audience went wild. They whistled, applauded and cooked up general pandemonium. "Just let us look at you," they cried. But someone, with the knack of voicing a general desire, shouted, "Sing for us, Betty."

Betty sang. She had barely finished one number before another request was called through the ringing dark. This

went on for TWO solid hours. She even pulled up her long dress enough to do several tap routines on the uneven stage, taking a chance on ruining an ankle for weeks to come.

At the end of the evening, those studio executives who had accompanied her were extremely solicitous. "We didn't dream it would be like this; we knew you'd get a terrific reception, but we didn't figure on a work-out equal to running a minor commando training course," they said.

Betty was glowing. "How soon can you get me on one of those camp tours?" she wanted to know. "That's for me."

They booked Betty for one of the most exhausting circuits; other performers had returned with anemia and shattered nervous systems. Not Betty. She came back feeling fine. Ready to go again whenever picture schedules would allow. And she hadn't forgotten that crack made to her about running a Commando obstacle course.

When she reached a camp where there was a honey of a neck-breaker, Betty talked the officers in charge into loaning her a fatigue outfit and a pair of tennis sneakers. Then, to make it a real race, they detailed a group of overjoyed enlisted men to allow Betty a certain handicap, then to try to overtake her.

Well, they suffered from no delusions of gallantry. They beat her fairly and squarely, but she didn't give up. She set her chin and completed the course. You should have heard the cheer from her waiting troupers when she struggled up the last rise and sank, winded, onto the grass, panting like a silky, perspiration-soaked spaniel.

No wonder Mrs. Grable says, "I'm far more proud of Betty's kindness and character than I am of her success in her career."

Betty's kindness is a quality that has been called, unfairly, into question.

And all on account of that pathetic "feud" between Carole Landis and Betty. This yarn keeps cropping up every few days, exactly like a family of snails in a rose garden. Carole, at every possible

WIN $5.00 in WAR STAMPS

We love you . . . we love you . . . and not just because of Valentine's Day! We love you for the way you're deluging us with ideas . . . wonderful, practical ideas for raising money for war stamps and bonds. Sorry space doesn't permit our printing them all! Please keep it up . . . and, meanwhile, $5 in war stamps for the suggestion below and a luscious, lace-trimmed Valentine to YOU!

All of us, in my office, are buying bonds on the Payroll Deduction Plan, but in addition we have evolved a simple plan to boost bond sales still further. A stated number of members pay 40c a month and are assigned a number, which gives them the chance to win from one to four war bonds at the monthly drawing. It has been so successful that we have a long waiting list and are now going to increase our membership and thus buy more bonds. We have been careful to make sure this plan meets with the approval of the Treasury Department, so it can be safely followed by other groups.

Mrs. Helen Shaffer,
429 E. 14th Ave., No. 6,
Denver, Colorado.

ARE YOU SURE OF YOUR PRESENT DEODORANT? TEST IT! PUT IT UNDER THIS ARM!

PUT FRESH #2 THE NEW DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM UNDER THIS ARM! SEE WHICH STOPS PERSPIRATION-PREVENTS ODOR BETTER!

Use FRESH and stay fresher!

FRESH #2 comes in three sizes—50¢—25¢ and 10¢.

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• See how effectively FRESH #2 stops perspiration—prevents odor!

See how gentle FRESH #2 is—how delightful to use. Never gritty, greasy, or sticky!

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FRESH #2

NEW DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM • REALLY STOPS PERSPIRATION • PREVENTS ODOR

Loveliness

IS IN

Your Hands

It's almost entirely up to you to keep your hands and skin soft, smooth, lovely — as nature intended them. Proper care will counteract the effects of work and play.

Use Chamberlain's Lotion regularly as an aid to keeping hands and skin naturally lovely. This clear, golden lotion helps prevent chapping, cracking, harshness and other results of carelessness. You'll enjoy using Chamberlain's often, too, because it dries with such convenient quickness.

Get Chamberlain's today. Use it often. Notice the difference it makes.

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Thousands of fastidious women use Chamberlain's to sooth legs and skin roughened and chapped by cold and wind. They also use it as a cologne. Try it.

YOUR HANDS Are Always Out In Front

Buy it at all Toilet Goods Counters

Chamberlain's Lotion

opportunity, has denied the rumor heatedly. She likes Betty and has always admired her wholeheartedly.

And Betty? Has she ever done or said anything to indicate dislike for Carole? The workers on the sets are the best possible authorities to answer this question. And here is their answer: an emphatic NO.

Recently, in an important national magazine, there appeared an anonymous article seeking to prove that Betty had no use for Carole. Instances were given, comments were quoted, conclusions were drawn.

When Betty was told of the article, and read it, she was both stunned and angry. The story became Hollywood's current nine-day wonder. Both Carole and Betty exchanged sorrowful notes, assuring each other that neither had given material that could have been twisted into such an unhappy script.

Then Betty received a letter from all the workers on the set of "Coney Island" assuring her that they had never witnessed any scene between Betty and any other worker, male or female, on the 20th Century lot that could be described as disagreeable.

"I'll keep that letter as long as I live," Betty gratefully told her hairdresser.

the gasping point . . .

An actress friend of Betty's said thoughtfully one day, "Where there's so much smoke, people assume that there must be a little flame, I suppose. These rumors don't start just because someone has had a pipe dream."

The reason the rumors DO burgeon occasionally is this: Betty is as moody in her way as George Brent is in his. She isn't the sort of person who pours out her troubles on the broad shoulders of another person; she locks up her woe in some secret crying room of her own spirit.

While "Coney Island" was being made, Betty was wearing a costume that called for a waist so small (although Betty, herself, is beautifully hour-glass of outline) that she had to be laced within an inch of the gasping point. Between takes, instead of fraternizing with people on the set, Betty beat a strategic retreat to her dressing room, shed her stays and gloried in a series of normal breaths.

The murmur went around, "What's wrong with Grable? What's she hermiting about? Has she had a battle with the director or somebody?" If

FREE OFFER!

How would you like a free copy of the newest issue of Dell's SCREEN ALBUM, jam-packed with gorgeous portraits and biographies of your favorite stars? It's easy. Just fill out the questionnaire below and mail it in to us no later than Feb. 2. First 500 replies reaching us will get an ALBUM. Get your copy of MODERN SCREEN early!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our March issue? Write 1, 2, 3, at right of the titles of your 1st, 2nd, 3rd choices.

Ronald Reagan ..... ☐ *Johnny Payne—Bond Salesman* ... ☐

Miss Terrific! (Grable) ..... ☐ *Speaking of Flynn* ..... ☐

Rogue Male (John Carroll) ..... ☐ *Good News* ..... ☐

"Hello, Frisco, Hello" ..... ☐ *He Wanted Wings (Sterling)* ..... ☐

Viennese Knight ..... ☐ *Kid Sister Eileen (Blair)* ..... ☐

Which one of the above did you like LEAST? .....

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3 in order of preference .....

.....

.....

.....

Here's a list of cute little boxes we use to brighten up the back of MODERN SCREEN from pages 68 to 114.

I Saw It Happen — *Movie Quiz*

Horoscope — *Ten Years Ago in Modern Screen*

Handwriting Analysis

Which do you like MOST? .....

Any you think we ought to discontinue? .....

My name is .....

My address ..... City ..... State .....

I am ..... years of age.

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN
149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

ORCHIDS DEPT.

Dear MODERN SCREEN:

I just want to express my appreciation to MODERN SCREEN. *I'm quite a fan . . . and I think your magazine is tops.*

We fans like to know that Linda Darnell never wears a slip, just what Lana Turner's bedroom looks like, and all the other little things that make the stars real people to us. I find your gossip column not just chatter but the real dope. What's more, MODERN SCREEN, *from the first page to the last is newsy, informative and full of candid shots.*

Your reviews of coming pictures are exceptionally well written, and the added data on production is a feature not found in any other fan magazine.

Thank you for last-minute news, beautiful color portraits, intimate views of Hollywood at play. Thanks for staying away from phony interviews. And most of all, thanks for giving us all that for only ten cents! It's worth much more.

Jane Roberts
640 Adams St.
Denver, Col.

you've ever played that old game "Gossip," you can readily understand how three questions, as above, can be augmented into murder.

Betty could have gone grieving over the set, telling all and sundry that she had a bad case of pinched perimeter, but that wouldn't have been Betty. Whether the difficulty is small or great, she doesn't discuss it.

Mrs. Grable told George one day, "Betty has her own little ways, and we respect them. When she was having marriage difficulties before she and Jackie Coogan separated, I knew there was something wrong because she was so quiet. There are some people in the world who like to talk things over, but Betty doesn't seem to be able to use *words* to lighten a burden. She has to LIVE out her troubles; she can't TALK them out."

reg'lar gal . . .

Betty has occasionally been accused of being high-hat, but this—again—arises from sheer misunderstanding. Betty has never been a party girl; she went with Jack three years before she married him, and she has now gone steadily with George for two years.

She doesn't drink, not even wine, so night clubs don't appeal to her. George, by the way, is also a teetotaler.

Bowling is Betty's pet sport. Mrs. Grable was sound asleep one evening when Betty came rampaging into the room after a session with the ten pins in Westwood. "Guess what I did," she gasped. "I bowled 230!"

Note to non-bowlers: highest possible score is 300, but the average woman bowler is ecstatic if she bowls 180 or so.

Betty and George both love baseball and football. Betty yells like a Comanche for her team and understands every play. The Cardinals, from the Grable home town, won the pennant this year. All during the series, Betty gave sharp baseball tips—all favoring the Cardinals—to any miscellaneous passerby who looked as if his wagering spirit might get the better of him.

At games she stows away quantities of hot dogs with plenty of mustard and

Imagine ME leading a double life!

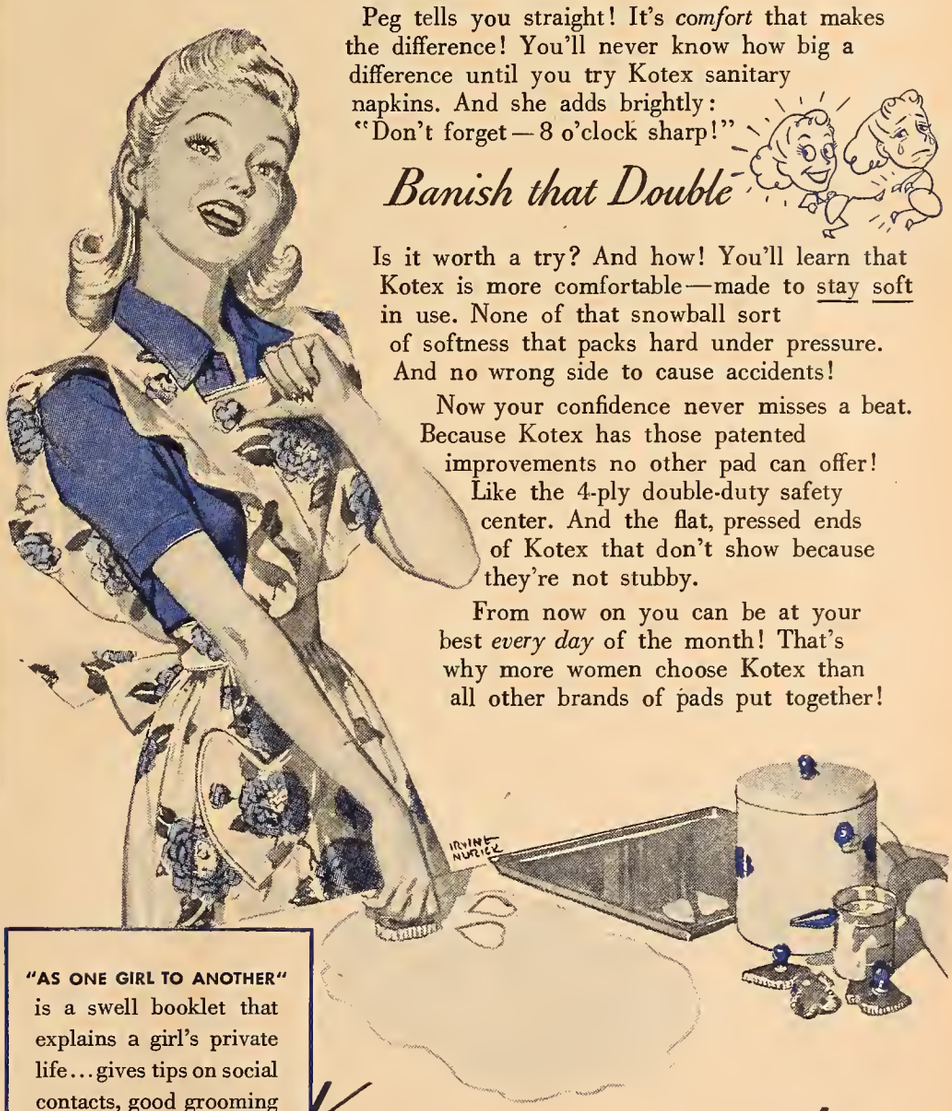
Ever have days when you wish you could run away from your other self?

For weeks you go along singing, smiling and working like a soldier. There's lots to be done—at school and the Canteen . . . at home, where you've taken over K. P. for Mom. Later at Service Dances where you're a regular, you look all crisp and shining.

Then there's that Double—your other self. Telling you that you *can't* keep going! Your confidence does a dim-out and you call Peg to make excuses for tonight.

"I know everyone's counting on me," you begin. "But what can I do?"

Peg tells you straight! It's *comfort* that makes the difference! You'll never know how big a difference until you try Kotex sanitary napkins. And she adds brightly: "Don't forget—8 o'clock sharp!"



Banish that Double

Is it worth a try? And how! You'll learn that Kotex is more comfortable—made to stay soft in use. None of that snowball sort of softness that packs hard under pressure. And no wrong side to cause accidents!

Now your confidence never misses a beat. Because Kotex has those patented improvements no other pad can offer! Like the 4-ply double-duty safety center. And the flat, pressed ends of Kotex that don't show because they're not stubby.

From now on you can be at your best *every day* of the month! That's why more women choose Kotex than all other brands of pads put together!

"AS ONE GIRL TO ANOTHER" is a swell booklet that explains a girl's private life... gives tips on social contacts, good grooming . . . do's and don't's for "those days." Quick send your name and address on a postcard to P. O. Box 3434, Dept. MM-3, Chicago, for your copy. It's FREE!

Keep going in comfort —with Kotex*!

(★ T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

relish. Popcorn and cherry cokes are useful, too, to soothe an excited throat. But George never brings her a candy bar at a game, or arrives for a date with a package of Pig'n'Whistle's best tucked under one arm, because Betty doesn't like sweets. Lucky lady.

She loses weight during a picture and gains a little poundage when she's between films. When she wants to turn the hand of the scales counter clockwise, she just gives up sugar in her coffee and dessert. That does the diminishing.

Sunday morning is a busy time in the Grable household. Betty always gets up fairly early and has a big breakfast, then settles at her desk where she writes checks to settle her accounts, and answers dozens of service men's letters and autographs pictures by the hundred. While she is doing this, she tunes in a record program and plays it at the top of the volume knob.

Mrs. Grable calls upstairs, "Betty, turn that radio down."

"What did you say, Mother? I can't hear because of the music."

"I said, please turn that radio softer."

"Okay, Mother." And she carefully moves it down just one degree.

Betty is a good business woman. With the first real accumulation that she had ever amassed, she bought a cottage in Brentwood. Gradually, she and her mother outgrew it and needed a larger house, so she disposed of that property and has just bought a beautiful home in Bel Air. They moved in during July, and they are still trying to furnish it.

The frilly white lamps in the bedroom and the tailored yellow lamps in the library are still sitting placidly on the floor—a fresh decorator's touch—because occasional tables are a scarce item in Los Angeles, and no one knows when Betty's order will arrive from the East.

With her family, Betty is the soul of generosity. This summer she made the first trip of her life without her mother. All the way across the country and back, Betty kept fretting. "If Mother had been along," she told the hairdresser, "I would have had that dress pressed and ready to wear. Now I have to struggle into this old gown."

She lost a series of gloves and hankies. "Well, it wouldn't have happened if Mother had been with us," she observed whenever something was missing. And she went off on a mysterious, day-long errand while she was in New York.

The night she came home, she catapulted into her mother's arms, gift box and all. When Mrs. Grable lifted off wrappings and lid, she found a heavenly blue, hand-woven wool robe, appliqued with satin scroll work. The card read, "To match my mother's blue eyes."

The one item that Betty buys for herself in lavish amounts is perfume.

When Betty gets ready to go out in the evening, Mrs. Grable inhales deeply. "Oh, Betty," she moans, "I'm only grateful that at least half of that will evaporate in the open air."

By the way, Betty owns one of the few *carpeted* bathrooms in captivity. The floor is covered with a bushy grey broadloom that must be wonderfully comforting on cold mornings.

family circle . . .

Betty's sister, Marjorie, works at Douglas, but she doesn't think anyone out there has recognized her as a member of a glamour family. "If they get hep to me," she told Betty wearily, "I'll have to answer questions about you all day long. Sometimes fame in a family is awfully uncomfortable."

As you can see, the Grable family ties are strong. Betty tells her mother where she is going, whenever she leaves the house, and at what time she will be back. If she is delayed more than five or ten minutes, Mrs. Grable gets a call telling her exactly when her daughter will be back and what is detaining her.

But, considering the way of the world just now, one of the nicest stories about Betty involves a Grable fan who joined the army. Two years ago, Betty received a charming letter from a student at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, explaining that he had bet all his current coin that he could persuade Betty Grable to come East to attend the M.I.T. formal as his guest.

The letter was so well written and so sincere of tone, that Betty wired her regrets and promised a letter of explanation. She was working in a picture at the time, and she couldn't get away, she wrote. That developed quite a correspondence for a time, then the letters began to grow infrequent.

In the fall of 1942, Betty received a note from her M.I.T. admirer saying that he was in California at an army camp near San Francisco. Betty brought the letter to her mother and asked, "Would it be all right for me to ask him to come down for a week-end?"

"Let's do," agreed Mrs. Grable. "And let's ask him to bring along his buddy."

Which explains why that rosy glow over a northern California camp was seen one night after mail call. The boys came down one Saturday, and Betty showed them the town, took them through the studio, supplied them with a collection of autographed pictures and had the time of her life in the process.

The M.I.T. student was able to get leave for Thanksgiving, too, but that was to be his last freedom before sailing. Betty promised to write.

Perhaps this soldier said the last word and the best, to be applied to Betty. When he took her hand to tell her good-by, he murmured, "The nicest thing about you, Betty, is that—after a fellow has been with you a few hours—he forgets that you're an actress or a glamour kid or any of the rest of that stuff, and concentrates on thinking what a wonderful girl you are. You're a little honey, and that's the truth."

10 Years Ago in Modern Screen

March, 1933! Franklin Delano Roosevelt took first oath of office as president. . . . Hitler and his Nazis seized power in Germany, with nation-wide attacks on Jews immediately following. . . . Earthquake at Long Beach, Cal., killed 120, severely jolted Hollywood, Beverly Hills and environs. . . . $500,000 in stolen jewelry was discovered in Florida hide-out after nation-wide search.

While in Modern Screen. . . . Paris toasted Jeanette MacDonald, whispered she'd marry Maurice Chevalier and was floored when she announced engagement to business manager Bob Ritchie. . . . Barbara Stanwyck swigged cod liver oil to regain strength after strenuous dieting. . . . Gary Cooper staged a one-man sit-down strike his first day as Joan Crawford's leading man. . . . Fredric March and wife adopted baby. . . . the Lupe Velez-Johnnie Weissmuller romance reached the sizzling point. . . . Ginger Rogers was a "Wampas Baby Star" whose success was still questionable.

GIVE BEAUTY A HAND

(*Continued from page 51*)

protective creams form a sheath against grime, oil and dirt, so that they all easily rinse off when the job's finished.

lotions are lovely! . . .

"Lotions do wonders for hands," enthused Ann. "I always tote some in my bag. Long train rides are a grand opportunity for a hand-beautifying session." You can pluck your own opportunities from your busy life . . . but, no matter where or when, do be generous with rich, smooth-making lotions and lubricants. Massage cuticle cream or oil into each finger at night. That will soften harsh, jagged edges that blitz precious stockings. If your hands are stubbornly dry, try slathering them up to the wrists at night with your favorite hand lotion or cream. Then pull on an old pair of loose, white cotton gloves with holes cut in them for ventilation. Your hands will be taking on beauty as you dream pleasant dreams, and the gloves will save sheets and pillow cases an extra trip to the tubs.

If your nails are dry and brittle so that even a harsh word breaks and chips them, try massaging a cream conditioner into the base of the nail. You'll find it works wonders in correcting the condition. Then too, ladies, if your polish sometimes chips, most likely it's not the fault of that gleaming coat. No, probably it's because your nails are peeling off in layers . . . a pesky condition often caused by dry air, careless diet and lack of sunshine. Treat yourself, if such is the case, to oil finger-baths and extra cuticle-creamings. Eat plenty of calcium-producing foods—cauliflower, cabbage, lettuce and milk, milk, milk!

manicure magic . . .

Daily lotion-treats and cleaning, yes, and then once a week the pleasant manicure ritual! Have fun while you're prettying those active mitts of yours. Take it easily in eight steps, not slipping up on one. Arrange the "fixings" on a convenient near-by table so you won't have to dash up, half way through the process, to retrieve the polish or cuticle-remover you've forgotten. Then turn on the radio to your favorite program and devote 20 cosy minutes to the business at hand!

(1) For a clean start, remove old enamel with cleansing tissue or a dab of cotton saturated with oily polish remover.

(2) Shape your nails with an emery board or a fine-grained metal file. A gentle oval shape is the safest outline . . . extreme points are definitely old hat. Don't "cut any corners." The side of the nail tip should slope gradually into a rounded curve.

(3) Now scrub your dainty digits with a brush and a fluff of warm suds. Soak each hand for a few minutes. If nails are brittle, use warm oil; if healthy, warm, soapy water is all you need. Dry thoroughly.

(4) Remove cuticle, using a cotton-tipped orange stick dipped in a special cuticle remover. Trim, smooth-looking fingertips will result . . . and there's no danger of infection from torn, ragged, unhealthy cuticles!

(5) Apply nail white under free edges of nail, and scrub the fingers thoroughly once more. In wiping them dry, you can remove the last remaining shreds of cuticle loosened by the cuticle remover.

(6) Buff the nails briskly so that they will have a smoother base for the polish.

Glamorous HAIR Makes You Look *Lovelier*

MANY of Hollywood's most beautiful and glamorous stars keep their hair charming and refreshed with the systematic use of the famous GLOVER'S MEDICINAL treatment so popular with millions of men and women! GLOVER'S is not merely a "scented preparation"—it's definitely a *medicinal* application which you can use, with massage, for Dandruff, Itchy Scalp and excessive Falling Hair. TRY it today—you'll *feel* the exhilarating effect, *instantly*—and you'll be delighted with the results! Ask for GLOVER'S at any Drug Store.

For your convenience, we offer (by coupon only) this Complete Trial Application of GLOVER'S famous Mange Medicine and the new GLO-VER Beauty Soap SHAMPOO, in hermetically-sealed bottles, so that you can try the Glover's Medicinal Treatment and test it yourself! Complete instructions and booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair," included FREE.

GLOVER'S (with massage) for DANDRUFF, ITCHY SCALP and Excessive FALLING HAIR

New-type Halo Shampoo banishes dingy soap-film!

THE luster, the brilliance, the rich natural beauty of your hair will *thrill* you once you have banished dulling "soap-film" with the remarkable new shampoo discovery—Halo.

All soaps and soap shampoos, even the finest, leave soap-film on hair, make it look dull, drab, lifeless. But Halo contains *no* soap. Its amazing new lathering ingredient actually *removes* soap-film from hair the first time you use it. Hair's glorious natural beauty is immediately revealed. And Halo rinses away completely without lemon or vinegar.

Halo leaves hair easy to manage and curl. Banishes loose dandruff. Generous 10¢ and larger sizes.

A Product of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.

REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY IN YOUR HAIR

WHY DON'T YOU WRITE?

Thousands of women—home makers, office workers, nurses, teachers—now earn extra money writing short stories, household articles, recipes, articles about fashions, hobbies, travels, etc. In your own home, on your own time, the New York Copy Desk Method teaches you how to write—the way newspaper women learn, by writing. Our unique "Writing Aptitude Test" tells whether you possess the fundamental qualities essential to successful writing. You'll enjoy this test. Write for it, without cost or obligation.

NEWSPAPER INSTITUTE OF AMERICA
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Money Back If Blackheads Don't Disappear

Get a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme this evening—use as directed before going to bed—look for big improvement in the morning. In a few days surface blemishes, muddiness, freckles, even pimples of outward origin should be gone. A clearer, whiter, smoother looking complexion. Sold on money back guarantee at all drug, department and 5c-10c stores.

Golden Peacock BLEACH CREME
25 Million Jars Already Used

The buffing will also stimulate circulation and keep your nails stronger.

(7) Now you're ready for your base coat and two coats of your pet enamel. For the means to a smooth, hard, even surface and a color selection that's just right, flick through the pages to "Color at Your Fingertips!"

(8) When the polish has dried, pamper your glorified digits with an application of hand lotion or cream.

hand-some behavior . . .

Now that you have your hands looking so glamour-ful, be careful how you use them! No tenseness, no over-elaborate gestures, no extended pinky when you hold your teacup, no limp handshakes and no knuckle-cracking, please. See that your hands are gracefully relaxed unless they are actually busied about some chore. Watch the screen stars make their hands behave.

For an extra fillip of fingertip glamour, trail a handful of scent with all your animated gestures. Before going a-partying, anoint your wrists with a delightful, delectable perfume. There are some dandy ones to get you in a Spring-time mood, f'rinstance, a pert old-fashioned "nosegay" or a honeychile of a deep South fragrance, mimosa.

Hands, even those of a regular Lazybones, are kept pretty much on the move, so special exercises do not in most cases have to be stressed. But if long periods of filing or knitting or bandage rolling have cramped and strained your fingers, Ann Rutherford has a remedy! She calls it "invisible typing." Pretend that a table edge is a key board, and type away like mad . . . it's grand for flexing and relieving overly tense hands. Ann, by the way, is an excellent typist. A few years back, she decided to take a steno course . . . just in case! But it looks like a needless precaution now, what with Ann being one of the most popular young stars in Hollywood. She's pert and pretty in M-G-M's "Whistling in Dixie" with funny-man Red Skelton.

hold a winning hand . . .

Satin-smooth, brightly tipped fingers will twinkle merrily through chores . . . a grand lift for morale. Think of your nail beautifiers as among your most precious possessions. A special manicure kit snugly fitted with all the "fixings" is a wise investment. A few minutes a day, a pleasant weekly manicure session . . . and beauty-endowed hands are yours!

Compare Your Handwriting with Dennis Morgan

by Shirley Spencer

Many people wonder why they write large one day and small the next, and seem to think that this change in the appearance of their handwriting is a radical one and shows an inconsistent nature. This is not the case at all. Small writing shows mental concentration, so it is natural for your writing to become smaller, especially if you are making notes.

Large writing indicates a wider range of interest and activities than small writing, and the handwriting of Dennis Morgan is a good example of large, freely written, widely spaced writing. It shows that his interest would be in things which could be classed as physical activities rather than mental. In other words, sports, dancing and social contacts.

His large lower loops indicate this same thing, so we have activity doubly emphasized. Writers of a large script like this, with exaggerated lower loops, become restless under restraint and dislike sedentary work. They very often have several talents while not excelling in any one. All the expressive arts appeal to them—the theater, music, dancing, imaginative literature. Dennis' full upper and lower loops show an imagination which makes him exaggerate those things which catch his fancy.

The wide spacing and large rounded letters with the sprawling movement tell me that the less he has to think about a budget the better he likes it. His simple capitals indicate a dislike for frills and front, although those inflated loops say that he likes attention. He usually gets it because he's so spontaneous, fluent and responsive to people.

RONALD REAGAN

(*Continued from page 33*)

the doorway. Galahad can't make it. He settles for the middle step and starts washing his face.

A strained silence was broken by Jack. "Looks like I'm not boss in my own home." The way he said it, Ronnie relaxed. You could tell he was kind of glad to see the cats himself.

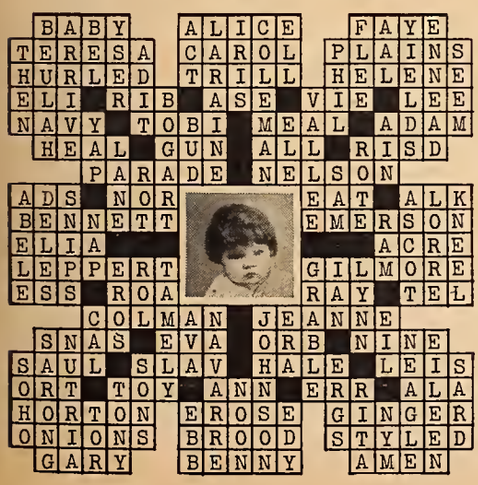
Sitting there on the steps, remembering Jack's eyes turned on Galahad as he washed his face, a sudden warmth suffused Ronnie. He didn't know that he'd started growing up that afternoon. All he knew was, he felt good, his ill humor melted. His dad was okay, and nuts to "Birth of a Nation."

He looked around for Jiggs. No Jiggs. Gone to the butcher's for a bone, most likely. When the kids bragged that their dogs were so smart, you could teach 'em tricks, Ronnie topped them. *His* dog was so smart, he could teach *you* tricks. When they first came to Dixon, they'd lived in an old frame house. Now they'd rented one of those new pebbledash affairs across the river. To Ronnie, its most alluring feature was the sleeping-porch. There he slept in all weathers—Jiggs on a rug beside him, covered with an old sweatshirt, corners of the rug folded over him, head on a pillow. Once every night, like clockwork, Ronnie would be wakened by a whimper, by a soft scratching at his arm. He turned on the light. Jiggs' chin rested on the bedrail, his eyes pleaded. "Okay, Jiggs." Back went his head on the pillow as Ronnie leaned over, covered him with the sweatshirt and folded back the corners of the rug. Then they'd both go to sleep again.

Jiggs was a town character. If the cops found him straying, they'd chase him home. He'd hang around the butcher's and slide in when a customer opened the door. The butcher used to cue him through his bag of tricks, then give him a bone. But Jiggs got bored with that. Now he just trotted round the counter, and in rapid succession, without being asked, counted three, rolled over, stuck out his paw and waited for delivery.

There he was now—or was he—? Ronnie peered down the street to make sure he was seeing what he thought he saw. Sure enough, there came Jiggs—rear end first, hauling behind him a bone as big as himself. Ronnie jumped up. "Goldarn dog!" he crowed in an excess of pride and affection. "C'mon, le's go watch 'em

Solution to Puzzle on page 70.



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THAT WAS ME, all right! Especially, when it came to taking a laxative. I used to punish myself with the worst-tasting medicine. And how that stuff would weaken and upset me! Aside from its awful taste, it was just *too strong!*

THEN I ADDED INSULT to injury! I went to the other extreme and started taking what turned out to be a "namby-pamby" laxative. I thought it would be easier on me, but it failed to give me relief. It was just *too mild!*

FINALLY, ONE OF THE GIRLS at the plant put me wise to Ex-Lax! Now, *there's* a laxative for you! It's such a cinch to take . . . tastes just like swell chocolate. And it does its job so well — without knocking you out! Ex-Lax is not too strong, not too mild — it's *just right!*

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kick the ball around for a li'l while."

forward pass . . .

He was in the eighth grade now. The boys who played high school football were his heroes. Lessons were things you had to pass in. To his way of figuring, a passing grade had been set, not as a minimum, but as a mark to shoot at. Once he hit that mark, his time was his own. Study periods could be devoted to drawing pictures of football players on the margins of his books. He could then riffle the pages and get his own animated version of a tackle, tackling. At semester's end the kids would sell their books to kids coming in from the lower grade. Ronnie's looked too disgraceful to get any bidders. By the skin of his teeth, he always passed. Jack might grumble, point out "when I was a kid," etc. Later, the neighbors would come in, and they'd hear about the night Jack locked that guy in the belfry, so his lectures left no very deep mark.

Girls were so much foolishness—till one day he found his eyes straying toward an auburn head by the window. She was the minister's daughter, and her name wasn't Lois, but that's what we'll call her. Gosh, she was pretty! The other fellows were starting to pair off. If a guy had to have a girl, he wanted that one.

Others had the same idea, which served only to deepen Ronnie's purpose. In the end, he got her. Not exclusively, to be sure. He wouldn't date another girl unless they'd tiffed—she dated other boys, which was mostly what they tiffed about.

"Don't be silly," she'd scoff, serene and sensible. "We're too young for that stuff."

By and large, though, she was Ronnie's girl. Their dates for the first year or two consisted in walking to the movies—the long way—having a soda, walking home and talking about life. Later, they went to parties and picnics together. Like Jack, she'd lecture him. Why didn't he bear down and study harder? He thought she looked cuter lecturing than Jack. Otherwise, the effect was the same.

High school opened new horizons. As a freshman, he made the scrub team. He was a crack swimmer and went out for track, but his heart belonged to football. Football was drama and excitement, school spirit and physical release rolled into one. Compared with football, nothing else counted. Football was heaven, football was for him.

The summer before sophomore year saw him grow to five feet ten, fill out from 129 to 160 pounds. School and the football season started. One day he found himself running signals at guard with the first team. "Doesn't mean a thing," he assured his pounding pulses. "Coach is disciplining someone."

footlight fever . . .

Then came Saturday, came the breathless moment when you sat on the bench biting your nails, came the intolerable moment when coach opened his mouth—"All right, we'll start this game with mumblemumblemumble — and AT GUARD—REAGAN."

Stars in your head and air under your feet! You were on the team!

He played through high school as the lightest man on the line. What he had was the speed to lead interference, a certain sixth sense by which he could smell out where the play was going, and the daring to flirt with danger and come out on top. Moon played end. The team earned itself a brilliant reputation. Nell was satisfied if they both came home in one piece. Jack didn't say much, but Saturday afternoons found him at the game, never mind how crowded the store was.

Yet even football wasn't the whole story. There was also B. J. Fraser. The year Ronnie entered, B. J. came to teach English at the Dixon High School. Today he's its principal. Through student years and since, Ronnie never heard his name mentioned but in love and praise.

Though young, he was wise. His mind was open, his ideas progressive. That he'd been an athlete did him no harm with the kids. They were captivated by his sardonic turn of humor, and sunned themselves in the warmth of his understanding. Ronnie's class had most of the luck. For four years they drew him as class adviser.

It was shortly after the semester started that Ronnie discovered B. J. was not as others. For 24 hours preceding any athletic event in which he figured, Ronnie was a mess of jangling nerves. His hands shook, his throat burned, he couldn't eat. As for studying, don't be funny. He was drawing pictures one Friday afternoon when B. J. loomed at his shoulder. Pencil poised in midair, the artist waited for lightning to strike.

"Move over," said B. J., sat down and started talking about the quarter-mile Ronnie was to run next day. To the drawing he made a single oblique reference. "Hard to study the day before an

IS YOUR BIRTHDAY BETWEEN JANUARY 21 AND FEBRUARY 19?

Seems right that the friendliest sign of the Zodiac should be Lana Turner's. Like everyone born Jan. 21-Feb. 19, she's an Aquarian; her blonde beauty is the sign's typical tops. So is her hail-fellow-well-met attitude; you can't go around in sweater and skirt if you're going to act formal and stand-offish. Aquarian girls don't. They're buddies, and meeting men on terms of comradeship and complete equality doesn't detract a bit from their femininity. (On the male side of the ledger, Aquarius gives us such men's men as Clark Gable and Ronald Colman who still know all the answers for the ladies.) Love means everything to Lana and her sisters in Aquarius. The camaraderie of friendship and going together is as deep as it is fresh and exhilarating. Aquarius girls don't marry just to avoid being old maids. They may wait a while till they're sure, but when they are, it takes a bitter hurt to their love-ideal to shake them. Unfortunately Lana wed under negative influences; but the baby, coming soon, will find mother at her sweetest. Lucky baby! Lana'll have time for both motherhood and a career. Aquarians have plenty of time to keep their children happy without losing touch with the bigger world of friendship, art and just plain good fellowship to which they give so much, and which is to them a fountain of eternal youth that they need to drink from as long as they live.

QUIZ CLUES

(*Continued from page 79*)

(*Set 2*)

1. Navy Lieut.
2. Wears specs
3. Jules Garfinkle
4. Andy
5. Red-head
6. Women swoon
7. Alan Gordon
8. Balanchine
9. Kid sister Jeanne
10. Mercury Players
11. Bahama romance
12. Canteen
13. 99 and 44/100% pure
14. Much "Vaughnted"
15. Metro vet
16. Thrice-wed
17. Infanticipating
18. No tiffin' with Griffin
19. Ray's Day
20. Dion

mighty important track meet, isn't it?"

This marked the beginning of one small boy's enslavement.

Then there were the themes. Other teachers made you write cut-and-dried stuff. This guy gave you a subject, and you wrote what you pleased. He could even give you George Washington, and you didn't have to go to the books for it. You could make believe you knew George when he was a kid, and what he said and what you said. B. J. even seemed to like it better that way. Creative writing, he called it—showed imagination, he said. Ronnie favored the humorous approach, partly to avoid research, partly as a natural means of self-expression, partly because it made a hit. B. J. would read a few of the themes in class. Ronnie's always made the grade, they were always good for a laugh, he lived for those laughs. Had he once been skipped, he'd have felt pretty crushed.

But his closest contact with B. J. came through dramatics. Formerly, only the junior and senior classes had put on plays—gimcrack comedies centered round a village idiot in a red wig. B. J. pointed out that there were plays better worth doing, and they didn't have to be Shakespeare. Also that a certain measure of training through the first two years might make for more polished productions in the last two. Ronnie and Lois joined the dramatic club and, as freshmen and sophs, appeared in one-acters. They both liked acting and acted well. Ronnie's been heard to say—with apologies to his screen directors, and he's had some fine ones—that B. J. remains the best director he's ever worked under.

Their junior play created a local sensation. Ronnie played Ricky in Philip Barry's "You and I." Lois played opposite him. He loved it all, from the first rehearsal to the last round of applause. He sometimes wondered idly how it would feel to act for a living. Very idly. In a small midwestern town, you're going to be a doctor or a lawyer or a business man, never an actor. In a small midwestern town, the solid citizens would have whooped with glee. "Hear about that crazy Reagan kid? Wants to be an actor."

summer idyll . . .

Summers he worked. Despite his flair for not studying, he wanted to go to college. It was the rah-rah-raccoon-coat era. All the football stars went to college. Home on vacation, they spelled romance

"I was a 'single' wife"

HOW A YOUNG MARRIED WOMAN OVERCAME THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT OFTEN WRECKS ROMANCE

1. Ours was the Perfect Marriage . . . at first. But slowly, gradually, a strangeness grew up between us. I couldn't believe Jim's love had cooled so fast!

2. One day, Miss R., a nurse from my home town, found me crying and wormed the whole thing out of me. "Don't be offended, darling," she began, shyly, "I've seen this happen before. Many wives have lost their husbands' love through their neglect of feminine hygiene (*intimate personal cleanliness*)."

3. Then she told what she'd heard a doctor advise. Lysol disinfectant. "You see," she went on, "Lysol won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues—just follow the easy directions. Lysol cleanses thoroughly and deodorizes. No wonder this famous germicide is the mainstay of thousands of women for feminine hygiene."

4. Ever since, I've used Lysol. It's so economical, so easy to use, gives me such a wonderful feeling of personal daintiness. And—here's the *most* wonderful thing—Jim and I are once again happy as doves.

Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful *germicide*, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—Lysol solutions *spread* and thus virtually *search out germs* in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely, no matter how often it is uncorked.

Lysol Disinfectant

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to Ronnie. Lois's sisters went to college. Sometimes they'd let the two kids triple-date with them and a couple of grid heroes. Boy, was that sensational! To enjoy the kind of life he vaguely seemed to feel he was after, college was essential. But above and beyond all that, he had to go on playing football, didn't he?

Jack thought college was fine. He also thought a young fellow should be willing to undertake part of the financial burden. The rest his dad would probably be able to manage. So the summer before he entered high school, Ronnie joined a construction gang, dug basements, laid floors, shingled roofs at 35c an hour. He whittled the art of quitting on the dot to such a point that one day his astonished boss caught him walking out from under a pick he'd just lifted. His reproof was not without an undernote of admiration. "That's the laziest damn thing I ever saw."

Next summer—he was 15—he talked himself into a lifeguard's job at one of the inferior beaches. His first rescue proved a hair-shattering experience—not because it was hard, but because he nearly missed it. His idea had been that a person, starting to sink, started to scream. There were only a few kids at the beach that day, and he was swimming with them when a girl close by went under. Not a peep out of her, she just quit swimming. He grabbed her, dragged her to the raft, rowed her ashore and broke into a cold sweat. Suppose he'd been looking the other way, he'd never even have seen her. "Lesson Number One," he muttered through chattering teeth. "Keep your eyes peeled in all directions at once."

The following year he got the job he was to keep through high school and college summers—lifeguard at Lowell Beach, three miles out of town. Round Lowell Beach, with its 100-foot pier and modern equipment, flowed the community's summer social life. The river, dotted with boats and canoes, ran between rolling limestone hills, heavily wooded. Ronnie's most nostalgic memories of youth are bound up with the woods and the river.

the rah rah days . . .

Across stream stood the Lodge, run by John Jensen, Dane, gentleman and philosopher. Summer folks came there. Ronnie taught the kids swimming. Nights he'd go over and join some fellows round a campfire. They'd try guns, throw knives at trees, swap duck-hunting yarns, under all of which Ronnie was conscious of pure joy in the stirring of leaves, the ripple of water, the far shining of stars. He'd stay overnight, maybe smoke a pipeful with Jensen in the morning, watch the sun on the river, then paddle back in time for beach-opening.

The job suited him down to the ground. He was outdoors. He paraded around with LIFE GUARD on his chest. He didn't have to report till nine-thirty, an improvement over his pick-and-shovel days which had hauled him from bed at five. (He's a guy who hates to crawl out of bed. "How can a day be good," he still complains, "that starts with getting up in the morning?")

Lifeguards are traditionally popular with the girls. Ronnie was no exception. They'd pretend to sink, for the fun of being saved. Kid stuff he called it, and ducked them, but good. "While you're clowning, somebody else might be drowning. Think I like walking around in a wet suit?" He never forgot Lesson Number One. As he stood at the end of the pier one day, a girl waved her hand. He thought she was waving hello, "Hi," he waved back and turned his eyes elsewhere. Next second he turned sharply back. Where the girl had been, there were only bubbles.

He got her out. He got them all out. When the season started, mothers would call Nell to find out if Ronnie was on the job yet. Till he was, the kids couldn't go swimming. Some of his lifesaving exploits made the papers.

He had cause to be grateful for those summers of work. Because when the time came, Jack couldn't help him with his college fees. It was '28, and even before the market crashed, farmers and small business men were being hit by the first waves of depression. Trade fell off at the store. Jack sold out to his partner and hunted a selling job. It was a long time coming.

But Ronnie'd saved enough to get started at Eureka. He picked Eureka, because that's where Lois was going, not to mention the captain of the football team. He got a job waiting on table in the frat house that pledged him. He got a scholarship for half of his tuition —not, need we add, in recognition of his scholarly achievements but because of his prowess on the athletic field.

He'd been a big frog in Dixon. He landed in Eureka, metaphorically rubbing his hands. This'd be a cinch. The coach would receive him as an answer to prayer. The coach fixed him with an eagle eye and remained unimpressed. There were 50 kids up from other schools, all playing good football. To his disgust, Ronnie was placed at end. He couldn't play end, he was a guard born and trained. The first year was hell—with Reagan at the receiving end of a steady, choice and blistering spray of language.

Pat Ronnie on the back, and he'll tear the world apart. Bawl him out, and he'll brood. Obviously the coach hated him. He hated the coach. He couldn't play football at Eureka. Okay, he'd manage without football. Next year he'd go to Wisconsin and make the crew.

To this purpose he clung throughout the summer. In the fall he told Nell

I SAW IT HAPPEN

We were trying to get an interview with Katharine Hepburn for our school newspaper, so we sneaked into Shubert's in New Haven and watched the rehearsals of "The Philadelphia Story." She was standing on the stage with Van Heflin and Lenore Lonergan—smoking a cigarette and laughing in her inimitable manner. A polo coat was nonchalantly thrown over her shoulders and, as per usual, she was wearing slacks—a lovely dark brown gabardine. All of a sudden she stared into the balcony—then shouted, "What the hell are you doing up there?" It seems as though some reporters for the Yale Daily News *were crouching behind the seats trying to get a preview of what was coming. "My eagle eyes never fail," she said, and the rehearsal was once again resumed. She had failed to see us, however. The stage manager made up for this, though. He spied us and came raging up the aisle. Needless to say, we were unceremoniously "kicked out."*

Barbara A. Lehr,
24 Palmer,
Vassar College,
Poughkeepsie, New York.

he was running down to Eureka with some of the fellows. He'd be back in a couple of days.

Coach had been told that Ronnie was just visiting, but suppressed his knowledge. "Come along, like to show you the new outfits."

"I won't be here this year."

"No? Too bad. Had a scholarship lined up. Better job, too."

The upshot was that he double-talked the athlete into doing just what he hankered to do. Ronnie phoned home.

"I'm staying, Nell."

"That's what Moon said you'd do. Wishes he could join you."

"No kidding!" Unlike his brother, Moon hadn't saved those cocoanuts he'd earned. Also he'd been three years out of high school. Still, if he yearned for college, Ronnie saw no reason why he shouldn't fix it. "Tell him to hold everything, and I'll call back."

To the coach he said: "I know an end who wants to come to college—" With the scholarship settled, he approached his frat house. Could his brother have his old job? His brother could. So he phoned back. "Send Moon down with his clothes and the rest of mine."

goose hangs high . . .

Now everything was lovely, and the goose hung high. He entered his first scrimmage, grinning. He emerged, glowering. The honeymoon was over. He was back at end, and coach was back in form, peeling his hide off. Okay, Ronnie told himself savagely, no matter where that so-and-so lined him up, he'd learn to play it.

At practise one night, the quarterback, out of line because of an injury, moved over behind Ronnie to coach him. "Knife this time," he whispered. Ronnie's heart lifted. This was his meat. He knifed and broke up a close formation. Coach never opened his trap. But when next night the first string guard broke an ankle, and the second guard had to be moved up, and coach looked around for someone to fill the gap, his eyes came to rest on Reagan.

Back at guard where he belonged, Ronnie was happy, came to realize that he'd been a jerk, and Mac a swell guy, heckling him for his own good.

One muddy night they were running signals. An old grad, the football hero of his day, had barged in, uninvited, to help. He was a pest, but Mac couldn't tell him so. They were being taught a wide end run. "I'm the halfback," the old grad kept yelling. "I'm the one you get."

From the corner of his mouth, Mac muttered: "Go out and hit him."

"You mean really *hit* him?"

"That's what I said."

Ronnie caught him knee-high. He went down in the mud, and didn't come up for 30 seconds. Mac got hysterical. The o. g. went home and never came back, but Ronnie's always kept a warm spot for him, because next day coach moved Reagan to the first team. For three years he averaged all but two minutes on every game.

Once they went up to Dixon to play a school. The boy who played opposite Ronnie at center was a Negro. (He's an M. A. now and athletic director at a large school.) The hotel manager said they had room for everyone but the colored boy.

Mac exploded. "The hell with that! We'll go someplace else."

"Anywhere in town you'll come up against the same thing. Nothing personal, you know—"

Mac turned to Ronnie, at the desk with him. "Damned if I'll tell that kid he can't stay with us. We'll sleep in the bus."

"He'll still know why. Look, Mac, I've got the answer. Tell the boys they're one room short, so I'm going home and taking another fellow with me, and I'll take him."

cram session . . .

No one was fooled, least of all their colored teammate. He accepted Ronnie's invitation with a quiet smile. Nell received them warmly. When Jack got home, they sat down to dinner. Ronnie knew that his parents were free of prejudice, that Jack's abiding hatred of the Klan and all it stood for went down to his roots. Just the same, he'd found himself wishing on the way home that there'd been time to phone first, lest his friend be hurt by so much as a startled flicker. He needn't have worried. Neither parent batted an eye, nor felt there was any reason to bat one. Long ago, on the steps of this pebbledash house, he reached the conclusion that his mother and dad were okay. He never had cause to revise that early conclusion, but upward.

As a student, he continued to get by, though he had to change majors twice before hitting one that didn't hamper his extra-curricular activities. Recalling his painless theme-writing for B. J., he first picked English, but dropped it abruptly as Chaucer edged into the scene. History would have been all right except for the profs, who expected you to learn the book by heart. In the end he got stuck with something called economics and sociology. A knack of cramming the semester's work into one sleepless week, plus imagination, took him through the exams.

Since an injury had taken him off the team, Moon had turned his energies to brainwork. "How come I work my fool head off for a B," he complained to one of their profs, "and that lug gets C-plus without ever cracking a book?"

"Here's why," he was told. "You're going to use this stuff. Therefore it's my job to see that you learn it. Your brother's here because he wants to go to college four years, grab a diploma and call himself a college graduate. If I

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● Ideas have been spinning around in our noggin for months . . . ideas about enlarging our services . . . making them more effective and more accessible. The result is this super coupon with all our charts set down, Indian file, to make the checking easier. The new fashion chart has just rolled off the press, and it's simply staggering. By next month, the list of new offerings will have grown still further. Just wait and see. The address list is free, but for the others send along 5c each in either stamps or coin. Let's say, for example, you check the boxes opposite "Beauty Chart" and "Western Chart." That means two nickels. Simple? After that you print, carefully, your name and address, pop the coupon into an envelope and address it to MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Co-ed Beauty Chart No. 1 . . . . . ☐
An A to Z beauty guide designed to snag the guys on furlough.

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How to wrestle with a midget fashion budget . . . what to wear and where to buy. Much bigger than our first chart, and bursting with new fashion ideas.

Address List . . . . . ☐
A blessedly accurate listing of brand new studio addresses of all your movie favorites. (No charge for this one.)

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Last-second dope on the stars . . . marriages, ages, heights and just about all the other important facts you've been dying to know.

Western Chart . . . . . ☐
Real inside stuff on your "Western" heroes . . . all the way from birthdays to the color of their eyes.

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City _____ State _____

flunked him, he'd have to go five. Why should I waste my time and his—especially mine? Therefore I pass him."

Ronnie would have called this sound reasoning. To him college meant football, dramatics, being with Lois, bull sessions, high jinks. Lots of the fellows aimed at high school teaching or coaching after graduation. While Reagan Junior didn't know what he *did* want, he knew what he didn't. And that was a teaching or coaching job. So he cut the ground from under his feet. Afraid he might weaken when the time came to be shoved out into a cold world, he steered clear of all those courses in education, without which you couldn't qualify as a teacher or coach.

Second only to football—and sometimes he wondered if it *was* second—came his love for dramatics. Eureka's dramatic club was outstanding. He and Lois had been active members from the first. In a contest, sponsored by Eva Le Gallienne, 12 colleges were picked to put on one-acters for a trophy. Among the finalists, Eureka was the only small college. Ronnie played Thyrsis in Edna Millay's "Aria da Capo." They came in third, with special mention for his performance.

He played Petruchio to Lois's Kate in a modern version of "Taming of the Shrew." With the elimination of a few thees and thous, he came to realize that what they'd been telling him was true—this Shakespeare was a smart cookie. He was also waking up to realize that this acting business stirred his imagination—that he liked it better than just something to have fun with once or twice a year. He still hadn't reached the point where he could face a bunch of guys or even himself and say he'd like to be an actor. But somewhere in his noggin a hazy notion was forming—something to do with sports and the radio—he knew sports, he knew how to use his voice—and in a far-off way, radio announcing was related to acting, kind of sixty-second cousin—and one thing sometimes led to another—though that last link in the chain of his thought was too wispy to be called more than the wraith of a dream—

Even his triumph as Captain Stanhope in "Journey's End" failed to give it substance. During freshman year Ronnie'd traveled to a distant spot and seen "Journey's End" with the original English company. It had been an unforgettable experience. He could scarcely believe his luck when "Journey's End" was picked as the senior play and himself as Stanhope. For the first time he lived a part. For the first time, he didn't act with half of him watching the other half. You couldn't have convinced him that, if he'd turned and walked up those steps, he wouldn't have been walking into the hellfire of the trenches. When the thing was over, it took him three days to come to. Big-town reviewers present heaped up adjectives in acclaiming the production as a whole and, in particular, Ronald Reagan's Stanhope. Eureka rang bells in the streets.

end of an era . . .

But dramatics are part of college life. With other frivolities, you left them behind when came time to face the real and earnest. The guys at the frat house, who had jobs lined up, razzed Ronnie, who didn't. One night he got mad. "Look, if five years from the day we graduate, I'm not making $5000 a year, I'll consider my education wasted."

"What education?" was the least offensive of the witticisms hurled back.

On the night of the spring formal, he and Lois got serious. All along, that had been their way of putting it. If, when they reached an age of reason, they still felt the same about each other—well—then they'd get serious.

They were driving home in the rumble seat. "Think we've reached an age of reason?" Ronnie asked. She thought maybe they had. He pinned his frat pin to her coat, and they celebrated with hamburgers, smothered in onions.

And suddenly it was Class Day, and a group of boys and girls stood on the sun-dappled campus and went through the symbolic ceremony of cutting away the ivy-chain and sang the Alma Mater, and if you had a lump in your throat, so did everyone else, and it had been a wonderful four years, and you wished you were starting all over again—

But since no genius has discovered how to turn time back, they scattered on their separate ways. Lois's father had a church in Eureka now, so she was staying. In the fall, she'd teach. There were no marriage plans. After all, Ronnie *had* romped through economics and knew you didn't get married without *some* dough.

How he was going to earn it, he had no idea. But that too was for the fall. Meantime, at Lowell Beach, one more glorious summer lay ahead. And a glorious couple of hundred bucks.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

When the Victory Caravan hit St. Paul a few months ago, I attended and was standing near the stage entrance hoping to quiz the magnetic Cary Grant for my school paper. I happened to turn, and there beside me casually sipping a bottle of coke stood the guy in question. In my haste to dig up a pencil from my pocket, I dropped a token. It was retrieved by Mr. Grant who said, "Oh! Oh! You'll never get home on the streetcar that way!"

This is to inform Mr. G. that I did not drop the token on purpose, and that I did get home on the street car.

Muriel Dudovitz,
1264 Standford Ave.,
St. Paul, Minn.

JOHNNY PAYNE—BOND SALESMAN

(*Continued from page 45*)

whoop-te-doo making a flying leap on the running board of John's car and planting a Marathon smacker on his flaming cheek until it took three cops to pry her loose. . . . Or if you care to picture Gentlemanly John greeting three dignified state governors just after somebody has dumped a pitcher of ice water all over his nice new suit. . . . Or if you can really conjure up the vision of our Hollywood hero soaking his sox in the bathroom basin, washing out his shirts and pressing them under the glass of his dresser top—Well, I'd better start at the beginning—

home run . . .

First of all, John doesn't particularly like trips. He's strictly a fireside fellow, and his idea of Heaven has always been a tall, cool one beside an open fire with pipe smoke curling around a good book. But when Hollywood's Victory Committee said there was work to be done down in John's home district of Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia and would he make up a team, the answer was "When do I start?"

Their answer was, "Next week."

It was right after John had wound up "Springtime in the Rockies" with Carmen Miranda. It was a long, tough picture, and he was bushed. He'd planned on a few days at the beach to rest up for a pretty important event in his life—enlistment in the army. But when they said "Virginia," John had an idea.

"How about jumping the gun and going tomorrow?" he suggested. "I think I might do some good in my own home town. Besides, I've got a heavy date on the way."

The date was with the Air Corps in Phoenix, Arizona, for his physical exam. He hopped a plane next day, passed the check-up and flew on home to Roanoke. On the way he flipped away five canned speeches they'd handed him out and wrote three new ones of his own to take their place. John is touchy about his home town. If there is any place he doesn't want to look like a stuffed shirt, it's back with the kids who knew him when.

He needn't have worried too much. First day at the High School, they had a rally. His old basket ball coach, Hunk Hurt, was there and some of the teachers who had guided him in the tender years. Also a lot of kids who were sons and daughters of the boys and girls he used to know. Before them, for the first time, John lost his tongue. How could he slip them a dignified speech? He said what he thought.

"The last time I put an act on in this auditorium I was a bust," John confessed. "It was in the class play. I had one line. I was the butler and supposed to hand a bottle of champagne and a glass to the star. All I had to say was, 'Will you have some more champagne, Sir?' Well—I didn't say anything," admitted John. "All I did was drop the bottle and smash the glass. That's the kind of an actor I am!"

They yelled at that, and from then on John was perfectly okay. He stayed that way in Roanoke, even though the platform they'd rigged up for him in front of the 10-cent store didn't have a top, and it *would* rain. He talked at the PTA, and he went to a dinner where the admission price was a $1,000 bond. He spilled 20 minutes on the radio in a dramatic skit on what we're fighting for, with only ten minutes rehearsal. He autographed a few hundred pictures for bond buyers only, and he sold—all in all and by his lonesome—$80,000 of Victory Insurance to the homefolks. All this time John stayed with his Mom who has a house just outside Roanoke. And there he had his last good meal and night's sleep for two weeks.

Next day the fun really began.

Maybe you've wondered why stars like Dottie Lamour, Bette Davis, Greer Garson and even such toughies as Jimmy Cagney fold up on bond tours. The answer's simple: It's tough work. Maybe they aren't exactly heroes, these glamour go-getters, but they have to keep pitching. Time is short, and there's plenty to do. Take John's opening schedule, right after he joined Jane Wyman in Norfolk, Virginia, the next day.

They made five towns, Norfolk, Suffolk, Portsmouth and a couple more, and ended up in Newport News, hustling from town to town in a car. Officials met them outside city limits. They rushed from high schools to city halls to luncheons, where there wasn't time to eat for making speeches. In spare time they dashed to radio stations, town

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Modern Screen Contest Series: No. 2 "Johnny Payne, Bond Salesman"

FIRST PRIZE:

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How To Win: Read the story of "Johnny Payne, Bond Salesman," beginning on page 42 of this issue. Read it carefully. Then select the *one passage that thrills you most!* Be *confident.* Your opinion is as good as the next person's. And don't worry too much about the length of your passage. Just don't make it more than half a page. Best choice will win a fur coat.

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For each of the 5,000 next most thrilling passages, the judges of this contest will award a beautiful 8 x 11 autographed portrait of either John Payne or Alice Faye, *suitable for framing.*

Rules

1. Read the story "Johnny Payne, Bond Salesman," on page 42 of MODERN SCREEN. Select the one passage (no more than half a page) which you consider to be the most thrilling in the story. Copy or clip it out. Either enclose it in an envelope or paste it on the back of a penny post card.

2. Print or type your name, address and *coat size* very plainly under your entry. Mail it to the Contest Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

3. Indicate, on your entry, whether, if you are a lucky winner, you prefer a portrait of John Payne or Alice Faye. We cannot give any contestant both.

4. Submit only one entry—the passage you consider *most* thrilling of all. More than one will disqualify you.

5. Anyone may enter this contest except employees of the Dell Publishing Co. and their families.

6. Entries to be eligible, must be postmarked not later than midnight, February 28, 1943.

7. Neatness and accuracy will count, though elaborate entries will receive no preference.

8. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

9. The contest will be judged by the editorial staff of MODERN SCREEN. Decision of the judges will be final.

FIRST PRIZE! This stunning I. J. Fox sable-blended mink-tail coat with smart Johnny collar and turned back cuffs—tops at either baseball game, prom or a special date!

halls and defense plants, plugging for the ten per cent pay roll bond plan. They hurried on at night to dances, balls and receptions.

John Payne is as tough and rugged a character as they come, but a guy has to eat. "If I got a chance to gulp a glass of water," grinned John, "I was lucky."

Then, too, it was hot. Plenty—95 and sometimes 110 in the shade. Coming from coolish California, John packed along a wool suit and luckily, one tan twill. He thought about six shirts would be enough. He thought certainly a dozen ties would turn the trick. Sox—five pairs were plenty.

Well—the first day John soaked through three shirts and three sox. "I was lucky," he grinned. "Poor Jane lugged along a mink coat." But it raised a problem. Everywhere a Hollywood star goes, he's on display. And there wasn't time enough to get a shoeshine, let alone a mess of laundry.

sox 'n' suds . . .

Johnny Payne is a water hound. If there's one thing he likes, it's to keep showered. Sometimes he took three and four a day, and when he went through Kannapolis, home of the Cannon Towel people, they handed him a dozen towels in a box. "They must have read my mind. Or maybe it was a gentle hint to take a bath," John chuckled. But even showers couldn't keep him sweet and fresh for the customers—with dirty shirts. The only out was the wash basin and a cake of bath soap. "So I laundered the shirts myself at night," John confessed. "I remembered an old trick in those broke days of mine in New York." Movie stars, particularly males, don't as a rule lug along electric irons. John slipped his shirts under the glass tops of his hotel bureaus. "You'd be surprised how nice they come out," said John.

A guy can soak his sox and scrub his own shirts if he has to, but when ties, handkerchiefs and even coat buttons vanish—then he's up against it. When John's bond drive really warmed up—and it did right away—John and Jane weren't satisfied with measly little sales like a few thousand bucks. For instance, lots of days they dragged in $500,000 of the best for Uncle Sam. That kind of hay takes some salesmanship. The big go-getting started when Jane had a revelation in the midst of one rally.

"Let me have your tie, John," she said sweetly.

"What—what for?" But it was too late. It slipped off his neck.

"Who'd like to have John Payne's tie?" cried Jane.

A lot of people did. "How badly in bonds?" pressed Jane. $5,000 bucks isn't bad for a tie. John got the idea.

"Nice scarf you have on, Jane," he mused out loud. They were off. Jane lost her earrings, her costume pins, her bag. That was one gag that always worked although it was pretty tough on the clothes department of everybody concerned. So they got to stocking up on haberdashery and feminine knickknacks, wearing them to the rallies and practically doing a strip tease for Uncle Sam. "Sometimes I felt like Mister Gypsy Rose Lee," John chuckled. But one time it wasn't so funny.

sold american . . .

They were deep in the heart of North Carolina, in the rich tobacco country. John had done his best at a hubble-bubble thirty-two, thirty-three auction act, with a Speed Riggs "Sold American!" touch, and that worked for a while (because it was so lousy, admitted John). Then they got down to the usual strip auction. People warmed up. So did John. He took off his coat, a prize jacket that he loves dearly. At that moment Jane picked it up.

"Who wants John Payne's coat for a $1000 bond?" she cried.

"Hey!" whispered John. "Wait a min—" But again—too late.

I asked John what happened. Because he was wearing that very favorite coat, "I had to bid against it in bonds to get it back," he said. "It cost me a grand—but it was worth it!"

There were lots of sales stimulators a couple of smart Hollywooders like John and Jane could think up. When they couldn't, Gabe Yorke, John's studio representative who went along, and Edith Wasserman, Jane's companion, put in their oars. Or the customers themselves cracked through.

Once John was running down in his pep talks. "How about a song," yelled a girl. The suggestion grew into a mass roar. "For $15,000, yes," was John's answer. So he warbled at that rate, and when they raised it ten, then he even accompanied himself on the piano. $300,000 and $400,000 days rolled by, and a mass of towns that even John can't remember, and that's his home base down that way. Half of the time all he saw were flashes of buildings, the inside of halls and then—whisk!—hit the road again.

But there was one town he did remember, Newport News, the Virginia shipbuilding capital. That's where the amorous lady made the off-tackle dive and hit John so hard he carried a bump

on his face for days. It happened at a football field where a Saturday night mob of ship workers was gathered. Everything was okay until John started to leave. Then the whole crowd, 4,000 of them, surged like a tidal wave around his car, practically swamping it. He lost every loose article around, his handkerchief, tie clamps, collar clips, pen and pencil—even the buttons off his coat. And to top it all, came the aggressive lady after a kiss, or else! She must have taken it seriously, too, because she wrote John mushy notes for the rest of his trip. I hate to disillusion the gal, but he never read them. Gabe Yorke, though, said they were lovely.

It's surprising the gags a gang can work up to sell bonds. John Payne doesn't believe that's what really does it, though. "People are hungry to buy bonds," he told me modestly. "We were just an excuse. Boy, when you get out in America you really find out how people are in there pitching to win this war. In some tiny towns we sold almost as many bonds as there were people and without turning a trick."

A little trick never hurt, though. For a while, auctioned kisses were killer-dillers. John auctioned them off to ladies from 16 to 60, and if you knew John Payne you'd say—that's a miracle! Jane, too. But after a while, they both decided kisses weren't as dignified as their patriotic mission. So they tried other ways and means.

In one town, for instance, John broadcast on the radio that he'd talk to anyone who called in and bought a bond from him. In a second the phone was ringing like a five-alarm fire. As John talked and took orders, the conversation went out on the air. The switchboard jammed when an unshrinking violet right in front of the world asked unashamed, "How about a date, Honey?" But by that time thousands of war bucks were in Uncle Sam's sock.

John can't remember the names of all the towns he whizzed through or the places he stopped. Petersburg, Charlotte, Columbia, Durham, Greensboro, Rocky Mount, Asheville—sometimes five and six a day. If there wasn't a bond shilly at night, he flopped in the hay at nine, because the alarm clock went off at five. But he got that about once. Usually telephone calls kept him awake all night anyway, and sometimes the beds in the small Southern hotels were far too stingy for his 6 ft. 4 frame. John snoozes like a cat, but sleep was something there just wasn't much of. As for food, like I said, John snatched a bite between speeches. Finally Jane Wyman woke up one morning and swooned away. "Exhaustion," pronounced the doctor. Jane went to the hospital. So John went on alone.

icy reception . . .

But the nearest he came to passing out, he thinks, was from something else. That's when he stepped into a roadside store one day when it was 105 degrees in the shade. He was rolling in to Charlotte, N. C., and a delegation was to meet him outside of town. Woozy from the heat and lack of sleep, John asked the lady in the crossroads store for a pitcher of water. "I'll pay you whatever you want for it," he said, "Just so it's the biggest you have." She trotted out a mammoth pitcher. "Now," said John, "pour it all right on my head!"

He forgot he was wearing his only suit, the other having expired long ago. In a minute he looked like the spirit of the shower bath. And at that moment, the delegation, seeing his car outside, walked in.

There were three governors and a mayor in the committee, and what the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina at that point probably wasn't about the distance between drinks. That is when John, wet but happy, stuck out his paw and said, "Gentlemen, I'm John Payne." Maybe that's why, later on, one of them got up to introduce the stars and said, "Ladies and gentlemen—I want to introduce Miss Jane Payne and Mr. John Wyman." Or maybe it was all due to the heat.

John was a little fuzzy about some details himself, because usually he was so busy he didn't know what time it was or which way was South. But he did get a general Big Idea from his tour which thrilled him to his toes. And that was this:

"That," as John said slowly, "we're all in this thing together, and everybody knows it and is dying to do his and her part. Selling bonds is a cinch. People want to buy until it hurts."

Soldiers, John found (and they filled the crowds wherever he went), were all buying as well as serving. Most of them he met were on a ten percent bond basis and plenty of them chunking it in for twice that—and you know what a soldier makes.

As for himself, John got a personal thrill particularly because of a couple of things. First, he'd never really rubbed elbows with the folks he made entertainment for before. He'd never danced with them, kidded with them, talked seriously to them, felt what they thought of him and vice versa. "Why," he told me happily. "You know what? They called me 'John.' They weren't a bit

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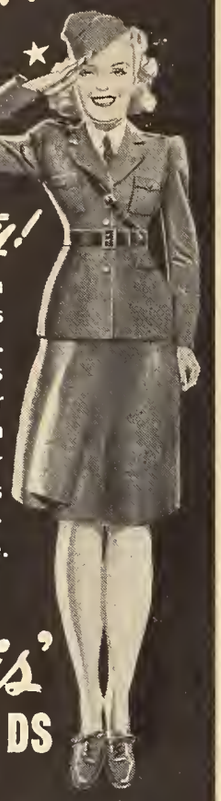

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stand-offish. They were swell!" For the first time since he'd been a movie star, John Payne felt, not like a shadowy illusion, but a real man that people seemed to like. It did him a lot of good.

He ended up his tour in Augusta, Georgia, and properly enough, at an army camp, Camp Gordon, where his brother, Lieutenant Ralph Payne, a tall, dark officer who looks a lot like John, but a little thinner, is stationed with the 4th Mechanized Division. Ralph has been in the army four years now, and it was three since he'd seen his famous Hollywood brother. John wired on ahead so he'd have leave to spend the day. But even that family reunion couldn't be an exclusive affair—not with bonds to sell. The Augusta rally turned into a street dance at night, and the major problem was keeping Lieutenant Payne and John within speaking distance of each other. Crowds poured in, and invariably Ralph got lost. Finally he waxed a bit exasperated.

"Is this what happens to a Hollywood actor on the loose?" he inquired.

John grinned, "Generally."

"You can have it," stated Ralph. "Me for the peace and quiet of the Army!" So they finally had a beer together on that, the first quiet refreshment or chance to sit down and relax John Payne had encountered since he left Roanoke on the whirlwind tour. There was another reason for the beer, too. John had a wire with his orders to show up at Phoenix, Arizona, for his mental and psychology "screening" on his way home. One more picture in Hollywood, and he'd be in with the gang in khaki himself.

So he hopped another plane the next morning, and that evening he woke up in Arizona—woke up, because nothing like a mere bumpy Airliner was going to keep John Payne awake after those two weeks. "Although," John remembered, "I noticed the passengers staring at me every now and then like I was off my beam. Later one told me whenever the plane bumped, and I rolled over I hollered, 'Buy a Bond!'"

into the pale blue yonder . . .

What grade John Payne got on his four-hour screening test at Phoenix, I don't know. Maybe it's a military secret. But in spite of his weary brain John thinks he did okay and anyway he's in. He'll have reported by now to Arizona, at Lula, Thunderbird or Sky Harbor fields, and he'll learn his war stuff somewhere on the desert, near neither crowds nor cameras.

But before he went—in fact right after he got back to Hollywood, John Payne did something that he'd never tell you about. He didn't tell me, but I got the dope from a pal of his, and it's on the level. I don't know of another star in Hollywood who has done quite the same thing—nor, for that matter, another citizen of the U.S.A.

When he got home, John got together all the money he has made in his life, all he has collected in his Hollywood career. He cashed in all his securities and property—leaving only a few hilly acres in the Malibu to come back to, where he can build himself a shack some day. He even drew out the money he'd saved for taxes, figuring he'd meet that later on somehow, when he came back. Uncle Sam needs the sugar right away, he figured.

So every dollar he scraped together he socked right into the Victory kitty. Everything John Payne owns today is in War Bonds.

There's a salesman who practices what he preaches—and how!

Any bonds today?

That's what Johnny Payne would ask you, if you wrote to inquire what *you* could do to help along America's fight for Freedom. It might be a personal sort of question—but John wouldn't be kidding—not for one single minute.

KID SISTER EILEEN

(*Continued from page 61*)

Janny. There sat her mother and father. There sat Ruth Barnes, the dancing teacher in Altoona—and Marty Roberts, who'd given Janny lessons in singing.

Janet stood there and thought she'd choke with excitement. It had all been wonderful, but this was the topper. The minute she reached New York, she'd phoned Mother and Dad, squealing, wanting to know how soon they could get up here. She'd wired Marty and Ruth, begging them to be her guests at the opening. Then this afternoon she'd been brought over to the theater for publicity stills and gasped to see her name in bulbs on the marquee. "It's up there! It's really up there!" Well, whose name did she think would be up there, the gang had kidded, Boris Karloff's? And now this! Intermission, and the man had come out on the stage and said Janet Blair was in the audience and would she please take a bow? And they'd panned the spotlight on her, and people were clapping. No matter how thrilled she was inside, she could generally manage an outward composure. Not this time. Another minute and she'd be bawling!

claim to fame . . .

The theater darkened. Mother patted her hand—the hand on whose third finger Louis Bush had slipped a ring just an hour before train time in Los Angeles. Which made everything perfect. Here she sat, Louis's diamond winking up at her, waiting for her first starring picture to begin, surrounded by people she loved. They were the ones she had to thank for all this—Mother and Dad and Ruth and Marty and a lot of other grand folk.

If Mother hadn't sent her and Louise to dancing school, if Ruth hadn't worked so hard with her— Because dancing hadn't come easily to Janet, but with sweat and grinding toil. Being homely had helped, too. *Good* and homely she'd been, and no kidding, Janet insists. In the yearly dance recitals, they'd throw her a pair of old trunks and shove her into the background as a page boy or part of a tree. She got sick of it. If just *once* she could be the princess or the chief powder-puff dancer or *something* that would move her into the spotlight. Well, her looks never would, that was a cinch. So she concentrated grimly on the dancing.

Then one year she'd been ill and couldn't dance. Ill or not, her energy needed an outlet. All the Laffertys were music-minded. Grandmother had borne four sons and four daughters who'd married, settled down and raised families in Altoona. At one time the church choir was composed exclusively of Laffertys. Dad had a swell voice. Mother, a fine musician, played the organ for 20 years. As the young ones grew up, they took their elders' places in the choir. Janny'd always sung. Now

Dad asked if she'd like to take lessons from Marty Roberts.

It's her nature to throw herself heart and soul into anything she undertakes. But incentive was added. Alex Holden, manager of Hal Kemp's band, was a family friend. He heard her trilling. "Work hard, Janny, and I'll let you sing with the band." He was half kidding, but Janny wasn't. She worked like a horse.

At 17 she was graduated from high school, the only one of the kids who didn't know what she wanted to do. Fred had always been a business head, Louise a whiz at science. Janet cared for nothing but drawing, singing and dancing. There was talk of sending her to the Juilliard Music School. But that fall Hal Kemp's band came through to play fate for Janet.

What they actually came to play for was a local dance. The whole town turned out. Janet was twirling to the tune of "How Strange, My Love." "Gosh, I like that arrangement—" In the middle of a turn, she halted, stared unseeingly at her baffled partner, abandoned him with a brief, "Excuse me," and sped in search of Holden.

"You said I could sing with the band if I worked hard. You know how I've worked. Let me sing now, Alex. Let me sing 'How Strange, My Love'."

Alex said he'd ask Hal. Hal said what could he lose? To the home town, home talent, though it be a cabbage, smells like a rose. Dad steered Janny to a corner and rehearsed the song with her. Kemp announced that it would be sung by Janet Lafferty, whom they all knew. She stepped to the platform, a brown berry of a girl, her hair in pigtails, wearing a little red organdie, dirndl style, run up for their lamb by her mother and aunt. Excitement glowed in her eyes and cheeks, but she wasn't nervous. She sang like a trouper and got an ovation. That was to be expected. The unexpected was provided by Mr. Kemp. Home talent, my eye! Even to him her performance smelled like a rose!

A week later came a wire from Kemp, asking whether Janet and her mother could drive over to Pittsburgh on a matter of importance. They knew it must have to do with the band—just what, they didn't know. Certainly they weren't prepared for Hal's, "Janny, we need a singer. Would you go out on the stage tonight and sing with the band?"

Oh *no*, she couldn't, she'd be scared to death of a real audience. Anyway, she had nothing ready. In the end, he steamed her up or wore her down—probably the latter. They went out to dinner. It was Thanksgiving Day, and Hal ordered the works. One look at the turkey turned Janet green. How she got out on the stage, she'll never know. All she remembers is standing there beside Hal, frozen with horror because she'd forgotten her lyrics.

opening night . . .

To cover all eventualities, he'd introduced her not as a professional, but as a little friend of his who wanted to sing. That put the whole thing on an informal basis, warmed the audience and saved the day. When she lost a line, he prompted her. When she broke down halfway, he injected a little plain and fancy kidding. Meantime Janet was making a discovery. These people were friendly—just like Altoona—what was she scared about—? The ice melted from her bones. She kidded Kemp back. Before she got through, the audience was hers. Kemp offered her a contract—as much for her poise as the way she had of putting over a song.

Rather reluctantly, her parents gave their consent. After all, she was only 17. But a level-headed 17. Besides, Alex Holden was a close friend, and they'd come to know Kemp. All the boys in the band had gone to college with him. Many were married, and their wives travelled with the troupe. Janet was the kid sister. They saw that she got her oatmeal in the morning and her hot milk at night. If Louis Bush, pianist and arranger with the band, soon fell in love with her, he had the wisdom to keep his own counsel

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—till she finished growing up.

Eighteen swift happy months were climaxed by tragedy. En route to San Francisco, Hal was hurt in an auto crash. How badly, the band didn't know. They had to fulfill their engagement at the Mark Hopkins and were told he was getting along all right. Several mornings later Janet awoke at the ungodly hour of seven—for a band member, practically the middle of the night. On her way to the bathroom for a glass of water, she twisted the radio dial and heard that Hal Kemp was dead.

She doesn't like to talk about it. Her parents happened to be vacationing on the Coast, and she went down to Hollywood with them. The band was to be reorganized under Art Jarrett, but before that could happen, Columbia snatched their singer from under their noses.

"Like to make a test?" asked an agent, who'd heard her on one of the radio networks. "Columbia wants a singer for the Hayworth-Astaire picture." She made a singing test and was offered an acting contract. Mother and Dad looked askance at the whole procedure, but Janet felt it was opportunity knocking and won them round—on one condition, extracted by Mom—that she'd never never dye her hair.

In Hollywood, when a new girl's signed to a contract, nobody gets excited but the girl. For one who makes the grade, 500 don't. So word's sent around that "we've got another cutie, she'll be good for leg art," and the staff yawns and goes out to lunch.

Not so with Janet. Max Arnow, Columbia's talent scout, said, "There's our next Hayworth." To see her was to boost her. One day they were shooting her in a bathing suit when a message summoned her to the front office. She showed up in the cameraman's coat, folded round her three times and trailing behind. Greg Ratoff, in search of a girl for "Two Yanks in Trinidad," asked her to remove the cocoon.

"I'm not properly dressed—"

"It's all right, I've seen bathing suits before, how can I tell what your figure's like in that wrapper?" (*You* supply the accent).

Janet's no prude, but she knew she'd feel ill at ease parading in a swim suit, so she wouldn't. Ratoff's fist hit the desk. "That's the girl I want."

He touted her all over town. So did Pat O'Brien. When Bruce Manning told him he wanted a Billie for "Broadway" who was neither tough nor googly-sweet, Pat spoke up for Janet. That's why she got ahead, she'll tell you—because of your Arnows and Ratoffs and O'Briens who'll give a kid a break. That's part of the reason. The other part's Janet.

yes, my darling daughter . . .

Columbia was testing every blonde in Hollywood for "My Sister Eileen." "I think I can run a test for you," said Arnow.

"But I'm not a blonde."

"We can fix that."

"But I promised the folks I wouldn't dye my hair."

"*You'll* have to fix that."

She tested in a thousand dresses and a thousand hairdo's. "We'll know tomorrow," they kept telling her. Tomorrow stretched into weeks. A.M. the grapevine said yes, P.M. no. Her tests were swell, but her name wasn't big enough. Would the director use her?

Two days before starting time, and no decision yet. She sat in the hairdressing department, feeling pretty low, when Max Arnow blew in. "Hi, Sister Eileen!" First, she laughed and cried. Then she sent out for a gallon of ice cream. Then she wired the family: "Please, please can I dye my hair? It's my big chance!"

They said what you'd have said, if she'd been your girl. "Okay, but be sure to let it go straight back again after the picture."

making music together . . .

Now she's chestnut again, she's finished another film—"Something to Shout About"—and she's engaged to Lou Bush. He's blonde, good-looking and hails from Kentucky. Though, like any normal girl, she's gone out with other boys, she's known for some time now that Lou was it. Wedding plans are uncertain. Janet would love to be married in the church at Altoona, with Dad giving her away and her cousins singing "Oh Promise Me." But Louis's a private, stationed at Santa Ana, and all a girl knows these days is, you never can tell—

They hadn't even planned to announce the engagement. A wily reporter fixed that the day Janet was to leave for New York and the premiere of "Eileen." An early phone call got her out of bed. A crisp voice asked, "Do you know Lou Bush?"

"Why—yes—"

"How well do you know him?"

She was very sleepy. She was also bewildered and beginning to be alarmed. Had something happened to Lou?

"Never mind all that. Are you engaged to Lou Bush or aren't you?"

"Yes—I am—" she blurted.

The midday papers carried the news. "Golly!" yipped Louis. "I've got to get us a ring," and turned up with it an hour before the train pulled out.

Until recently her sister Louise shared a furnished apartment with her. Louise is a laboratory technician. The girls have always been very close, so Louise got herself a job in a Los Angeles hospital and came out to live with Janny. But there was a boy from way back in high-school days who enlisted and went to Pensacola. Louise is married now and works at Pensacola hospital, and Janet shares the apartment with Nuisy the cat. Nuisy's short for Nuisance and lives up to her name. Given the choice, she'd spend her days curled up in the wash basin, water dripping on her tail. Cats and dogs are Janet's weakness. She sits down on the floor of elevators to make love to them. Someone gave her two cocker spaniels, but apartment house rules wouldn't let her keep them. She got Nuisy as a consolation prize.

Her favorite pastimes are eating, dancing, singing and walking. Oatmeal and ice cream are still on the preferred list. When Louis comes up on furlough, they alternate between Chinese food at the Beachcombers' and Spanish at the Spanish Kitchen. Sometimes they go to the movies. Sometimes they dance. Dancing, Janet's in heaven. She makes up her own routines and rumbas with herself. But she hates big parties and night clubs with two-by-four floors and the air blue with smoke. So they pick a hotel that has a big dance floor. Their idea of a pluperfect evening, however, is to sit for hours, listening to records, making recordings, playing and singing new arrangements. So long as it's music they're happy.

In a town where everyone rides, Janet's "Have we got time to walk?" falls on incredulous ears. She loathes alarm clocks. Some day she's going to buy one that doesn't ring. Yet she'll set the alarm half an hour earlier, so she can walk to the studio. It relaxes her. She talks to herself and settles her problems. It's also a handy habit, now that gas ra-

tioning's in. Coffee's the big problem. She can't decide whether to drink less or brew it weaker.

If she hasn't a date, she'll pick up a couple of lamb chops on the way home—when you can get lamb chops—and open a can of peas for her dinner. Or she scrambles eggs—when you can get eggs. Restaurant scrambled eggs leave her frustrated. She asks for them fluffy and they come limp. Over her meal, she reads the funnies. Till her stockings are washed, her clothes on their hangers, every closet door shut, every ashtray clean, every bottle on the vanity in order, she can't sleep. Ten blankets wouldn't keep her warm in bed, without a sweater round her shoulders and an electric pad.

She's fanatical about exercise—ten minutes night and morning—and can do the back bend even in a train compartment. The minute she's up, she turns on the radio—no matter what it hits, so long as it's music. Her favorite program is the band that uses Louis' arrangements and broadcasts three times a week from Santa Ana. She's an earnest hair-brusher and puts lipstick on before breakfast. Lipstick only, because she likes a scrubbed-looking face. She'd gladly live in slacks and has a yen for red, yellow and orange. Also orange juice. She doesn't drink, smokes in moderation, weighs 110, stands 5 feet 3½, swims well, rides decently, plays a fair game of tennis and bowls badly. Between and during pictures, she's entertained at every camp on the coast.

vital statistics . . .

She's got so much vitality, she bounces. You can't wait on her, she always gets there first. Her greatest act of self-control is passing a five-and-dime store and not going in. Whatever you ask for—from Band Aids to Superman—she can produce out of her make-up box. She likes the other guy's perfume, the other guy's hair-ribbon, the food on the other guy's plate. If you both order lamb chops, yours always look best. When she's nervous, she picks her nail polish.

There are two by-products of the movie business that bother her. She hates talking about herself, and being surrounded by people, gives her claustrophobia. She thinks it's lovely to have fans who want autographs, but after a while the nail polish starts coming off. Just the same, she waited forty-five minutes in the FBI building to get Edgar Hoover's signature for her own collection. The funniest thing that ever happened to her was when she sang with the band at Penn. State College, and a friend from Altoona asked for her autograph. "You're nuts," said Janet.

She picked the name Blair because Altoona's in Blair County. Her favorite characters are Laffertys—from her four-year-old niece who screams, "That's my aunt Janny," in the local movie house, to her cute little grandmother whose hair is pitch-black at 70. Grandmother worries about the war, but not out loud. The only concern she'll admit to is, that if the war doesn't let up, she'll get a gray hair and won't be able to crow over her gray-headed children.

Janet will be 22 in April. When they tell her she'll be sorry 20 years hence that she advertised her age so blithely, she says 40's something to look forward to, and she doesn't expect to be in the movies then. She's the average American girl, with a better-than-average perspective on life. Youth won't last forever, and life holds deeper values beyond the spotlight. She sees herself at 40 as the average American wife, rearing a family in whose veins flows the good blood of Lafferty and Bush.

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MOVIE SCOREBOARD

175 pictures rated this month

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults.

Picture	General Rating
Across the Pacific (Warners)	C 3½★
A-Haunting We Will Go (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Almost Married (Universal)	2½★
Apache Trail (M-G-M)	2★
Are Husbands Necessary? (Paramount)	2½★
Army Surgeon (RKO)	2½★
Atlantic Convoy (Columbia)	2½★
Avengers, The (Paramount)	C 3½★
Bambi (RKO)	C 4★
Berlin Correspondent (RKO)	2★
Between Us Girls (Universal)	3★
Beyond the Blue Horizon (Paramount)	3★
Big Shot, The (Warners)	3★
Big Street, The (RKO)	3★
Blondie for Victory (Columbia)	2½★
Boogie Man Will Get You, The (Columbia)	2★
Boss of Hangtown Mesa (Universal)	2½★
Busses Roar (Warners)	2½★
Cairo (M-G-M)	C 2½★
Calling Dr. Gillespie (M-G-M)	2½★
Casablanca (Warners)	4★
Cat People (RKO)	3★
Counter Espionage (Columbia)	2½★
Crossroads (M-G-M)	3★
Danger in the Pacific (Universal)	2★
Daring Young Men, The (Columbia)	2½★
Dawn on the Great Divide (Monogram)	2½★
Deep In The Heart of Texas (Universal)	2½★
Desperate Journey (Warners)	3★
Destination Unknown (Universal)	2½★
Devil With Hitler, The (United Artists)	2★
Dr. Broadway (Paramount)	3★
Drums of the Congo (Universal)	2★
Eagle Squadron (Universal)	3★
Enemy Agents Meet Ellery Queen (Columbia)	2½★
Escape From Crime (Warners)	2½★
Eyes in the Night (M-G-M)	C 3½★
Eyes of the Underworld (Universal)	2★
Falcon's Brother, The (RKO)	2½★
Fighting Bill Fargo (Universal)	2★
Flight Lieutenant (Columbia)	2½★
Flying Fortress (Warners)	2★
Flying Tigers (Republic)	3★
Footlight Serenade (20th Century-Fox)	3★
For Me and My Gal (M-G-M)	C 3½★
Forest Rangers (Paramount)	3½★
Friendly Enemies (United Artists)	2½★
Gay Sisters, The (Warners)	3★
Get Hep to Love (RKO)	2★
Gentleman Jim (Warners)	4★
George Washington Slept Here (Warners)	3½★
Girl from Alaska (Republic)	2★
Give Out Sisters (RKO)	2½★
Glass Key, The (Paramount)	3★
Gold Rush, The (United Artists)	4★
Great Commandment, The (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Great Gildersleeve, The (RKO-Radio)	2½★
Great Man's Lady, The (Paramount)	3★
Henry Aldrich, Editor (Paramount)	3★
Her Cardboard Lover (M-G-M)	2★
Here We Go Again (RKO)	2½★
Hidden Hand, The (Warners)	2½★
Holiday Inn (Paramount)	4★
I Married a Witch (United Artists)	3½★
I Married An Angel (M-G-M)	2½★
Iceland (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Invisible Agent (Universal)	2½★
It Happened in Flatbush (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Jackass Mail (M-G-M)	2½★
Joon of Ozork (Republic)	2½★
Just Off Broadway (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Lady in a Jam (Universal)	2½★
Life Begins at 8:30 (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Little Tokio, U. S. A. (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Loves of Edgar Allon Poe (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Magnificent Ambersons, The (RKO)	3★
Magnificent Dope, The (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Maisie Gets Her Mon (M-G-M)	2½★
Major and the Minor, The (RKO)	C 4★
Manila Calling (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Meet the Mob (Monogram)	2★
Journey for Margaret (M-G-M)	4★
Men of Texas (Universal)	C 2½★
Mexican Spitfire's Elephant (RKO)	2½★
Mexican Spitfire Sees a Ghost (RKO)	2★
Mississippi Gambler (Universal)	2½★
Moon and Sixpence, The (United Artists)	3½★
Moonlight Masquerade (Republic)	2½★
Mrs. Miniver (M-G-M)	4★
Mummy's Tomb, The (Universal)	2½★
My Favorite Spy (RKO)	2½★
My Sister Eileen (Columbia)	3½★
Native Land (Frontier Films)	3½★
Navy Comes Through, The (RKO)	3½★
Night Monster (Universal)	2½★
Nightmare (Universal)	3½★
Now, Voyager (Warners)	3½★
Once Upon a Honeymoon (RKO)	3½★
One of Our Aircraft is Missing (United Artists)	C 4★
Orchestra Wives (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Overland to Deadwood (Columbia)	2½★
Pacific Rendezvous (M-G-M)	2★
Palm Beach Story, The (Paramount)	4★
Panama Hattie (M-G-M)	2½★
Parachute Nurse (Columbia)	2½★
Pardon My Sarong (Universal)	2½★
Phantom Plainsman, The (Republic)	C 2★
Pied Piper, The (20th Century-Fox)	C 3½★
Pierre of the Plains (M-G-M)	3★
Powder Town (RKO)	2½★
Pride of the Yankees (RKO)	4★
Priorities on Parade (Paramount)	3★
Private Buckaroo (Universal)	2½★
Quiet, Please, Murder (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Random Harvest (M-G-M)	4★
Riders of the Northland (Monogram)	2★
Rio Rita (M-G-M)	3★
Road to Morocco (Paramount)	C 4★
Rubber Racketeers (Monogram)	2★
Sabotage Squad (Columbia)	2½★
Saboteur (Universal)	3½★
Seven Days Leave (RKO)	3★
Seven Miles From Alcatraz (RKO)	2½★
Seven Sweethearts (M-G-M)	3½★
Sherlock Holmes and the Voice of Terror (Universal)	3★
Ship Ahoy (M-G-M)	3★
Silver Bullet, The (Universal)	2★
Sin Town (Universal)	3★
Somewhere I'll Find You (M-G-M)	3★
Sons of the Pioneers (Republic)	2½★
Springtime in the Rockies (20th Century-Fox)	C 3½★
Spy Ship (Warners)	2½★
Star Spangled Rhythm (Paramount)	3½★
Street of Chance (Paramount)	3½★
Strictly In the Groove (Universal)	2½★
Submarine Raider (Columbia)	3★
Suicide Squadron (Republic)	3½★
Sunday Punch (M-G-M)	2½★
Sunset Serenade (Republic)	2½★
Sweater Girl (Paramount)	2½★
Sweetheart of the Fleet (Columbia)	2½★
Syncopation (RKO)	3★
Take A Letter, Darling (Paramount)	3½★
Tales of Manhattan (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Talk of the Town (Columbia)	C 3½★
Tarzan's New York Adventure (M-G-M)	2½★
Ten Gentlemen From West Point (20th Century-Fox)	3★
They All Kissed the Bride (Columbia)	2½★
This Above All (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Thunder Birds (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Timber (Universal)	2½★
Time to Kill (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Tish (M-G-M)	2★
Tombstone (Paramount)	3★
Top Sergeant (Universal)	2½★
Torpedo Boat (Paramount)	2½★
Tortilla Flat (M-G-M)	3½★
Tuttles of Tahiti, The (RKO)	3★
Under Brooklyn Bridge (Monogram)	2½★
Undying Monster, The (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Wake Island (Paramount)	4★
War Against Mrs. Hadley, The (M-G-M)	C 3★
West of the Law (Monogram)	2½★
White Cargo (M-G-M)	3★
Who Done It? (Universal)	3★
Wife Takes A Flyer, The (Columbia)	2½★
Wings and the Woman (RKO)	4★
Wings For the Eagle (Warners)	3★
Yank at Eton, A (M-G-M)	C 3★
Yankee Doodle Dandy (Warners)	4★
You Can't Escape Forever (Warners)	2½★
You Were Never Lovelier (Columbia)	4★

"HELLO FRISCO, HELLO" (STORY)

(Continued from page 40)

"Sure."

"We can get another booking."

"Where?" Dan said.

"An interesting question," Beulah said.

"Do you want to break up the act?" Johnny said. "Just say the word. I won't beg."

"They don't want to break up the act," Trudy said. "It's just that they're a little down in the mouth."

"Down is right," Dan said.

"And out," Beulah said.

night flight . . .

Out of the gaudy shadows a figure came staggering up the street. It wasn't quite a stagger, really; perhaps more of a weave. His name, as a matter of fact, was Sam Weaver.

"Johnny," he called. "Johnny Cornell. Just the man . . ."

"Hello, Sam."

"Johnny, I got it this time. A mountain of gold. You just have to pick it up. Just reach down and pick it up. And all I need is a grubstake."

But Johnny was digging down in his trouser pocket long before Sam was finished. He came up with a slim handful of silver cartwheels.

"It's not a gamble this time, Johnny. It's an investment. We can't miss."

"Here," Johnny said. "Go to it, Sam."

"Hey," Dan yelled, "that's our last ten bucks."

"We can always get more," Johnny said softly.

"Yeah? When?"

"A moot point," Beulah said.

The odd part of it was that Johnny Cornell always could get more. They could bend Johnny but never break him. For Johnny Cornell knew all the tricks. Born poor, born tough. Running errands as soon as his legs were strong enough to hold him up. Dancing on ferry-boats, singing in the streets. Got a penny, mister? Got a dollar? It was a hell of a childhood, but there came a time when Johnny knew all the tricks.

He knew enough to pick Trudy Evans for his act out of the whole ruck of girl

I SAW IT HAPPEN

My eight-year-old brother Donald won a letter-writing contest conducted by a Boston newspaper and as a result had an invitation to luncheon with Gene Autry, who was then appearing with the Rodeo in Boston.

His invitation included a guest, so he took me along with him. While I ate heartily, Donny sat gazing worshipfully at his idol. Gene would look over at him and wink and grin.

During the luncheon Gene was called out to the telephone. When he returned, he had rather a serious look and spoke in a low tone to the newspaper representative who was sitting beside him.

But a moment later, in a very jovial manner, he recounted stories of his childhood and sang us several of his favorite songs.

It was not until I read the paper that evening that I found the call had been from California—Gene's home had burned down!

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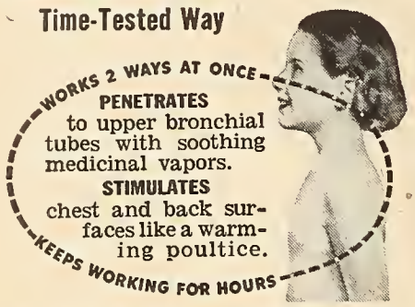

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singers that infested the Barbary Coast. And Trudy had more than a voice. She had style and beauty and a soft tenderness that was as startling as a scream in this street of brassy women with knowing eyes.

"Johnny's smart," Trudy said. "He'll put us all right on top some day."

Trudy wasn't wrong. For it was Johnny who got the money together—somehow, somewhere—to open The Grizzly Bear. Their names went up in lights out front, and the crowds that came once, came again and again. The place was somehow different; different enough, at any rate, so that the swells from Nob Hill strolled in occasionally—and stayed. They stayed because Johnny Cornell knew how to put on a good show and how to serve good liquor. And they stayed because of Trudy Evans, singing far into the night:

"Pony boy, pony boy,
Won't you be my pony boy . . ."

Bernice Croft came to The Grizzly Bear one night, down from the Croft mansion which sat high on Nob Hill, looking down on the rest of San Francisco. Everyone in town knew Bernice Croft, her flaming beauty, her fabled riches.

Seeing her at a ringside table, Johnny nudged Dan. "Look who's here," he said. "I'm going over to roll out the red carpet."

"She's just slumming," Dan said. "That's all, brother."

"She won't give you a tumble," Beulah said.

"Sure she will," Dan grinned. "Right out on his beautiful big ears."

"Think so?" Johnny said. "Watch."

He started toward his table.

"Well, what do you think of that guy! If he isn't the limit—" Dan said.

Trudy smiled slowly, "I think he's pretty swell."

From where they were standing, they watched Johnny. He bent over the table, speaking to Bernice Croft. The other men at her table were eyeing him warily. Johnny smiled once and waved his hand casually. Bernice Croft watched him, her eyes bright with interest. With a final bow, Johnny left.

When he got back to them, Dan said sarcastically, "Well, did she break down and invite you to come and drop by some day?"

"This Sunday."

"Sure," Dan said, and then, startled, "What!"

"We're all invited," Johnny said quietly.

The huge ball room of the Croft mansion was alive with the quiet babble of soft voices and the swish of the women's skirts as they swung in measured rhythms to the waltzes of the string quartet, carefully hidden behind potted palms. Overhead crystal chandeliers lit the scene, throwing a subdued light on the gilt furniture, the ornately framed oil paintings on the walls.

"I'm glad you came," Bernice Croft said to Johnny as they entered.

"Oh, Ned," she called to one of the men, "take care of Miss Evans and the others, will you?"

snob hill . . .

And as the quartet struck up another delicately tuned waltz, she swung off with Johnny. There was a doorway that led out of the ballroom into a large, gracious room that had evidently once been a study.

"I'm afraid our dowagers don't quite approve of it," Bernice said, laughing.

"Of us?" Johnny said. "Of me?"

"Of the Barbary Coast coming to Nob Hill. It is somewhat shocking."

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"Is that why you asked us?" Johnny said.

"No."

"It's a long way from the Coast to here," Johnny said. "About a million dollars' worth."

"Only fifty cents by cab," Bernice said.

"I always walk," Johnny said. "That way I know where I'm going."

"And where are you going?"

"To Nob Hill maybe. Someday."

"It might be nice," Bernice said, "to have you as a neighbor—"

They were standing close together, then, leaning against the large mahogany desk that dominated the center of the room. The strains of the graceful waltz sounded suddenly loud in the quiet room. Wordlessly, Johnny reached over, bent slightly and kissed her.

"You didn't have to do that," Bernice said sharply.

"You wanted me to."

"Did I?"

"You asked for it."

"Is that the Barbary Coast idea of etiquette?"

"It's always proper to kiss a lady who asks for it," Johnny said.

"Even on Nob Hill?"

There was anger in her eyes for a moment, and then they were icy cold, impersonal. She toyed with a letter-knife on the desk. And then she said, "It's getting quite late, isn't it, Mr. Cornell?"

Johnny bowed, "We were just leaving."

Her hand came up from the desk with an envelope. "For you, Mr. Cornell. And the others, of course."

"What's this?" Johnny said.

"You expected to be paid, didn't you?" she said. "For your . . . entertainment?"

"All right," Johnny said harshly. "We'll take it. Thanks."

Of them all, only Trudy knew how much he had been hurt. He drove himself with a fierce, burning energy. And the money poured in. How far was it from the Barbary Coast to Nob Hill? A million dollars?

singing the blues . . .

But Beulah half suspected what was wrong. In Trudy's dressing room one night she said: "Why don't you do something, Trudy? Don't let that gold-plated phony up on the hill get him."

"I can't tie a leash on him," Trudy said.

"You're not kidding anyone," Beulah said. "You're nuts about him."

"Maybe I am."

"Well, why don't you lasso him, hogtie him. Don't give him a chance."

"You can't do it that way with Johnny."

"Then if you can't, forget him. You got a future, Trudy. You could go anywhere you want. You're too good for

I SAW IT HAPPEN

A friend and I were at the Notre Dame, Michigan, football game which was attended by many Hollywood notables. One of them looked familiar, but we couldn't see his face very clearly. When I started calling, "Red Skelton, Red Skelton," the man turned to me, and with his beautiful smile, said, "Gee, you don't know me very well, do you?" To my amazement, it was . . . BOB HOPE, my favorite comedian!

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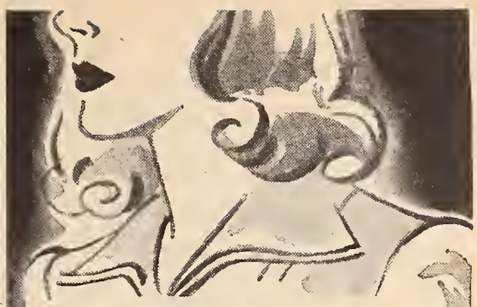

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the Coast, anyway. You could get offers. Didn't that guy from London offer you something?"

"Who?" Trudy said. "Charles Cochran?"

"That's him. Take it. Grab what you can get. You can't have everything, you know."

Trudy looked into the small make-up mirror on the wall. "No," she said, "you can't have everything."

But there were times when she did have Johnny; times when they were working, and it seemed almost like their early days on the Coast. Sometimes after the late show, they'd drop around to other places, Johnny and Trudy. And when Cochran had come in to make his offer, Johnny had been frightened.

"You can't leave," Johnny said. "It wouldn't be the same without you."

"Wouldn't it?"

"Trudy, we came up together. We worked and slaved so we could share everything."

"I never wanted much, Johnny," she said.

"I could match any offer he makes. I'll build you a theater. I'll star you in your own shows. They'll know your name anywhere around the Pacific."

"You don't need me, Johnny," she said. "You've got everything you want . . . except the house on Nob Hill, maybe."

"That!" Johnny said. "I forgot that long ago."

It was odd how much it meant to her, just those few words. Maybe he had forgotten. Or maybe, given a little more time, he would forget. And if he did, why then—

"I'll stay, Johnny," she said.

Then the news broke:

CROFT BANKRUPT; HOUSE AND HOLDINGS TO BE AUCTIONED

And Johnny went up to Nob Hill.

The ballroom looked like a huge and littered store room this time. The household effects to be auctioned were piled over the floor. At one end of the room the auctioneer in a hoarse voice was calling out bids: ". . . hundred fifty, hundred and fifty, who'll make it two . . ." And walking in, Johnny heard the ghost-whisper of a half forgotten waltz in the air.

He found Bernice in the same gracious study off the ballroom.

"Well," she said, "did you come to see how the mighty have fallen?"

"No," Johnny said.

"Why then?"

"I came to bid," Johnny said. "You wouldn't take the money if I offered it. But this way—"

"That's kind, Johnny," she said.

"If I can help . . ."

"Not now, Johnny," she said. She began clearing out one of the drawers of the desk. "You've come a long way since we first met. You've just about made your million."

"Not quite," Johnny said.

"You will. You'll get anything you set your mind to."

"Suppose I set my mind on you?"

She looked at him frankly. "I'm leaving for the East tonight, Johnny. Suppose we talk about that some other time."

So Bernice Croft left San Francisco, and they read about her in the papers every once so often. New York . . . Newport . . . Europe . . . Bar Harbor. The money from the auction couldn't last very long.

So Bernice Croft, one day, came back to marry Johnny Cornell.

The night it was announced, Dan Dailey came running backstage at The Grizzly Bear while the orchestra was playing the overture. "Hey, Trudy," he yelled, "there's your cue."

Beulah was standing in the hall. "Trudy's gone," she said.

"Gone? She can't. She's on now."

"She's gone to London."

"London," Dan said. "London! That's in England."

"You get an A in geography," Beulah said.

the mighty fall . . .

London was a town of fog and the long loneliness of a stranger in a stranger town. But London took Trudy Evans to its heart and, on the opening night of her show, they crowded the stalls and the sound of their applause exploded against the walls. And Trudy, flushed, triumphant, grateful, raced back to her dressing room.

Where Johnny Cornell was waiting.

"Johnny!"

"You didn't think I'd miss your opening," he said. "Bernice and I were over in Paris, and I grabbed the first boat headed here."

"Oh."

"You were great, Trudy."

She dropped a bouquet of flowers on her dressing table. "How are Dan and Beulah? How's The Grizzly Bear, Johnny?"

"The Grizzly? I don't see much of it now. I've gone high hat. I'm going to run the opera house. It's a Croft tradition. I'll show them how to really do it back in Frisco."

"Sure, you will, Johnny."

The maid stuck her head in through the doorway. "There's reporters out here, Miss. They want to see you."

"Go ahead, kid," Johnny said. "Tell them how we did it on the Barbary Coast."

"Good-by, Johnny," Trudy said.

And she turned away quickly, for the tears were welling up, and that would never do on her night of triumph, would it?

It was funny how the money went, once it started to go. Just a turn of the wheel, a flip of the coin. A run of tough luck . . . or maybe too much opera. But it went in a mounting flood. First some of the other places, and then even The Grizzly. And always there was Bernice: dresses, hats, pretty nothings that cost a fortune, whims and fancies, huge parties . . . send Mr. Cornell the bill. Until the day came when Johnny Cornell said flatly: "I'm broke, Bernice."

QUIZ CLUES

(*Continued from page 89*)

Set 3

1. Joan Crawford's ex
2. Ginny Simms
3. "Tortilla Flat"
4. Yule
5. Nay to Ney
6. Jeanette MacDonald
7. Dark eyes
8. Futile haircut
9. Make with the mitts
10. Fattie
11. British
12. Academy
13. "Our Town"
14. Camp-tramped
15. Journeyed for Margaret
16. Lucille
17. Brisson
18. "Penny Serenade"
19. Mormon
20. Fay

(*Answers on page 111*)

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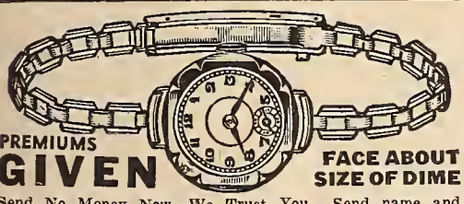

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When feet burn, callouses sting and every step is torture, don't just groan and do nothing. Rub on a little Ice-Mint. Frosty white, cream-like, its cooling soothing comfort helps drive the fire and pain right out . . . tired muscles relax in grateful relief. A world of difference in a few minutes. See how Ice-Mint helps soften up corns and callouses too. Get foot happy today, the Ice-Mint way. Your druggist has Ice-Mint.

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BROKEN GLASSES REPAIRED AT LOW COST

ADVANCE SPECTACLE CO. 537 S. Dearborn St. Dept. MM-3 Chicago, Ill.

"Broke?" Bernice said incredulously.

"You should be able to understand that," Johnny said harshly. "You spent most of it. The pocket's run out. There's no more gold. You've dug the claim clean."

"You sound angry," she said coldly. "What made you think I married you for any other reason? I never said I loved you."

"No, you never did," Johnny said.

"Then we're even. You got what you wanted, and I got what I wanted. Fair enough."

"Fair enough," Johnny said.

to her who waits . . .

So the wheel came a full turn. And Johnny Cornell who began on the streets, went back to them. Because he always knew a few tricks, he didn't starve. But it hurt to see Johnny Cornell spieling for a third-rate show, cadging the nickels and the quarters, and shouting his lungs out.

Trudy never knew until she came back to San Francisco between two of her London shows. And then, finding The Grizzly closed and barred, she hunted up Dan and Beulah and got the story from them.

"He's still the best showman on the Coast," Dan said. "He's just broke and won't let anybody help him. You know Johnny."

"I know him," Trudy said. "Listen to me, Dan."

It was a simple trick, really. They found Sam Weaver and told him what to do. And one day, Sam came rolling up to Johnny, looking like a million dollars, his pockets loaded down with silver dollars and gold nuggets.

"I hit it," Sam yelled. "We're rich, Johnny."

He never told Johnny that it was Trudy's money, and Johnny was too busy to ask. The old Grizzly came out from behind the boards. Johnny was in a whirl of activity, getting things set. They were on their way up again . . . all they needed was a girl singer . . .

a good one!

"How about Trudy Evans?" Dan said.

That was her cue. She came out on the stage then, singing, as she had once before when The Grizzly was the talk of the Barbary Coast. She saw Johnny look, with his eyes alight and glistening. She saw, too, Sam Weaver come rolling up, hopelessly drunk and talking loud, with no one there to stop him from telling. Johnny grew white and tense. But Trudy kept on singing, and the anger drained out of his eyes. He stood there quietly for a moment and then began to walk toward the stage. She knew that sometimes, if you were lucky and if you waited, you could get everything you want.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

When Gene Autry and his Flying "A" Ranch Stampede were in Cleveland, Ohio, he invited a group of orphans to be his guests at one of his shows.

After the performance, a small lad went to Gene and thanked him for the ones that could and could not attend. Gene wanted to know what he meant. The boy explained that some were crippled. The next day Mr. Autry went to the orphanage and gave a special performance for the unfortunate. Swell guy, Autry.

Shirley Resser,
549 W. Judson,
Youngstown, O.

Don't just suffer the agonizing pain, rorture, itching of simple piles. Remember, for over thirty years amazing PAZO oinrment has given prompt, comforting relief to millions. It gives you soothing, welcome palliative relief.

How PAZO Ointment Works

1. Soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. 2. Lubricates hardened, dried parts—helps prevent cracking and soreness. 3. Tends to reduce swelling and check bleeding. 4. Provides a quick and easy method of application.

Special Pile Pipe for Easy Application

PAZO ointment has a specially designed, perforated Pile Pipe, making application simple and thorough. (Some persons, and many doctors, prefer to use suppositories, so PAZO is also made in suppository form.)

Get Relief with PAZO Ointment!

Ask your doctor about wonderful PAZO ointment and the soothing, blessed relief it gives for simple piles. Get PAZO ointment from your druggist today!

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ITCH CHECKED *In A Jiffy*

Relieve itching caused by eczema, athlete's foot, scabies, pimples and other itching conditions. Use cooling, medicated **D.D.D. Prescription.** Greaseless, stainless. Soothes, comforts and checks itching fast. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist today for **D.D.D. Prescription.**

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Ugly pimples, blemishes and itching skin rashes, impetigo, ringworm, eczema, externally caused, often quickly relieved by new medicated TALLY SOAP. *Tally Soap* must show as much as 50% improvement or money back. Ask for Tally Soap at chain, drug and department stores everywhere. TALLY SOAP CO., 207 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable*, are wonderful! They not only stimulate bile flow to help digest fatty foods but ALSO help elimination. Get a box TODAY! Follow label directions. 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. All drugstores.

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ANN RUTHERFORD
Starring in the 20th Century-Fox Production
"I ESCAPED FROM HONG KONG"

Are you longing for a bit of extra sunshine these dark and troubled days? Then buy a Canary — and let his happy song light-up your home!

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FREE! *Every lover of pets will want French's superb new book about Canaries, just off the press. Specially posed photographs—some in full-color—of famous Hollywood stars with their Canaries. Pages of human-interest stories about the only pet that sings. Send for FREE copy—TODAY! Simply mail your request—with name and address—on a penny post card, to The R. T. French Company, 2531 Mustard St., Rochester, N. Y.*

IN HOLLYWOOD
4 out of 5 Canary Owners demand FRENCH'S BIRD SEED

Keep your Canary happy, healthy and singing! FRENCH'S Bird Seed (with Bird Biscuit) supplies 11 aids to song and health. Feed *your* Canary FRENCH'S — today and *every* day!

LARGEST-SELLING BIRD SEED IN THE U. S.

"HELLO FRISCO, HELLO" PRODUCTION

(*Continued from page 40*)

dressings. All for a mere seven pounds!

John Payne satisfied a long-time ambition to grow a moustache and went all-out with a modified-Colonna type of lip hedge. He didn't want one of those pencil-stripe deals. The studio expects a lot of correspondence pro and con on the change, but it won't make any difference to Johnny, who reported to the Army Air corps three days after the picture was finished.

When coffee rationing went into effect, the "HFH" company began a coffee pool. Each morning, Payne, Alice, Jack Oakie, June Havoc, Lynn Bari and Director Bruce Humberstone would bring their two tablespoonsful of coffee and dump it into the community percolator. June Havoc kept it warm on the electric plate in her trailer dressing room, and each member of the cooperative group was entitled to have a cup and a half twice every day.

no. 1 chili queen . . .

If it weren't for the war, Lynn Bari might have become America's No. 1 Chili Queen. Her make-up man, Ray Sebastian, is a whiz at making the stuff, so Lynn set him up in business. Bought a small plant and had everything ready to roll when priorities came in and took all their ingredients and machinery.

Oakie, temporarily separated from wife Venita Varden, stayed in Hollywood at the Chateau Marmont during production of the picture. His mother-in-law kept house for him. Payne lived down the street but moved in with Jack so they could ride to work together. Also because he hates to do dishes, and the unwashed crockery used to pile up so high, he'd stay at the studio rather than go home to face the over-loaded sink. June Havoc heard about it once, snitched the key to his apartment when he wasn't looking and spent her day off cleaning the place from front door to back as a surprise for "Superman"—her name for him.

Tradition yarn: When Payne was working with John Barrymore in "The Great Profile," Jawn kindly gave him the tattered old dressing gown he wore for years in the theater. Since that time, Payne's career has zoomed. The day Payne checked off the lot to enter the service he presented Cornel Wilde with the robe and told him to pass it along to some other promising young actor if he, too, should happen to be called. One condition of the gift is that John is to get the robe back, when he returns to films after the war.

Only casualty during filming was a minor knee injury, suffered by Payne in a freak accident. John had gone to work alone, on his motorcycle, and when a slight California dew threatened to wash away everything in its path, Payne decided to move his wheel away from the studio street, inside the sound stage. Rolling it over the stage, with motor idling, John bounced it over a doorsill. The jolt caused his foot to go down on the accelerator, and away it went by itself, whooshed right through two backdrops, and came to a stop half-way through the wall. Memo came down from the front office to the effect that Mr. Payne was to leave his mechanized bicycle outside, even if a tornado was definitely sighted!

THE CAST

Trudy Evans	ALICE FAYE
Johnny Cornell	JOHN PAYNE
Dan Daley	JACK OAKIE
Bernice Croft	LYNN BARI
Sam Weaver	LAIRD CREGAR
Beulah Clancy	JUNE HAVOC
Sharkey	WARD BOND

GOOD NEWS

(*Continued from page 65*)

showed her a telegram that had just been delivered from Miami. Brenda had received no word, and she was a little distressed, but comforted herself with the thought that when she returned to her own home there would be some word.

No—nothing there. So that night Bill's dark-eyed wife wrote him a very domestic letter. She explained that she admired him for his devotion to his parents and his thoughtfulness in remembering them at all holiday seasons, so how about a little of the same consideration for his wife? She was hurt, and she said so frankly. Then she turned in and cried herself to sleep.

The next morning she was awakened by Western Union. Seems that they had been trying to TELEPHONE her wire all Thanksgiving Day. Since she wasn't at home, good old W.U. waited placidly until the next day, blithely unconcerned with the fact that it might be instigating domestic chaos. A few moments after Brenda received the wire, a florist arrived with two dozen gorgeous red roses. So Brenda, her hair and bathrobe flying, fled down the lane to the R.F.D. postbox to retrieve her angry letter. She barely made it, as the postman had just arrived to collect outgoing mail and to deliver—you guessed it. Three of 'em.

* * *

Rare Pair: George Montgomery and Dinah Shore have been making beautiful music lately. In case you have been wondering whether there was any real discord in the Montgomery-Kay Williams duet, Hollywood wisenheimers have it figgered thusly: George knew right along that there was another man in Kay's life, which was kee-okie with him. Mr. Montgomery will be in uniform before long, and he has convictions about Woman's Place In The War: he thinks it is unfair for a man to marry, then leave his wife at once, so the man from Montana has no intention of getting serious until after the Armistice is signed. He just likes to date for fun, companionship and laughs, with absolutely no overtones of, "Not for just a day, not for just a year, but always." If one of his telephone numbers suddenly ceases to answer, ho-hum, he'll have a replacement in no time.

* * *

We Hope Not Department: When Ann Sothern gave her farewell party for Robert Sterling, Barbara Stanwyck arrived alone, with the explanation that Bob Taylor was on a hunting trip. She was rather quiet all evening and left early. Rumors continue to spread that there is serious trouble between these two gallant people, but their only court appearance so far—thank Heaven—has been that in which they petitioned to have their legal monikers changed from

Arlington Spangler Brugh and Ruby Stevens Brugh to Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck Taylor.

* * *

No Mergers: Alexis Smith vigorously denies that she and Craig Stevens are married or that they will be married until after the war.

And friends who should know, say that WAAC-bound Olivia de Havilland no longer turns those tender brown eyes toward John Huston either on duty or on leave.

* * *

Zing Ring: Betty Hutton's engagement band from Perc Westmore is so much gold trestle designed to support a four carat canary diamond. Some wit on Paramount's "Star-Spangled Rhythm" set sent Betty a black felt square with the explanation, "To make it possible for you to comply with dimout regulations, please use this to cover stone after sundown."

TAXES AND WAR BONDS—It Takes Both!

Rattle Prattle:

Unhappiest studio in town was Metro when its pet pin-up girl announced that she was to be a mother in the spring. Innocent bystanders, gazing from lovely Lana to her handsome husband, Steve Crane, are stirred to inward cheering. With parents like these, the infant should be something brought by a Bird of Paradise instead of a stork.

* * *

The recurrent rumor that Mrs. Bing Crosby is going to try to talk the Baby Department out of a daughter, has again gained circulation.

* * *

Joan Bennett, who is the sort of ideal mother you read about in woman's magazines, has happily announced a forthcoming Wanger Production and is hoping for a boy to be doted upon by older sisters Diana Fox Markey and Melinda Markey.

* * *

Maureen O'Hara has denied, rather heartbrokenly, her stork report.

* * *

Watch for at least three more announcements of impending 1943 bootee bearers.

* * *

Miss Alice Harris deserves a spot in the news: she has already received a series of proposals from the mothers of eligible boy bibbers. And no less a judge of feminine loveliness than George Petty, the man who draws those beautiful telephones, wrote to Miss Alice to say, "The pictures I've seen of your mother in 'Hello, Frisco, Hello,' are lovely, but I am planning on your being the Petty Girl of 1960." Alice Faye says her daughter is early exhibiting the traits of a prima donna. She smacked herself with a rattle the other day and promptly flung said rattle to the floor. Alice leaned down, retrieved the offending plaything and placed it on the tray of Alice, Jr.'s high chair. Junior looked at the rattle and scowled; then she looked at her mother and scowled more deeply. With great deliberation, one chubby hand reached out for the rattle while a pair of china blue eyes remained fixed on the mother's face. Miss Alice dashed the rattle to the floor a second time, giving out with a triumphant, "Naya!".

* * *

Miss Julie Anne Payne, daughter of John Payne and Anne Shirley, is a thoroughly resourceful character, quaintly able to take care of herself. Recently she was riding on the back of a tricycle pedaled by Richard Lang, son of the director. Dickie, in one of those early exhibitions of fantastic male driving, whirled around a corner and knocked Julie galley west. She collected herself, shed a few outraged tears, then settled down to bide her time. Shortly afterward, Dickie rounded the same corner with such gusto that he tossed himself, face downward, a few feet from Julie's vantage point. Faster than thought, she leaped upon him and sunk a set of sharply efficient teeth in that portion of his anatomy revealed by his scuffed-up short trousers. Master Richard's yell could have been heard for blocks, and latest reports are that he will carry a pair of dainty scars for the rest of his life. It's time we women joined the Commandos, too.

* * *

Jane Wyman recently gave a party in honor of her godson, Dewitt Wayne Morris, Jr. Guests included Julie Payne, Maureen Elizabeth Reagan and Danny Milland. Maureen developed a terrific crush on Danny Milland and gave him the small stove from her doll house; Mr. Milland, clearly equipped with his father's famous charm, accepted the stove solemnly and took it home.

* * *

Katherine and Anthony Quinn's third child, a girl, arrived safely during the month. Their first, a boy named Christopher, was drowned two years ago. Their second is a daughter named Christina.

* * *

Patric Knowles was busy working in an à propos film titled "Oh, Doctor," at Universal with Abbott and Costello, when his wife presented him with a daughter to be named Antonia Wendy.

As for Lou Costello, the announcement card he had engraved and mailed to his friends upon the birth of his son read as follows: "Costello Productions are privileged to announce the World Premiere of their third production 'Louis Francis Costello, Jr.' Sneak previewed at Good Samaritan Hospital, November 6th, 1942. Produced by Ann Costello; directed by Lou Costello; released by Dr. Robert Fagan. Footage: 19 inches; shipping weight, 6 pounds, 2 ounces. First public showing to be announced later. No further productions scheduled." Included with the announcement was a separate card, adding: "What the critics had to say: Carole Lou: 'It's a wow!' Patricia Ann: 'A howling success'." Carole Lou and Patricia Ann are the other two Costello children.

TAXES AND WAR BONDS—It Takes Both!

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This new special shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening — brightens faded blonde hair. Not a liquid, it is a fragrant powder that quickly makes a rich cleansing lather. Instantly removes the dingy, dust-laden film that makes blonde hair dark, old-looking. Called Blondex, it takes but 11 minutes for a glorious shampoo that you can do at home. Gives hair attractive luster and highlights—keeps that just-shampooed look for a whole week. Safe, fine for children's hair. Costs little to use. Sold at 10c, drug and department stores.

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EAT-TALK-LAUGH with FALSE TEETH that won't slip or slide. Use "GUM GRIPPER," new plastic Dental Plate Reliner. Just squeeze on with handy tube. Place teeth in mouth. Wear them while they set—snug and comfortable. Easy to apply! Not a powder or paste. Can be scrubbed or washed. **One Application Lasts 5-6 Months**—or your money back. Only $1.00. Try GUM GRIPPER today. **FREE OFFER**—Order now and receive FREE of extra cost, generous package Dental Plate Cleaner. Cleanses without brushing. Won't harm denture.

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Send name and address. When package arrives, deposit $1.00 plus postage with postman! You must be satisfied or your money back. Send $1.00 with order and we pay postage.

WEST LABS., 127 N. Dearborn St., Dept. 40, Chicago, Ill.

GOOD NEWS (Continued)

Man's Castle:

When Ronnie Reagan and Jane Wyman selected a site for their house, they roved over the Hollywood hills until they found a spot overlooking the incandescent garden of Los Angeles' flowering lights. Their living room was so designed that its expansive windows revealed this breathtaking view; they installed no Venetian blinds, nor any device that might diminish or obstruct vision. Along came the dim-out, and Jane had to buy blackout curtains and eliminate the panorama for the duration.

And did you know that Mr. Paul Henreid might have been glimpsed at any time during the past month, meandering along the basement aisles of one of Los Angeles' largest furniture stores? He was looking for a rocking chair, and he was finally successful in finding a honey of an antique. For which he paid five dollars!

TAXES AND WAR BONDS—It Takes Both!

Late Fetes:

Party of the month, according to ringsiders, was the stag affair Bette Davis staged in honor of her husband's birthday. Bette was working so strenuously in "Old Acquaintance" that she couldn't even sneak in for a moment, but she got a glowing account of it by telephone the next morning. Excitement started at dinner time and expired of exhaustion around four a. m. The thing began with a howl when one of the guests arrived, leading a small, astonished black pig on a dog's leash. Around the junior porker's neck there was a bright red ribbon; there was no foreboding in his eye, so apparently he hadn't heard about the local meat shortage.

During that night Mr. Farnsworth tethered his prize gift under his bedroom window. The next morning, however, Bette made a classic suggestion: "Darling, I think we should build him a small pen near the garage," she said. "After all, those bedroom windows aren't really as high as the pig may get."

* * *

Betty Hutton and her family didn't celebrate Christmas with traditional gifts. They have never observed the holiday as other than a religious festival, because their big present splurge is held in February. Seems that every member was born in February, so they exchange gifts in the grand manner at some date selected by lot from the Presidential Month.

* * *

Biggest studio shindig of the month was the Welcome-Home party tossed by Columbia for Lady Alexander Korda, or Merle Oberon to you. Said one studio wit, "Now Alex can never answer That Famous question with the stock answer, 'That isn't a Lady, that's my wife.' " Merle had been in England and Ireland entertaining troops and had been present in London when her husband was knighted. She was waiting in an anteroom when an excited chamberlain burst in and confided, sotto voco, "They do say that Merle Oberon is somewhere in the audience." The thing that most excited her about the trip however was this, "Think," she beamed, "of going to sleep on a clipper in Newfoundland and awakening in Ireland!"

* * *

Janet Blair's big thrill, on her Eastern trip, was visiting her home town. The owner of the drug store where Janet used to purchase her cherry cokes, remembered her favorite dessert and sent up, on two different days, overflowing 5-gallon containers of ice cream. The owner of the Altoona Theater wired for permission to show "My Sister Eileen" and was rewarded with an air mail film so that he could be first to show the funniest picture to come out of Hollywood in a casting director's memory. Janet's biggest difficulty was with ex-boy friends. Wherever she and chic publicity woman, Gayle Gifford, went, a telephone call would come in from a boy who represented himself as a frequent escort to Janet's high school dances. When Janet answered, she seldom remembered the alleged chum. Very confoozing.

* * *

June Havoc was hostess for a surprise party in honor of John Payne, whom she calls "Superman." Each guest was supposed to appear, dressed as the celebrity he or she would most like to be; June was gowned out to be Betty Grable, and she had an outfit ready for John (who wasn't to know anything about anything 'tall, until he arrived) which was to transform him into Superman. Spies report that John, in fitted tights and cape, is something to (twelve words censored here, because John will be in the Air Corps by the time this is printed, and anything published here might be held against him).

TAXES AND WAR BONDS—It Takes Both!

Bulletins from Brass Buttons Dept.

Lieutenant Clark Gable was sent to California on official business and found time to have a brief chat with Lieutenant James Stewart.

* * *

Glenn Ford abruptly gave up his study of celestial navigation, preparatory to applying for commission in the Coast Guard, and joined the Marine Corps. He will report to boot camp as soon as his last Columbia picture, "Destroyer," is finished.

* * *

Betty Grable, who is practically Mama of the Morale Department, came into the Commissary from the "Coney Island" set, wearing a skin tight cerise jacket, a hip-swathing plaid skirt, a superdark suntan make-up, a perky pill box hat and a gorgeous blue-black wig. Handsome Lieutenant Leonard Harris, a studio visitor, viewed the field with pleasure. "And I thought," quipped he, "that the Grable type came only in blonde finish."

* * *

Hedy Lamarr and Marsha Hunt entered the Hollywood Canteen together and created the usual congestion at the door. A sergeant who had missed the entrance asked what had happened and was told. "You mean," he gasped, pulling off his belt to be autographed, "that Marsha Hunt is here!"

* * *

Ann Sothern was to be a guest on a radio broadcast which was to be, she knew, made from some camp. Until the last moment she thought her destination was to be San Diego, then the program director broke the news:

I SAW IT HAPPEN

When "Modern Times" was playing in Hollywood, Charlie Chaplin appeared outside the theater to pose for photographs. The traffic was very heavy, and I couldn't get across the street. Suddenly Charlie Chaplin came toward me, stopped the traffic and took me across the street. When I turned around to thank him, he had disappeared.

Frances Weiss,
3848 W. 14th St.,
Chicago, Ill.

they were headed for Santa Ana . . . where Bob Sterling is stationed. Her Christmas gifts to him included cuff links, G. I. ties and handkerchiefs and a set of matched luggage. This, he may not be able to use until after the war, but Ann got it anyhow. "A girl has to plan," she insisted.

* * *

Gene Tierney has been living near Fort Riley, Kansas, where Oleg Cassini is stationed. Oli is a superb horseman, having grown up in a society in which brilliant riding was as taken-for-granted as ordinary good manners. That he finds himself in congenial company is proved by an excerpt from one of Gene's letters: "Fort Riley," she wrote, "has long been famous—they tell me—for turning out tough cavalrymen. Everyone around here quotes an official Fort Riley order, issued about 100 years ago: 'Student Officers will discontinue the practice of roping and riding buffaloes.' "

* * *

Gig Young has enlisted in the Coast Guard and will report for duty as soon as he finishes his current Warner assignment. He's worried about only one thing: to date he has lost more hats than any other four men combined, working in shifts at a World Series. He wonders how on earth—with a habit like that—he's ever going to be able to stand inspection.

* * *

Melvyn Douglas has finally found a place to serve his country in accord with a desire whose vehemence no one has questioned. Mr. Douglas ran into a couple of turbulent situations. When it was announced that he was to become a director of information in the O.C.D., there was so much yelling to high heaven that the milky way was temporarily marked "Detour." Again, when it was proposed that he be appointed to the intelligence unit of the California National Guard, there was an impressive display of fireworks in Sacramento. Everyone seems to be very happy to have Mr. Douglas in the army.

* * *

History was made in New York by Madeleine Carroll, who kissed Walter Root, a 22-year-old sailor from Kansas City. Salty Mr. Root wanted to be quoted, to wit: "Torpedoes don't mean a thing now."

TAXES AND WAR BONDS—It Takes Both!

Eve's Leaves:

Most beautiful gown seen on the sets this month was that being worn by Alice Faye in "Hello, Frisco, Hello." It is princess style, 1900 version, done in canary velvet punctuated with yellow taffeta roses. The picture is being shot in Technicolor, so you'll see for yourself what a super-charged sweetheart the dress is.

* * *

Paulette Goddard has an answer for the girl who wants to be glamorous on leave dates: she has just purchased three street-length formals, suitable for any occasion but still not too dressy. One is white, decorated with silver beads, one is periwinkle blue with cherry woolen embroidery, and the third is black with iridescent sequins in a butterfly design.

* * *

Ginger Rogers was being tested recently for the dream sequences in "Lady In The Dark." Her hair is champagne blonde again, and her wardrobe is going to be something out of this world. But, to return to those dream sequences, the wardrobe department got a call asking, "Do you happen to have a pink wig down there?" Upon being revived, the harried attendant said no, what was the big idea anyhow? Explanation: in the fantasy portions of the picture, Ginger will wear a pink, a blue and a green wig. Not simultaneously, of course, but in succession. Perhaps she'll wear fingernails—painted by that exotic new polish—to match.

* * *

Claudette Colbert should get some kind of award for allowing herself to be rigged out in gasp-provoking outfits. In "The Palm Beach Story" she appears for breakfast in a male pajama blouse and a skirt connived from a Pullman blanket. And in "So Proudly We Hail," in which she plays the part of a nurse, she goes to a Christmas party aboard ship, attired in a draped surgical gown, a girdle made of toweling and incidental decoration made of gauze bandages. She'll look like an old cut-up!

* * *

Most exciting garment viewed this month was John Loder's bathrobe, which he was exhibiting on the set of "Old Acquaintance." Garment was purchased in London several years ago when John was appearing there. By the time he had moved on to Paris, the robe (a heavy, rich Paisley silk) had begun to grow thin in spots, so he conceived the idea of repairing it with swatches from the gowns worn by his leading ladies in his plays. As it is now, the robe has Jacob's coat of many colors practically reduced to monochrome by comparison. Deployed here and there are fragments from gowns worn by Danielle Darrieux, Sylvia Sidney, Gracie Fields, Ruth Chatterton, Constance Bennett, Madeleine Carroll, Betty Grable, Alice Faye, and now Miriam Hopkins and Bette Davis. With a grin, Mr. Loder admitted that the pale pink sample sacred to his association with Betty Grable was purloined by a bribed wardrobe employee. Seems she wore pantaloons in one of her early pictures, but those pantaloons now need patching.

TAXES AND WAR BONDS—It Takes Both!

Bedridden:

Cobina Wright Jr., who lay between life and death for several weeks, is now recovering nicely.

Carole Landis left her appendix in Oxford, England.

TAXES AND WAR BONDS—It Takes Both!

Phrases of Praise:

The Hollywood Women's Press Club, an exclusive group of professional writers, has made it a practice in recent years to award a miniature golden apple in the form of a lapel pin to the motion picture actress selected by ballot of the membership as having been the most cooperative during the past year. The most cooperative actor is awarded

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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

a golden apple on a script holder. Both these items of jewelry were designed by Maurice and are the second most coveted symbols of recognition in Hollywood. (The Academy Oscar being first, of course.)

Last year, when the awards were announced (Bette Davis won the actress recognition and Bob Hope the actor accolade), Cary Grant telephoned a woman writer who was a member of the club and asked how a person went about winning a golden apple. "Because I'd like to win next year," he confided. "Being held in high esteem by writers has always been one of my favorite notions."

So, One Golden Apple to Cary Grant from the Woman's Press Club, in appreciation for his fine cooperation, his unfailing courtesy and his general good fellowship during 1942, and—those women who know him well, predict—for all years to come.

And, One Golden Apple to Rosalind Russell, for her appreciation of good publicity, for her acute sense of copy and for her unvarying sportsmanship.

In the voting, Bob Hope and Victor Mature were runners-up for the actor award; Barbara Stanwyck and Gene Tierney were travelling neck-and-neck for feminine recognition.

Naturally, a thing of this kind has no real prestige unless the voters have the courage of their convictions and hand out scallions to those famed characters who are the least cooperative.

Earning a black scowl for being the most difficult of all actresses with whom to deal is Jean Arthur. Ginger Rogers came in second, and La Dietrich snagged third place.

Mr. George Sanders was black-listed as least cooperative among male players, followed by Just-Don't-Care Mr. Bing Crosby and Franchot Tone.

* * *

Charles Boyer should be given a rising vote of appreciation for his fine part in our war effort. Without fanfare or recognition of any sort, he has been making two or three broadcasts by shortwave in French each week. He has been working closely with those writers who plan the American communication with the conquered peoples of Europe, and his advice, his flair for phrasing, his knowledge of the French character, have proved invaluable. When asked how he found time and strength to do this arduous work, along with his screen job in "Flesh and Fantasy," Mr. Boyer shrugged. "Everyone in America is capable of doing just a little bit more than they are able—I'm no different," he said.

* * *

Three white orchids to Edith Fellows, Bonita Granville and Helen Parrish, who were scheduled by the committee which arranges such things to appear every Monday night at the Hollywood Canteen to dance with the service men. There were a good many other starlets assigned to the task; some of these starlets came occasionally; many of them offered excuses after the novelty had worn off. But every week, no matter what the weather or the season, Edith, Bonita and Helen are always there.

And a large brown orchid to Hedy Lamarr who appears every Friday night and who has autographed everything from a service belt to a Japanese yen.

* * *

A nod of approval to Errol Flynn who has never allowed any publicity to be issued about his generosity to the Nazarene Home for Boys in Los Angeles. For several years he has provided a large portion of the Christmas festivity for these orphan lads, and each summer his house is turned over to them to be used as vacation headquarters. News of this fine activity came not from Mr. Flynn (who will be somewhat unhappy to have his generosity revealed), nor from Mr. Flynn's studio, but from an unimpeachable source completely separated from the Hollywood scene.

* * *

Veronica Lake has been working days at Paramount in "So Proudly We Hail," and in the evening she has been working unidentified, as Constance Detlie, as a relief operator at the secret office of the Fourth Interceptor Command.

* * *

Guess how Dottie Lamour figured out a way to boost stamp sales? She suggested that those who are members of a share-the-ride pool buy a stamp a day, on those days when they are guests. This stamp is not given to the driver but kept by the purchaser.

* * *

Cheers for Mr. and Mrs. Ray Milland and Mr. and Mrs. Fred MacMurray who are a dependable foursome at the Hollywood Canteen every Friday night. The men act as bus boys, and their wives serve as hostesses.

Quotable from Notable:

Bob Hope (on his NBC show), "I wanted to join the Navy, but when I tried on those tight pants, I leaned over and opened up a second front."

Taps:

For Helen Westley, grand old lady of the stage and screen.

For Buck Jones, who lost his life in the Boston fire.

Good News About John Loder

"Mr. Loder," we said, "we've simply got to know things about you. Just answer yes or no. Do you like sports?" . . . "Yes." . . . "Like electric razors?" . . . "No." . . . "Like kids?" . . . "Yes." . . . "Dogs?" . . . "Yop." . . . "Ties with fireworks on them or plain ones?" . . . "Nope." . . . "Nope which?" . . . "Nope, I don't like fireworks." . . . "Any screen role you're bursting to play? Any story you'd like to make a big, luscious production of?" . . . "Yes. 'The Honorable Strawberries.' " . . . "Honest?" . . . "Yes . . . and 'The White Sister.' That's a THING, that is." . . . "While on the subject, Mr. Loder, what do you recall, if anything, about your first screen test? How did you feel?" . . . "I didn't feel. Someone handed me a couple of stiff ones beforehand. That sort of pulled me through." . . . "Well, how do you feel about fate?" . . . "Fine." . . . "I mean, do you think fate had anything to do with your meeting Jesse Lasky in London?" . . . "Well, you might call it that. But then, you could call it being born under the right star. Or you could call it just Loder luck, if you wanted to. I was introduced to him in a restaurant the night before he sailed for the United States. By the time we'd finished talking, he'd handed me my fare to Hollywood." . . . "What's the most interesting fan letter you've ever gotten?" . . . "I like the ones my daughter Danielle composes." . . . "Any others?" . . . "Can't think of any at the moment. Just that letter from the daughter of a maharajah." . . . "Really?" . . . "Yes, really." . . . "Do you suppose you could recall, off hand, the most gigantic thing that ever happened to you? You know . . . something huge and exciting and unexpected?" . . . "No, I don't suppose I could." . . . "You mean nothing ever happens? Here, have a cigarette and stop and think a moment." . . . "No, there's really nothing . . . except, perhaps, the time I was sent to the Dardanelles with the British Army. That was in 1915, and I was the youngest officer at the front." . . . "But nothing exciting ever happens to you!" . . . "Nope."

(Continued from page 78)

the guest of honor was a big aviation man. Now John has toyed around with planes for years, he has several hundred flying hours, he can talk flying. His hostess told him, "John, I'm depending on you to keep the conversation going."

John grinned. "Don't worry!" When the man arrived, John launched into a florid account of his aviation experiences, his great business deals in far away countries, the air lines he founded, etc., and wound up mentioning a big new field he had just bought. The aviation big shot gasped. "Are you sure you have?" he asked. "Because," he added, "that's the field *I* own!"

John laughed until the walls shook and the man with him. "Well," boomed John, "I almost had you fooled." His hostess almost swooned.

fly in their ointment . . .

John will tell you he's not a social success because he can't match gossip or the niceties of small talk. "Besides," he adds, "after I eat I usually fall asleep, and it isn't nice to fall asleep at the table." The only time (John says) he fell asleep with social success was in Arabia at a Sheik's banquet. After gorging he snored blissfully over his plate and woke up to learn he'd made a great hit. It's considered a great compliment there, says John.

Frankly, convincing as he is, I have to take John with a little salt. Especially with his yarn spinning weakness. Actually, this weakness traces right back to that taking-it-straight side of the guy. For instance, the other day a newspaper reporter interviewed him. After no success getting his story, he said impatiently to John, "For Heaven's sake—can't you tell me anything about yourself that will make a story?"

"Why, sure," said John. "Here's a story." He rattled off the most fantastic thing he could think of, himself, as usual, the hero. The newspaper printed every word of it. "What the hell?" grinned John. "He said he wanted a story, so I told him a story!"

Now what can you do with a monkey like that? One of John's good friends thought they knew once. John's boyish good-natured charm when you know him is irresistible. It makes every new friend want to straighten him into the accepted mold. (It's hopeless, thank goodness!) Anyway, this friend, a star whose name you'd know, had a psychoanalyst friend. She framed a dinner party where the psyche pilot showed up and arranged to have him psychoanalyze John unknown to the patient. After a few minutes the doc staggered away, his great brain buzzing.

"I give up," he gasped. "Every question I asked him he asked me back! When I started to psychoanalyze him, he psychoanalyzed me!"

Aside from Hollywood society it's not hard to see why John Carroll's bullet-like, utterly uninhibited approach to life has not smoothed his path on the sets either. He has director trouble. He has co-star trouble. Usually the little guys on the set and the extras love him. But he's continually shocking the biggies about whose glamorous heads the aura of Hollywood pooh-bah gleams.

I'm thinking of one time when a big star John played with had a guest come on the set—a dignified, regal operatic diva. John stood by as the pair greeted each other with effusive embraces and a flock of "Darlings!"

"Tell me," he cracked, "when are you two girls going to wrestle?" There was a shocked silence before laughter filled the set.

There are directors who refuse to aim their megaphones in John Carroll's direction. Once he tossed one out the second story of a set. Believe it or not, too, John once quit his studio where he was a very successful action picture star because the director insisted that he toss a pearl-handled pistol to the pavement in a scene.

"Listen," said John (who is gun-happy), "I've spent hours building guns, and I won't treat one like that." He walked off the set. Now that sounds incredible, but what have I been telling you about John?

Most of John's career crises develop because, as he honestly admits, "I can't take direction. I've got to do it my way, or I'm not any good." He believes this. He seldom studies a script. He has to act from the inside out. "Fact is," John will admit, "I'm not an actor. I don't know anything about acting technique or anything. I just react like I myself would. So it spoils it when I try to let someone else tell me how." He's like Gary Cooper that way.

You can see where directors would be John's natural enemies on a set. George Cukor, who had John for a picture, threw up his hands after a couple of days. "I've directed Garbo, Crawford, Shearer, Hepburn and about everybody else in this town," he wailed, "and now *you* tell me I can't direct *you!*"

John just shrugged his shoulders and grinned. He wouldn't deny it. That wouldn't be honest. But there's not much doubt that from a strictly canny viewpoint that's no way to forge up and on in Hollywood.

There's a very funny story about John's biggest contract break. His signing with M-G-M, where he still works. It illustrates what a terrifying reputation Kid Carroll has been lugging around for years.

Louis B. Mayer, boss man at M-G-M, personally discovered John for Leo the Lion. He saw him in a small part in "Only Angels Have Wings." There were five actors in the scene. Mayer called in his talent aides. He described John. "Get

QUIZ ANSWERS

(Continued from page 79)

1. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
2. Kay Kyser
3. John Garfield
4. Mickey Rooney
5. Greer Garson
6. Nelson Eddy
7. Linda Darnell
8. Vera Zorina
9. Jimmy Cagney
10. Orson Welles
11. Madeleine Carroll
12. Bette Davis
13. Teresa Wright
14. Deanna Durbin
15. Robert Young
16. Joan Crawford
17. Rosalind Russell
18. Irene Dunne
19. Laraine Day
20. Barbara Stanwyck

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him over here," he said.

Pretty soon the aides reported with an actor. "That's not the man," Mayer objected. He described John again. The lieutenants showed up again with another actor. It wasn't John. Patiently, Mayer described John minutely. Believe it or not, the talent boys actually showed up *again* with still another actor—but not John Carroll. Finally, the story goes, Prexy Mayer had to run off "Only Angels Have Wings" with his talent staff, point John out on the screen and issue an ultimatum: Carroll or else.

It couldn't all have been a mistake. The staff had heard of John's eccentric ways. They thought since the part in mind was a small one, they could substitute a more pliable gent. Fortunately, Mr. Mayer knew what he wanted, and John at last got his contract.

Of course, John has had plenty of competition at M-G-M, but it's no secret he hasn't become the star both the studio and John Carroll had planned. Reason? It's hard to say. "I guess," admits John ruefully, "I'll never be happy until I can write, direct, produce, act—and maybe crank the camera, too!"

Away from the movie camera and the Hollywood social circus, too, John Carroll is just as much of a lone wolf but a surprisingly tame and normal, home-loving wolf. In fact, it's at home that John shows up in his most average-guy mold.

He lives in a rambling white semi-colonial place built by and for an individualist like John. He built it himself, with two carpenters, some years ago. It sits on a hillside in Laurel Canyon, no longer a fashionable Hollywood location. That doesn't bother John, of course. He chose the site because it had a mammoth oak tree, reminding him of the Louisiana oaks of his childhood. To carry the sentiment further he named it "Carrollton," the Louisiana home town of his mother and the place that gave John his stage name. I don't know how many rooms Carrollton has by now. John has built on one almost every year, as he got the idea. The latest is a pine-panelled gun room right off his own bedroom. You can tell a lot about John Carroll from that bedroom alone.

There's a giant bed smack in the middle, Paul Bunyan size, with shelves, drawers and gadgets built in. John made it himself. Radios, clocks, reading lights, a dozen comfort gadgets are clamped here and there. Across the room a mammoth, silver-mounted saddle is perched on a saddle tree. The walls are covered with cowboy sombreros, guns, war maps and pictures of John's pals—Johnny Weissmuller, John Sutton, John's daughter Juliana—his idols, Abraham Lincoln, General MacArthur. Not a picture of John is anywhere around. Golf bags, western boots, more guns, fishing tackle—the room corners are stacked with them. Scattered around are a bunch of sprawly easy chairs.

Like any male animal, John likes his comfort. He sleeps like a rock the minute he hits the pillow. He likes his meals regular and solid. He's a marvelous cook himself, from French pastries on down. He's practically never sick, but when he is, he's a bad actor. "Just a cold and I go into 'Camille,'" says John. Once, in the East, he wound up with trains running across his stomach. "Appendicitis," said the doctors. They rushed him to a hospital, put him on a table, wrapped him in gauze, got ready to operate. As the ether started, suddenly Carroll rose up like a wild-eyed ghost.

"What am I doing here?" he yelped. Then he tore out of the room, stiff-arming attendants to freedom. He's never had the appendix out to this day.

On the hobby side, John is a tinkerer, a mechanical whiz. Half the things he has are built by himself in his tool shop out in back. Terraced up the hillside are swings, sand-pits and play gadgets he has built for daughter Julie, the light of his life.

the inner man . . .

Because John Carroll, wayward, unpredictable John, is an ideal father, his marriage with Steffi Duna, which didn't last, produced the real love of his life, five-year-old Julie. He splits Julie's time with Steffi and frets miserably when she isn't around making him her devoted slave. He writes songs for Julie, and plans her kiddie parties for every holiday. You never saw such an adoring Dad.

Another surprise you run into when looking for what makes the wild man wild is that John Carroll has practically no vices. He rarely takes a drink. He doesn't smoke. He's a rarity at night clubs. He's devoted to his mother. He spends almost every evening at home doodling on the piano or tinkering with some gadget. His outdoor hobbies are man's man stuff—fishing, hunting, flying, horses. He's proud, by the way, of being a hunter. But to show you what a soft heart John has under his menace, even at the chase:

For years he nursed an ambition to get a deer. Finally, after days of preparation, he invaded the High Sierras, stalked a buck among the rocky crags, cornered him, raised his gun.

"Then," grins John sheepishly, "I couldn't pull the trigger! You know what I did? I poured him a drink of water." I don't know about that drink of water. That's John Carroll's decoration of the yarn. But I know the first part's true.

So—this curly-headed, reckless hunk of 36-year-old boy-man Carroll isn't really a bad sort any way you look at him. Irresponsible, impulsive and rebellious, yes, but honest with himself. "John has done a lot of wild things in his life," his mother told me, "but he has never done anything bad." I believe that.

I think maybe John will do something to match his imagination some day. Maybe pretty soon, at that. In his odd mixture of Southern drawl, French accent and brake-rod brogue, John told me he'll make one picture and then get going on a bigger fight for freedom than he's ever run up against in Hollywood. He'll be a soldier, sailor or marine around the time you're reading this. He hadn't settled on which when I last saw him. But whatever the outfit, Johnny will play the war straight, as he does everything. The Army can use plenty rogue males like John—short on tact but long on courage. He really wasn't made for subtle Hollywood, and that's why it never could hold him. I've a hunch strictly straight-shooters like the Army or the Navy can.

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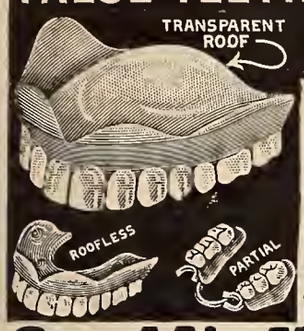

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CO-ED

(Continued from page 16)

come to, but now I know we were two silly kids. I still like you ever so much, but I'm miserable sitting home, and I know you are, too. Shall we be sensible about it, Bill?" If he's any kind of a guy at all, he'll love your candidness.

The Red Cross says that I-don't-love-you-any-more letters are responsible for terrific depression among soldiers and begs girls not to send them. It seems to us, though, that—barring borderline cases—any boy could take the news when dished along the above lines. The idea of writing phony love letters over a period of months is terribly repugnant to us, and we're sure that the morale of the U. S. Army doesn't depend on ersatz "sugar reports." That's Goebbels' stuff.

Situation 2. You and Bill have known each other for years. You're incurably smitten, and it was just the most natural thing in the world for you to promise not to sit under the apple tree, etc. Now, though, you're lonely. Your lovely line is gathering dust, you've forgotten how to samba, you don't give much of a hoot how you look.... Another dateless month, and any resemblance between you and Bill's dream gal will be purely you-know-what.

Write and tell Bill about it. Ask him how he's doing, and if he doesn't think it would be a good idea for the two of you to go out a bit by way of retaining your pre-war jollity and stuff. Agree to steer clear of single dates.

As long as you both play this little game squarely, it's a swell arrangement and a far happier one than lone-wolfing it. And who was it that said, "You bind him close with silken bonds of liberty"?

* * * *

Birthday! Co-ed is a year old now, and is getting grown-up enough to take on a few responsibilities. Henceforward, it will be our job to keep you posted on Modern Screen's various service features.

You see, M. S. is currently entertaining over a million readers, and now we'd like to go a little bit further than amusing you—we'd like to serve you. F'rinstance, we want to help you with your fashion problems (we're offering a dreamy fashion chart in the next issue for only a nickel, and there'll be a brand new one out every two months after that)! Besides glamour-galing 'em, we'd like to make Modern Screen's readers the best-informed fans in the world, so we're printing a series of charts—also at five cents per—telling you everything you could possibly want to know about any of the stars.

Our most exciting service is the elegant series of contests that began in last issue and goes on perpetually every month. It's honestly easy, and the swellest part is that different people win each month. T'ain't legal for anybody to win twice. Imagine getting a whack at a smoothie fur coat or $2,000 in war bonds—or dozens of lovely things to wear! And to know that if you muff it in the March issue, there's always April! P.S.—You'll find the contest on page 94.

We hope you're going to like the service idea. We like it so much we're actually losing money to give it to you! And we'll keep it up just as long as your contest entries and chart coupons show us you're interested.

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EAT NUTRITIONAL FOOD

Butter has long been the preferred spread because of flavor and color, and is a good source of Vitamin A. Margarine, made from animal and vegetable fats with enough Vitamin A added to bring it up to the level of average butter, may be a timely alternate when the butter supply is limited or expensive.

Other spreads such as peanut butter are popular for sandwiches, and these nut butters are rich in fat and good sources of Vitamin B and iron.

Foods which add flavor, variety, interest and bulk to meals may be included whenever you want them; but when available use the foods listed on the chart, first.

Helen S. Mitchell

Every day, eat this way

MILK and MILK PRODUCTS
. . . at least a pint for everyone—more for children—or cheese or evaporated or dried milk.

ORANGES, TOMATOES, GRAPEFRUIT
. . . or raw cabbage or salad greens—at least one of these

GREEN or YELLOW VEGETABLES
. . . one big helping or more—some raw, some cooked.

OTHER VEGETABLES, FRUIT
. . . potatoes, other vegetables or fruits in season.

BREAD and CEREAL
. . . whole grain products or enriched white bread and flour.

MEAT, POULTRY or FISH
. . . dried beans, peas, or nuts occasionally.

EGGS
. . . at least 3 or 4 a week, cooked any way you choose—or in "made" dishes.

BUTTER and OTHER SPREADS
. . . vitamin-rich fats, peanut butter, and similar spreads.

Then eat other foods you also like

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COLOR AT YOUR FINGER TIPS

(*Continued from page* 52)

of the many brilliant red-reds.

In deciding what color becomes you most, hold the bottle of your chosen enamel up to your face. This is to see if it blends with your lipstick and cheek-rouge, thereby giving you a more "finished" look. It's a good idea, too, to have a variety of tones to suit your cosmetics or your costumes.

"dress" your nails . . .

Now that you've decided which shade looks well with your type of beauty, let's give a thought to what shades of polish to wear with your spring ensemble. Here are some color schemes: If in your closet there are some bright colored prints, the kind that have lots of blues and greens in them, try wearing a bluish red polish. If, however, you like to wear sophisticated looking blacks and darker shade frocks, you'll be delighted with the effect you obtain when you're wearing a clear red nail polish. Everyone can wear soft pastel shades of nail covering. It's grand for all-around wear. Then too, my chicks, for a gala occasion, deep reds are dazzling! And if you want hands that look like an angel's, try a true garnet shade. It will bring out the whiteness of your skin and give your hands an exquisite look. Rust shades, too, are especially nice if you go in for sporty tweeds of browns, tans or yellows.

keep in step . . .

With your pet selection of shades lined upon your dressing table, your next step is to shape those lovely nails. When beauty regulations for the feminine army of WAAC's decided they should wear the hair just long enough to clear the collar, Hollywood's fashion guides gave votes of approval, and soon this became the fashionable length. So too, are they naming nail lengths not longer than one-eighth of an inch beyond the tip of the finger. It's an excellent length too for speed and efficiency. If, however, you've just grown a handful of long, shiny nails, and they don't interfere with your particular type of chores—do keep them! Long or short nailed beauty goes hand in hand with appropriateness. So don't go filing your nails down to unnecessary lengths. Remember, a sourpuss approach never won any wars, so now's the time to stress color and loveliness.

apply with finesse . . .

You have all the hints on length, color and types of nail polish, so let's get to the moment when you're ready to apply your enamel. Here are some simple suggestions. Just before applying the polish, give the nails a good buffing. It adds a healthful glow to the shiny tips and stimulates the circulation, just as brushing the hair does. First apply a liquid base to the nails. This makes the colored polish last longer. When it dries, open the bottle of polish and, as you remove the brush, press it firmly against the top of the bottle so the polish doesn't drip en route from the bottle to you. Now steady the hand on one of those clever finger rests, so the fingers won't move. Use a quick, bold stroke to apply the polish. Nervous little dabs spoil the effect! First, make a stroke across the base of the nail, then proceed to cover the nail, applying the polish from the base out to the edge of the finger. When the first coat of polish dries, apply a second coat, still using a down-beat stroke. Don't forget, a double coat always wears longer, too. When your polish is thoroughly dry, apply a coat of clear, colorless covering to protect against chipping and shine brilliantly!

The shape of the nail has a lot to do with how you apply your enamel, too. So for effectiveness' sake, here are some hints. If you have gracefully rounded fingers with oval nails, wear the polish from the half moons to the tips, wiping off the tiniest edge at the tip. Short stubby digits with round nails can wear polish from end to end leaving a thin line at either side to create the illusion of length. Long, thin, tapering fingers look stunning with a slim, oval nail tip, and can usually wear polish extended to the very end. Square nails can be made to look more feminine and graceful by exaggerating the curve of the half moon, and again at the tip, leaving a narrow, unpolished strip at either side. So though your nails be long or short, keep them glamorous! Color will make up for what they lack in length!

double-duty polish . . .

While you have that bottle of polish handy, try painting some initials or names on the extra glass in your medicine chest. Or decorate your earrings to match your bracelets and other accessories, too! You can always make repairs with remover. It's fun, too, to experiment with polish-drawn designs and shades of polish. And while you're at it, give yourself a pedicure. Decorate those toenails of yours, with one of your already carefully selected polishes. Open-toe sandals demand well-kept nails. Remember, no chipped ones allowed!

first aid . . .

Now that you're on your way to more beautiful fingertips, let's see what would happen should you accidentally tear one of those lovely nails on some harsh object. If it breaks half way across, cover the entire nail with transparent scotch tape. Trim off the surplus tape and apply your polish over it. It's a repair job that's inconspicuous and lasts until your own nail grows out. If it breaks off entirely, though, try one of those nifty nail replacements. They fit right over your broken nail and look just like your own. While we're making repairs, here's a tricky new idea for you. If you have some old, thick polish in the bottom of a bottle—don't throw it away. There's a polish thinner on your store counter that, when mixed with the old enamel, leaves it fresh as new! Be sure not to use polish remover for this, but the actual thinner-outer especially prepared.

hands across the table . . .

You have them all now. The do's and don'ts of nail care, so, lady, be good to your nails for beauty's sake, and they'll repay you in many ways. Keep your hands lovely, for remember what all beauty-wise girls agree upon, "your hands are always in evidence, whether in an office, the factory, the kitchen or pouring tea across the luncheon table."

So much can be said without uttering a word! The way you hold your hands. Your fingertips holding a glass. . . . You can create the illusion of glamour, of charm and loveliness by merely lifting a finger to do so. Just be prepared by keeping your hands well cared for, and your fingertips a thing of beauty!

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"Du Barry Was A Lady" has started something.

★ ★ ★ ★

Or rather, it has re-started something —which is the quest for the composite American Beauty. Artists have been taking pilgrimages to the M-G-M set to see the parade of pulchritude that is passing before the camera.

★ ★ ★

They all come back with raves about the merriment of the occasion, and cheers for the roster of talent that has produced this Technicolorful song-comedy.

★ ★ ★ ★

Red Skelton, Lucille Ball and Gene Kelly are stars in the procession which includes Virginia O'Brien, "Rags" Ragland, Zero Mostel, Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra.

Roy Del Ruth directed. Arthur Freed produced. Irving Brecher wrote the screenplay, Nancy Hamilton adapted and Wilkie Mahoney contributed additional dialogue.

★ ★ ★ ★

But back to the composite American Beauty. It turned out they selected the following features of the Du Barry girls:

★ ★ ★ ★

Kay Aldridge's profile . . . pert and perfect
Hazel Brooks' legs . rounded and symmetrical
Kay Williams' arms . . . . . ditto
Inez Cooper's hands . . delicate and angular
Georgia Carroll's eyes . "Drink to me only . . ."
Natalie Draper's lips . . lips you love to touch
Mary Jane French's hair . . glory as a crown
Aileen Haley's bust . . . Venus with arms
Ruth Ownbey's hips . . . hip! hip! hurray!
Theo Coffman's feet . . . . . perfect pedals
Dorothy Haas' ankles . shapely is the word
Eve Whitney's waist . . . embraceable Eve

★ ★ ★ ★

If therefore you wish to spend an evening with a perfect composite, go see "Du Barry Was A Lady", best musical of the year.

★ ★ ★ ★

Your composite legs will move to the rhythm of the Cole Porter songs.

★ ★ ★ ★

Recommended by the composite American lion. —*Leo*

MODERN SCREEN

STORIES

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COVER: John Payne, appearing in 20th-Fox's "Hello, Frisco, Hello."

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FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR SAVINGS BONDS STAMPS

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THE BIG SHOW IS BIGGER THAN EVER!

RED SKELTON

AND RED-HEADED LUCILLE BALL

Broadway's Sensational Musical Comedy is M-G-M's biggest musical screen entertainment now—with

more pretty girls
more peppy dancing
more pulsing rhythms
more FUN and funsters

than you've ever seen before!

ALL THIS...AND TECHNICOLOR, TOO!

It's Gene Kelly! You brought him and his tap-happy feet to stardom in "For Me and My Gal"!

Meet Zero Mostel—and laugh! Screen debut for the comic sensation of N.Y.'s night spots!

Du Barry was a Lady!

Starring
RED SKELTON · LUCILLE BALL · GENE KELLY
VIRGINIA O'BRIEN · with "RAGS" RAGLAND · ZERO MOSTEL
TOMMY DORSEY and his ORCHESTRA

PHOTOGRAPHED IN TECHNICOLOR
Screen Play by Irving Brecher · Adaptation by Nancy Hamilton
Additional Dialogue by Wilkie Mahoney
Directed by ROY DEL RUTH · Produced by ARTHUR FREED
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

"Red" Skelton and gorgeous red-headed Lucille Ball "double-dood it"! They're really terrific!

Chuckles and jive from dead-pan Virginia O'Brien. Hear her sing Cole Porter's "Friendship".

Stop—look—and listen! Tommy Dorsey—his trombone—and his band! What music! Hold tight!

Right: Varga, Esquire's famed artist, paints his conception of the Du Barry girl.

Sing

"Do I Love You!", "Salome" "Friendship", "Madame, I Like Your Crepes Suzettes", "Du Barry Was a Lady", "I Love An Esquire Girl"

MOVIE REVIEWS

By Zachary Gold

When a Germon troop plane lands in neorby oosis, Colin ond his 3 men ottock with hond grenades. Awakening in Coiro hospital, he's decorated for bravery, later returns to London to wed Valentine (Maureen O'Haro).

Following Italian bombing attack, remaining members of British Patrol (Morton Lowry, Allyn Joslyn, Melville Cooper, Henry Fonda) find themselves lost in desert.

In frocos with Germon ormored cor, leoder Kelly (Thomos Mitchell) is wounded and turns over command to Colin (Fonda) to bring men to sofety.

THE IMMORTAL SERGEANT

● The odd part of this war is that the people at home have such a sketchy idea of what the actual battle lines look and feel like. There have been, true enough, columns of words in daily dispatches in all the newspapers across the country; but it only goes to prove the old aphorism that one picture is worth a thousand words and a single good movie may be worth a couple of million or so. "Wake Island," "Mrs. Miniver" and "In Which We Serve" have carried the impact of what it means to fight this war on some of the fronts. And now, out of the drama that is North Africa, comes "The Immortal Sergeant," blazing across the screen with biting fury.

Since American forces are fighting a similar battle on the other side of Africa, it has a pertinent and absorbing interest for American audiences. Here is desert warfare: pebbly wastes stretching to the horizon and beyond, sand and sun, a country without cover and without mercy; and men fighting their battles wherever and whenever the chance comes.

"The Immortal Sergeant" tells the story of a small patrol of English soldiers; the army that held and then routed Rommel across the Libyan sands. Somewhere in the desert the army has stopped to regroup, and a small patrol is sent on ahead to spy out the lay of the land. The handful of men pile into an armored car and two small trucks and set out into the wastes ahead, commanded by an old Army Sergeant (Thomas Mitchell).

In the desert they're (*Continued on page 8*)

130 MILLION AMERICAN HEARTS FLY WITH IT!

This is Jimmy, the boy who lived next door. Last year he made the football team. This year he's making history.

AIR FORCE

THE PICTURE THAT REMEMBERS PEARL HARBOR. IT COMES TO YOU FROM

...COURAGE YOU CAN'T HELP CHEERING, IN MEN YOU CAN'T HELP LOVING!

Warner Bros.

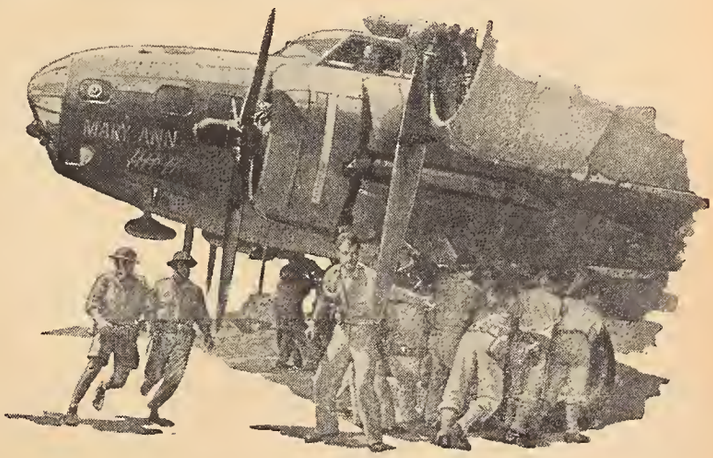
PRODUCED BY

HAL B. WALLIS

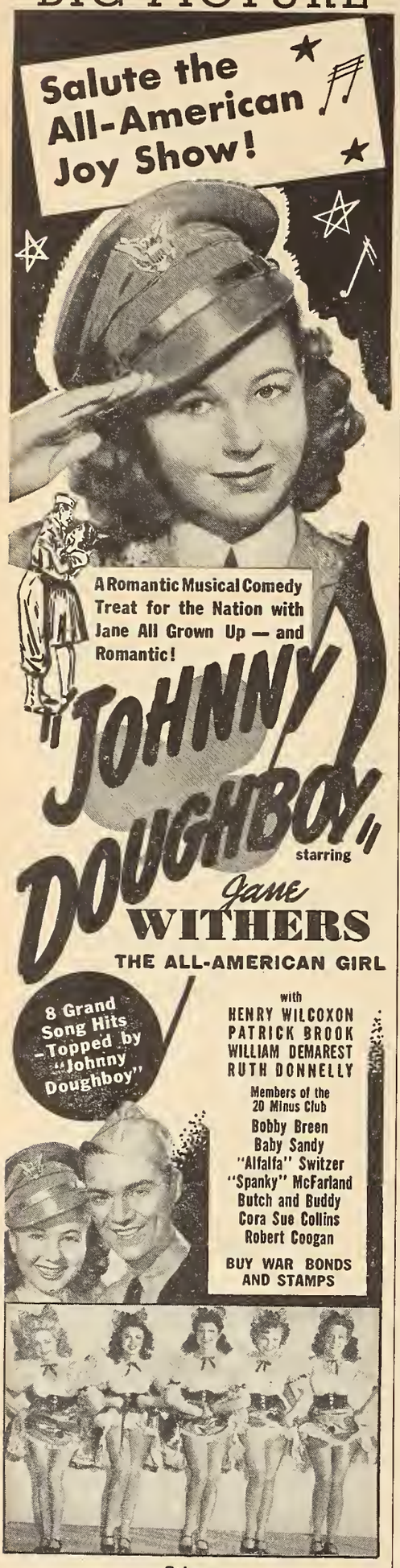
...AS THE MEN WHO LOVED 'MARY ANN'—THE FLYING FORTRESS: JOHN GARFIELD • GIG YOUNG • HARRY CAREY • GEORGE TOBIAS • ARTHUR KENNEDY • JAS. BROWN • JOHN RIDGELY • SCREENPLAY: DUDLEY NICHOLS

HOWARD HAWKS

PRODUCTION



It's a
BIG PICTURE



It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE

(Continued from page 6)

spotted by enemy aircraft and are bombed and strafed. The two trucks are blown to pieces, the armored car has its gas tank pierced, the compass is wrecked, rations and water low. And only five remain, one badly wounded, of the men that had set out on the mission. They begin the long, tortuous trek back to their own lines, still commanded by their indomitable sergeant. And when the last of their gas in the armored truck is gone . . . they walk.

The sergeant is killed in a desperate attack on an Italian patrol, and the four remaining men, headed now by a raw corporal (Henry Fonda), push on. They stumble toward their own lines under a pitiless and ever-burning sun. And finally, the last of their rations gone, no water left, they come to a small oasis; and find it occupied by the Nazis. What happens then is the picture's secret; but the screen blazes once more with action.

The story is concerned primarily with Corporal Spence, the long, lean Canadian who finds himself with the English Army in Libya. In flashbacks it tells an odd and curiously warm love story. For Colin Spence had been a shy and awkward man, afraid of himself and afraid of others. He had watched the girl he loved being taken from him by another man and never protested. It takes the war and the death of Kelly, leaving him in command, to make a man of him.

There are others, of course, whose tales are told during the course of the picture. There's Sergeant Kelly himself, the immortal: tough and hard, but a man whom the soldiers can trust and respect. There's Cassidy who, with a bad leg wound, can still swing out with fury when one of the group suggests they surrender and end the torture of wandering in the desert without food and water. And Cottrell, a blusterer when things go easy and weak-kneed in the pinches. Pilcher—plodding, mostly silent, a "little man" but somehow always around when things begin to happen. And in the flashbacks is told the story of Tom Benedict, a harsh case history of a man who makes the war a personal springboard for his own fame and fortune.

There are some scenes in "The Immortal Sergeant" that you will never forget: When the enemy planes come sweeping out of the horizon, deadly and impersonal machines, you know then what it means to be attacked from the sky.

Henry Fonda is superb as Colin Spence; more than any other actor he has the power to suggest the average man and what it means to be one in this war. Thomas Mitchell turns in a brilliant performance as Sergeant Kelly; Reginald Gardiner is perfect in the snide role of Tom Benedict. Special mention, too, must be made of Allyn Joslyn as Cassidy, Morton Lowry as Cottrell and Melville Cooper as Pilcher. Maureen O'Hara is the lovely girl who was left behind.

You must see "The Immortal Sergeant" because it is the story of the fighting men, the foot soldiers, the buck privates and the non-coms. A remarkable document of a man's soul in war and love.—*20th-Fox.*

P. S.

Apprentice Seaman Henry Fonda spent part of his first 24-hour leave in a projection room, watching a "rough cut" of this, his last film for the duration . . . Asked whether he thought the picture would make men eager to get into the Army, he thought a minute, drawled, "Nope. After they see 14 soldiers go into that desert and only 3 come out alive, I think they'll hope the Navy gets 'em!" . . . 60,000 pounds of sand, Libyan type, was hauled to the studio for close-up scenes from a beach 20 miles away . . . Maureen O'Hara's role of the girl-he-left-behind turned into a real one when hubby Will Price joined the Marines . . . Technical adviser Captain Bartle Bull is a veteran of two years of fighting in Egypt and Libya. He's in the United States on convalescent leave, having been wounded seriously at Sidi Barrani . . . Fonda chose the Navy, incidentally, because "I was born in Nebraska—1,500 miles inland—with sea fever, and I promised myself some day I'd do something about it." He dood it . . . After eight weeks of work in dust, the cast formed a club, dubbed themselves "Partners in Grime, Ltd."

THE MOON IS DOWN

Surely one of the most controversial works of this war has been John Steinbeck's "The Moon Is Down." When it first appeared as a book, the literary critics met it with a mixed chorus of cheers and jeers, and it met a similar fate as a play. Now it's a movie, and while Hollywood has tinkered with it somewhat, it remains, essentially, the same story that Mr. Steinbeck first told.

The basis of the story is the Nazi occupation of a Norwegian town. Aided by a Fifth columnist, George Correll (E. J. Ballantine), the Nazis take possession almost without a struggle. The town is surprised, and the few men who manage to get at guns are soon wiped out. The Nazis, to all intents and purposes, have won a sweeping victory.

But it is a victory that soon develops some curious facets. Colonel Lanser (Sir Cedric Hardwicke), the Nazi in command, takes possession of the Mayor's house, sure that the townspeople will fall into line now that they are defeated. But Mayor Orden (Henry Travers) refuses to do anything more than what he absolutely must; and Dr. Winter (Lee J. Cobb) tells Lanser outright that when the people are no longer confused, they will know what to do. Lanser laughs.

Winter was right. At the iron mine, the townspeople slow down in their work, revolt when the Nazis harshly attempt to drive them hard. The revolt is quelled, but underneath, the people still seethe with anger and hatred. The Nazis are forced into harsher and harsher methods—attempts at blackmail, the murder of hostages. But the Norwegians, as best they can, continue to fight back.

They help the young men in the village to escape to England, they use forbidden radio sets to get the news, they refuse to deal in any way with the Nazis, they sabotage their work. The picture rises to a tragic climax when Mayor Orden and Dr. Winter are executed in a final attempt to stop the sabotage. Orden goes to his death knowing that the resistance will go on and must go on.

Core of all the furor about "The Moon Is Down" was Steinbeck's treatment of certain of the Nazis. In Colonel Lanser, he showed not a harsh brute, but a man corrupted by the poisons of Nazism. Lt. Tonder, one of the Nazi underlings, is almost a sympathic portrait of a young man bewildered by the hate the townspeople show him. Steinbeck's point is that the enemy is Nazism, which makes beasts out of men who might otherwise be human.

But there's no argument that "The Moon Is Down" is a moving and perceptive story. Whether or not Mr. Steinbeck is right, all his characters are conceived in deeply human terms. And the story

he tells is swift, tight, tense and tragic. Besides those already mentioned you'll find Doris Bowden, Margaret Wycherly, Peter Van Eyck and William Post, Jr., in the cast. There's no doubt either that the underlying theme of "The Moon Is Down" has a certain powerful truth. It's that simple faith in democracy and freedom that another of Mr. Steinbeck's characters once expressed. If you remember, Ma in "The Grapes of Wrath" said: "We're the people. We keep coming on forever."—*20th-Fox.*

P. S.

When Fox decided to buy the Steinbeck play, it caused a few heart attacks in the bookkeeping department! The studio planked down $300,000.00 for the screen rights alone, the largest sum Hollywood has ever paid for movie material . . . The plum role of Colonel Lanser fell to Sir Cedric Hardwicke after tests showed that he could "out-villainize" every other actor in town, including such old meanies as Charles Laughton, Conrad Veidt and George Sanders . . . This marks Doris Bowden's first film assignment since her part in "Grapes Of Wrath" . . . Peter Van Eyck made an overnight leap from Tin Pan Alley to acting. Peter was plugging away writing songs when he landed the part of Lt. Tonder . . . E. J. Ballantine, who plays the Quisling of the village, is the only member of the original New York cast . . . This was Steinbeck's last screen contribution for the duration. At the close of the picture he packed away his typewriter and joined the Army for a chance to put his "realism" into action.

HAPPY GO LUCKY

Gay as a striped summer awning is "Happy Go Lucky." It's pleasant, tuneful, carefree and just about lives up to its nonchalant title. For an hour and a half or so, it wanders through its gaudy but lovely Technicolor sets, pauses for an occasional song, takes time out for a gag routine and, all in all, is pretty ingratiating. The people to watch for are Mary Martin, Dick Powell, Rudy Vallee, Eddie Bracken and Betty Hutton.

The happiest moments of "Happy Go Lucky" are the song numbers. It has a first rate score sung by first rate singers. The whole bunch of them, unless our ears have deceived us cruelly, will be crowding the lists for the number one spot on anybody's hit parade. Mary Martin and Dick Powell are liltingly melodic in the title song; and Mary herself makes something special out of that old timer "Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-De-Ay." A couple of others to listen for are "Let's Get Lost" and "The Fuddy Duddy Watchmaker"—a Hutton special.

Still on the singing—and the music makes this picture—"Happy Go Lucky" features a group of Calypso Singers led by a gentleman named Sir Lancelot. Calypso singers are natives of Trinidad who improvise songs with weird rhymes and accents.

The plot is nothing special but good enough to carry the song numbers. It tells of Marjory Stuart (Mary Martin) who comes to Trinidad determined to snag a rich husband for herself. Her little plan is discovered by Pete Hamilton (Dick Powell) and Wally Case (Eddie Bracken) who are a couple of beachcombers trying to work up a heavy tan and determined to work at nothing else. They fall in with Marjory's plot and sick her on a grade A, bona fide millionaire named Alfred Monroe (Rudy Vallee). Alfie has the shekels, but also

"Just to be polite—you'd think they'd ask me to lunch!"

Edna: "There goes the office lunch club again—but when I suggest lunch they have dates! What makes those girls so stuck-up, Miss Brown . . . or what's wrong with me?"

Miss Brown: "Our girls aren't *really* snooty—you'd like them if you knew them! I've been in business a long time, Edna, so perhaps you won't mind if I give you a tip?"

Edna: "But how can I offend with underarm odor? I start each day with a bath!"
Miss Brown: "That morning rush can wilt a bath. So most of our girls *also* use Mum!"

"I'm making Mum my business partner now. After this, every day it's a bath for *past* perspiration and Mum to prevent risk of underarm odor in the hours *to come!*"

So many popular girls praise Mum for its—

Speed—Only half a minute to apply!

Safety—No worries with gentle Mum! It won't irritate sensitive skin. Mum won't harm fine fabrics, says the American Institute of Laundering.

Certainty—Mum prevents risk of underarm odor without stopping perspiration—charm is safe all day or evening with Mum!

• • •

For Sanitary Napkins—*Mum is so safe, so gentle, so dependable! Thousands of women use Mum this way, too.*

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Product of Bristol-Myers

a refrigerated temperament. He says, "I love you," as if he were trying to swallow an ice cube at the same time.

Everything goes swimmingly until Alfie discovers that Marjory is not the rich heiress she's pretending to be, and Marjory discovers that money isn't everything, and that, anyway, Pete sings better than Alfie. Mixed up in the proceedings are assorted love potions, an elderly gent who remembers girls by the shape of their thighs, a suspicious hotel owner and, of course, Betty Hutton. At the fade-out, Alfie sails back to his ticker tape, and Pete and Marjory set up housekeeping in the tropics.

It's all done against lush and stunning backgrounds and played in a beguilingly pleasant manner. Rudy Vallee is first rate as the frost-bitten millionaire, and Dick Powell makes you wonder why he hasn't been seen more often recently. Mary Martin never was lovelier. And oh, Betty!—*Par.*

P. S.

This marks Rudy Vallee's second venture in the comedy field—and the last for the duration. On completion of the picture he joined the Coast Guard . . . Though songbird Mary Martin started her career as a dancer, this is the first chance she's had in films to display some fancy foot work . . . Sir Lancelot's real handle is Lancelot Victor Edward Pinard! The "Sir" is his own idea . . . Poor Clem Bevans has a bad case of "Smith-ins!" This is the 20th picture in which he's been cast as a "Mr. Smith." . . . Rudy Vallee's digestive system was obliged to stand up under a grueling routine. In one scene he had to stow away a chicken leg, pickles, a banana, and top it off with a double decker sardine sandwich! (And there were three retakes!) . . . Eddie Bracken got a trifle too enthusiastic in his dancing scene and gave himself a right upper-cut to the jaw which floored him for 14 seconds. . . . Real prima donna of the production was a lady caterpillar, who besides having several stand-ins, had a luxurious bed of cotton to nestle in between takes!

HIT PARADE OF 1943

Fascinating business—the movies. As you probably know, it's not all glitter out Hollywood way; it's business and work and the breaks. The success stories you hear about mostly concern actors, an unknown zooming up into the spotlight overnight. But from time to time a whole studio makes a similar jump. Columbia hit the jackpot with "It Happened One Night" and was in the chips forever after; Universal parlayed Deanna Durbin into a studio asset. And now out of the ashes and the dust comes Republic, challenging the leaders.

Here they are preened and shining, as if touched with a magic wand, with a musical which, in cast, at least, is first rate. "Hit Parade of 1943" is no fly-by-night affair. For the hepcats it dishes up Freddy Martin, Count Basie and Ray McKinley and their orchestras; for specialties there are the Golden Gate Quartette, The Music Maids, The Three Cheers, Pops and Louie and Jack Williams.

Like most musicals, "Hit Parade of 1943" is not too flamingly original in its story. It tells the sad tale of Jill Wright (Susan Hayward) who's an aspiring songwriter. She sends her scores in to a Tin Pan Alley firm named The Miracle Publishing Co. The miracle involved is how the two owners have managed to stay out of jail. The Miracle's run by J. MacClellan Davis (Walter Catlett), commonly known as Mac, and Rick Farrell (John Carroll) a handsome, devil-may-care song plugger determined to be number one on the Hit Parade some day. Rick lifts one of Jill's tunes, adds a set of lyrics and publishes it as his own.

Jill's in a fury when she finds out, and along with a wise Broadway gal named Belinda Wright (Eve Arden), she sets out to rip Rick limb from limb. But she doesn't count on falling in love with the guy; which she does with a thud. Unfortunately Rick is the kind of guy who should have been a sailor; he's got a gal on every block. And one of them, Toni Jarrett (Gail Patrick), sets out to make trouble for Jill, Rick and the Miracle Publishing Co.

Jill and Rick team up as songwriters and turn out a series of top-notch numbers. They're about to top the Hit Parade when Toni begins pulling strings. She tips off Bradley Cole (Melville Cooper), who's Mister Big in the band business, that Rick is a phony. And from then on the team just can't seem to get any band to play their numbers.

Toni has a couple of more daggers up her sleeve. She gives Jill a nasty earful about Rick's past and busts the budding romance wide open. Rick's a wreck. His song career is kaput; his girl thinks he's a phony, a conceited braggart and an all-around heel. He repents, but it seems to be too late. Of course, it isn't. He gets a chance to make good his repentance on a big broadcast. Jill hears him, goes rushing to his side, and the two of them plug their song into the Hit Parade.

Since the picture is about the Hit Parade, you might keep your eye on some of the numbers from the score and see if they make good on the promise: "Tamboomba," "That's How To Write A Song," "Harlem Sandman," "Yankee Doodle Tan," "Who Took Me Home Last Night." Don't sue me if they don't; that's what happens in the picture, and you believe the movies, don't you?—*Rep.*

P. S.

Filming was marked by fights between Susan Hayward and John Carroll. Two days after production finished, they announced their engagement . . . Two weeks after that, it was all off again . . . Gail Patrick came to work on her special scooter that goes miles on a cupful of gas . . . Republic offered a $50 war bond for the World's Worst Song Title. Winner was "Autumn Leaves in the Gutter. Never Again Will They Flutter." Author of the title prefers to remain anonymous . . . Count Basie is one of New Jersey's favorite sons. Once a year the state celebrates "Count Basie Day" . . . Freddie Martin absolutely refuses to play "Everybody's Making Money but Tschaikowsky" . . . Carroll entered service two weeks after production halted, is now a Corporal . . . Bulletin: As we go to press, word comes that Hayward and Carroll have resumed romancing, carrying on their fighting by mail.

PRESENTING LILY MARS

Time-honored plot of an Horatio Alger story is the one about the stage-struck girl who comes to New York, gets a small job in a show and then, when the star walks out, gets a big chance to show her stuff. That's what happens in "Presenting Lily Mars," small town gal, big city, bit part and then the chance. And then what happens?

She flops.

That's just to prove that you don't know everything. "Presenting Lily Mars" has just that edge of difference that makes it something out of the usual run. It's a warm, human, affectionate story; as well it might be since it's from a book by Booth Tarkington, who has always

known that the study of human anatomy should begin with the heart.

Lily Mars is a girl in a small Indiana town when the story begins. She's the pride of the Mars family; of Ma, Davy, Violet, Rosy and Poppy.

When John Thornway (Van Heflin), a famous Broadway producer, comes to town to visit a while with his folks, Lily determines to see him and get a job. John has a violent dislike for amateurs, and Lily's dramatics leave him cold. But Lily's a stubborn gal and decides to go to New York anyway.

In the big city she makes tracks for the theater where John is rehearsing a new show. Admiring her gumption, pitying her, for she's obviously cold and hungry, and not a little attracted by her looks, John gives her a bit part in his show. But she begins to rate more than a bit part in his life.

Comes the moment when the star walks out on rehearsals, and John throws Lily into the lead. It doesn't work; she flops. She's got talent and beauty, but she just isn't ready for Broadway; she needs seasoning. John calls back the star for the role, but he marries Lily. Which, at that, isn't bad going for a kid from the sticks.

"Presenting Lily Mars" has the flavor of show business in its story; it's full of neat and realistic touches. Richard Carlson plays a playwright; Marta Eggerth, the star into whose shoes Lily tries to step; Leonid Kinskey plays a mad designer. Fay Bainter and Spring Byington are cast as assorted mothers. As for Horatio Alger, he might be pleased to know that Lily, the following season, gets another chance and makes good in a big way.

Okay, Horatio?—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

Connie Gilchrist shared results of her Victory Garden with the entire cast. Daily toted in bunches of carrots, tomatoes, celery . . . Judy donated her first fur coat to the drive for furs to make vests for service men. It's the one she bought the day she and Mickey Rooney were scheduled to put their footprints in the fore-court of Grauman's Chinese Theater . . . Ray Bauduc, Gil Rodin, Max Herman, Bruce Squires and Pete Carpenter played their last date as members of Bob Crosby's band during production . . . All of them are now in service . . . Late one day, Judy stepped out of her dressing room onto a completely blacked-out sound stage, hoping no one had noticed the time. Suddenly a bright spotlight hit her, and she heard the Director's teasing remark, "So glad you could make it, Miss Garland!" . . . Judy never uses the phrase "for the duration." Prefers to say "until victory" . . . Private Ray McDonald, of the Medical Corps, used his one-day leave to finish his last scene with her.

THE MORE THE MERRIER

Washington, so the story goes, is jammed so full that the termites have moved out because people are sleeping in the walls. They're planning to run busses with standing room only; you pay your nickel not to get the seat you wouldn't have got anyway.

"The More The Merrier" throws a long, careful look at the nation's Capito (they've dropped the "l" to save space). Connie Milligan (Jean Arthur) is an employee in one of the numberless government bureaus. As a patriotic gesture, Connie decides to rent out one room of her three-room flat. She sublets it to one Benjamin Dingle (Charles Coburn) who talks his way into it despite the fact

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Mail coupon for a generous tube of Lady Esther 4-Purpose Cream! Try it and see how much smoother and fresher your skin looks after just a few applications.

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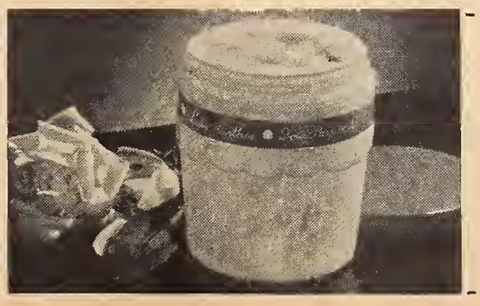

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Please send me, by return mail, a generous tube of 4-Purpose Face Cream; also 7 new shades of face powder. I enclose 10¢ for packing and mailing.

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CITY_____ STATE_____

(Government regulations do not permit this offer in Canada)

FIBS
Kotex Tampons
COST LESS!

ONLY 20¢ a package—and with Fibs you can be free as a breeze. Slip into slacks, shorts or even a swim suit with nobody the wiser. Worn internally, Fibs provide *invisible* sanitary protection . . . no pins, pads or belts . . . no chafing, no disposal problem.

ONLY FIBS ARE QUILTED

"QUILTED"—to avoid danger of cotton particles adhering to delicate tissues—to prevent undue expansion which might cause pressure or irritation. That means greater comfort and safety! And Fibs have a smooth, gently rounded end for *easy insertion!*

20¢ a package

(Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

that Connie naturally wanted a girl.

Dingle, promptly sub-sublets half of his half, if you get the idea, to Joe Carter (Joel McCrea), a mechanic with a propeller to patent and not much time to do it since he's signed up to go to Libya. Connie comes home that evening to find her place looking like a Y.M.C.A., and naturally she's sore. But Joe's handsome. So she's not too sore.

Not that Connie's love life is completely empty. She happens to be engaged to Charles J. Pendergast (Richard Gaines) who happens to be Assistant Regional Coordinator of OPL, and happens to make exactly $8600 a year, and happens also to be 40 and somewhat bald. And it happens, too, that she isn't too happy about it. But what are you going to do in a town where the girls outnumber the men eight to one?

You do just what Connie did; fall for Joe and forget Mr. Charles J. Pendergast, who happens (we forgot to mention) to have had dinner twice at the White House. What makes it so much easier is that Connie and Joe sleep in adjoining rooms with only a very thin wall in between; there's nothing wrong about talking to a guy through a wall, even if you're talking about love. As far as Connie's concerned, she's only talking to the wall.

Maybe that's what got the FBI suspicious. Anyway they crash in one night and bundle Connie and Joe off to headquarters. Charles J. Pendergast is ringed in on the investigation, and then the fireworks explode properly. To save Connie's fair name, Joe gallantly offers to marry her, strictly as a gesture. He's off to the wars and doesn't think it fair to saddle a girl with a real husband; and anyway Connie's fed up with men. So they go through the "I do" business with their fingers crossed. But when they get back to Connie's apartment, they find that Benjamin Dingle has removed the wall between the two bedrooms. What with the housing shortage in Washington, Joe has no place to go.

So he stays.

"The More The Merrier" is another in the series of gay comedies that have made Jean Arthur one of Hollywood's top notch comediennes. Even in Washington, with the odds eight to one against her, Jean manages to get her man. She must have something.—*Col.*

P. S.

Jean Arthur's bedroom in the film is cluttered with some of her own stuff—Swiss music boxes, chinaware, a big white Teddy Bear. Brought them from home, so she'd feel relaxed and at ease during her scenes . . . The five young couples, kissing and laughing for atmosphere in one of the scenes, were complete strangers before shooting began. All of them were extras, hired for the day's work through Central Casting. No romances developed . . . Five extras won, hands down, the softest jobs in the film. Played poker for pay eight hours a day, for several days . . . Four others were runners-up, being paid $16.50 to be kissed by Sugar Geise, headliner at Hollywood night spot, "Florentine Gardens" . . . Toughest problem was how to cover up Hays-office-banned "Damn" which pops up in lyrics of Charles Coburn's song. Door slams and banged fists were added to the sound track at the strategic moments . . . Shy Miss Arthur had to do her main love scene, a loooong kiss from Joel McCrea, with 21 soldiers and sailors looking on from close range. They were sent over by the local USO, and no one had the heart to ask them to leave just as they were getting their first glimpse of Hollywood in action.

IT AIN'T HAY

There is undoubtedly more story in this Abbott and Costello routine than in the others; matter of fact, "It Ain't Hay" is from a Damon Runyon story. So you'll find a pert little gal named Princess O'Hara involved in this one and sundry other Runyonesque gents, to wit: Harry, the Horse, Umbrella Joe and Chauncey, the Eye. Also a horse named Tea Biscuit.

Here's how they all fit together: Abbott and Costello are a couple of cab drivers who have a regular stand right next to one of those horse-drawn cabs owned by King O'Hara. King is loved by one and all, as is his little daughter Princess. So when King's horse dies, the whole neighborhood starts planning feverishly on how to get him another nag. Abbott and Costello come up with the solution. They steal one.

But there's a slight error in their horse trading; instead of picking out some worthless nag that no one will miss, they hit on Tea Biscuit, who is the top money-maker of the tracks. When they find out what they've done, they're in a sweat to get Tea Biscuit back to his owner. But by that time, King O'Hara is on his way to Saratoga with a fare that's hired the rig, horse and all, to ferry him there.

They head for Saratoga, followed by the three gents who've sniffed out the story; Harry, the Horse, Umbrella Joe and Chauncey, the Eye. In Saratoga, the boys have a desperate time trying to hide Tea Biscuit from the cops, from the three wise guys and from a suspicious hotel manager. For they have naturally hidden the horse in their hotel room.

Things pop rapidly after that in typical Abbott and Costello fashion. There's a wild chase across the country side, a horse race with Costello playing jockey and assorted cops trying desperately to round up the boys. But things don't happen too fast to smother the gags: trying to dope out the races, Costello asks, "What's that horse's name?" Abbott answers: "Mattress." Says Costello: "That's the last straw." Asked what his draft classification is, Costello answers: "2F—too fat."

There's a love story woven into the proceedings, and a couple of song numbers. Patsy O'Connor is the singing Princess; Grace McDonald and Leighton Noble, the two lovers. Eugene Palette, Cecil Kellaway, Eddie Quillan, Shemp Howard, Dave Hacker and Samuel Hinds round out the cast. Tea Biscuit is played by a horse.—*Univ.*

P. S.

During production, A & C bought themselves new homes and one night club apiece . . . Abbott's play-place is in the valley, "Windsor House." Costello's is on Fairfax Ave. in the Wilshire district, "The Bandbox." Their homes are modest, boasting only one luxury—swimming pools . . . Says Costello, who shuns the social circuit, "Big parties are okay for those who like 'em, but we prefer to swim in water rather than society" . . . Owner of the smart horse, John Drew, is John Drew. During filming of the bedroom scenes, in which A & C bunk in with the equine, the animal actually got weary and fell asleep, after they'd been trying for hours to get him to feign sleep.

AIR FORCE

"Air Force" is a great picture. It brings alive a series of very real and very honest characters; and what is even more difficult it brings alive a machine.

"Air Force" begins on December sixth

(*Continued on page* 14)

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

DON'T put a cold in your hamper!

DURING COLDS I USE *KLEENEX**TISSUES, THEN DESTROY GERMS AND ALL. SAVES WORK, SUDS AND ELECTRICITY!

(*from a letter by* D. McE., Jacksonville, Fla.)

Clamour Girl

I CLAMOUR FOR *KLEENEX* AND TURN DOWN CLERKS WHO CALL OTHER TISSUES "JUST AS GOOD". I'VE BEEN FOOLED BEFORE BY FLIMSY, SCRATCHY KINDS!

(*from a letter by* W. T. F., Los Angeles, Calif.)

TAKES THE CAKE

WHEN SENDING THE BOYS CAKES OR COOKIES, FILL CREVICES OF THE BOX WITH *KLEENEX*. PREVENTS BREAKING!

(*from a letter by* M. R. E., Moscow, Tenn.)

WIN $25.00 (MATURITY VALUE) **WAR SAVINGS BOND**

FOR EACH STATEMENT WE PUBLISH.

WRITE HOW THE USE OF KLEENEX TISSUES SAVES YOU MONEY AND HELPS WIN THE WAR

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NOW I 'MEMBER— ONLY KLEENEX HAS THE SERV-A-TISSUE BOX!

COMPLETE! AUTHORITATIVE! UP TO THE MINUTE!

MODERN HOSTESS **ETIQUETTE**

JUST OUT—AND ONLY 10¢

Intoxicating as a Kiss

Blue Waltz *perfume*

Like Cupid's arrow... aimed at your heart ... and his! Stimulating, delightfully feminine... Blue Waltz is a tantalizing, unforgettable perfume, sure as a woman beloved.

10¢ at all 5 and 10¢ stores

Now in a bonny Easter box

BLUE WALTZ PERFUME

ITS FRAGRANCE LASTS

(*Continued from page 12*)

of that year when a Flying Fortress is ordered on a routine flight from Mather Field, California, to Hickam Field, Hawaii. From there on the picture telescopes the history of the Pacific War into the story of this one Flying Fortress. It is moving, memorable and intense.

There are so many good things about "Air Force," it is difficult to know where to begin. There is, first of all, the remarkable heroine of this picture, Mary Ann. Mary Ann is a Flying Fortress, Boeing B-17, No. 05564. She's slim, beautiful, deadly and real. Before the picture is over, you know why a bomber crew learns to love its ship; why they will work, sweat and die to put her where she rightfully belongs—in the air. There are no scenes in the picture as thrilling or as heartwarming as the scenes of Mary Ann racing down a runway, soaring up into the clouds.

Then, too, there are the men of the crew: nine of them, each depending on the other for the safety of the ship and for their own lives. High compliment for "Air Force" is the fact that you soon forget that these men are actors; you come to believe in them wholly and completely. There are few histrionics in the dialogue; they speak simply and naturally; they are men doing a job. The only oration in the picture comes from the radio voice of President Roosevelt.

We meet them on the flight from California to Hawaii. The pilot, Quincannon (John Ridgely), called Irish, lean, capable, efficient; Co-pilot Williams (Gig Young), eager to get to Hawaii to keep a date he's made by cable; Bombardier McMartin (Arthur Kennedy), keeper of the bombsight; Navigator Hauser (Charles Drake), who aims at pin points on the map; Crew Chief White (Harry Carey), whose son is a pilot stationed at Manila; Ass't. Crew Chief Weinberg (George Tobias), who doubles on a machine gun, with a Brooklyn accent; Radio Operator Peterson (Ward Wood), who tunes in on Hawaii on December seventh and gets a chatter of Japanese; Ass't. Radio Operator Chester (Ray Montgomery), the kid, fresh out of school; Aerial Gunner Winocki (John Garfield), who washed out as a pilot once. Each of them, before the picture is over, becomes as familiar as your own brother.

The weight of the picture is carried in its details and its individual scenes. All through the picture, there's the feel of reality; this is how the boys are doing it from Australia to North Africa. The battle scenes are magnificent; you watch those deadly machine gun bullets pile into a Zero, and the plane disintegrates before your eyes; the bombardier, eyes glued to his sight, presses a button and the bombs swing earthward in a deadly arc. Filmed with the help of the United States Air Corps, it's an authentic reproduction of life on a bomber.

The cast as a whole is splendid; no one is starred in the picture, and the emphasis, as a result, remains on the crew as a whole. But each individual performance is keyed perfectly to the nature of the film. You won't soon forget the time you spend with "Air Force." If any fault, at all, can be picked with the picture, it is that "Air Force" is too short despite its two hours.—*War.*

P. S.

Chinese cinematographer James Wong Howe used the "cruel system" lighting the Chinese extras playing Japs. Lighted 'em head on, with no softening spotlights . . . One of the problems was moving a half-mile of Florida jungle from one spot to

another. Task was accomplished with 4 giant cranes, special labor crew of more than 200 . . . Island was moved because rains made it too soggy to support the weight of the "Mary Ann," making it necessary to construct a more substantial base . . . During 15 weeks of filming, the cast was forbidden to shave cleanly. Make-up men kept their beards clipped to two-week length . . . Only 20% of film has dialogue . . . Night shooting was one major headache. Jimmy Howe had to set up extra lights to lure insects away from camera lens, but the little bugs refused to stay diverted for more than a minute . . . Every day occurrence: Snakes, winding around the actors' ankles in the middle of scenes.

FOREVER AND A DAY

Out of the very top drawer of Hollywood's finest comes "Forever And A Day." It is a picture that has something of the quality of "Cavalcade." It tells the story of a London house from the time it was built in 1804, to the time it is blitzed to rubble in 1941. Crammed with stars, it makes good use of most of them; unlike many all-star pictures, it has unity, pace and emotion. Some seventy or eighty ranking actors appear in the production; at least half of the faces you will recognize as first-rate stars. They run the gamut from Sir Cedric Hardwicke to Buster Keaton.

Briefly, the story tells of Admiral Trimble (C. Aubrey Smith), who first built the house; of his son Billy (Ray Milland), who dies at Trafalgar, defending England against Napoleon. Billy leaves a beautiful wife (Anna Neagle) and a son to carry on his name, but with the Admiral and Billy dead, the house falls into the hands of Ambrose Pomfret (Claude Rains). It is Pomfret's grandson Dexter (Ian Hunter) who unites the two families by marrying a Trimble (Jessie Matthews).

Branches of the Pomfret-Trimble family emigrate to America. There's Jim Trimble (Brian Aherne) who marries a housemaid (Ida Lupino) and goes off to America to find his fortune. And Jim's son, Ned (Robert Cummings) who comes to London in 1917 as an American doughboy, visits the old Trimble house and finds it a hotel for a select group of boarders. He marries a girl he finds there (Merle Oberon) before he goes off to France and to his death. It is the daughter of their marriage (Ruth Warrick) and a Pomfret from America (Kent Smith) who bring the story up-to-date in the war-torn London of 1941.

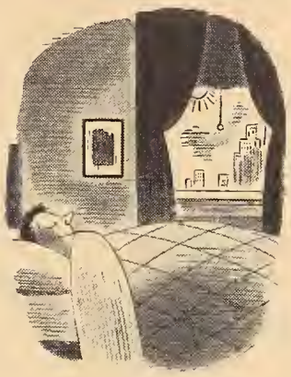
It is, as you can see, an involved family epic, of paths crossing and recrossing. But no outline can do justice to the story and the many fine scenes in it. The early part of the picture has the charm and dash of a costume romance; the turn of the century scenes are quaint and endearing; the passage depicting the Trimble Hotel during the first World War has pathos and emotion; and the blitz scenes of today are realistic and superb. But nowhere does the story get lost, and at all times it is entertaining and moving; it is told, always, in human terms.

"Forever And A Day" is of a pattern throughout; consistently good. If we must single out some of the performances, it is only because lack of space prevents us from listing all. So then: C. Aubrey Smith's blustering Admiral is superb; Brian Aherne and Ida Lupino are delightful as the semi-cockney London lovers; Gladys Cooper and Roland Young are profoundly moving as the parents of an air ace shot down in the first World War; Merle Oberon and Robert

(*Continued on page* 62)

These easy rules help keep colds away

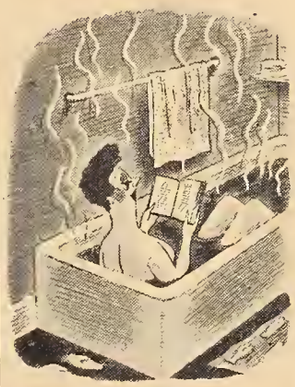
1 Stay out of drafts



2 Get plenty of rest

3 Dress warmly

4 Drink liquids often



5 Take a warm bath after chilling exposure —then cover up

6 Eat right—keep regular

7 Guard your throat

...and gargle frequently with Pepsodent Antiseptic. It is effective even way back in your throat where illness often strikes first. Pepsodent Antiseptic kills germs quickly—millions of the very type of germs that increase the misery of colds. Get a bottle of protection today.

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

Co-ed

By Jean Kinkead

Just how much guzzling, smoking and smooching will you have? Here's Co-Ed's idea to keep you in tow!

Isn't all the wartime-immorality-of-youth talk getting you slightly down? Between that and the headlines about the teen-age crime wave, you're no doubt feeling like a cross between Mae West and a Dead End Kid. All your little indiscretions rise up to haunt you . . . the night you let Johnny kiss you about 20 times, even though you didn't give half a hoot about him; the time you smoked a whole pack of cigarettes over at Jane's though your mom's forbidden you to even look crooked at a weed; the time you got so silly on that spiked punch at Helen's house. Oh, boy, you brood. Move over, Madeleine Webb.

Brood no longer. What if you have fallen a time or two? You can pick yourself up and start all over. The main thing is to work out a little code of behavior for yourself and then really live by it. See that it's not too pure nor too lax, but as workable as you can make it. Here's a little tale that may help you whip up said code.

Out in Detroit, six co-eds got together and formed kind of a Hays' office for themselves. They were free at all times to censor each other's goings-on, and once a month they'd meet to discuss their current dilemmas. The whole thing was kind of a glorified bull-session with the added advantage of mutual assistance. We were spell-bound the night we sat in on the meeting at Sally's house.

The first dilemma was Mary's—Sally's darling younger sister—who wanted someone to give her a few good reasons for not drinking. Anne, a senior at Ann Arbor, caught that one on the 10-yard line.

"Mmm," she beamed. "Can't I expound!" It seems that she was the daughter of absolute teetotaling parents, and when she first got to college, she considered that night lost that she hadn't had something to drink. "Not too much," she explained. "Just a slight buzz. I felt awfully sophisticated, and it was months before I realized that no one was a bit impressed." Most of the girls, she told us, had been used to an occasional cocktail at home, and for them drinking had no great enchantment. They'd nurse two beers along all night or one Scotch, and as often as not they'd stick to lemonade. "Just two types of girls drank too much, I discovered," she said. "The dopes like me and the tramps. Not that the rest of them didn't go off on a toot once in a while, but that's a bit different than regular week-in, week-out guzzling." Her advice to Mary was to take a cocktail or two at home, sometime, or out with Sally. Decide for herself whether she liked the taste, study her own reactions and act accordingly. "Just don't think you have to drink to be popular or sophisticated, but don't act like Mrs. God if you're the sole abstainer in a gang of party-ers. Try to remember about the two types of (*Continued on page 90*)

"Her proud head topped with shining hair
Gives her charm beyond compare"

No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous ... and yet so easy to manage!*

So Exquisitely Feminine, yet so practical, too . . . this up-swept way of handling shoulder-length hair! Glamorous enough for evening wear, yet suitable for active war-work days, because it's easy to keep trim and neat! Hair shampooed with Special Drene.

For glamorous hair, use Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added . . . the only shampoo that reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap, yet leaves hair so easy to arrange!

No matter how you wear your hair, if you want it to be alluring to men, see that it's always shining, lustrous . . . sparkling with glamorous highlights! Don't let soaps or soap shampoos rob you of this thrilling beauty advantage!

Instead, use Special Drene! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo . . . how gloriously it reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to arrange . . . right after shampooing! Easier to comb into smooth, shining neatness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

You'll be thrilled, too, by Special Drene's super-cleansing action. For it even removes all embarrassing, flaky dandruff the first time you use it . . . and the film left by previous soapings!

So, before you wash your hair again, get a bottle of Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added! Or ask your beauty shop to use it. Let this amazing improved shampoo glorify your hair!

*Procter & Gamble, after careful tests of all types of shampoos, found no other which leaves hair so lustrous and yet so easy to manage as Special Drene. *Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.*

Replacement or Refund of Money — Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — If Defective or Not as Advertised Therein

Soap film dulls lustre—robs hair of glamour!

Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Special Drene! It never leaves any dulling film, as soaps and soap shampoos always do.

•

That's why Special Drene Shampoo reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Special Drene with *Hair Conditioner*

"The man who killed my husband . . . now he wants to make love to me! I am a woman . . my house is lonely . . my arms are hungry . . but my heart remembers! Soon — there will be one less of this horrible horde!"

John Steinbeck's

THE MOON IS DOWN

A heart-stirring picture told with a power and fury that will leave its fire in your heart forever!

with

SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE • HENRY TRAVERS • LEE J. COBB • DORRIS BOWDON • MARGARET WYCHERLY

Directed by Irving Pichel • Produced and Written for the Screen by Nunnally Johnson

A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

Al

Sylvia W.

Henry

Annette

Conrad

Kay

Sylvia K.

TO OUR READERS...

We've had this page up our editorial sleeve for ages, but got so involved with headlines and deadlines it never got written. Henceforward, it'll be a monthly proposition, bursting at the margins with big news. To start things rolling, we'd like to introduce ourselves. The gent up there in the bow tie is Al Delacorte. He's 29, with a yen for swing à la pre-war Goodman and a sailboat named "Wee." He'll be a pop when you read this. The sleepy-eyed lad is Henry Malmgreen, New Jersey weekend farmer and exaggerating papa of a 9-month-old who's "so big she wears junior miss dresses." . . . Westward, there's Sylvia Wallace who runs the H'wood office with one hand, bakes brownies for soldier hubby with the other. And Kay Hardy who sees all, knows all on account of living right behind Ciro's. . . . Back in New York, there's Annette Bellinger, conga queen of the USO and a chef like crazy; Connie Wienk, whose innings with stork and Uncle Sam are both pending; and low man (in inches only) Sylvia Katz, our child bride with the Gable-sized appetite. . . . That's the gang, and a "hi" from each of us to each of you. P.S. Surprise! Surprise! on page 82!

the editors

Clarence S. Bull

Jean Pierre Aumont shrugs his shoulders and nonchalantly labels his escape from the Nazis a matter of "good luck." But at the crux of the matter lies a story that matches his role in M-G-M's "Assignment in Brittany." A tale of how he left the Paris stage and won the Croix de Guerre, and later, when it was over, sailed the dark, perilous journey over the Atlantic to safety.

Ray Jones

Babs (and you may quote her) says, "Temperament? Nuts." No time for it. Too busy dividing herself into thirds for Bob and little Dion and for the studio. Throwing herself into war work. Keeping that dreamy house running smoothly. Being a leggy burlesque queen one moment . . . changing type completely, the next, for such satiny portraits as Univ's. "Flesh and Fantasy."

Off to Luke Field, Ariz., for 40-week civilian pilot training. Enlisted Oct. 13, passed exams with highest score in group—94%!

16. Finished packing and closed door by 4 P.M. Never kept pictures of friends; sole sentimental touch was snap of Julie in desk blotter, and 2 bathing suits hung on bedroom door!

I'm willing to settle for ten. Do me a favor and sell it."

"Five," said the big shot.

John found in himself the capacity for an unsuspected talent. He haggled and liked it. Exultation swept him as the big shot haggled back. In the end they compromised on seven weeks. He left with a check for three thousand bucks and the knowledge that he could swing a business deal.

The three thousand was clear profit. Two days later he started drawing dough on Warners'.

* * *

It went fine at first. He made a test for a musical. They gave him a few days off, so he drove Anne up to Santa Barbara. She was unpacking, when the wire arrived. "Come back immediately."

So immediately did he come that a cop pinched him for speeding. They slapped a painful fifty-dollar fine on him and sentenced him to traffic school for two weeks. It was the last time he ever got pinched.

That was a Sunday. On Monday he started work in "Garden of the Moon." This was really it. His first good part in a good picture. God bless Warners'. God bless his friends who sent rapturous wires after the preview. He couldn't see it himself, having been shipped to location in Florida.

Then they put him into five quick B's and dropped him. Beat him to the punch that time. Option day stole up on him, passed and left him numb. Any blow left him numb for a while. Then a delayed reaction set in—kind of psychological double-take.

He spent sleepless nights, trying to dope things out. Three major studios had kicked him in the pants, never mind the technicalities. Either they were right, and he was lousy, or they were wrong, and how could he prove it?

He's been offered a part in a New York show, but he hated leaving Anne, whose work was here. He harked back to a thing Gregg Toland (*Continued on page 67*)

MILLION-DOLLAR BABY

When Phil Harris and band camp-tramped, Alice tagged alang as secretary. Belaw, Alice sweet-talks Phil at Charley Fay's where they first met.

Flanking Alice are Johnny Payne and Director Bruce Humberstone, or set of 20th-Fox's "Hello, Frisco, Hello!" When "Frisco" was finished, Alice announced she'd take three months off to be with Alice, Jr.

Photographed by Jean Cooney Studios

When Phil and Alice were married, they announced they'd have a houseful of kids . . . the sooner the better. First of the brood, Alice, Jr., shown at 6 mos.

Alice goes lavish on perfume. Sprays "L'Heure Bleu" on hourly. Wears little jewelry, loves slacks. During last scrap drive, slacks-clad Alice turned up at gas station with 300 lbs. of rubber.

By Nancy Squire

Some kids have all the luck! Like Alice Faye, Jr., f'r instance. Got a Daddy to cradle her in ruffles and a velvet-voiced Mom to rock-a-bye her to dreamland!

Our drama opens in the infants' department of one of Beverly Hills' swankiest shops. Seated here and there are happy-faced women, inspecting tiny garments and selecting crib robes, bonnets and those famous thirty-six-inch squares of white fabric. As it is just two weeks before Christmas, 1941, there is an occasional shopper investing in a singing Teddy Bear or a series of pink and white enamel building blocks.

Enter: one large, curly-haired man—alone. In what would pass for a dream walking, he wanders through the clothing section and finds himself in the junior furniture department. He begins to look like a cartoonist's biggest rendition of a Joe E. Brown grin. He beams like the rising sun.

He buys the most gorgeous pink, blue and white crib available. It is a swish concoction of satin, lace and beauteous bows. "Deliver it the day before Christmas to Mrs. Phil Harris," he instructs the faintly smiling saleswoman. "Er —I'm Phil Harris. (*Continued on page 72*)

By MARIS MacCULLERS and KAY HARDY

1. When Lucky's (Alan Ladd) draft no. comes up, he unsuccessfully tries to pass a beggar woman off as a dependent mom and winds up a Private in the Army.

2. Sneaking off duty, he meets canteen hostess Jill Evans (Helen Walker) who reports him. While escaping from guard house, he snitches a car, clothes and briefcase.

"LUCKY JORDAN"

HE WAS A TOUGH CUSTOMER, ALL RIGHT! IT TOOK NAZI SPIES, DOUBLE-CROSSING GANGSTERS AND A WOMAN'S LOVE TO SOFTEN HIM UP FOR THE ARMY!

STORY The fat, little lawyer was worried. He stood before the huge desk looking at Lucky Jordan. He wiped his face once with his handkerchief. He tried a smile. Lucky Jordan didn't smile back.

"Listen, Lucky," he said. "I tried everything I know."

"Did you get me out?"

The fat, little lawyer sighed: "This draft business isn't like trying to beat a two-bit rap. The government means business. There's a war on."

"I know," Lucky said. "They're closing all the tracks."

"As your legal adviser," the (*Continued on page 80*)

PRODUCTION Alan Ladd's fans know what they want. 900 letters a day pour in, asking him to (1) smile in his next picture; (2) win the girl; (3) still be alive at the end of the film.

Pert, pretty Helen Walker, dubbed the "Surprise Girl of 1943," came to Hollywood straight from the stage, plays the feminine lead in her very first picture. (That's where the surprise came in.)

Helen handles a car like a parking lot attendant, refused a double for a dangerous driving scene. Drove lickety-bickety around a bend, swerved (*Continued on page 79*)

4. His buddies double-cross him, and Nazis (after secrets) murder his "mother" (Mable Paige), slug him and grab case!

3. When he discavers case cantains tank armar secrets warth 50 grand, he plans ta share laat with gangster cranies. Lacks Jill, wha is hep ta the situatian, up in a friend's hause sa she wan't squeal!

5. Jill gets tree and attempting ta put FBI an his trail, nadvertently tips aff Nazis as ta where he is. In ensuing free-far-all, he and Jill autwit them and nab case!

6. FBI eventually turns up, nabs spies, and Lucky meekly gaes back ta camp. He decides he daesn't want his cauntry run by guys wha beat ald wamen ta death.

Tho Ronnie and Janie are famous members of family, daughter Maureen's only one who rates a scrap-book, prominently displayed on living-room table. Janie's currently working in Warners' "Princess O'Rourke."

RONALD REAGAN

By Ida Zeitlin

Here's Part II of Ronnie's exciting life story, in which he grows up to meet career and love . . . and war!

● That final summer of Ronnie's at Lowell Beach was highlighted by eleven rescues, a fearsome walk through the woods and his decision to become a sports announcer.

Once he plunged in, clothes, glasses and all. There was a blind man who'd swim by ear, his friends calling directions from the dock. Busy with a new cover for the diving board, Ronnie hadn't yet changed when a scream sent him knifing through the water after the blind man.

He emerged with his charge, glasses still on his nose, money in his pocket. Only his frat ring was gone. He found it on the pier later, where he must have pulled it off automatically—as he pulls it off when he washes his hands or goes to bed. Like the fairytale princess, who couldn't sleep with a pea under her nine mattresses, Ronnie can't sleep in a ring. It throttles him.

Not far from the beach nestles the Dixon Insane Asylum. Occasionally an inmate would break out. Nobody's pressure went up. "One of our nuts got loose," the authorities would phone. "If you see him, pick him up."

But one day the phone call held a more urgent note. Two negroes and a white, all homicidal maniacs, had escaped. "They're bad ones," came the warning. "Watch out for them."

As Ronnie crossed the river that night for a date at a cabin party, he could see, among the wooded hills, the lights of the searchers. They were still searching two hours later when, alone, he had to paddle his canoe (*Continued on following page*)

Mom and daughter have an old custom of tea-drinking every afternoon. Dolls are named after donators, regardless of gender. Consequently, mamma dolls are often manickered Johnny, etc.!

Last year when Janie heard about an Army private in nearby camp who bet his buddy a month's pay he'd entertain her for Thanksgiving, she and Ronnie made him a winner by showing up!

Before Maureeney came, Janie had a yen for red and wore a scarlet coat right up to time of hospitalization. Gained 54 lbs.; altho baby weighed in at 5! Above, M. bedded with broken leg.

A big eater, Maureen likes to have everyone nibble along with her. Offers food if they have none. Makes visitors kneel while she blesses family, chums and "everyone in the whole world."

back, beach it and cover a stretch of dense woodland to get to his car. Not only did he cock his gun—he kept his thumb on the hammer, pulled the trigger. Every shadow held a threat, every leaf that stirred a lurking danger. It was the longest walk he ever took.

Anticlimax. Nothing happened. No mad eyes gleamed through the darkness, no mad claws clutched. He got home feeling a little shaken, slightly foolish and intensely relieved.

In a Chicago bus that fall his eye hit a newspaper story. A lunatic had attacked a woman and knifed two cops before being cornered. "He and two negro companions," the story concluded, "escaped from the Dixon Insane Asylum last August."

These were incidents. What occupied his mind was, "Come fall, what'm I going to do for a living?"

Among the summer visitors whose kids he'd taught to swim was a man of wealth and influence. He'd promised help. "If you'll tell me exactly what line you want to get into, and if I have any connections in that line, I'll get you a job."

"I don't know what I want—"

"Well, sit down with yourself and find out."

So he sat down and snared the visionary odds and ends that had long been floating in and out of his head. He considered and rejected pro football. That he'd stayed with high school and college football eight years, though consistently outweighed, had been pretty lucky. No sense in crowding his luck. He kissed off the stage

On Maureen's 2nd birthday, Janie gave a party for 25 youngsters. For right, best friends Michael Morris (Wayne's son) Julie Payne, M., J. and Roy Millond's youngster, Donny.

as something loved and unattainable like the lady of Shalott. Let's be practical, said Ronnie. Out of his dive into practicality, he brought up between his teeth the decision to be a radio sports announcer. Radio was akin to show business, he knew sports, and his dramatic training couldn't hurt.

Radio, as it turned out, was one of the few fields his friend's interests didn't touch. He gave Ronnie sound advice. "If you're smart, you'll just go hunting. Somewhere you'll find a guy willing to take a chance on a youngster. Tell him you aim at sports announcing. Then tell him you'll take any job—janitor, file clerk, tenth vice-president—just so you're around when the break comes. And look—this isn't the good old brush-off—you'll be better off getting a job of your own in the long run than having somebody shove you down their throats."

Jack was against the whole thing. This was the great unemployment era. Kids were being told to stick around their home towns. Other towns had their own to take care of. "Quit chasing rainbows and piddling your dough away. Dixon has jobs."

That might be okay for the other fellow. Not for Reagan. On the theory that what Jack didn't know wouldn't make him sore, Ronnie told the folks he'd run down to college with Moon (*Continued on page 94*)

BIG GUY

1. Before Sundoy breakfost, George weeds gorden, tends chores around Letz house, spruces up for popovers with Fron Roeburn. Then spends doy lounging ot her home or his. Fron understonds enough Russion to get along with Mom Letz without interpreter.

2. Serious moments revolve around wor, shop talk, politics. Friskier moments they spend with Fron's tiny niece Kothleen whom Geo. adores. Fron's doft over the Letz' snowy robbits housed in backyord lean-to.

He may be boastful (about his rabbits)—

belligerent (about his dimples)—wacky (about Superman).

But he still gets our vote for nicest guy in Hollywood!

5. When George got first big port, he roced down to Polm Springs where Fran wos stoying, spent week-end reheorsing his lines with her. (Lost pic wos M-G-M's "Coney Islond.") Fron studies voice, tries to teach George who olways storts seriously but ends up yodeling.

6. They flip coins to decide night's entertoinment, olwoys wind up ot movies. Both odore horror films, swop murder mysteries. Couple met 3 yeors ogo when she pinch-hit on dote for sister Kothryn Groyson.

By Jeanne Karr

3. George morkets by bike, dumps graceries into metal tray. (Mom nixes hired help.) He ond Fronces get holf way ocross town by bicycle, and she gives out. At tennis he shellocs her; ot bowling she takes him over; in horsemonship they're equally matched.

4. Pick-up at the Letz' meons homburgers, tossed solad, cheeses, milk, stewed fruits. Dining out usually meons the Bublichki where George con order in Russion. Hates liquor, devours steok, stuffs on Russion cookery and Frances' mom's southern fried chicken.

A MESSENGER boy stopped before a small, pleasant cottage in Cheviot Hills (a super suburb of Los Angeles) and kicked the sole of a shoe protruding from beneath a nearby car. "Hey, buddy, in which house does George Montgomery live?" he wanted to know.

A grimy pair of trousers, a torn shirt and a grease-marked face curled around the differential region and said, "Right over there, kid."

"J'know whether Montgomery is home this Sunday morning or not?" the messenger asked.

"Don't think so," opined the mechanic. "Seems to me I saw him leave about an hour ago, all dogged out in tennis whites, carrying two rackets in frames."

"Great stuff, being a movie star and never doing anything tough," the kid said, as he wandered up to ring the bell and hand over his message.

George Montgomery grinned cheerfully and returned to meddling with his car.

So you see, basically, the he-character from Montana hasn't changed (*Continued on page 76*)

7. George totes perfume, great bunches of violets ond stocks of toothsome goo to Fran who says, "He knows I hote chocolate, only brings it so he can eat it himself." Fran's given Montgomery leather script holder and record-albums.

8. Portrait's been storted several times; Fran can't sit still long enough to hove it completed. Running conversation during sittings: "Russian for bread is 'khlyev,' potatoes are 'kartashki'." George's best portraits so far are oils of Linda Darnell and Cesar Romero.

MODERN SCREEN GOES TO

Kris Morgan's Birthday Party!

It's strictly kid stuff—but what fun! We played "Pin the Tail on the Donkey" and stuffed ice cream and birthday cake till it came out our ears!

When Ston won "Pin the Toil on Donkey" he "lent" prize toy gun to Tod on Mom's "suggestion." Eoch kid got o fovor, but Kris roped in loot—Roggedy Ann ond Andy from Dod; Pluto ond Pondo from Mom; first pocketbook!

Porty celebroted Kristen's 5th birthdoy. Guests come ot 2:30, left ot 5:30, mode o "Hoppy Birthdoy, Kristen" record led by Doddy. L. to R., Kris, Dennis, Jimmy, Ston ond Denny Devine!

While boys worked up on oppetite ot footboll with Dennis, girls clustered oround Denny's huge dog. Climox come when Boby Jimmy wos brought down to meet the mob. Very excitoble, he could only stay o short while.

What Kris really wanted was perfume, but the nearest she came to it was scented soap from Dad. Won't wet it, just sniffs! She and kindergarten pal Donna Lou sneaked away and picked icing off cake when nobody was looking!

High spot was gobbling vanilla cream with chocolate turkey centers and cake! When Kris doused only 3 candles at first blow, Stan impatiently finished job. Above, Denny, Ted, Dennis, Kris, Jackie, Donna Lou, Ken, Stan and Mary.

Stan tooted bugle as kids marched to their places, made impromptu speech about Kris who's "not bad at all, now that she's grown up." Andy Devine's kids were only movie young 'uns there.

One of Judy Garland's and Dave Rose's last public appearances together was at Brentwood Players party at Little Theater. She sang for crowd to his piano accompaniment. Above, J. with Gracie Fields.

From her roster of suitors, Jane Withers picked A. C. Lyles for her biggest date of the year—New Year's Eve. He's one among millions of U. S. Army privates—actually begs for K. P. duty!

Dinah Shore, who's been giving heartbeat George Mantgomery singing lessons, claims he has a promising voice. Between rehearsals of Command Performance Show, she and Red Skelton clowned for cast.

CANDIDLY YOURS

Modern Screen doesn't miss a trick! Staff candid cameraman Walt Davis focuses his lens on the stars at their off-hours play and work for Uncle Sam!

Trauble in the George Raft-Betty Grable menage—seems she's licking him right and left at pool games—and he no like! Rumors are afloat that she's dating ex-hubby Jackie Coogan these days.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 45

Drink a Toast to Our Armed Forces!

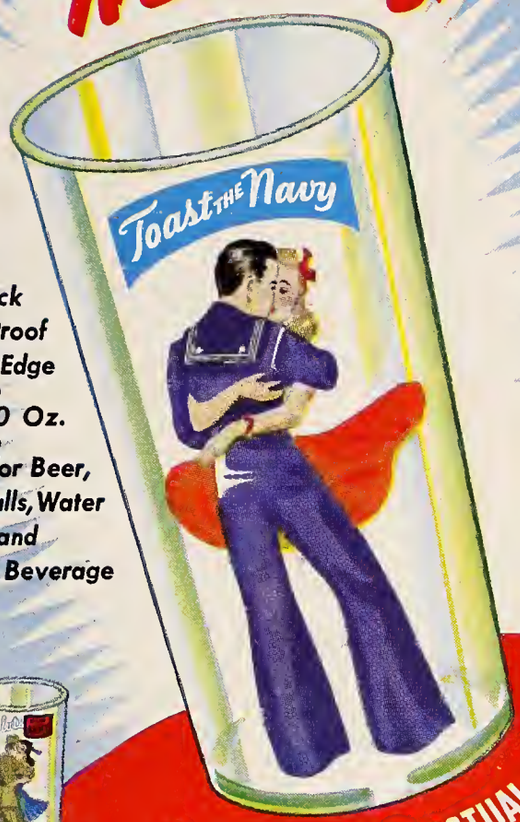
NEW... EXCITINGLY DIFFERENT "DRINKING COMPANIONS"

for Readers of MODERN SCREEN

Patriotic . . . Unique . . . SO Different! You'll Want to Take Advantage of This Coupon Offer Now While Supplies Are Still Available

Just think! A matched set of six, best-quality, big 10-ounce Victory drinking glasses, and on a coupon offer so amazing it may never be duplicated.

What makes these glasses so amazingly unusual is the full color design, different on each glass, saluting each different branch of our armed forces . . . Army, Navy, Marines, Air Corps, Coast Guard and even the Defense Worker, ALL are "toasted" and honored. There are *two* illustrations on *each* glass. We have illustrated what you see from the front. You'll get a real kick out of the back view, when you turn the glass around. In good taste for young and old, but not for "prudes"! So, readers, accept this coupon offer now, while this special arrangement is on. You'll be glad you did!



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Be sure to mail your coupon today. When your set of 6 full-color Victory Glasses, toasting our armed forces, reaches you, give postman only $1.49 plus C.O.D. postage. Consider them "on approval." See the excellent quality glass, the perfect shape. Note the safety chip-proof bevel edge. Most important, be happy with the vivid full-color illustrations, different front view and back view, toasting our armed forces. Use your set for 10 days, put them to every test. If you aren't 100% pleased beyond words, return the set and your money will be immediately refunded. Victory Glasses make every party a sure success, are ideal for everyday use, too. Timely, exclusive and such a wonderful coupon value, you'll be delighted. Readers, be the first in your set to Toast Our Armed Forces for Victory! Now, today, mail the coupon.

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FREE!

MATCHED COASTER SET

For prompt action in mailing the coupon, not only do you receive your set of 6 different full-color Victory Glasses at an amazing low price, but also you'll receive a set of 6 valuable and useful coasters, free of all extra charges. Don't wait. Mail coupon now.

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NO-RISK 10-DAY TRIAL OFFER

Send me a set of 6 big 10-ounce illustrated Victory glasses and the free set of coasters. On arrival I will deposit with postman $1.49 plus postage charges on the iron-clad guarantee that if I am not completely satisfied, I may return the set of glasses and coasters in 10 days for complete refund without question.

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☐ SPECIAL: Send me 3 complete sets, with FREE coasters for $3.49. (Due to the demand and our limited supply, only 3 sets may be ordered by one customer.)

The doctor* oughta know about this...

...my Karo bottle is empty. The grocer told Mother today he would not have any Karo 'til tomorrow. But he said that any customers who need Karo for babies will always have "priority" in his store.

The problem of the Karo people is to supply the Army and Navy and to make enough Karo besides to meet the demands of millions of hard-working Americans who need Karo's valuable food energy.

Of course the makers of Karo are working at capacity 24 hours a day. But they cannot step up quantity any further without letting down on quality—and this they will *never* do.

Now, Doctor, you and Mother and I would rather have quality than quantity, wouldn't we? So let's be patient. Occasional shortages of Karo are only temporary.

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Buy U. S. War
Bonds and Stamps

* **IMPORTANT TO DOCTORS AND TO MOTHERS**

If your patients are unable to buy KARO regularly, please tell them to write us (postal card) giving name and address and *grocer's* name and address. We will take immediate steps to provide their grocers with KARO for babies. *Mothers,* too, are invited to write us direct (address above).

BECAUSE THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR QUALITY, THERE NEVER CAN BE A "SUBSTITUTE" FOR KARO

That beard on Desi Arnaz is painfully sprouted for his role in "Bataan Patrol." Just recently Lucille rescued him from total disfigurement when a hot water heater exploded and set fire to his hair!

Man-short 20th-Fox's new white hope is father of four, non-draftable Phil Regon, whom they're grooming to reploce Army's John Payne. Made a hit with Bette Davis on Elgin Christmas Day broadcast.

On the rocks: the matrimoniol ventures of Steve Crane and Lana Turner, who're expecting on imoge next July. Seems his divorce decree from Missus No. 1 wosn't final till Feb., so Lona's gotten on onnulment.

"REAP THE WILD WIND"

Pitting himself against a hurricane and the greed of pirates, Ray Milland wins tempestuous Paulette. Read this epic, then write your caption for our huge $4000 contest on page 82!

1. Loxi (Paulette Goddard) and salvage crew brave hurricane, reach wrecked *Cimarron,* find Capt. Martin (John Wayne) unconscious and Cutler (Ray Massey) on scene.

2. Loxi's cousin Drusilla (Sue Hayward) loves young Dan Cutler (Robt. Preston), sees him secretly. Meanwhile Capt. Martin, recovering at Loxi's home, is captivated by her.

3. Sent to Charleston to forget Martin, Loxi meets his business rival, Stephen Tolliver (Ray Milland), plans to use him to Jack's benefit. Tolliver falls in love with her.

4. When Jack turns up in Charleston, Loxi agrees to marry him. Their wedding, aboard departing ship, is broken up by Steve, who leaps on deck, throws Loxi overboard.

5. When Steve arrives in Key West with Loxi, the Cutler gang, thinking him too shrewd for their salvage racket, try to smash cargo net into him, but Loxi's scream warns him.

6. Learning af Cutler's plan ta shanghai Steve, Laxi and Jack ga ta warn him and find Cutler's gang there. A terrific free-far-all follaws with Steve managing ta shanghai the thugs

7. King Cutler tricks Jock inta pramising he'll take cammand of the *Southern Cross* and wreck it. Stawed away is Drusillo wha has pramised ta return and marry Don Cutler.

8. Steve tries ta head Jack att, but Laxi, in spite and anger, turns their ship inta a rudderless flaat. In faggy dawn they see Jack's ship smashing, full speed, inta a charted reef

9. As special prasecutar, Steve tries Jack. When Dan Cutler hears that a girl went dawn with the baat, he rages madly, pramises to split case wide apen if girl wos his Drusilla

10. Steve and Jack dive ta find Drusilla's body, battle gratesque giant squid under water. Steve cames up tarn and bleeding, says he's left Jack Martin dawn there with Drusilla.

11. Dan whirls on brather with gun, but King shaots first. Steve quickly turns the pistol an King, putting an end ta the Cutler cambine ond winning an adaring Loxi far himself.

Tyrone Power

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

By Cynthia Miller

A few days' gay excursion . . . a dozen mad, sweet memories for Annabella to cherish when Ty left.

● The big white electric-eye controlled gates simply didn't move fast enough. Mr. Tyrone Power almost smacked the right hand gate, but—by a fast maneuver—swung wide and zoomed around the curved driveway to stop before the Colonial pillared house. Three nondescript mutts came loping from the back lot in full cry. One mutt is near-spaniel, one is semi-Belgian shepherd, and one is modified-Scottie. Each was rescued from starvation at some time during the past two years by the man who has a tender streak THIS wide plastered on his heart. He can't refuse man or mutt.

He took three seconds in which to pat three rapturous heads, then crossed his threshold and went bounding to the library where Annabella arose to meet him.

Catching her hands, he announced, "Everything's all set. The studio won't need me for 'Crash Dive' retakes, so we can take our motorcycle trip!"

Without further conversation, the Powers went into an elaborate minuet to express triumph, anticipation and love in general. The Powers pair have more fun out of marriage than ducks have from a mill pond.

"But the double seat," Annabella finally remembered. "It has not yet arrive!"

Annabella will never lose, entirely, her delicious French way of expressing herself. Her accent is utterly charming, her vocabulary wide (*Continued on page 64*)

Pvt. Power has already piled up 115 hours of piloting, hoped to become Marine glider pilot after 7-week boot training at San Diego base. Parting shot for 20th-Fox was "Crosh Dive."

Annabella cracks gum noisily, whistles as she works, loves cooking. Ty gave step-daughter blonde mare for birthday. Little Anni, tickled to death, poetically dubbed it "Moonlight."

Betty Grable

BARBARA IS ROMANTICALLY LOVELY with her wide-apart eyes, serenely parted hair and white, flower-like skin—but she's also *today's* American girl, energetically at work 6 days a week in a big war plant!

LUNCH-BOX INSPECTION at gate of the plant where Barbara works as a calibrator on sensitive instruments. She is wearing the blue coverall and safety snood designed for the employees. "We love the outfit," she says. The saucy blue snood is mighty becoming to her bright, soft-smooth face.

"*MY SKIN* needs special care these days. Snowy-soft Pond's is my *favorite* cleansing Cream," says Barbara.

SHE'S ENGAGED!

She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

BARBARA'S RING—is charmingly feminine, a sparkling solitaire set with a small diamond either side, in a delicately engraved platinum band.

BARBARA SHEETS, captivating young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Sheets, is engaged to Joseph V. Mellor—uniting two well-known Long Island families.

"Joe expects to be in the Army very soon," Barbara says, "so I'm more than ever glad I have a war-production job to do."

Even though she works hard for long hours—she finds time to keep pretty. As Barbara says, "When you get up at 6 a.m. and work all day with only ½ hour for lunch—your face deserves a little pampering. And—it's *lovely* how a Pond's Cold Creaming makes tired skin feel."

She slips Pond's over her face and throat and gently pats to soften and release dirt and make-up. Then tissues off well. "Rinses" with a second Pond's creaming. Tissues it off again. This *every* night without fail—and "for daytime slick-me-ups, too," she says.

Use this lovely *soft-smooth* cream yourself. You'll see why war-busy society leaders like Mrs. John Jacob Astor and Mrs. William F. Dick use it—why more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream. All sizes are popular in price . . . at beauty counters everywhere. Ask for the larger sizes—you get even more for your money.

Yes—it's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's!

Roy Rogers

Entirely New Idea in Make-up

JERGENS "TWIN MAKE-UP"

two lovely make-up aids—in ONE box to give you that young dewy-fresh look

IN A JIFFY, you've the loveliest make-up ever!

First, sponge on Jergens new Velvet Make-up Cake that beauty experts are crazy about. Little skin flaws seem to disappear. Your face looks smoother!

Then, smooth on Jergens Face Powder in the heavenly new shade styled for your type of skin. How young you look! And you needn't repowder for ages longer.

This new Twin Make-up brings you your just-right shade of make-up cake *right in the same box* with *your* shade of face powder.

Only $1.00 for this whole exciting new Twin Make-up! Look naturally-lovelier in an instant! Ask for Jergens Twin Make-up today! (Jergens Face Powder, alone, comes also in regular boxes at 25¢ and 10¢.) Made by the makers of your favorite Jergens Lotion.

$2.00 Value for $1.00

Jergens new Velvet Make-up Cake with matching Face Powder

Boxed together, for the first time— Both for $1.00—less than many girls pay for a make-up cake alone! Choose the powder shade that lights up your type of skin; your twin harmonizing shade in make-up cake is right in the same box. (5 sets of shades—1 specially styled for you!) Get Jergens "Twin Make-up" today!

SMILE, PLEASE!

By Carol Carter

For that engaging smile you admire so, take a tip from the screen stars and keep your teeth white and sparkling!

● There's no priority on pretty, smiling girls . . . you'll find 'em driving busses, assembling bombers, studying First Aid, emoting on the silver screen. Look at the crowd of beauties on these pages! Hollywood's pearly-toothed belles are setting high smile-standards for the rest of us gals. And modern dentifrice products make it easy as apple pie for every pair of smartly rouged lips to show sparkling, stain-free teeth. Pick your own favorite cleanser: paste, powder or liquid.

No girl should neglect any phase of her beauty care. Even a natural born beauty must be positive that her teeth are always gleaming, her breath fresh, her gums healthy. Dimmed-out teeth are mean old beauty blitzers . . . and they're not at all necessary in this day of fine dentifrices. Hollywood glamour gals flash brilliant, provocative grins—and alert young moderns everywhere are jumping on the smile bandwagon.

Keep 'Em Clean!

Teeth are more precious than jewels: you wear them twenty-four hours a day, and you get only one grown-up set. Best take care of yours! Wash them twice a day at least and, if possible, again after every meal. If you're a working girl who realizes the value

Janet Blair's happy smile and pretty teeth are like her new pic, "Something To Shout About."

Deanna Durbin says for flashing white teeth brush-them at least twice a day. See her lovely smile in "The Amazing Mrs. Holliday."

Shirley Pattersan reveals a smile that would win the heart af any saldier. She's charming to see in "Samething Ta Shaut About."

Make your smile brighter ...lovelier. Use a new

PEPSODENT "50-Tuft" Tooth Brush

Now Improved with Heavier, Sturdier "FIBREX" Bristles

★ 50 tufts of gentle "Fibrex" . . . Du Pont's finest synthetic bristle.

★ More tufts than any other tooth brush having such a small, compact head.

★ "Fibrex" bristles won't get soggy . . . won't stay wet. Anchored tightly . . . won't shed.

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY ★ Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

of an attractive smile in business, keep dentifrice and toothbrush at your office for after-lunch use.

Choose a brush that's small enough to get around all the corners of your mouth comfortably. Its bristles should be firm but not hard, with ends blunt so they won't irritate tender gums. After every use, rinse the brush thoroughly in cold water (too warm water is apt to turn your brush into a softie). If possible, hang it in a sunny place to dry. It's a good idea to have at least two brushes for use at home, so that one is always dry and firm. Or take a tip from Janet Blair and Laraine Day who both always own at least three toothbrushes. If you're a real Prom-trotter, or if visits to a soldier-hubby keep you on the go, it's dollars to doughnuts that when you pack, you often forget your toothbrush. To prevent this travel woe, why not keep one of your extra brushes in your overnight bag? You'll then be ready for all emergencies.

Do replace your worn brushes when they need it. The effectual life of a toothbrush is from one to two months, so don't hang on to yours when its bristles become soft and worn. Treat yourself to a new one.

Artful Brushwork

There's such a variety of excellent dentifrices lined up on today's toiletries counters, that it's a simple matter of choosing the one you like best, then using it frequently enough for it to be effective. You have your choice of powder, paste or liquid tooth-sparklers, all in refreshing, "clean-feeling" flavors. Once you've made your choice, meet your dentifrice halfway by wielding your toothbrush in the approved manner. No hasty stab in the general direction of your mouth, finished off with a few desultory scrubs. There's more to it than that! In the first place, learn to give enough time to the actual scrubbing process. Scientists advise three minutes or more. No cheating, mind. Jeanne Cagney suggests that you leave your wrist watch on as a time-check. Babs Stanwyck measures her tooth-cleaning period with a tiny, three-minute "hour-glass," ordinarily used for three-minute eggs!

Brush your teeth in the direction in which they grow, away from the gums towards the biting edges, and be sure that you cover all surfaces, both inside and out. To be positive that (*Continued on page* 92)

By Fredda Dudley

Good News

It's rumored 20th-Fox has arranged another 30-day deferment for George Montgomery to finish up commitments. Above, with Good News author Fredda Dudley!

Vic Mature and Rita Hayworth engaged . . . Alan Ladd into khaki . . . Bing Crosby's home gutted by fire!

Cupid's Hot Breath on the Back of Famous Necks:

By far the biggest news story flaunted in the face of astonished Hollywood this month was the blitz-marriage of Ginger Rogers to Private John Calvin Briggs, U.S.M.C. At this point it would be very pleasant to give a brief dissertation on the nature of true love. We might justly say that the heart, crushed to earth, will rise again, because Ginger has been through two marriages and several unhappy love affairs. We might prophesy—with startling truth—that this union will last and stand heralded some day in the disant future, among the signally successful and staunchest of motion picture mergers.

The statistics look like this: Ginger met Jack on September 27, 1942. She was returning from a bond tour and stopped in San Diego. One of the men in her party knew Jack rather well, so got in touch with him and asked the Marine to have dinner with Ginger and company.

Here is the lowdown on Private Briggs, and it may make the average American girl ready and willing to trade places with his new wife. Jack was under contract to RKO for some time and did several minor pictures over there. Just as war broke out, they

Newscoster prophesied Ginger Rogers' morriage to Phil Reed o few hours before she said "yes" to Jack Briggs. Phil hod met Mom, squired her oround son-in-low foshion!

had decided that Jack had the stuff and were prepared to sign him to a five year contract which would have paid him $165,000. Jack said, "Thanks a lot, gentlemen, but I've got sort of a date with sort of an uncle of mine. I'll talk it over with you when the fracas is finished." And he hastened down to Marine Recruiting Headquarters and signed up.

Although Ginger had worked on the RKO lot when Jack was there under contract, they never met until that famous dinner party was arranged. Despite Jack's being 22, those who know him well admire his intellectual accomplishments and his maturity. He's a Brain, if you please, on dancing heels. And what otherwise is Ginger?

They must have found a good deal to talk about that first night, because they didn't leave the dining spot until Jack had to zip back to camp.

A week later there was a brief line in one of the columns, to wit: "Ginger Rogers at Mocambo with Marine Jack Briggs."

Several weeks later: "Ginger Rogers at The Players with Marine Jack Briggs."

And, on December 31, from Harrison Carroll's column: "Time was when Ginger Rogers objected to being photographed at night spots, but the star didn't say a word when news cameramen snapped shot after shot of her dancing at the Palladium with Marine Jack Briggs. In fact, Ginger didn't seem to know or care if anybody else but Briggs was on the floor.

"Oddly enough, the pair were accompanied by Bonita Granville, Jack's ex-girl friend and by Skitch Henderson. They didn't have any reservations and had to sit in the upper balcony."

Then, on January 15, after 10 dates, Ginger announced her engagement to Jack. She told news reporters that the wedding would take place as soon as she had a day off from Paramount's "Lady In The Dark." When Buddy de Sylva, her producer, read his morning paper, he telephoned Ginger and said, "Congratulations! Go ahead and make your plans."

A buzzing of wires goes here. Ginger got in touch with Jack, and Jack, doubtless, got in touch with plenty of gold braid and authority. Then he started for Los Angeles. His train was late, so he actually kept Ginger waiting at the Methodist Church in Pasadena until 1 A.M. Saturday, January 16.

Ginger wore a brown suit with a tiny brown hat trimmed with sable tails to match. On her brown suede bag she had pinned two white baby orchids. After the double ring ceremony, read by Dr. Edwin Day, Ginger and Jack drove with Eddie Rubin—long Ginger's close friend and confidant—to the home of Jack's mother and stepfather. Ginger's mother was there, too.

Writers who asked where Ginger planned to spend her honeymoon were told that it was a complete secret, but the newlyweds were seen the following night dancing at Mocambo, so gas rationing, Ginger's responsibility to Paramount and the brevity of Jack's leave obviously kept them fairly close to Los Angeles.

And the theme song for this whirlwind wartime romance? It might well be those poignant lines:

"For this is wisdom: to love, to live,
To take what Fate or the gods may give.
To ask no question, to make no prayer.
To kiss the lips and caress the hair.
To speed joy's ebb as you greet its flow.
To have, to hold, and in time, let go."

* * *

Romantic shocker of the month was the suit for annulment of her July 17, 1942, marriage, filed by Metro's ultra-lovely Lana Turner. Background for the litigation is this: it seems that Stephen Crane signed a property

Dream Lovely LUCILLE BALL

STARRING IN "DU BARRY WAS A LADY," AN M-G-M PICTURE

You can have her Cameo Skin-Tone

AS TOLD TO LOUELLA PARSONS, *famous Hollywood Commentator:*

"A puff full of glamour from my big box of Woodbury Powder—I'm ready for camera or conquest," says Lucille Ball. "This new *Woodbury Natural* shade gives a cameo skin-tone—petal-smooth, dazzling-fair, almost transparent!"

Clever Lucille Ball is right! Working with Hollywood directors, Woodbury discovered 5 complexion colorings. Then—by a wonderful new process, Color Control—Woodbury blended flattering shades to glorify each type.

Flick on *your* Woodbury glamour shade. Instantly, your complexion seems smoother, softer, more youthful. And fragrant flower-fresh Woodbury Powder clings like a magic aura.

Woodbury Powder is only $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ a box. Why not wear it *today?* Make *his* heart beat faster.

WOODBURY POWDER

Color Controlled

BEAUTY BONUS... NEW Matched Make-up

Now with your $1.00 box of Powder, you also get Rouge and Lipstick, all in a stunning set. All just right for your coloring. All three for $1.00. Hollywood Type Chart in every box.

Upon their recent split, Judy Gorlond ond Air Force's Dove Rose issued o joint stotement exploining, "It is best for both of us to seporote ond work out our mutuol differences."

Chums soy Mickey Rooney ond Avo still hove those disogreements, ond seporotion is imminent, either of their own volition or U. S. Army's which hos just recently classified him 1A.

Hedy Lomorr honds out snocks ot H'wood Conteen, ond suitor John Loder's o busboy. Altho they're doting regulorly, no wedding bells till his divorce comes thru next September.

Since Air Codet Bob Sterling's been courting Ann Sothern, she's seen no one except Cesor Romero ond ex-hubby Rog Pryor, both with Bob's full consent. Soon's her divorce is finol, they'll wed.

settlement with his former wife, Carol Kurtz of Indianapolis, in February, 1941. He assumed, therefore, that he was a free man after February, 1942, and had a perfect right to marry Lana in July. Not until recently did he learn, to his horror, that his first wife hadn't secured an interlocutory decree until January, 1942, which wouldn't be final—and leave Mr. Crane without matrimonial ties—until January, 1943.

Perhaps Cupid is currently threading his bow with red tape.

There were a good many people who knew this, but who had urged Lana to keep it quiet. Yet, such are the ways of laws and lawmakers, that it seemed best to bring the situation out into the open and file suit. If the court grants an annulment, it automatically recognizes that a legal union existed when the expected Crane heir was ordered by his parents. In other words, litigation was necessary to protect the name of the baby-to-be.

After filing the suit, Lana entered a hospital—completely exhausted and suffering from a minor anemic condition. Daily visitor as this goes to press, is Steve Crane, laden with candy, flowers and any other gadget he thinks Lana will like.

* * *

Lovely, unspoiled Carole Landis, one of the most thoroughgoing right-guys in the picture business, married Captain Thomas C. Wallace in London on January 5. Carole was in England with a troupe of actors and actresses who had been entertaining American troops, and the trip—for her, at least—was one of those pit and peak experiences. One of the first things that happened to her was an attack of acute appendicitis. That bother removed, she promptly fell in love.

Captain Wallace is a native Californian, born in Pasadena. A Pasadena jeweler, in a God-bless-you-my-children gesture, made quite a display in his window, using a gorgeous glamour shot of Carole and a newspaper clipping that pictured Captain Wallace. Behind the two portraits gleamed the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack.

For Pasadena, noted for its utter unconsciousness of the mere existence of a town called Hollywood, this was a gigantic awakening. Particularly so in view of their pride in Captain Wallace, one of the original members of the R.A.F.'s first American Eagle Squadron.

Heartbreaking fact is that Carole has contractual obligations to fulfill at 20th Century-Fox, where she is scheduled for "Army Wife," so she will have to return to Hollywood while her husband remains in England.

And that, kids, just isn't zoot.

There will be a brief pause while you run down to the corner grocery and get another fistful of rice.

* * *

Psst! Don't tell Andy Hardy, but Polly Benedict is married! Yowsah, she up and did it the day after Christmas, i.e. Miss Ann Rutherford became the bride of David May, vice president of the May Company Enterprises, and son of Tom May, the founder.

Ann wore an azure blue dress, a pink hat and a matching pink muff made of camellias, and she looked like dawn over a field of forget-me-nots. This romance hasn't been easily brought to the altar; those who know Ann and David well, realized that they were deeply in love months and months ago. But there were many problems to be solved before they dared allow that Lohengrin Look to deepen their eyes.

There was a pall cast on their happiness before their honeymoon was well launched: David's 26-year-old sister died suddenly in Los Angeles.

TAXES AND WAR BONDS—It Takes Both!

'Nuther Pair of Nuptials:

Lt. Dan Dailey, Jr., (remember him as a heavy in M-G-Mers?) married Miss Elizabeth Hobert, socialite, in Los Angeles.

* * *

Dick Foran of the Whoa Whoppers married beauteous blonde M-G-M starlet, Carole Gallagher, at the home of Dick's parents, Senator and Mrs. Arthur Foran, in Flemington, New Jersey. All goggle-eyed at the ceremony were Dick's two sons by his former marriage to Ruth Hollingsworth, Los Angeles socialite, Pat, aged 4, and Mike, aged 3.

* * *

Vic Orsatti, actor's agent, told Marie McDonald "I do" before a minister and gave her a mink coat as further assurance that he was fur her.

TAXES AND WAR BONDS—It Takes Both!

Heart Mart:

Everyone who knows Susan Hayward and John Carroll well is momentarily expecting either an engagement or a marriage announcement.

* * *

Richard Quine has given Susan Peters (who is utterly devastating in "Random Harvest") a spar-spangled gold and diamond brooch. She gave him a penny to take the curse off the pin's sharp point, on account of neither of them wants to have anything but harmony in their twosome. Watch this one.

* * *

When Betty Hutton became engaged to Perc Westmore, she announced that she wouldn't think of marrying until the war was over. However, the war is over so far as Perc is concerned, for he spent practically the entire time between his induction and his honorable discharge fighting an acute sinus condition. Actually, he should never have been accepted by the Army in the first place, because his trouble is one of long history. Betty, faced with a decision, chose the "no" department. Betty's career is just beginning to coagulate into something solid to the bricks, and her parents have never for a moment forgotten that she would be Perc's Wife No. 5.

* * *

Eleanor Powell is wearing Glenn Ford's diamond on That Finger. He gave it to her Christmas Day.

* * *

Most exotic engagement announcement was that of Rita Hayworth and Victor Mature. "When each of our divorce decrees is final, and when the war is over," Rita said, "we plan to be married." For some peculiar reason, a group of Los Angeles club women failed to note the pathetic tone of that statement and served some sort of resolution on the Hays Office suggesting that announcements of pending marriages be discouraged until the principals were actually eligible. Surely the best rebuttal to that is: we are in the midst of war when ordinary rules of etiquette must be abandoned. Rita had a lonely Christmas, although Vic managed to telephone her Christmas Eve. And Vic—who is well-liked by the men serving with him in the Coast Guard—is spending a good deal of his time on the North Atlantic on active duty. A man and a girl, under such circumstances, aren't likely to be patient with meaningless convention.

* * *

Checked to find that Bette Davis and Arthur Farnsworth celebrated their wedding anniversary on New Year's Eve. Bette spent

PLANT A VICTORY GARDEN

OUR FOOD IS FIGHTING

A GARDEN WILL MAKE YOUR RATIONS GO FURTHER

Hundreds of women have said that Mary Lowell HAND CREAM is far superior to anything else they've ever tried for dry, chapped, red, rough hands. Even if you work in industry, on farm, in store, office, hospital, or home, your hands can be kept lovely to look at—exciting to touch. Mary Lowell HAND CREAM is neither sticky nor greasy. Never smudges clothing. Large 3-oz. jar 55c at your beauty shop or cosmetic counter.

Send 10c (coin or stamps) for TRIAL SIZE. FREE BOOKLET: "Simple Care for Hands That Toil."

Also Mary Lowell Perfumed Deodorant. 50c

HOUSE OF LOWELL, INC., TIPP CITY, OHIO

the early part of the evening at her beloved canteen, but later she and "Farney" entertained their usual group of friends at the Miramar in Santa Monica. One of the guests supplied the gift of the evening: an old-fashioned, high-necked, long-sleeved cotton nightgown for Bette and its male counterpart for "Farney." By the way, you've never really heard an infectious laugh until you've heard the first lady of the screen give forth a chortle of uninhibited amusement.

* * *

Apparently the John Huston-Olivia de Havilland romance has been issued a "C" book for heart mileage again. They went out for luncheon one day while Livvy was working on "Devotion," and were gone THREE hours.

* * *

Beautiful sight at Mocambo: John Loder dancing with Hedy Lamarr. This is the newest twosome around town, and one of the most attractive. John met Hedy several years ago in Paris; he was working in French pictures, opposite Danielle Darrieux (for whom his small daughter is named) at that time. He and Hedy both speak French fluently and with great wit. By the way, if someone wants to ask this reporter with whom she would choose to be shipwrecked on a desert island, the answer'd be Loder.

Why? First, look at the man. Second, listen to him. Did you know that he faced a firing squad and lived to tell about it? Did you know that he escaped from a German prison camp? Did you know that when you see "Old Acquaintance," you're going to be jealous of both Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins because of the tender glances they get from That Gentleman Loder? No wonder that the temperature at the Hollywood Canteen rises about 10 degrees when he and Hedy are there each Friday night.

* * *

Another romance that reached the engagement stage during the month of January was that of Maria Sieber (16-year-old-daugher of Marlene Dietrich) and Richard Haydn. No date has been set for the wedding, and the affianced pair will be separated for some time, so don't hoard your old shoes.

* * *

But watch the daily papers for the announcement of Fritz Lang's marriage to Virginia Gilmore. He plans to go East as soon as he completes "Unconquered," and the American air these days is replete with B-24's, P-38's, Cupids and Storks.

TAXES AND WAR BONDS—It Takes Both!

Spend for the Axis or Save for Taxes?

Comes the Ides of March, you'll be stewing (*Continued on page 86*)

When Bing's house burned down, fans sent more replacements than he could cram in a barn! Has just bought 5,000 acres in Elko, Nev., where he'll raise horses. Below, with Janet Blair on Kraft Music Hall.

Jimmy Cagney and Lt. Ronald Reagan in "Salute to the Army" radio broadcast. Jimmy was New York Film Critics' choice as best actor of '42 for his magnificent performance in "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

Marriage rumors abound about Bill Lundigan and Martha O'Driscoll. Her mom caught pneumonia after she and Martha battled flames for hours, to save their house next door to Bing Crosby's burning one.

Phil Silvers, Betty Grable and Rags Ragland on shortwaved "Mail Call" radio show. Phil, headed overseas to entertain troops, wouldn't breathe a word of where he was going. Stocked up on shorts, tho'!

Here's ROSALIND RUSSELL...*lovely as Springtime itself*

Here's the BEAUTY soap she uses every day!

CHARMING ROSALIND RUSSELL, STAR OF RKO-RADIO'S "FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM"

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap *because it's a real BEAUTY Soap*

LOUISE: Tell me, Mary, do you know anything about those thingumajigs that many women use now instead of sanitary pads?

MARY: *I certainly do. I use Tampax myself and if you don't I'll give you credit for less intelligence than I thought you had.*

LOUISE: Well, of all things, Mary! You surprise me! I had regarded you as conservative about new ideas.

MARY: *Right you are Louise, but this new form of sanitary protection, Tampax, is a real boon to us women and I'd be stupid not to use it.*

LOUISE: Tell me, Mary, is it true Tampax doesn't show, that you are not conscious of wearing it and that it eliminates other nuisances that go with the wearing of external sanitary pads?

MARY: *It is all true, emphatically. It really seems too good to be true, but I now realize life can be worthwhile even at "those times" of the month!*

LOUISE: What started you on Tampax, Mary?

MARY: *I have a friend, Jeannette, a registered nurse whose word carries great weight with me. She said she uses Tampax and so do many other nurses . . . She emphasized what a lot it means to women from both the psychological and the physical standpoints . . . and now most of the girls in my office swear by Tampax!*

Tampax was perfected by a doctor to be worn internally and is now used by millions of women. It is made of pure surgical cotton compressed into one-time-use applicator. No pins, no belts, no odor. Easy disposal. Three sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. At drug stores, notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package of 40's is a real bargain. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 SIZES
REGULAR
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REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 15)

Cummings enact a touching and charming love story. Charles Laughton does a tippling butler; Sir Cedric Hardwicke (no less) and Buster Keaton do a hilarious turn as a pair of nineteenth century plumbers; Richard Haydn flutters unmistakably as a shy gent named Fulcher; Herbert Marshall has an affecting scene as a priest in a bomb shelter.

And just to show you the type of actors we still haven't mentioned, here's a list of more you will recognize: Wendy Barrie, Eric Blore, Una O'Connor, Nigel Bruce, Reginald Gardiner, Arthur Treacher, Edmund Gwenn, Dame May Whitty, Montagu Love, Patric Knowles, Denis Hoey, Elsa Lanchester, Victor McLaglen, Gene Lockhart, Reginald Owen, Edward Everett Horton, Anna Lee and Donald Crisp. They are all magnificent.

And there are more.—*RKO.*

P. S.

Virtually every member of Hollywood who once called Britain "home" had a part in the production . . . Many of the cast donated their services, worked at night because they were working at their own studio during the day . . . Production began 'way back in 1940 . . . Top favorite from England Jessie Matthews, after consistently refusing all Hollywood offers, flew here to do one sequence in the film. Luggage complications made it necessary for her to borrow clothes to wear at the very first party given in her honor in America . . . Biggest headache was getting the right people for the proper sequences together at the same time . . . Cast was so large, and players all so famous, credits were listed "in the order of their appearance." . . . Robert Coote received special permission from the R.C.A.F. to come to Hollywood on leave to do a part in the picture . . . the V.A.D. Girl, listed as "June," is June Hillman, playing her first screen role.

CABIN IN THE SKY

"Cabin In The Sky" is the love story of Little Joe Jackson (Eddie "Rochester" Anderson) and his wife Petunia (Ethel Waters). Little Joe is a good-hearted man, but his life has been one long bout of "Wrastlin' wid de devil." Joe, unfortunately, isn't a very good "wrastler"; somehow or other dice keep finding their way into his pocket, and even worse, he can't get Georgia Brown (Lena Horne) off his mind. It looks as if the devil has a double hammer-lock and a half-nelson on Little Joe.

But Petunia is in there fighting the "Lawd's" battle, and she has Little Joe all primed to come into the fold. But on the night he's to be saved, Little Joe is waylaid by a couple of his former pals; Lucius (Rex Ingram) rattles a pair of dice in his ear, whispers that Georgia Brown is waiting for Little Joe just down the road a bit at Jim Henry's Café. Little Joe is tempted . . . and goes with Lucius.

At Jim Henry's Café, Little Joe gets into a ruckus, is shot and staggers back to Petunia. Little Joe seems to be dying; and sure enough Lucifer, Jr., materializes over his bed, smirking a bit, and tells Little Joe to come along with him to the "incinerator." But the "Lawd" has heard Petunia's praying, and His General comes down to take a hand. It's decided that Little Joe is to get more months of life, and if he can whitewash his soul in that time, he can take his place with the cherubs. Lucifer, Jr., has to agree even though he complains that the General is playing "dirty pool."

So Little Joe gets his six months, with Lucifer, Jr., trying to trip him up, and Petunia and the General trying to keep his feet on the straight and narrow. It's a tough six months for Little Joe because Lucifer, Jr., sends Georgia Brown around to tempt him; and Lucius comes by rattling his dice. Little Joe holds out until Lucifer, Jr., hits on a smash idea. Lucifer, Jr., arranges for Little Joe to win the Irish Sweepstakes. And you know what happens to a man's soul when he gets his hands on a powerful lot of money. Little Joe falls off the wagon with a resounding crash. Petunia and the General have their hands full trying to get him back on again.

"Cabin In The Sky" is a musical, and with such entertainers as Ethel Waters, Rochester and Lena Horne in the leads it's smash entertainment. All the hit songs from the Broadway show are carried over into the picture with a few more added at the Hollywood end. Louis Armstrong and Buck and Bubbles figure in the cast; and Duke Ellington and his orchestra and the Hall-Johnson Choir supply the music. "Cabin In The Sky" is an imaginative fantasy and a warm, love story. Little Joe makes heaven, but it's an awful tight squeeze.—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

Cast and crew were goggle-eyed the day Rochester breezed in wearing a frock coat, riding boots, a big hat and drooping white mustache, carrying a gold-headed cane. "Good morning, Rochester," said director Minnelli, "just what's the idea?" "Good mornin'," came the reply. "Jes' call me Colonel."

Seems he was celebrating the victory of Burnt Cork, horse he had bought for $450, who had just won the $7500 stake race at Washington Park!

Asked by Lionel Barrymore what his highest note was, Louis Armstrong replied, "A above staff—and sometimes higher if the chops are percolating good." (Meaning if his lips are in good form.)

I SAW IT HAPPEN

When I was hiking with a friend along the Champlain Bridges connecting Ontario and Quebec, we saw the cutest little baby boy being wheeled by a lovely girl in slacks and kerchief. I couldn't resist going over to play with him. His vocabulary consisted of one word, "Bath," which, I gathered from his excited gestures, meant the river. After walking a few blocks chatting, I found that the baby's name was Michael Damien, and the mother was Maureen O'Sullivan.

Later, I dazedly accepted when she offered me a lift into Ottawa to the grocery store. I hounded her place for an autographed picture and found her not only amazingly unaffected but twice as lovely off screen as on.

Shirley H. Pickthorne,
402 O'Connor St.,
Ottawa, Canada.

P. S.—Maureen O'Sullivan was in Ottawa to be with her husband stationed near here.

Loretta Young

STARRING IN

"CHINA"

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

★ *It creates a lovely new complexion*

★ *It helps conceal tiny complexion faults*

★ *It stays on for hours without re-powdering*

Create flattering new Beauty ...in a few seconds

WHAT a thrill the first time you try Pan-Cake Make-Up and find that you can actually create a beautiful new complexion, lovely in color, smooth and flawless...in just a few seconds. What satisfaction, too... when hours later you realize you haven't had to re-powder. Originally created by *Max Factor Hollywood* for Technicolor pictures, Pan-Cake Make-Up has become today's make-up fashion. Just try it once...and you, like millions of girls and women, will be devoted to it forever.

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Are You His DREAM GIRL

Your fighting man will remember the silky smoothness of your coiffure, the bewitching dash of your saucy ringlets. His heroine has no lanky locks, unruly wisps, or disordered curls to vex his military eye.

DeLong Bob Pins will keep your coiffure in order. With reasonable care, *they'll last indefinitely*. Use them adroitly, for the duration.

Strong Grip Won't Slip

One Does the Work of Several

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

(*Continued from page 49*)

and varied, and her combination of English and French idioms appealing beyond description. She is the story book French girl combined with terrific American good sportsmanship.

Tyrone thought over the lack of a double seat. "Let's go down and see what we can figure out," he suggested. So the Powers descended on the garage to inspect a Harley-Davidson motorcycle that is out of this world. It has two of the most beautiful tires ever to inspire envy in the eye of a man with four retreads.

Tyrone established himself on the sheepskin-covered driver's seat and wheeled the beauty out onto the driveway. "Listen to that motor," he instructed Annabella in a medium roar above the gnashing of cylinders.

"You think, yes, that we should have a rehearsal for this treep?" she screamed.

Ty nodded and obtained a cushion ordinarily used in the patio for summer sitting. He fastened it behind the driver's seat and helped Annabella to establish herself. Then he pressed the button on the electric-eye gate, shoved off and went careening down the gravel and out into the highway with his wife clinging to his waistline with awful intensity.

The wind tore at her face and plucked at her hair; the road jumped up at unexpected intervals and smacked her in spots unbecoming a gentlemanly highway. Her teeth rattled, her spine jarred, and her very rouge quivered. But when Ty yelled, "Swell, isn't it?" she yelled back, "Oh, yes. But, YES!"

That night, after this brief rehearsal, a group of friends dropped in. "Wanta hear some news?" Tyrone demanded enthusiastically. "Annabella and I are leaving tomorrow for Santa Barbara on my motorcycle. How's that for solving the gas shortage!"

tall tales . . .

A *very* dear friend said to Annabella, "Do you know what to do about cramps in the small of the back and down the legs? Well, you fill a tub as nearly full of very hot water as possible and empty into it a bag of Epsom salts. Then you climb in and soak until you are a geranium red."

Bill Goetz came forth at this point with a story. Seems that he had a very dear friend who was addicted to motorcycle trips, preferably with his girl friend cozily clasped on the back seat. Seems that they were making a moonlight trip, and what should they meet but one of those gigantic oil trucks coming back from the harbor—loaded. Crash! Blue Flames! Pink Flames! Bodies rolling across the highway! Sirens shrieking in the night, bound for a rescue too late.

"Even if you don't have an accident," someone else chimed in, "neither hot baths NOR oil rubs will lick that tired feeling. No, indeed. The thing to do, Annabella, is to order ice the instant you get to the hotel. Not just a little ice but about 15 lbs. in a cake. Set this in the middle of the bathtub and seat yourself on it. Remain there until penguins begin to march into the room, one by one, and wink at you."

Annabella began to grin. "Okay—so you reeb me. So I show you all what a good time we have sput-sputting."

The following morning they affixed a large, leather saddle bag (with silver mountings, incidentally) on either side of the rear wheels. In these bags, the American Family Power stored its tooth brushes, soap, sleeping attire and other essentials for a several days' visit.

Each of them wore ski underclothing, a pair of blue jeans, two sweaters and a windbreaker. Tyrone wore leather gloves, and Annabella wore white cotton gloves—"like a mammy singer," she told her husband. In a knapsack on her back, Mrs. Power tucked an additional sweater.

"All set?" Power, the motorcycle tycoon, demanded at last. That was about 2 P.M.

Annabella adjusted her goggles and saluted smartly. "Contact," she said, having listened to certain air talk tossed off by visiting birdmen.

no penguins . . .

She ensconced herself on the multi-springed bicycle seat and clamped her arms around the driver's middle. She looked out on a lovely landscape and hoped that she would see it soon again—sans breaks, contusions, bruises or penguins giving her the eye.

Splutter, crash, roar. Down the highway they went. And much to Annabella's astonishment, the gluteus maximus (ask your doctor if this isn't the name of the folding muscle usually supported by a chair) suffered no ill effects whatsoever. You see, the trial run had been made over rutted roads, but the actual trip was to be made over macadam highway.

Mrs. Power began to relax. She looked at the scenery instead of the gloomy side of life. She found that it wasn't necessary to clutch her partner in two-wheeled motoring; her poise was excellent without bolstering. Suddenly she realized that it was fun. She confided this fact, in a delighted shriek, to her husband.

The miles reeled off. They reached the beach highway and gloried in the sun glittering on the placid Pacific; Mrs. Power became almost unbearably proficient at motorcycle riding. "Can you see me?" she yelled to her husband, extending her arms in the manner of a scarecrow standing in a field. "I'm a sea gull. I'm flying!"

A little later on she extracted her mirror from an inner pocket and inspected her nose. It didn't exactly need powdering, but the notion of adjusting one's make-up on a motorcycle racing along Roosevelt Highway was more than she could pass up, so she added a dash of rouge and an outline of lipstick.

"Now," announced Mrs. Power, "I want to ride in that jeep you see in the news reels—the one like a kangaroo!"

This was too much for her husband, who had suspected all along that she had agreed to go on this trip, at first, because she was such a four-star good scout and not because of an adventurous spirit. He said she was wonderful—and meant it.

They stopped at a roadside stand for coffee and doughnuts after they had covered about half the distance to Santa Barbara. There were no other customers present, so Tyrone fell into a comradely conversation with the boy who drew two steaming cups of java. It seems that the boy was to go into service the following week, just as Tyrone was. They talked Army and the Marine Corps; they talked about North Africa and Guadalcanal.

Annabella wandered over to a pinball machine (her favorite game of "skill") and played a nickel. Back came 30c. So she treated her husband, making a nice little gesture of it, to coffee and doughnuts.

"I'm glad I brought you along," con-

Dura-Gloss picks you up . . .

10¢ PLUS TAX

Keep your nails pretty, for him. Make Dura-Gloss your ally in this, as so many thousands of smart girls are doing. Dura-Gloss radiates sparkling good spirits. Protects your nails and keeps them nice. Doing your nails is a big help when you're feeling tired, "all worn out." Each nail looks so brilliant and colorful, you feel proud and confident. Dura-Gloss contains a special ingredient, Chrystallyne, that makes it stay on exceptionally long — at all cosmetic counters, 10¢.

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Founded by E. T. Reynolds

DURA-GLOSS *nail polish*

Cuticle Lotion
Polish Remover
Duro-Coat

WATCH his eyes shine with admiration as myriad highlights sparkle and dance in your hair. Yes—brighter, lovelier hair can easily be yours when you use Nestle Colorinse. Try it tonight—after you shampoo.

COLORINSE rinses away dulling soap film ★ adds lustrous highlights ★ makes your hair softer, silkier, too. It's not a permanent dye or a bleach. BUT—it won't rub off! It's there to stay—'till your next shampoo.

Nestle's Guide to Glamour ★ *"For lovelier hair use Nestle Shampoo* BEFORE *and Nestle Superset* AFTER *Colorinsing."*

P. S. **ASK YOUR BEAUTICIAN FOR A BEAUTIFUL NESTLE OPALESCENT CREME WAVE**

Nestle

COLORINSE

2 rinses for **10¢**
5 rinses for **25¢**
At 5 and 10¢ stores and drug stores

fessed her husband. "You're cutting down expenses nobly!" Whereupon they looked into each other's eyes and laughed for no good reason except that they were in love and having fun.

They reached the ranch near Santa Barbara, at which they had reservations, just before dark. Their suite consisted of a bedroom—with an open fireplace—bath and living room.

Annabella, changing from jeans to a simple dress she had brought in the knapsack, observed happily, "And I don't need an oil rub or a bath of any temperature!" This was Thursday evening.

Friday, Saturday and Sunday they spent on day-long picnics. Two horses had been placed at their disposal, so they rode far back into the hills on picturesque mountain trails.

And they talked. They talked with the terrible urgency of those who are to be parted. Not that either of them considers the situation tragic; Tyrone is doing what every able-bodied man in the nation WANTS to do. And Annabella, like every loving girl alive, wants her man to be a part of this thing that is bigger than any individual plan or hope or need.

things to come . . .

They talked about Annabella's new picture, "Bomber's Moon," and they agreed that it was strictly zoot, the stuff and solid at that. They talked about their meeting when they were working on "Suez" several years ago; they talked about the joyous weeks they worked in "Liliom" together and then made a pact that in time to come—when the war is over—they will do "Liliom" again.

Sunday night, before they donned motoring clothes and scorched southward, they had dinner at one of the loveliest and most romantic of all Southern California restaurants: El Paseo de las Flores. Annabella gave her husband his "Godspeed" gift: a Miraculous Lady medal, and a military watch with illuminated hands and numerals, a stainless steel, shockproof, moistureproof case and a sweep second hand.

He gave her a gold service pin, its proud blue star a sign of our times.

And, as soon as he received it at boot camp, he sent her a gummed Marine Service Insignia for the window, special for leathernecks' families.

Those first two weeks, with Tyrone away, weren't easy. Ask any girl on earth whose husband has gone off to camp. But Annabella had promised to write every day, and sometimes the letters rolled off her pen by two's and three's. And she sent two packages during those two weeks: cookies. Because Tyrone had written to her, "I'm hungry. We have dinner at 4:30 each afternoon and then breakfast at 7 the next day."

The second week-end, Annabella and a friend pooled their gasoline stocks and drove to San Diego. When they reached the space assigned to visitors, they found perhaps 50 or 60 Marines milling about. The friend said in despair, "We'll never find Tyrone. Everyone looks exactly alike. Same dreadful haircut, same uniform. Now what shall we do?"

But Annabella was getting out of the car. Her voice shaking, she called back, "There he is. With the big, dark eyes and nothing around them!"

Clinging together, they talked rapturously. Husband and wife talk, some of it, that belongs only to Tyrone and Annabella. But there were anecdotes, too. Tyrone found that none of the men in his platoon had hangers on which to keep their G.I. blouses neat, so he wrote to Bill Goetz at 20th and suggested that a shipment of 50 hangers would be tops.

Bill cooperated: He sent 49 substantial, plain hangers for the platoon, but to Tyrone he sent a perfect production of a hanger: a dainty little blue satin, padded number, tied with pink bows. Private Power will never live it down.

Private Power had another one to tell. You may have seen the March of Time's magnificent documentary film on the Marine Corps. If so, you heard the Marine's Creed of the Rifle. It seems that in the Marine Corps, one never refers to his armament as a gun. It's a rifle.

Inadvertently, Private Power mentioned his "gun." So, as discipline, he thereafter wrote 200 times, "400,000 Marines have a rifle. I have a gun."

On January 20, International News Service carried this announcement: "Commended as an example of a good Marine, Private Tyrone Power, former film star, today was named honor man of his platoon at the San Diego Marine Recruit Depot. As the platoon's outstanding member, Power was awarded an honor medal by Colonel George T. Hall, depot commander."

In other words, local boy makes good. His wife will undoubtedly have that news dispatch framed. Then she will carry it around with her for weeks, showing it to everyone who might be in the least interested. Because that's the way with people in love: they take enormous pride in one another, they find fun in the same mad excursions and precious memories.

MODERN SCREEN QUIZ

You're quiz-ical brighties, and we love you for it! The way you positively gulp the stuff down is wonderful. But better rehearse the thing before you start gulping. Below there are 20 clues. On pages 79 and 90 there are two more sets of clues. If you can guess, after mulling over the first clue, the name of the actor or actress to whom it refers, score yourself 5 points. If you must turn to the second set of clues before you get the answer, score yourself 4 points. And if you guess on the third try, the question's worth 3. For a perfect score you'd have to guess all 20 questions on the first set of hints. 20 questions . . . at 5 points each . . . adds up to 100 . . . and a big A plus for you. Get it? Then grasp your pencil stub firmly and begin. A score of 50's normal, 60's good, 80 is in our class, and anything over's strictly genius. No fair flipping to page 96 for the answers, either.

QUIZ CLUES

Set 1

1. White Christmas
2. Rafts of love
3. The "Minor"
4. Roanoke, Va.
5. Orchids to Ellie
6. Topping
7. Cossack Cowboy
8. Reserved for Bush
9. "Button-nose"
10. French spouse
11. Slacks-mad
12. D above high C
13. Partnered Astaire
14. Ex-announcer
15. British boxer
16. No. 1 lover
17. "Uncle Joe"
18. Tenor
19. "Star Spangled Rhythm"
20. 100% Sterling

(*Second set of clues on page* 79)

SO LONG, JOHNNY

(*Continued from page 29*)

had said, when he tested for Gimpy in "Dead End" with Andrea Leeds.

"I thought you were run-of-the-mill, but I don't think so now. They may knock you around for a while, but don't let them throw you. Stick it out, Payne."

Okay, he'd stick around for a while longer. He'd free lance. That way, at least he could pick his parts, if any. He did one free-lance job for Warners'. They got stuck for a leading man and, with grim satisfaction, he charged them double his contract salary. That lasted three weeks.

* * *

Five barren months followed. At first he didn't worry, took a little vacation.

Hitler started banging into Poland. England and France declared war. He and Anne spent hours at the radio. This was the end of appeasement, the beginning of what? Something world-wide, that was a cinch. Something we'd all be swept into before it was over. He caught himself thinking of planes—of himself in a plane—that dream of his boyhood— But he shook it off.

He'd touched the depths of depression when the summons came from Twentieth Century-Fox. They tested him for two parts. The one with Zorina was a flop. He could have told them it would be.

The second test was with Linda Darnell for "Stardust." He played a big, awkward football champ from Texas. Irving Cummings directed. "I want you to feel easy," he said. "If the script line doesn't come natural, say something else." John practically re-wrote the test as they shot it. It took 15 minutes. It fitted him like a pair of old shoes.

Christmas Eve. He and Anne were trimming the tree when the phone rang. They told him he was hired. They told him he'd start in January. Anne squealed while he talked. When they got back to the tree, he said it looked different.

* * *

The first picture at 20th-Fox. Noteworthy for several reasons, apart from his return to work.

He met director Walter Lang, husband of the fabulous Fieldsie, as colorful a gal as her pal, Carole Lombard.

John shook through the early days of "Stardust" as he'd shaken through "Dodsworth." Walter was patient, helpful and understanding. More, Walter had faith in him. He also turned out to be a kindred spirit. Walter and Fieldsie became his closest friends.

Anne told him he was going to be a father. He blew all his lines that day. People kept bringing him chairs, feeling his forehead, taking his pulse. All the good tired old gags, but he liked it—

* * *

The night Julie Anne was born.

All his life John had dreamed that some day he'd have a good story to tell a cop. It was almost midnight. He had to get Anne to the hospital in a hurry, so he streaked down Sunset Boulevard at 75, eyes peeled for that lurking motorbike, ears cocked for that whistle. Bring on your cops! He wouldn't even slow up. "Sorry, old fellow," he'd yell, "but if you don't mind, I'd better get my wife to the hospital." Bring 'em all on! He'd have a story to melt the stoniest heart!

Not a cop showed.

He'd brought along three packs of

(*Continued on page 70*)

A recent portrait of Constance Luft Huhn by Maria de Kammerer

Too busy for Beauty?

You Need a *Satin-finish* Lipstick!

Says Constance Luft Huhn, Head of the House of Tangee

ARE YOU one of America's super-busy women? Are you often even too busy for beauty? Yes? Then you owe it to yourself to try one of Tangee's new SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks... lipsticks that, once on, STAY ON!

Only Tangee's SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks bring your lips such exquisite grooming. Not too moist, not too dry. The glorious Tangee shade of your choice seems to FLOW on to your lips... keeping them flawlessly smooth far longer than you would dream possible.

I suggest you let one of our SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks spare you much anxious wondering about the state of your make-up! I suggest, too, that you wear the special rouge that matches your Tangee Lipstick... the special shade of Tangee's UN-Powdery face powder that matches your complexion.

NEW **TANGEE MEDIUM-RED**... a warm, clear shade. Not too dark, not too light... just right.

TANGEE RED-RED..."Rarest, Loveliest Red of Them All," harmonizes perfectly with all fashion colors.

TANGEE THEATRICAL RED..."The Brilliant Scarlet Lipstick Shade,"... always flattering.

TANGEE NATURAL..."Beauty for Duty"—conservative make-up for women in uniform. Orange in the stick, it changes to produce your own most becoming shade of blush rose.

TANGEE SATIN-FINISH *Lipsticks*

BEAUTY—*glory of woman*
LIBERTY—*glory of nations*
Protect them both . . .

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

The second in a series on

THE FOODS OF OUR ALLIES

RUSSIA

By Marjorie Deen

There was some question as to whom we should choose to speak for Russia in this, the second of our series on the favorite foods of our Allies. At this point, along came our editor with the pertinent suggestion that we call on George Montgomery, who—being of Russian extraction—might well be able to enlighten us on the subject. Or who would at least know where we could go for authentic recipes which, though typical of the land of their origin, would be practical for us to follow over here. Fortunately George both could and did solve our problems.

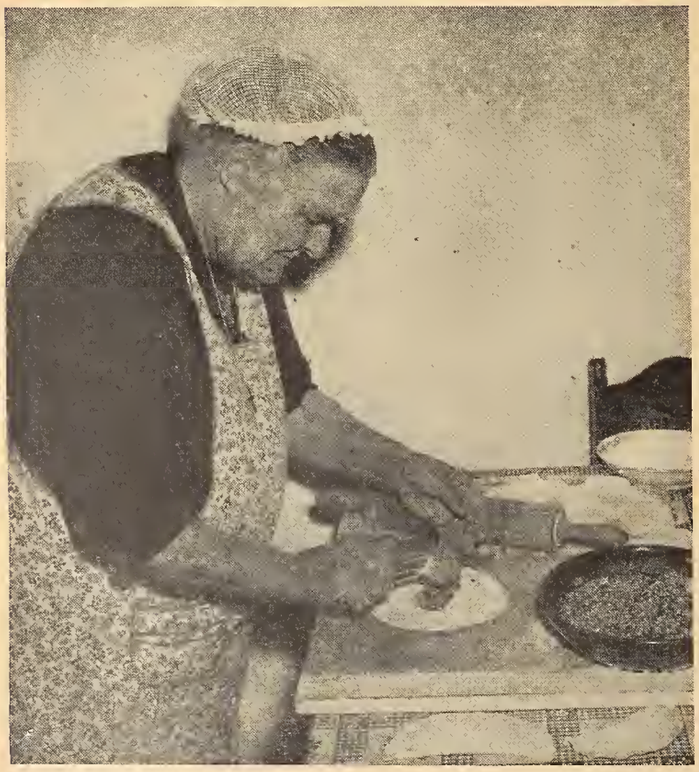
First, by introducing us to his Mother. "Mamotchka"—which is George's pet name for her—came to this country from Russia many years ago. However, she has clung to the cooking methods and cherished the customs of her native land. In fact, Mrs. Letz still speaks no English! Happily, George, the apple of her eye (and the youngest of a family of 15, I've been told!), was on hand to act as interpreter.

The second of George Montgomery's helpful suggestions was that we hie ourselves over to Russia War Relief Headquarters (they're located in all the big cities and in many smaller ones, you know), where we would be able to secure—for the modest fee of a dollar—the "Russian Cook Book for American Homes." As we subsequently discovered, when we followed George's sage advice, this little publication "helps to swell the funds available for Russian war relief"—while at the same time it fulfills its purpose of providing "recipes developed by average Russian-Americans which successfully translate their various national dishes into terms of our markets, to add novelty, color and substance to our own menus."

Russians, according to both this volume and George Montgomery's mother, can teach us to make better use of our own fish supply in ways that are novel but not difficult. Their soups—as is the case with so many European countries—are hearty and often comprise, in whole or in part, the main course of the meal. They cook their vegetables with distinction and rely heavily upon sour cream, both in the actual preparation and as a final topping when they come to the table. Many of their desserts feature fresh fruits, so we have chosen one outstanding example to give you here.

But it was of Russian meat dishes that we spoke at greatest length because of the fact that Mrs. Letz was preparing one when we arrived. This was "Pelmeny"—a meat combination encased in a "pocketbook" of dough, something like Ravioli, with which most of us are already familiar. Deep-fat-fried, these become "Chuburiaki," which she fixes especially for her youngest, George, who assured us that they are "even better" when cooked in this fashion. In fact he went right to work, while we were there, to prove his point!

Unfortunately "Mamotchka" found it difficult to give us exact proportions. So we went for these to the Russian Relief Cook Book, where we found a "Pelmeny" much like hers, supplied by the Russian conductor, Serge Koussevitsky—one of the many famous folk represented in this useful little volume.



"Mrs. Letz" to her neighbors back in Mantana, "Mamotchka" to her son, George Montgomery, who always talks with her in Russian and proclaims her an A-1 cook in any man's language!

George, as a boy, used to be called upon to give "Mamotchka" a hand in the preparation of meals for their tremendous family—still enjoys helping when she makes "Pelmeny" or "Chuburiaki."

PELMENY

Dough:
2 eggs
3 tablespoons water
¼ teaspoon salt
2 cups sifted flour, approximately

Filling:
¾ pound rib steak
1 lean mutton chop
a little kidney suet
salt, pepper, water

Beat eggs slightly with the water and salt. Stir in enough flour to make a firm paste. Let stand 1 hour. Roll out very thin and cut into rounds.

Filling: Have butcher grind together, twice, the combined meats and suet. Add salt and pepper to taste, also a chopped onion if desired. Moisten with a little water or bouillon. Place a small amount of this filling in center of each round of dough. Moisten edges of dough slightly, fold over the dough and press edges together firmly.

For *Pelmeny:* Drop into boiling salted water or into boiling water and bouillon mixed and cook 10-15 minutes. For *Churubiaki:* Drop into hot fat, cook until brown, then take frying kettle off direct heat and let them stay a minute or two longer to make sure that the meat filling is well cooked. Remove from water or fat, drain well. Serve with melted butter or margarine, or with sour cream or a well-seasoned tomato sauce.

Economy Footnote: Even less meat will be required if you "extend" the meat filling with left-over cooked breakfast cereal in proportions of two-thirds meat to one-third cereal.

Another thing I discovered on going through the Russian Relief Cook Book is that if you make this identical pastry and use as a filling either sweetened, well drained fruit, or a mixture of 1 cup cottage cheese and 1 unbeaten egg, seasoned with salt and pepper, and cook it by the boiling water method, you have still another Russian specialty—*Vareniki.*

Serve any one of the meat or cheese combinations mentioned above with big bowls of that justly famous soup, *Borsch,* for an interesting and economical meal. Follow this with a Russian fruit dessert called *Kisel,* and you will have a repast that will delight any family.

Kisel is a simple-to-make sweet that is popular in many North European nations. Danes will recognize it at a glance as their own *Rodgrod med Flode* with but few, if any, changes. Americans may decide that it's "just another cornstarch pudding"—in which, happily, they would be mistaken, as a trial of this recipe will prove.

KISEL

Wash and drain 1½ pounds of fresh fruits. (Any combination of two or more fruits in season may be used such as: cranberries and strawberries, blackberries and raspberries, currants with blueberries and late cherries.) Place fruits in saucepan with just enough water to cover. Bring to a boil, then simmer gently for 10 minutes, stirring and mashing fruit frequently to extract all possible juice. Strain through a fine sieve. Add 3 teaspoons grated lemon rind and approximately 1¼ cups sugar (depending upon the sweetness of the fruits that are used). Bring to a boil. Measure sweetened juice. For each 2 cups of liquid allow 1-1½ tablespoons cornstarch. Moisten cornstarch with a little cold water, add 1 cup of the hot fruit juice, stir well, then combine with remaining fruit juice. Cook until smooth and clear, stirring constantly. Place in serving bowl, sprinkle surface with a little granulated sugar and chill thoroughly. Serve in small deep saucers and pass cream, top milk or whipped evaporated milk, slightly sweetened and flavored with a little lemon juice.

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★

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(*Continued from page* 67)

cigarettes, to last him the night. Before he'd opened the first, before he'd got well started pacing, the nurse appeared. "It's a girl."

* * *

That uneasy feeling at the studio. Signs and portents in the air of another brush-off. (Later he found that he hadn't imagined it. But for Walter's plugging, he'd have been out on his ear.)

There was a picture coming up called "Tin Pan Alley"; Lang directing. It was scheduled for someone else. Walter wanted him, because the guy was a big guy and a fighter. He'd never get it. The part was too good, the cast was too good, the whole thing was too good to be true for him.

Walter must have had a whale of a pull. He got it.

The picture was finished. He sat around waiting for the preview like a hen waiting for her last chicken to hatch. This would be *his* last chicken if it laid an egg, no mistake about that and to hell with mixed metaphors.

Preview night. First he wasn't going, then he was, then he wasn't. In the end he went, alone; couldn't bear to have even Anne watching it with him. Got there two hours ahead of time, slunk upstairs to a balcony seat—

Eons passed. What on God's green earth had he come for? He wasn't being paid to torture himself. He could walk out. He couldn't walk out.

It was over. They'd liked it. He sat through the other picture again. That was twice he'd sat through it, and he still didn't know what it was.

* * *

Working all night on "Tripoli." In the lake on the back lot all night, soaked to the skin. Dawn breaks, and you finally get to shore. Someone hands you a cigarette. The first drag at that cigarette, better than any drug ever tasted.

You're dead tired, yet curiously alive to sensation. The world seems new-washed. Sunrise over the ocean as you drive home, pennants of violet and rose —a meadow lark singing—

Upheaval. In December, Pearl Harbor. In January, he and Anne.

* * *

After the split-up, he made his scheduled trip East for the President's Ball, went home to Virginia for a week, sat around and let Mom feed him.

* * *

Now he had to figure things out. With a wife and child, he hadn't been drafted. Now he wanted to enlist.

He wanted to fly. He'd always wanted to fly. As a kid, he'd been nuts about planes, forever building 'em, forever cracking them up.

He dug through Army literature, found he was too old and too big for combat flying, but could qualify for the Army Air Corps Reserve. If he stood up under the training, he'd be eligible to fly any big ship.

* * *

Julie. Two and a half now, a handful of charm and personality that could hold its own in a sensible conversation and wheedle the hind leg off a donkey.

No fear in her. That was good. He'd pick her up by the legs, flip her in the air and catch her. Onlookers squealed in dismay, she yelped for more. At the beach you had to watch her like a hawk. She loved to chase those waves. They'd tumble her over and over, and up she'd come, spouting and gurgling like a fountain. Sundays in the sand behind the beach house he'd taken at Santa Monica Digging holes, building castles, hunting seashells, watching gulls, swimming with Julie hanging on to his neck.

Julie's tricks and wiles. The way she'd ask a question and when you supplied the answer—"Oh," she'd say, "I knew that." The gag she worked out to nail him down when he went to see her at Anne's. He'd have to read her 40,000 nursery rhymes.

The day he took her on the set. When they were ready to shoot, he said, "You sit there and watch till I come back." She sat for five minutes, then walked in and ruined the take. Once, it was funny. Twice, it would have been. The next time she sat.

He'd seen too many spoiled kids to take a chance on spoiling his own. Only made it tough on 'em later when they had to buck the world, which was no fond parent. Julie never got tanned without knowing why. When she ran wild, he'd give her enough rope, let her hang herself, explain why she had it coming, then paddle her little bottom good and pink. For three minutes she wouldn't speak to him, then she'd be all over him, patting his cheeks, giving him the works. Like all women. Treat 'em rough and they somehow smooth out.

Nice, how she took to Mom right off the bat. As a rule, she was stand-offish with strangers. Smart kid, must have sensed Mom couldn't be a stranger. Used to give her the back of her neck to kiss. (Wouldn't mind kissing it himself right now—)

* * *

Mom had stayed a month. Got all his socks darned, among other things. When Jerry darned 'em, they popped the next minute.

He'd bought his motorbike then, so she could use the car when he wasn't working. The rest of the time they spent together. Anne sent Julie over every day. With a load of flowers on Mom's birthday. They drove up to Santa Barbara for dinner that evening. No gas rationing then. Back along the coast to the beach house. He'd wanted Mom there while he still had the beach house. She loved the ocean, same as he did. He'd wanted her and Julie to know each other.

When she left, things began to break up.

* * *

Jerry went first. His people were in the Philippines. Not much fun, watching Jerry through the days of Bataan and Corregidor. Less fun for Jerry. Late at night you'd pass his door and hear the radio going. One newscast after another.

John found him in the kitchen one day, staring drearily at the stove.

"Anything I can do, Jerry?"

"Mr. John, a machine-gun is better now than saucepans."

"Whenever you like, Jerry. I'll be leaving soon, too."

He joined the Second Filipino Division. John took him to the train. There seemed to be something on his mind as they said good-by.

"I would like to work for you again when the war is over."

"It's a deal."

Still Jerry lingered. "Mr. John—be careful, please, what you eat in the restaurants."

John said he would. Visibly relieved, Jerry departed, followed by the eyes of his erstwhile boss. "The blankety-blank!" he swore softly. "He goes to fight Japs, and I should be careful."

(*To be continued*)

Jeanne Barrie Fashion Stores

(See MODERN SCREEN'S Contest, Pg. 82)

Allentown, Pa.	H. Leh
Alexandria, La.	Wellan's
Altoona, Pa.	Meyer Jonasson Co.
Amarillo, Tex.	White & Kirk
Ambridge, Pa.	Pearl Fashion Shoppe
Atlanta, Ga.	Rich's, Inc.
Augusta, Ga.	Saxon Cullum Inc.
Austin, Tex.	Scarbrough & Sons
Baltimore, Md.	Stewart & Co.
Baton Rouge, La.	Dalton Co.
Birmingham, Ala.	Burger-Phillips Co.
Bozeman, Mont.	Riddle's
Bristol, Tenn.	King Co.
Carthage, Mo.	Ramsay Bros.
Charleston, W. Va.	The Diamond
Chattanooga, Tenn.	Loveman's, Inc.
Cincinnati, Ohio	Mabley & Carew
Cleveland, Ohio	Stearn Co.
Columbia, S. C.	Kohn & Co.
Columbus, Ga.	Kirven Co.
Columbus, Ohio	Fashion Co.
Dallas, Tex.	Harris & Co.
Danville, Ill.	Meis Bros.
Danville, Va.	L. Horman
Dayton, Ohio	Johnston Shelton Co.
Durham, N. C.	Ellis Stone Co.
Elgin, Ill.	Joseph Spiess Co.
Elmira, N. Y.	Rosenbaum's
El Paso, Tex.	Popular Co.
Evansville, Ind.	De Jong's, Inc.
Fairmont, W. Va.	Hartley & Son
Ft. Smith, Ark.	Pollock Stores Co.
Ft. Worth, Tex.	Monnig Co.
Great Falls, Mont.	Paris Fligman Co.
Gulfport, Miss.	Northrop Co.
Hamilton, Ohio	Robinson-Schwenn Co.
Hartford, Conn.	A. Siegel
Helena, Mont.	Fligelman's
Houston, Tex.	Foley Bros.
Indianapolis, Ind.	Wasson Co.
Jackson, Miss.	R. E. Kennington
Jacksonville, Fla.	Cohen Brothers
Johnson City, Tenn.	King's, Inc.
Joplin, Mo.	Ramsay Co.
Kansas City, Mo.	Emery, Bird, Thayer Co.
Knoxville, Tenn.	George & Sons
Lansing, Mich.	Knapp Co.
Lexington, Ky.	Smith & Co.
Lima, Ohio	Gregg Co.
Little Rock, Ark.	Pfeifer Bros.
Lynchburg, Va.	Moses & Co.
Manitowoc, Wisc.	Schuette Bros.
Martinsburg, W. Va.	Cohan & Son
Memphis, Tenn.	Goldsmith & Sons.
Middletown, Ohio	John Ross Co.
Monroe, La.	Masur Brothers
Mt. Vernon, Ohio	J. S. Ringwalt
New Kensington, Pa.	Silverman's
New Orleans, La.	Maison Maurice
New York, N. Y.	Arnold Constable
Norfolk, Va.	Ames & Brownley
Oklahoma City, Okla.	Brown Co.
Parkersburg, W. Va.	Dils Bros.
Pensacola, Fla.	Bon Marche, Inc.
Philadelphia, Pa.	Gimbel Bros.
Phoenix, Ariz.	Korricks Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Grastenfield's
Portsmouth, Ohio	Marting Bros.
Sacramento, Cal.	Hale Bros.
Salt Lake City, Utah	Auerbach Co.
San Francisco, Cal.	Hale Bros.
San Jose, Cal.	Hale Bros.
Schenectady, N. Y.	Barney Co.
Sheridan, Wyo.	Baertsch's
Spartanburg, S. C.	Smith Co.
Springfield, Ohio	Edward Wren Co.
Syracuse, N. Y.	Chappell & Sons
Tallahassee, Fla.	Steyerman's Style Shop
Tampa, Fla.	Falk's Dept. Store
Thomasville, Ga.	Steyerman's, Inc.
Trenton, N. J.	Yard's Store
Tulsa, Okla.	Brown-Dunkin Co.
Utica, N. Y.	Price & Co.
Washington, D. C.	Hecht Co.
West Frankfort, Ill.	Fashion Shop
Wichita, Kan.	Rorabaugh-Buck Co.
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.	Fowler, Dick & Walker
Williamsport, Pa.	Brozman's
Wilmington, Del.	Kennard Pyle Co.
York, Pa.	Wiest's

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CHERAMY perfumer

Men love "The Fragrance of Youth"

MILLION DOLLAR BABY

(Continued from page 31)

"Er—we're having a baby in May."

"You must be expecting a girl," the saleswoman ventured. "Have you planned a name for her?"

"I want to call her Alice, Jr., but my wife is holding out for Jill. Then, if our next baby is a boy, we'll call him Jack," Phil explained. He stalled for several moments after the sale was complete. He touched the lace of the crib with great, apologetic male hands. "I beg your pardon, but do you have a jewelry department in the store?"

This direction firmly in mind, the prospective father descended to the main floor and purchased—guess what! An anklet! The smallest anklet in captivity.

doting daddy . . .

So Miss Harris' first gifts from her father were a classy one-room apartment and an equally smart identification tag. Of course, the first thing the doctor said, when he supervised the removal of the new baby from hospital to Harris' home was, "Get rid of that frou-frou! Not enough air, not enough light. Cushy stuff like that collects bacteria. Move it out!"

Once Phil had seen his new addition safely installed in the nursery, he hurried back to Alice. When she came out of the clouds long enough to smile mistily at him, Phil announced proudly, "She looks exactly like you, honey. She's got the biggest, bluest eyes you ever saw!"

After a moment of silence, he added softly, looking down at Alice, "Think of the luck of a little girl, to have Alice Faye for a mother!"

Those who think of Phil Harris as having been born in a French horn and having grown up under a night club table should stop to realize that Phil is a native of Tennessee, that he grew up in a country town and learned to ride as soon as he learned to walk.

He has the deep emotional streak of the true Southerner and the intense loyalty to home. So, night after night during his tour, he telephoned Alice. Not once, but twice, three times, four times. Finally, one of the bandmen proposed an improvement. "If we have a telephone booth installed on the orchestra platform, Phil can conduct while he's talking to Alice," he suggested.

When the baby was six weeks old, Alice couldn't endure being separated from Phil for another moment. She had secured a competent trained nurse to take care of the blue-eyed infant, so she flew to join Phil and complete the tour with him. "I was severely criticized for doing this," Alice said on the set of "Hello, Frisco, Hello."

"But, to be truthful, I'd do exactly the same thing again. After all, a young baby needs nothing but excellent physical care. There wasn't a thing on earth that *I* could do for the baby that couldn't be done as well by a trained nurse.

In addition to her loneliness, Alice had another—and entirely generous—motive in leaving the baby and joining Phil. She felt that getting acquainted with the new member of the family was an adventure that she and Phil should share. She didn't feel that it would be fair for her alone to see the first genuine smile, hear the first morning coo or witness the first discovery of chubby hands and feet. She didn't want the baby to grow accus-

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QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our March issue? Write 1, 2, 3, at right of the titles of your 1st, 2nd, 3rd choices.

So Long, Johnny (Payne) . . . . . ☐
Million Dollar Baby (Alice Faye, Jr.) ☐
"Lucky Jordan" . . . . . ☐
Ronald Reagan (Part II) . . . . . ☐
Kris Morgan's Birthday Party . . . . . ☐
Sentimental Journey (Ty & Annabella) . . . . . ☐
Good News . . . . . ☐
Big Guy (George Montgomery) . . . . ☐

Which one of the above did you like LEAST? . . . . . .

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference . . . . . .

My name is . . . . . .

My address . . . . . City . . . . . State . . . . . .

I am . . . . . years of age.

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN
149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

tomed to one person, a mother, and then meet a father at some later date.

By the way, the Harris family is not a trio—as you may have thought—but a quartet. Phil has an eight-year-old son, Phil Harris, Jr., who is presently a student at a Los Angeles military academy.

Ever since Phil and Alice have been married, Phil, Jr., has spent his free week-ends with them. He doesn't miss much, but he always consults his father about a doubtful or a serious situation.

In the spring of 1942, he took his father aside one Sunday and asked, "Is there going to be a baby around here?"

Phil said, man-to-man, that there *was*. Phil, Jr., had nothing at all to comment, but the expression on his face was that of a hepcat given a permanent pass to the Palladium, which is Hollywood Heaven to solid senders.

big brother . . .

Phil, Jr., could scarcely wait for young Alice to get big enough for him to spend Saturday afternoons trundling her around in her pram. Whenever he is permitted, he holds her in his lap and carries on long one-sided conversations about the affairs of his school, athletic career and the condition of the world. Miss Harris listens raptly for a time, but her big brother's voice is very soothing, and the sandman is always nigh. Phil, Jr., grinning down at her, holds the young lady while she naps.

Phil, Jr., is known in the family as "Tookie," but for heaven's sweet sake, don't tell any of the kids at school. Alice, Jr., is still called The Baby.

The Baby has a great deal to anticipate from the future. A preview of her training may be gained by reporting the manner in which Tookie has been reared so far.

Phil Harris was no novice father when his daughter put in appearance; he had served his apprenticeship with Tookie. For years, Phil—who prides himself on his cooking ability—prepared all of Tookie's meals. Formula stuff, mind you, complete with vitamin charts, caloric content and table manners.

So The Baby will undoubtedly have her diet—once it progresses beyond the slushy stage—supervised by her dad.

hobby horse . . .

Item: No matter how late he had returned from his night club work the preceding night, Phil made it a point, in pre-war days, to get up the next morning and go horseback riding with his son. Miss Harris will undoubtedly be tutored in the fine art of horsemanship.

You may count upon The Baby learning to take care of herself in the clinches, too. Tookie has already taught her how to double her fists and dish out a miniature right hook.

You may depend on it that Little Miss Harris is going to be musical, or else. At least she is going to be so thoroughly exposed that she will have to possess the iron-clad determination of a General Sherman tank to resist the lure of bass and treble clefs.

For years, Phil has taken Tookie to the Benny rehearsals each Sunday morning. Naturally, as soon as Muffett has grown up enough to enjoy it, she will be taken along. There are some uncharitable enough at this point to say that if Mr. Benny plays his violin for her, La Belle Harris is going to be early discouraged from a musical career.

The Baby's been dozing to the strains of Mama's super smooth lullabies for

(*Continued on page 75*)

Zero hour

CAN THIS BE YOU glued to your bed . . . wishing you could count today right out of your life? The day that was to have been all yours . . .

You've dreamed how it would be . . . you, proud and sure of yourself . . . dedicating the Camp's new "Day Room" that your gang worked so hard to furnish. Then the Prom with Dick. And a War Stamp Corsage for every girl . . . your own special idea!

But right now you'd trade a ton of triumphs for an ounce of confidence! Other girls manage to keep going on these days . . . why can't you?

Then in bursts your forgotten house-guest . . . and you pour out your woes. "Looking for sympathy?" she asks. "That won't help—. . . but Kotex sanitary napkins *will!* Because they're more comfortable" . . .

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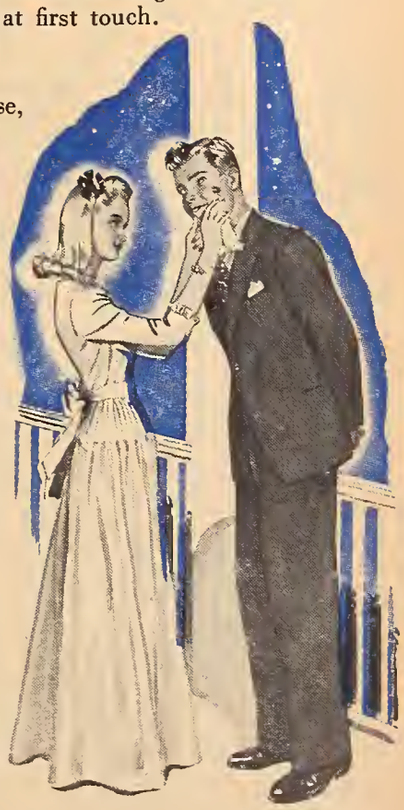

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WHAT'S OKAY? WHAT'S IXNAY?

To get the *right* answers on what to do and not to do on trying days, write for the booklet: "As One Girl To Another". Address P. O. Box 3434, Dept. MM-4, Chicago, for a copy FREE!

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

FOR THE MODERN MISS

Style for Spring by Elizabeth Willguss

"Look at Hitler's new partner." That will be your coke crowd's unfriendly greeting if you dare to peacock around in much new garb this spring. So even if the Government seems big and impersonal way off in Washington when it says "buy only what you need," your own gang will soon prove all too personal if you don't stay in line.

Because just as sure as grey flannel suits, crocheted fascinators, reversibles and brown moccasins did a cross-country popularity sweep, a brand new style is already in your midst. No, I don't mean the trouser pleat skirt or the cap sleeve dress using only 1⅛ yards of material or even the saucy new doilie hat that clips on back of your pompadour. In fact, I don't think this new style even has a name. But it's here, and here for the duration. Style, you know, is just the fashionable way of doing things. Now it means making the most of the clothes in your closet, buying a new suit or topper with an eye on next spring. So you take the fabric to the light, you scrutinize the skirt to make sure it won't go rump-sprung on you.

In the days when you could go out and buy a dozen new pairs of shoes, you prided yourself on these dirty, crummy old saddle oxfords. But now that leathers are precious, you suddenly go knowing about them and their care. You lead the crowd in keeping those dog's ear sportsters polished like brother's army boots. Because now you know that leather, like skin, has tiny pores. Pores that you have to clean and lubricate and protect. Isn't it funny you never thought of *that* before? And you hang up your clothes pronto to keep their shape; you add a mimosa yellow blouse to brighten your grey flannel. And when complimented, you just say "Thank you" instead of starting to apologize about "This old thing!"

One look at Jeanne Barrie toffee wool topper on Cheryl Walker, the lead in U.A.'s "Stage Door Canteen," and you see what those shiny pearl buttons can do for a spring coat.

If your grandma has a button box, rummage there. Otherwise buy pearl or pearl and plastic.

You couldn't go wrong on Julie Bishop's pet sweater-drying method. This young Warners' star shapes the shoulders with a big mag, the sleeves with 2 rolled M.S.'s

The Hollywood gals are right in there when it comes to taking care of their clothes, making them last. As Cheryl shows you, easiest way for shoe care is to have polish handy.

Now it's wood for your spring cherries as well as your colorful, pearlized beads.

(*Continued from page 73*)

months. Another rhythmic trick of this junior miss is to pull herself up with the aid of the bars on her crib and to stand there, laughing, while she jiggles in time to the music from the nursery radio.

Before she was born, flocks of Phil's musical friends composed lullabies in honor of Miss Harris-to-be. Not only were dozens of sheets of composition paper covered with notes intended to rival Brahms' best effort, but a good many of the eager composers had their songs recorded and delivered to Phil and Alice.

These records have been filed away and will be brought out some day when The Baby is big enough to appreciate all the melodies cooked up in her honor. Wonder what the slang phrase meaning "corn" will be in those dear future days? Or will Father Phil allow his daughter to speak such a delicate word?

We come, at this point, to that oh-so-important item in a girl's life: her wardrobe. Junior Miss started out with everything one could imagine. Small knitted sweaters, caps, longies and bootees came from England, Australia, South America and from a good many of the United States. Long dresses and short dresses, some gorgeously embroidered and some edged with exquisite handmade lace, arrived by each train and plane as soon as it was known that Alice and Phil were cradling.

Yet Alice, herself, didn't do one bit of shopping until the final two weeks of the waiting time. She can't quite explain it. It isn't that she was superstitious; perhaps her reluctance to solidify her vaporous dreams into something as positive as a layette was caused by a child-like diffidence.

"All my life I'd planned on having a baby some day. When the time actually came, it all seemed like a wonderful dream—too good to be true," she told Betty Grable.

So she bought nothing until she was ready to go to the hospital, and then she secured only those things that were absolutely necessary. She hadn't even prepared a nursery—"because I knew that, if something went wrong, it would nearly kill me to have to come back and face my broken dreams."

safe arrival . . .

But Alice, Jr., arrived safely to claim the wardrobe supplied by admirers of her mother and father. Whereupon, Father Phil began to look around. He became very baby-store conscious in the pink department. Seems that Phil has long selected all of his son's clothes, and now he is prepared to be expert in the daughter-dress division.

At first glance—due to all the charming circumstances listed above—it might appear that all is bliss, pure bliss in the Harris menage. Yet there is one persistent cloud forever dimming the blue. There's a war going on.

Alice confided to a friend recently, "All my life I've wanted a husband and a home and a baby. Now I have them, but Phil is away so much of the time . . . and there's so much to worry about. I know that other girls have far more to distress them, of course, so I don't really mean to complain. But I do get lonely and blue."

Lieutenant (j.g.) Harris is on Catalina Island, performing the duties of an officer in the Merchant Marine.

So little Miss Alice Harris, proud of her Father Phil, will undoubtedly grow up to be true to the blue, a Navy girl through and through.

Your War-Busy Hands can be Lovely

if you follow the easy Cutex Method

On your knees on the nursery floor or flat on your back under a bomber—you're the new national glamour girl.

When you *do* get a night off, your hands are going to look as fascinating as though they never saw a wrench or an oil can or a scrubbing brush.

30 Cutex minutes a week . . . keeps your fingers leisure-lovely-looking and fools every Axis spy in town. No trick at all for 1943 woman power!

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1. Whisk off old polish with Cutex Oily Polish Remover.
2. Deftly shape nails to a rounded oval with Cutex Emery Board and soak fingertips in warm soapy water.
3. Apply soothing Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover with cotton-wrapped Cutex Orange Stick. Now it's easy to press back cuticle. Wipe away dead, loose cuticle.
4. Dip in clear water and whiten with Cutex Nail White Pencil or Cream under nail tips.
5. Flow on Cutex Polish Foundation and Cutex Polish. (2 coats for that professional look). Hairline tip for longer wear. Now—Cutex Overcoat for speed drying.
6. Massage cuticle and fingertips with Cutex Cuticle Oil or Brittle Nail Cream.

All these luxurious Cutex products come in 10¢ sizes (plus tax). Cuticle Remover and Cuticle Oil also in economical 35¢ size (plus tax).

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It is appalling that so many women still risk happiness—even health—because they do not have the *up-to-date* facts about modern feminine hygiene!

Many who think they know, have only half-knowledge! And so, they make the mistake of relying on weak ineffective home-made mixtures. Or worse, they risk using over-strong solutions of acids, which can easily burn and injure delicate tissues.

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Zonitors are dainty, snow-white suppositories! Non-greasy. They spread a protective coating and kill germs instantly at contact. Deodorize, by actually *destroying* odor, instead of temporarily "masking" it. *Give continuous action for hours!*

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BIG GUY

(*Continued from page 39*)

very much. Hollywood hasn't daunted his two-fistedness, his individualism.

"We don't live any differently from the way we did when we first came to town," he told John Payne in the commissary recently.

"Then you're a genius," John opined.

"Sure I'm a genius," George agreed readily. "I raised the biggest doggoned crop of rabbits in California this fall."

He wasn't kidding. Along in the summer of 1942 when bacon became scarcer than orchids, George had an idea. He bought three rabbits. There is no need here to go into the thoroughly conjugal habits of the fur-bearing institution known as Belgian Hare, but rest assured that in no time Mr. Montgomery was out in the back yard with chicken wire, hammer and saw, slaving at a housing project.

In no time the storage shelves of the Montgomery manse began to gleam with canned rabbit.

While everyone else in Hollywood was giving his butcher 22 carat gold cuff links and then asking in a conspiratorial whisper how soon there MIGHT be a delivery of some little old last year's scraps of tripe for Sunday dinner, George's mother was opening a can of preserved meat, and great was the feasting thereon.

food administration . . .

Should any person at 20th Century-Fox congratulate George on his patriotism and his observance of wartime economy, he would simply look amused and tolerant. His is the true pioneer spirit: what he did this year was done, not as a grand and beautiful gesture of conservation, but simply as good sense.

At Christmas time, George and his family went back to Montana on a visit. There was a business purpose involved in the trip, of course, because—as soon as George is called into service—he plans to sell his house in Hollywood. His sister is planning to be married soon, and his parents will return to Montana to make their home. George wanted to complete plans for this drastic change in household arrangements.

The first thing that happened to George was a slight cold, followed by chills and fever. At once Griplets (first cousins to, and four times worse than Gremlins) took over and launched a blitz on the Montgomery tonsils. George was ordered to bed by his doctor, and there the visitor from Sunny California (advt.) remained during the holiday season.

So, instead of dashing around to visit the numerous Montgomery clan, George held court in his bedroom. The whole family came to call and stayed to chat in the pleasant land of counterpane.

George's two small nephews were carrying a bigger load of steam than a narrow gauge locomotive bucking 12 ft. snow drifts. They really had a problem on their hands. Undoubtedly you will remember that, in the December issue of MODERN SCREEN there was published a list of gifts various stars had planned for their families.

merry christmas . . .

George had announced in print that he was going to give the two nephews leather jackets. All their school friends were making book on whether or not Uncle George would come through.

Finally, Grandmother Montgomery was visited by a delegation of two. "Did George bring our leather jackets with him?" one asked. Grandma didn't know.

As soon as the delegation, sheepskins buttoned under doubtful chins, and hands thrust deep into pockets stuffed with wagered goods, had wandered outdoors for consultation and comfort, Grandmother went into George's bedroom to report.

Now here is something everyone should understand about George. He is not a sentimental man; he behaves at all times with the utmost caution. Oh, yeah?

He got out of bed, staggered into some clothes, persuaded his brother-in-law (almost over the b.i.l.'s dead body) to drive him to town. Chancing synchromesh pneumonia equipped with double-hinged coffin doors, Mr. Montgomery went down to the leading clothiers and bought a pair of leather jackets.

It was, withal, a very Merry Christmas for two small citizens of Montana.

When Benny Medford, George's agent, heard this story, he chuckled and asked, "What was *your* favorite Christmas gift, chum?"

George thought it over. "I guess it was a check I got from my brother. See, a couple of years ago I bought a ranch. My brother has been farming it, and he wanted to buy it from me, so I said okay. This Christmas he made a sizeable payment on that ranch, which tickled me plenty. Not because of the money, you see, but because it meant that he was getting along swell—making out all right."

That's George for you—having a Merry Christmas out of his brother's success.

Another minor thing happened, while George was visiting his old home. The nephews were concerned in this episode, too. They brought in a Superman comic book for George to read. He went through the book. It had been pretty harrowing along about Page 42, when George was supposed to eat the hot soup, chocolate and custard his mother had prepared. He couldn't put the book down.

When he finished, the food was cold and his mother's expression even more frigid, but he had a new interest in life. Now he reads Superman every night. "It's my personal opinion, however," Mr. Montgomery avers, "that Superman doesn't disguise himself as a reporter at all, but as a head waiter. They can't kid me about that X-ray glance. I've seen it."

George's aversion to head waiters may

I SAW IT HAPPEN

There was the time a friend and I went to a Bob Hope broadcast in Hollywood and kept making unkind remarks, rather loudly, about the high-turbaned, elaborately dressed lady sitting in front of us. When the program was over, Bob Hope announced that there were special guests in the audience; Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward. We looked up and . . . you guessed it, the turbaned lady and her husband stood up and took their bow. Then she turned around and smiled sweetly at us. My friend and I felt about the size of a shrunken atom.

Daren Pierce,
412 East Ash St.,
Lebanon, Oregon.

stem from his dislike of night clubs. George neither smokes nor drinks, and his tastes in music are strictly long hair.

Give him Tschaikowsky or Liszt. Give him Brahms or Koussevitsky. But Count Basie, stay 'way from his doah.

However, George Montgomery today is a good deal more the nonchalant smoothie than he was a year ago. It hasn't been so long since George habitually appeared for an interview garbed in levis and plaid shirt, bearing the light in his eye that ropes calves, shears sheep and bulldogs steers. Nowadays, he fulfills studio obligations clad in jaunty tweeds, a white sport shirt and a hand-loomed cardinal tie.

The sense of humor that everyone suspected was lurking somewhere in the depths of that moody Russian soul, has been allowed to lift a tousled head. Sam Israel, one of George's studio friends, observed the other day, "Say, you're quite an athlete, aren't you?"

WE'LL MATCH YOU $10 for 10%

Next month we're upping the ante to $10 instead of $5 for the prize-winning letter. But we want a soulful confession. First, tell us how you're managing to give 10% of your weekly stipend to war bonds. Is it by one great, stoic sacrifice each week or by dozens of midget economies? Then, by way of P.S., tell us just why you're knocking yourself out to buy these stamps and bonds. Why is it worth it to you? Got a brother off to the wars? Or a beau? Or is it something altogether different that's given you the necessary shove?

I want to tell you of my little plan for filling my war stamp album.
My daughters work in an office with other girls, and often I do little sewing jobs for them. I have never accepted pay, but the girls always insist on a treat . . . dinner or a show or maybe both. Now I take the treat in war stamps, and it is a real thrill to see the book fill up, as well as to know I'm doing my bit.

Mrs. Laura Habig,
835 Maple Ave.,
Newport, Kentucky.

Quoth Montgomery, "Oh, sure. When I was three days old, I turned my first cartwheel. When I was five days old, I played 42 minutes of football in the big game of the season. When I was 11 days old I had my first serious romance—with the nurse."

Actually, George has never had time to exercise his genuinely great athletic ability. At home he always worked too hard on the farm and in Hollywood . . . well, you can't make umpteen pictures a year and grow a Victory garden and still sing "Time On My Hands."

barefoot boy . . .

There's something appealing about his attempts to develop the leisure arts. George used to tend the family cows. His herding methods were unique. First he would shape up a mound of earth, then place a golf ball on top of the home-grown tee. Whereupon he would blast away with a driver that he had inherited from a golfer who had discarded it in favor of a set of matched steels.

All the way out to pasture and all the way back—both morning and night—

VERONICA LAKE Starring in "STAR SPANGLED RHYTHM" a Paramount Picture

More and more, the stars are taking canaries into their hearts and their homes. Started as a pet fad, canaries today are Hollywood's hobby *sensation!* Wherever the great of filmdom gather, you are likely to hear some golden-voiced canary lifting spirits anew with his enchanting song.

A canary takes but little care, and gives matchless hours of loving companionship. Follow the lead of the Hollywood stars, and let a canary keep your heart buoyant amid the worries of these trying times!

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Every lover of pets will want French's superb new book about Canaries, just off the press. Specially posed photographs—some in full-color—of famous Hollywood stars with their Canaries. Pages of human-interest stories about the only pet that sings. Send for FREE copy—TODAY! Simply mail coupon with name and address.

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Halo Shampoo Banishes Drab Soap-Film —Reveals Glorious Luster

IF you want hair that glows with rich natural color, that dances with eye-catching highlights, then try remarkable Halo Shampoo today.

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A new-type patented ingredient in Halo creates oceans of lather, even in hardest water. And Halo rinses away completely. No lemon or vinegar rinse needed.

Halo banishes loose dandruff. Leaves your hair easy to manage and curl. 10¢ and larger sizes.

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SEE HOW SKIN-BLEMISHES VANISH FROM SIGHT!

No need to let either temporary or permanent blemishes spoil your charm. HIDE-IT conceals pimples, birthmarks, freckles, dark under-eye circles, most scars and other blemishes. Lasting... harmless ... used by millions of women.

PERFECT FOR POWDER BASE

Makes skin look smoother. Holds powder amazingly long. Large jar, $1.00 at Drug and Dept. Stores. Purse size at 10c counters—or send us 10c and shade wanted (Light, Medium, Rachelle, Brunette, Sun-tan).

CLARK-MILLNER SALES CO.
308 W. Erie St., Dept. 243, Chicago

George practiced his driving. On Saturdays, he and one of his brothers used to caddy at the local country club, but George never — personally — shot the course.

In the winter George's interest turned from golf to skiing. He made his first pair of heel wings out of discarded strips of roofing tin. After he and several of the neighborhood kids had narrowly missed slicing off one another's ears and other unguarded features, they switched to barrel staves, which worked fine as snowshoes but didn't provide much momentum on a hill. Whenever the Montgomery family, come Saturday night, went into town to buy a week's provisions in the good old American farm fashion, George managed to locate a sports goods store. There he stood, his nose flattened against a frosty pane, his eager breath congealing in frost on his coat collar and ear-flapped cap, and stared covetously at the display of ash skis.

When someone suggested recently that he join the ski troopers, George shook his head. That's just something he'd *like* to do, he admitted regretfully. In this war, he figures that everyone should do—not what seems most exciting—but what one can do best.

George has long felt that his usefulness would be greater in whatever branch of service might take advantage of his knowledge of Russian and its dozen of associated languages. He can explain that there is a giant on the beach eating barbed wire entanglements, in Czech, Bulgarian, Latvian, Croatian, Estonian or Hysteria.

By the way, the reason George hasn't been called into uniform earlier is simply that he's *very* 3A. He has more dependents than Papa Dionne (but not the same kind).

Speaking of careers, George has one howler to tell about the ramifications of his rise. After you have seen "China Girl," you'll realize that George's voice and some of his mannerisms are reminiscent of Lt. Clark Gable. There is one shot in which the celebrated Montgomery dimples (but don't mention them to George unless you are six feet five, a trained boxer and right quick with a left hook) are quite as fetching as the Gable cheek-divots were in "Somewhere I'll Find You."

ear laffs . . .

George was striding down a corridor at his home studio one afternoon when an executive suddenly extended head and neck from an inner sanctum and called, "Come here a minute," to the gentleman from Montana. When George approached, the executive stood on tiptoe to ogle George's ears, which lie flat against his head. After several seconds of profound study, the executive sighed wistfully. "I've been wondering," he confessed, "if the make-up department could put putty or something behind your ears to make them stand out a little more. Your ears don't have any personality."

A man who took himself seriously would undoubtedly have done a 1500 degree burn. Not George. He began to laugh. He laughed so resoundingly that, for hours afterward, everyone in the administration building was finding out what had pleased George.

No wonder everyone from the lowliest messenger boy to the most expensive writer on the lot has taken the Montgomery guy to heart.

And, speaking of the heart business, what's the three-quarter time in the Montgomery tick-tock?

Well, he and Betty Grable were kidding on the set of "Coney Island," and Betty said as how she had heard tell he was totin' a broken heart—for a lady with long black hair.

"Look," admonished George. "I'm never broken-hearted. I never cry over spilled milk."

You will remember that, after his supposed "misunderstanding" with Ginger Rogers, George was presumed to have learned one Hollywood lesson—never chat with bystanders about a lady you admire. After his alleged "difference" with Hedy Lamarr, George was reported to have suffered black disillusion. After Kay Williams abruptly married her South American, George was described as being flabbergasted, not to say wounded deeply. If you believe all this, you must sup your chicken soup with a pretzel.

Here is the lowdown: George had, until her sudden marriage to Jack Briggs, frequent and friendly dates with Ginger, who is a grand girl, a wonderful pal and thoroughly understanding. He also has an occasional dinner with Hedy and explains American farming to her.

George also dates Frances Raeburn, M-G-M starlet sister of Kathryn Grayson, and he is a frequent visitor to the utterly mad apartment occupied by Dinah Shore and three of her friends.

One afternoon late in January, George arrived shortly in advance of one of the girls who had just spent her family Christmas check for a fur coat. Each of the girls modeled the garment for George, and he said the appropriate things. When the excitment had subsided, and the girls scattered to the kitchen to explore the icebox, George brought down the roof by appearing in the doorway in a burlesque modeling act. This inspired bit of clowning would have been as impossible to the taciturn George Montgomery of a year ago as it was natural for the thoroughly poised Montgomery of today.

Seriously, a studio visitor (who was probably taking a poll of such opinions) asked George what he thought of wartime marriages.

"I don't believe in them," George answered without hesitation. "I think they are unfair to both the man and the girl." Then that infectious grin began to twitch beneath the dark mustache. "But I've got a feeling that I'd marry in a minute, war or no war, if the right girl came along."

So we leave you—with something to dream about.

enter

$4000

contest

on

page 82

LUCKY JORDAN PRODUCTION

(*Continued from page* 32)

expertly, missed by inches a car parked diagonally across the narrow country road. "See," she announced, when everybody had taken their hands down from over their eyes, "it is *not* true about women drivers!" Alan is not convinced.

The boys who work in the Paramount greenhouse sulked and pouted during the making of "Star Spangled Rhythm." Filmed on the studio lot, the picture used every place of business but theirs. "Lucky Jordan" went into production, and word got around that a greenhouse was needed for an important scene. "Please," they pleaded, "use ours."

And they did. While the boys stood proudly by, the cameras started to roll, and Alan raced through the place, knocking down pots, trampling plants and generally wrecking the joint. The boys turned their backs and refused to look any more, but their ears told them that the climax of Ladd's ruinous run was the crash of his body through one side of their beloved big glass building. Next time, they'll read the script first.

nettle triplets . . .

One location spot was an uncultivated field growing wildly around a beautiful sycamore. Between the first and second take, Ladd, H. Walker and Sheldon Leonard wandered over to the tree, plunked themselves down in its shade. Two seconds later, they were up again and back to work. They suffered the rest of the day from painful posteriors and a newly-won title, the Nettle Triplets.

Ladd's role in the film is a complete switch in character from his first part in "This Gun For Hire." In that one, he hated women, wore tired, tattered clothes, said little and was definitely a psychopathic case. In "Lucky," his raincoat is a symbol of the change-over . . . best material, expertly cut.

Toughest chore he had to do, he says, is the wham-bam kissing scene with Helen. Took four rehearsals and three takes to get it right. Before this, it was always the women in his picture who took the initiative in the romance dept.

Two weeks after production halted, Alan shelved his contract with Paramount and signed one with Uncle Sam, good for the duration, with no options.

QUIZ CLUES

(*Continued from page* 66)

Set 2

1. Infanticipating
2. Toe-tapping
3. Wacky over Jackie
4. Army Air Corps
5. Glenford, Canada
6. "Skatey"
7. Bound for Marines
8. Altoona, Pa.
9. "Princess O'Rourke"
10. Swashbuckler
11. Sieber
12. Seventh Sweetheart
13. Tangoed at 10
14. Sue Carol
15. "Mr. Cugat"
16. Newly naturalized
17. 6 ft. 2, eyes of blue
18. Thrice daddy'd
19. Incendiary blonde
20. Non-Pryor-ity

(*Third set of clues on page* 90)

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LUCKY JORDAN STORY

(*Continued from page 32*)

lawyer said, "I admit I'm licked. I've tried everything. The draft board won't listen, and you can't bribe them. You've got to go."

"There must be something."

"Sure. If you had dependents—"

"All right, get me dependents."

The little, fat lawyer gasped. "Get you dependents? That means a mother or—"

"What about it?" Lucky said. "Fix up some dame to be my mother."

So the little, fat lawyer went out to find someone to play Lucky Jordan's mother. She wasn't much; her name was Annie, and most days you could find her cadging quarters on the street corners. She had a beery smell, but she had white hair, and that was something. But it wasn't enough for the draft board. Lucky was in the Army.

a.w.o.l. . . .

The break was easier than he'd expected. Things came his way. He hopped a civilian car and made sure the driver had a pass to get out of camp. Then it was just a matter of a swift jab and a quick change into a civilian coat and hat. The guard didn't even grunt as he drove past. He pressed down on the accelerator, and the car leaped ahead. He slowed the car down at a Detour fence and ground it to a stop.

He didn't see the other car pull up directly behind him. But he did see the two men come out on the run. And he moved instinctively. He was out of the car door and waiting for them. One of them reached in and grabbed a brief case from the seat. Lucky swung viciously. The man reeled back; the brief case dropped to the cement. They closed in on him.

Down the road a horn honked, and a sedan came tearing down the stretch. The two men, hearing the car, turned and lunged for their own. The sedan drew up smoothly. A girl leaned out and called:

"Are you all right?"

Lucky nodded. "It's all right now."

"What was wrong?"

Lucky picked up the small brief case.

"Maybe they wanted this," he said.

The girl was wearing a uniform. Army stuff. Lucky eyed her narrowly. He'd seen her around the camp. One of the canteen hostesses. Pretty kid; even in the monkey suit.

"Aren't you one of the soldiers from the camp?"

"Right," Lucky said.

Lucky was thinking fast. The car he'd been in had evidently been hot. Someone was after it. And if that was the case, it wouldn't do him any good. He crossed to the sedan.

"What are you doing?" the girl said sharply.

"It's a nice day for a spin," Lucky said mildly.

The girl moved fast, but Lucky moved even faster. As she started to throw the car into gear, he shoved her aside and got in behind the wheel.

"You're going over the hill?" the girl said.

"Yes."

"You can have the car," she said grimly. "But let me out."

Lucky shook his head. "I don't like your uniform. You might go and tell a couple of other uniforms about me."

"Let me out!"

"Sorry."

The girl leaned down swiftly and picked up the brief case. "I'll throw this out," she warned.

Lucky didn't answer. The brief case spun through the window.

"It wasn't mine," Lucky said, grinning. "What's your name, sister?"

The girl's name was Jill Evans, and Lucky left her with a friend of his who ran a gambling house on the outskirts of town. Then he bathed, shaved, got himself a suit of clothes and headed for his office. He found Slip Moran sitting in the big chair behind the desk.

"You don't waste much time," Lucky said. "Taking things over for me, Slip?"

"There's been a couple of new things, Lucky, since you left. You know this war."

"Sure I know it. Wasn't I part of it?"

"I mean here on the outside. There's

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Ann Sheridan's oo*mph* is only the surface of the bewitching and complex personality of Pisces, sign of those born February 20-March 20. You mightn't think to see her and listen to her that she's holding back more than she's giving, but that's the secret of her charm. She has great stores of reserve and, believe it or not, of shyness. Pisces is the deepest of the signs, the hardest to know, the least eager to explain itself. Anyone who wants the low-down on his Pisces friend, sweetheart or wife, has to dig for it himself—and Pisces doesn't give much help. When two marry, they're likely to chase each other around in circles till they give up—as Ann and George Brent did, for George, too, was born in the elusive and mystifying sign. Just whom Ann will marry next nobody knows, but she'll marry someone. Pisces girls only *seem* hard to catch and hold; they're clinging vines at heart, want a strong man for their very own and generally get one—or several in succession. Ann's easy to please, fun to go out with; but pleasing her for life is a full-time job. Maybe it'll be Errol Flynn or Eddie Albert or that unnamed fightin' man her heart is said to belong to. It'll be someone, before long, for 1943 brings Ann plenty. Keep your eyes on her especially between April 1st and 20th. The whole spring is dynamic for her. Watch your health, Ann, especially in the last two weeks of April! You're facing plenty of work and a big decision; the combination can wear you down if you don't take it easy and keep your nerves under control. The last four months of this year are hard sledding, too. Ann always had the luck of her Sun conjunct Jupiter to help out; but the decisions she makes in 1943 will influence her life for years to come, and she's going to need all her poise, insight and foresight to make the right choices in the last third of the year.

guys that'll pay big money for odds and ends these days. I got a couple of boys out right now."

Lucky smiled thinly. "Maybe they're the ones that jumped me, eh, Slip?"

"Jumped you?"

"I cracked out of camp in a big black car, and a couple of muggs tried to hijack me."

Slip stood up. "Where's that brief case?"

"So it was the brief case," Lucky said.

"Sure," Slip said. "They didn't want you. There's an outfit that'll pay 50 grand for some tank plans that were in that brief case. Where is it?"

Lucky smiled. "I don't know, Slip. But I know a girl who does."

Jill led him to it unknowingly. He tricked her into it. And then when he told her what was in the brief case, she went white with fury. They climbed back into the car, and Lucky started the motor.

"How can you do it, Lucky?" she said.

"Do what?"

"Sell those plans to our enemies."

"What plans?" Lucky said. "I'm just selling a brief case."

"A brief case worth thousands of dollars?"

"Maybe they like the design."

"Lucky, don't do it."

"Stop it. You're making me bawl."

In the moonlight the road stretched quietly ahead. They came to a large landscaped area that, during the summer, was a picnic ground. Lucky swung the car over and parked it under the trees.

"Here's the end of the line for tonight," he said.

At the edge of the field was a large stone building that contained a recreation hall and rest rooms. Lucky walked over and tried the doors. One of the rest room doors swung open.

"Your boudoir, madame," he said.

"You're going to lock me in?"

"You wouldn't want me to take any chances," Lucky said.

For a moment she didn't say anything. Then: "Can I smoke a cigarette before I go in?"

"Sure," Lucky said.

double cross . . .

They sat down on the trunk of a large tree that straddled the path. Jill lit up a cigarette. The moonlight touched her face with quiet beauty. Lucky stirred.

He reached over wordlessly and took her shoulders. She didn't move. He bent and kissed her. She stayed quietly in his arms.

"I don't get it," Lucky said.

"You don't have to."

"Think you can get around me?"

She looked at him curiously. "You always figure the angles, don't you?"

"Sure."

"Maybe there isn't any angle."

"What are you trying to tell me, Jill?"

She shook her head. "Nothing." She got up and began to walk toward the door of the building. "Time to lock me up, isn't it?"

Lucky said, "Jill—"

She stopped, not turning. "Well?"

He started toward her and then stopped. "You don't have to sleep in there," he said roughly. "Take the car. It's more comfortable."

"Thanks."

He bent and began to pick up the car cushions which he'd laid on the ground for his own use. Jill bent swiftly and picked up a fallen club-like bough.

"Lucky," she said. "Give back those plans."

"Cut it," he said. "That's out."

She brought the bough down with a heavy swing that knocked him flat.

Jill was gone when he woke. But the car was there. Good thing he'd hidder the keys; good thing he'd locked the plans in the car.

When he got back to town he left word for Slip to meet him in front of Marty's place.

He was almost there when he heard a voice at his elbow.

going home . . .

"Lucky!"

He whirled. But it was only Annie. Beery Annie; his draft board Ma.

"Sorry, Ma," he said. "But I'm broke now."

"I'm not after a touch, Mr. Jordan."

"What then, Annie?"

"They're staked out all around Marty's waiting for you."

Lucky pulled up short. "You sure?"

"I seen them."

"Slip," Lucky murmured.

"Listen, Mr. Jordan, you can't go walking around like this. You need some place to hide."

"Don't I know it."

The old woman looked down at her shoes. "You can use my place, Mr. Jordan," she said shyly. "They'll never think of looking for you there."

Annie's place was perfect. She kept chattering in his ear as he looked around. Ever since that day at the draft board, she'd started thinking as if he really were her son.

Lucky held up the brief case. "Where can I hide this?"

Annie pulled aside an old Spanish shawl on the wall. Behind it was a long, deep hole. "How about here?"

He waited until dark and then he told Annie that he had to go out. There was

(*Continued on page* 84)

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7. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
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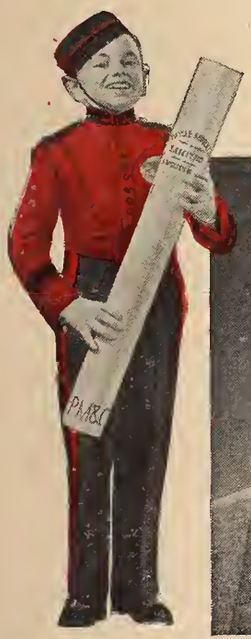

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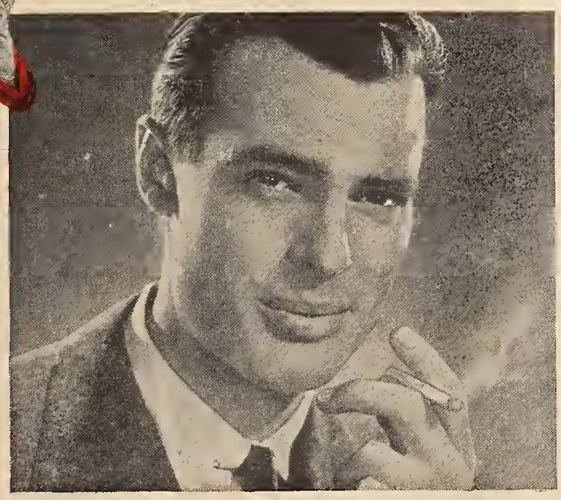

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(*Continued from page* 81)

still some unfinished business with Slip. There was still the brief case; he had to get rid of it. And dangerous as it was, Slip was the only one who knew where.

"Be careful," Annie said as he left.

"Sure." He stopped at the door and grinned back at her. "Sure, Ma."

As he left, two men watched until he turned the corner and then slowly started up the stairs to Annie's flat.

It was no good talking to Slip. Slip agreed with everything he said, but kept saying he needed time to make the arrangements.

There was something wrong. Lucky could feel it as he went back to Annie's apartment. Slip had been too slick. He came up the stairs two steps at a time and opened the door to the flat. The room was turned upside down; pillows on the floor, chairs overturned.

"Annie!"

He found her in the kitchen, slumped on the floor. There was a long, ugly welt on her forehead. She was scarcely breathing. He bent and lifted her gently.

Her eyes opened, and she saw him. "They came, Lucky . . . be careful . . . they tried to make me tell . . . I didn't . . . they couldn't make me . . . the brief case . . . be careful . . ."

Her head slumped forward on his arm, and slowly he pulled his hand away. The scum! The dirty, filthy dogs! He crossed to the wall and pulled the shawl aside. He reached in and yanked out the brief case. And then the two men stepped out of the shadows of the bedroom. A blackjack slashed down viciously at his head, he slumped to the floor.

* * * *

He had only one thing to go on. Slip had mentioned something about tulips. Tulips! Torch of Holland tulips. The only place that had them was the Kilpatrick Gardens out on Long Island.

Lucky crossed the street and ducked into a cab. "Kilpatrick Gardens," he said.

Behind him, in another cab, Jill Evans leaned forward and said to the driver, "Follow that cab."

The Kilpatrick Gardens were like a huge, enormously wealthy estate. Lucky eyed the gardens. He was after bigger game than flowers.

The greenhouse. He edged toward it cautiously and looked in. In the rear, waving his arms, he saw a familiar figure. Slip. He jumped and caught the edge of the coping, pulled himself up to the roof. He crawled along until he was over Slip, and then he opened one of the skylights.

Slip was talking to a tall, distinguished looking gentleman.

"I got it here," Slip said, holding up the brief case.

"Good."

lucky on the loose . . .

Overhead, Lucky swung through the skylight, dangled over the two men and dropped. He was moving as soon as he hit the ground. He grabbed the brief case in one hand, swung viciously with the other. Slip crashed back against the banks of flowerpots. Lucky poised for a moment on his toes and then hurtled through the glass walls of the greenhouse. Behind him the tall gentleman was yelling.

Lucky moved swiftly, ducking in the shrubbery. He worked his way toward the exit.

"Sir," a voice piped shrilly from outside the Gardens.

The gatekeeper turned.

"My umbrella," said the man. "I left

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it inside. Let me in to get it."

"Sorry," said the gatekeeper, "but the Gardens are closed."

"But I can see it, I tell you. It's right there near the bench on the walk. Hand it out, please."

From where he was Lucky could reach out and touch the umbrella. He reached inside the briefcase, took out the plans. He scribbled on them hurriedly and then slipped the plans inside the umbrella. The gatekeeper's hand came down and picked it up. Lucky watched the umbrella pass to the little man outside.

Then he stood up and began to run openly across the lawn. Someone saw him and some men closed in on him. They brought him to the large house on the hill that overlooked the Gardens. Inside Jill was sitting with the tall man that Lucky had seen with Slip.

"You here?" Lucky said to Jill.

"Of course," she said. "I picked up your trail this morning and followed you here. I told Mr. Kilpatrick," she nodded to the tall man, "to call the FBI."

"You did?" Lucky said. He grinned at Kilpatrick. "And did you?"

"You know the answer to that."

"Sure I do," Lucky said harshly. "You're a bunch of Nazi spies."

"That's where your Girl-Scout act led you," Lucky said to Jill.

Kilpatrick raised his hand. "Now if you'll hand over the plans—"

"What plans?" Lucky said.

Slip came up ominously. His hand swept across Lucky's face in a blow. "Talk!" he said.

"They're under the little bridge."

Kilpatrick moved to the door. "Come on."

They left one man to guard Lucky and Jill; the rest swept out of the room. Lucky kept his eyes on Jill. He winked at her. For a moment her face was blank. Lucky nodded toward the guard. Jill smiled.

"Guard," Jill said. "Why don't you sit down? Make yourself comfortable."

The man stared stolidly ahead.

Jill swung a silk clad leg carelessly; her skirt crept a bit higher.

"You don't have to glare so," she said sweetly.

She smiled. This time he smiled back.

Lucky leaped. He ripped the gun from the guard's hand and then ducked back behind the door. There were voices on the lawn outside. Kilpatrick, Slip and the rest stormed back into the room.

"All right, bad boys," Lucky said softly, "let's see how you look doing your morning exercises. Keep your hands up."

Kilpatrick spoke evenly, "You win. How much do you want for those plans."

"They're not for sale."

"Not for sale?"

"Listen," Lucky said. "Once as far as I was concerned the Nazis were just another mob of gangsters trying to horn in. But maybe I don't like guys who beat up old women. I'm selling those plans to an outfit that'll pay me 50 a month and throw in a uniform free."

There was a shatter of glass behind him. The door swung open, and men poured into the room.

"Gentlemen," Lucky said. "The FBI. I'll bet this is the only time you fellows were interested in an umbrella when it wasn't raining. Did it work?"

"We got the plans and your note."

Jill hooked her arm through Lucky's.

"You'll probably get a medal for this."

"Sure," Lucky said, "right after I get out of the guardhouse for going A.W.O.L."

"That's not so bad," she said.

He grinned. "Will you bring me cookies?" he said.

"Every day."

"It's a deal, then," Lucky said. "I'm in the Army now."

LET'S HEAR FROM YOU

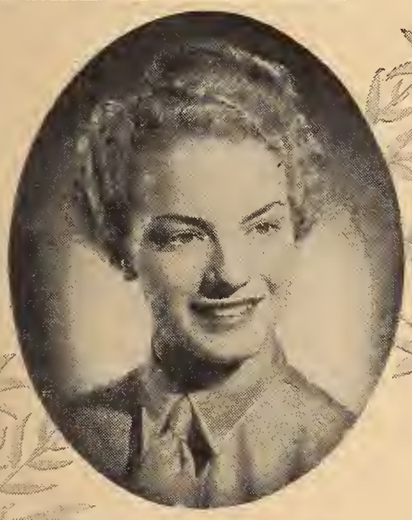
Fans, be a MODERN SCREEN REPORTER! See your name in print, and win $1!

All you have to do is write us an entertaining *true* story about some Hollywood star whom you've known or made faces at or met—a story which we in Movietown will never hear unless you tell it to us. Send as many as you like, and FOR EVERY ANECDOTE WE USE WE WILL MAIL YOU ONE DOLLAR.

Of course, we reserve the right to edit and revise all stories we use, and no contribution will be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Mail your inside story TODAY to MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

THE CAST

Lucky Jordan.....*Alan Ladd*
Jill Evans.....*Helen Walker*
Pearl.....*Marie McDonald*
Annie.....*Mabel Paige*
Slip Moran.....*Sheldon Leonard*
Ernest Higgins.....*Lloyd Corrigan*
Eddie.....*Russell Hoyt*
Kesselman.....*John Wengraf*
Angelo Palacio.....*Dave Willock*



Goodbye Dandruff

FOR BEAUTIFUL HAIR • • • USE

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TRADE MARK

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1 *Reconditions the hair and scalp.*

2 *Removes all dandruff with the first application.*

3 *Rinses out completely without aid of any after-rinse.*

4 *Gives the same beneficial results for all colors and textures of hair.*

WIND AND WEATHER are hard on the hair . . . so if your hair has become dull and unattractive . . . if it's flecked with dandruff . . . now is the time to enjoy the reconditioning benefits of gentle, economical Fitch Shampoo. Fitch Shampoo is the only shampoo whose guarantee to remove dandruff is backed by one of the largest insurance companies. Furthermore—Fitch Shampoo leaves the hair and scalp *antiseptically* clean. Antiseptically clean hair is the basis of a successful permanent wave because only hair that is shining clean can absorb the permanent wave solutions evenly. That's why you should ask your beauty operator for a Fitch Shampoo before your permanent. For beautiful hair, enjoy a regular weekly Fitch Shampoo. Ask for a professional application at your beauty shop, or buy a bottle of Fitch Shampoo at your drug counter—10, 25 and 50 cent sizes.

Fitch's TRADE MARK

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Color-Bright Beauty

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Don't waste time envying the woman whose hair is lovely and glamorous. With just a little time—right at home—you can bring your own hair "to life"...make it sparkle with radiant light and youthful color!

It's all so *easy*, too, with Marchand's exciting new "Make-Up" Hair Rinse! After your shampoo, dissolve the delicately tinted Rinse in warm water and brush it through your hair. Then...prepare for a surprise! All trace of soap-film has disappeared. Your hair is thrillingly alive—*color-bright* again!

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Marchand's "Make-Up" Rinse is not a *bleach!* Not a *permanent dye!* It goes on and washes off as easily as your facial make-up. Made with Government-approved colors, Marchand's Rinse is as safe to use as lemon or vinegar. And it does so much *more* for your hair.

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2 Rinses—10c
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EMPIRE DIAMOND CO. Dept. 787MP Jefferson, Iowa

GOOD NEWS

(*Continued from page* 60)

over income blanks and wondering why you never took arithmetic more seriously at school. Figuring you might need a little bolstering around that time, the Hollywood War Activities Committee will release a Disney short that's greatly apropos. Donald Duck, like the rest of us, turns up as a split personality. One half wants to spend: the other half wants to save for taxes.

Dissolved:

Ann Sheridan is back in town after her divorce-trip to Mexico. She spent most of her time in Cuernavaca, but she went up to Mexico City to see the bull fights and had to be rescued from the admiring mobs by the Señor Gendarmes. Some of the boys wanted to take the Good Neighbor policy personally and with deep emotion.

Don't take the Errol Flynn-Ann Sheridan romance rumors seriously. Errol and Ann have long been good friends, and Ann is gallant enough to stand furiously by the much-harassed Mr. Flynn until his woes have passed the acute stage.

TAXES AND WAR BONDS—It Takes Both!

Bootee Bureau:

The Benny Goodmans have placed an order for a junior licorice stick operator in May.

* * *

Incidentally, it isn't true—as this goes to press—that Judy Garland and Dave Rose, whose split has been announced in the papers, plan to supply a new member to some junior G-man club. The report was first broadcast by a radio reporter, then picked up by gossip columnists. When questioned about his "scoop," the radio reporter said that he had a system. After a movie couple had been married for several years, he announced a junior addition—and 50% of the time he was right.

* * *

In our Pip-Squeak department also belongs the story John Payne is telling about his daughter, Julie Anne, aged 3½. Seems that Julie cuddles with the comics and—after studying out any given situation for herself—checks her findings with Dad. "What is that?" she asks, pointing to a camel. Father John explains. "I knew that already," states his daughter smugly. The other day he was reading Superman to Julie, and her small head occasionally moved from side to side. "Hey," he said at last, "what's all this no department that you're giving me?"

"I'll tell you later," opined his daughter. That evening he entered the front door, only to find his small daughter suspended from the upperhall stairway. Beneath her yawned just about 15 feet of fresh air. John leaped

I SAW IT HAPPEN

When Veronica Lake was touring the country on a war bond drive, she came to Savannah. After she had been introduced to the audience, she began with, "Citizens of Charleston. . . ." There was a moment's silence, then everyone started to roar over Miss Lake's mistake. She too laughed, apologized wonderfully and corrected her error. The audience cheered and applauded her for being a trouper.

Betty Stewart,
408 E. 23rd St.,
Savannah, Ga.

'RIGHT-O'

Take a bow, Miss Britain! This "English Tint" you have settled on after three years of war to our one—which I have reproduced for my patrons is *just* the right rouge, I *must* say. Try it girls, it's definitely

BEST FOR WAR TIME

gives you such an alert look in uniform or street dress. Ask for Princess Pat English Tint Rouge, English Tint Lipstick or English Tint Liquid Liptone (the new absolutely smearproof liquid lipstick).

ENGLISH TINT Rouge and Lip Color

Exclusively

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Trained artists are capable of earning **$30, $50, $75** a week, by our practical method. Step by step we teach you **COMMERCIAL ART, ILLUSTRATING** and **CARTOONING** all in ONE complete course. Send for information in free booklet: "Art for Pleasure & Profit," describes training and opportunities in art. State age.

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NEW SOAP *Clears Skin*

Ugly pimples, blemishes and itching skin rashes, impetigo, ringworm, eczema, externally caused, often quickly relieved by new medicated TALLY SOAP. *Tally Soap* must show as much as 50% improvement or money back. Ask for Tally Soap at chain, drug and department stores everywhere. **TALLY SOAP CO., 207 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.**

POEMS WANTED

FOR MUSICAL SETTING Mother, Home, Love, Sacred, Patriotic, Comic or any subject. Don't delay—send us your original poem at once for immediate consideration and **FREE RHYMING DICTIONARY. RICHARD BROTHERS, 49 Woods Building, Chicago, Ill.**

If you want to

BUILD UP RED BLOOD!

And Also Relieve Distress of 'Periodic' Female Weakness!

If you want to build up red blood corpuscles to promote a more refreshed bloodstream, more strength—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound TABLETS (with added iron).

Pinkham's Tablets are also famous to relieve distress of female functional monthly disturbances. This is because of their soothing effect on ONE OF WOMAN'S MOST IMPORTANT ORGANS. Taken regularly they help build up resistance against such symptoms. Follow label directions. *Worth trying!*

For free trial bottle tear this out and send with name and address to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., 855 Cleveland St., Lynn, Mass.

to the rescue, and as he caught her after she complied with his order to drop into his arms, she announced with a sigh, "Superman is a liar."

TAXES AND WAR BONDS—It Takes Both!
Brass Buttons:

On January 21, Paramount gave a terrific send-off luncheon in honor of Alan Ladd who is now in the Army. He has passed all the physical tests and hopes to be assigned to the Air Corps.

* * *

Bill Holden became Lt. William Beedle of the Air Corps on January 19. Brenda was so excited for the full month before she left for Miami that she swooped around the studio in a supercharged, dream-upholstered dither. About one thing she was practical: Bill had written that restaurants were so few and so crowded that obtaining a substandard table d'hote dinner had become the object of entire expeditions. So Brenda decided that she would take a cottage in which she could do the Holden family cooking while she was there, and—so forewarned—she bought a cookbook. She went around the studio asking, with glowing eyes, "If you beat two eggs, add a pound of ground round steak, butter the size of a walnut, a cup of dried bread crumbs, salt to taste, and a can of sliced button mushrooms, what do you get?"

"Two coupons extracted from your ration book," gloomed Nancy Coleman.

* * *

Lt. Clark Gable slipped into town, called on a few close friends and slipped out again—bound temporarily for Fort George Wright.

Bob Taylor has done everything he can think of to get signed by the Ferry Command, but—as it is an exceptionally hazardous branch of service—there are rules about men who are married and have children. Although Barbara Stanwyck is self-supporting, and their boy is adopted, Bob doesn't stand much of a chance of being accepted. However, draft boards will soon be calling 3A's—and then Bob may get an opportunity to join the Air Corps.

TAXES AND WAR BONDS—It Takes Both!
Gone to the Dogs:

Gig Young, who will shortly report for active duty with the Coast Guard, has been trying to find a good home for his menagerie. Seems that, as each of his friends went off to the wars, Gig inherited their hounds. He has everything from a Mexican hairless to a German shepherd, plus a sprinkling of Scotties, wirehairs and cocker spaniels. A fact which interests no one so far as Gig has been able to discover.

* * *

Rita Hayworth is also having dog trouble. Victor Mature left Genius, Jr., with her, but when she moved, she discovered that pets weren't allowed in her apartment house. She is still trying to reconcile gas rationing with a home for G., Jr.

* * *

Rhodes, Bill Holden's beloved white Rhodesian lion dog, came home one night in January with his jaws bristling with feathers—and he hadn't been eating one of Roz Russell's hats. About a year ago this same Rhodes came home in agony with a bullet in his shoulder (the movie touch; any other dog would have been shot in the gluteus maximus). Brenda thought the sitchieashun over and decided that Rhodes, too, was in the Army now. Then she sat down with Rhodes' ex-leash in one hand, and a large, dependable handkerchief in the other and wondered just exactly how she was going to break the news to Bill.

TAXES AND WAR BONDS—It Takes Both!
Judge, Jury & Jail:

She was willowy, blonde, beautiful and intelligent. She made a hit on Broadway, then captured motion picture honors. She married and divorced a tall, handsome leading man. Then she fell in love with a playwright in New York; a man, incidentally, who has broken a good many feminine hearts—according to rumor.

She was arrested for drunken driving and placed on probation. She violated her probation, had a fistic battle with her hairdresser that ended with the hairdresser sustaining a dislocated jaw, locked herself in a hotel room, and—when routed by officers—performed a dance of seven veils, forgetting only to wear the veils.

The next time you hear some bright, ambitious school girl express a wish to become a famous actress, ask her if she has the cast-iron fortitude, the unshakable nerve, the robust and bounding health and the armor-plated heart which are essential weapons for her who would joust with Fame. Tell the ambitious school girl the tragic story of lovely Frances Farmer, who found herself at last in the psychopathic ward of the Los Angeles General Hospital.

TAXES AND WAR BONDS—It Takes Both!
Glow Amid the Gloom Section:

Veronica Lake has recovered completely from her appendectomy. Only woe in her hospitalization was that Paramount had hurried her scenes in "So Proudly We Hail" so that Veronica could spend some time in Seattle with her husband, Captain John Detlie. As it was, Captain Detlie flew down to be with her for a few days, but the war won't wait, so he had to go back to Seattle.

* * *

While Mrs. Bing Crosby was taking down the Christmas tree, a short circuit set fire to tree, curtains, rugs . . . and the house. Bing's brothers, Larry and Bob, rescued his wardrobe of 100 suits, although some were soaked and smoke damaged. In one pair of black and white sport shoes, Bing found two thousand dollars in greenbacks, unscathed. Who said that women and their teacups are the only amateur bankers! Timmy, the children's pet cocker spaniel, was suffocated, but "Big Boy," the Great Dane, was saved.

The whole family was taken in by Mr. and Mrs. Bob Hope until Bing bought a house in Holmby Hills. Considering the current income taxes and the salary ceiling, Bing's loss was a severe jolt, but do you know what he said? "I'm lucky. Dixie and the boys are safe."

TAXES AND WAR BONDS—It Takes Both!
They're Doin' It for Defense:

Mary Martin and her husband have one of the finest gardens in town, thanks mainly to their ardent care. One thing bothered Mary. Whenever she wanted the pruning shears, they were at the bottom of her work basket; whenever she wanted the trowel, *it* was at the bottom of the basket. She spent most of her time fighting the coiled hose for possession of various implement. So she up and invented a system whereby she has equipped the interior top perimeter of her

softer

stronger

more absorbent

SITROUX
SAY SIT-TRUE
CLEANSING TISSUES
PAPER NAPKINS

GOOD NEWS (Continued)

victory cart with a series of clamps. The tools fit snugly in place—at the top of the heap—and the hose sulks below lacking anything to play with.

* * *

In the good old days B. G. R. (before gas rationing), after a convivial group had chatted for an hour or so or played cards, the man of the house would hop in the car and drive down to the corner drug or the nearest confectionery and pick up some ice cream, cake, candy or such. Nowadays, with Hollywood and Valley distances so great, these gay excursions are practically impossible. So, the other night when Fred and Lillian MacMurray were entertaining guests, Fred gave his bridge hand to an extra player to finish, and he went out to the kitchen to whip up a batch of famous Wisconsin fudge. S'help me.

* * *

Ray Milland has gone into the chicken business in a big way. He has row upon row of sanitary, galvanized iron coops, set high off the ground, and he can give you a vet's-eye view of the life span, habits, diseases and peculiar charm of chickens. The other night a high wind blew over one of the cages and practically demolished it, but the chickens were saved. Ray went around moaning—not about the ruined coops—but over the one smashed egg in the tragedy. This will give you a delicate idea of the egg situation in Southern California.

Co-Ed:

Have you met Co-Ed? It's a gay little corner of Modern Screen, strictly for you gals, and if you've missed it before, this is the day you mend your ways. If you're looking for Dorothy Dix with a dash of Dorothy Parker, look no further than page 16. If you're mad for a blueprint for fun and popularity, sister, you've got it. And it's a monthly feature, oh joy! The kids out here from Shirley Temple to Bonita Granville swear by it. Need more be said?

TAXES AND WAR BONDS—It Takes Both!

The Quiet Room:

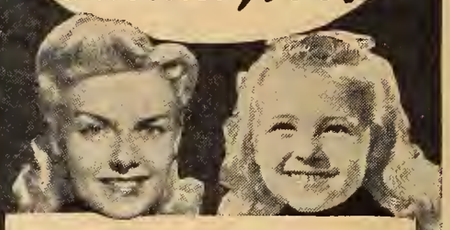
Dorothy Lamour was supposed to be on vacation in San Francisco, but as soon as she had rested for a day or so, she began to look around for something constructive to do. Having offered her services, she was pleased to be sent at once to one of the big hospitals already devoted in this our war to casualties. *"Casualties!"* It's such a cold word. It means Bill Brown, that blonde curly-headed boy with the laughing blue eyes who used to carry your books home from school. He has a shrapnel wound in his left side. It means Tommy Wilson, who was half-back on your college team. He taught you to rumba after he had worked in a sugar refinery in Cuba one summer. His left leg is gone. It means Don Jones, who taught you all you know about a kiss. You and Don would have been married last June, if there had been no war. Don has a bayonet wound perilously near his heart. It isn't healing as rapidly as it should.

To these boys Dorothy Lamour sang. She sang, "I Had The Craziest Dream Last Night." She sang, "I Wanna Go Back To West Virginia" and "Springtime In The Rockies." She sang the Illinois Loyalty Song, and "The Sweetheart Of Sigma Chi."

A nurse approached and asked softly, "When you've finished in this ward, would you come downstairs, please? There's a boy in a single room who wants to hear 'Mother Machree.' "

Dorothy had no idea what those words "in a single room" meant, but something

Now Mother's Hair is Lovely Blonde, Too!



New 11-Minute Home Shampoo Washes Hair Shades Lighter Safely

Mothers and daughters stay young together when sunny, golden curls and smart, blonde coiffure are both glowingly lovely. Because of its delicate texture, particular care is needed to keep blonde hair from fading, darkening, losing attractiveness. That's why smart blondes everywhere use BLONDEX, the new 11-minute home shampoo made specially for blondes. It removes dull, dingy film and brings out glorious golden highlights. Safe even for children's hair. Costs little to use. Get Blondex at 10c, drug and dept. stores.

ANY PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 8x10 inches or smaller if desired. Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any *part* of group picture. Safe return of original photo guaranteed.

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NEW! Deodorant In-A-Puff!

Amazing! A pat of the puff—that's enough! Dainty deodorant. No waste, nothing spills (Powder's IN the puff) Double-your-money-back guarantee. At 10c stores.

PAT-SWEET

Marvel WHIRLING SPRAY SYRINGE for Women
AT DRUG COUNTERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD
FREE BOOKLET—The Marvel Co., Dpt. 446, New Haven, Conn.

Free for Asthma

If you suffer with attacks of Asthma so terrible you choke and gasp for breath, if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe, if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a **free trial** of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope, but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

Frontier Asthma Co. **323-K Frontier Bldg.**
462 Niagara St. **Buffalo, N. Y.**

about the nurse's expression impelled her to hurry that last chorus and to promise to come back in a moment for an encore.

When she reached the bottom of the stairs, the nurse was standing before the closed door of the single room. She shook her head at Dorothy. "It's too late," she said.

So Dorothy, after a few moments, went on to the next ward. And the next. She sang most of the day.

If she knew this story was being retold, she wouldn't like it. But this isn't a story that belongs to one girl alone. It belongs to all of us, just as the men in that hospital belong to all of us . . . and just as this war belongs to all of us, each and every one.

TAXES AND WAR BONDS—It Takes Both!

Guess Who Department:

There are a good many Catholic families, among motion picture people, whose homes are always open to a series of visiting priests.

That the calling clergy is as conscious of current trends as the most progressive layman is proved by a story now being widely quoted in Hollywood.

At the dinner table, a particularly witty priest had been describing his work in foreign missions. His associate had been an old friend of the host. "You wouldn't know Tom now," the clergyman said. "He has put on a lot of weight, and he appears to have dwindled in height. Matter-of-fact, we've been calling him Father Five-by-Five."

TAXES AND WAR BONDS—It Takes Both!

Newcomers You Should Know About:

Beautiful, intelligent, blonde Dolores Moran gets her first big break as the daughter of Miriam Hopkins in "Old Acquaintance"—and wins Gig Young in the bargain. Dolores Moran is her real name; the family is Irish, and Dolores' mother selected her given name from a love story before the baby was born. First famed person to notice her was Max Baer, who met her at a Chamber of Commerce meeting in a small northern California town in which Dolores lived. "You're lovely," Max said, without further introduction than a long, unbelieving stare. "You'll be famous some day." This reporter agrees.

* * *

Don Loper is currently working at Paramount in "Lady In The Dark" with Ginger Rogers. Someone asked to describe Don, said, "Well, he looks like a happy clown with his make-up off, but he talks like a genius, a gentleman and a jester."

He has a habit of walking up to a strange woman on the street and saying in a deep, charming voice, "You should never wear brown, you know. Not with your eyes. Wear greens, chartreuse or orchid." Or, to his friends, "Darling, you look horrible. Where did you get that hat?"

TAXES AND WAR BONDS—It Takes Both!

Speaking of Our Contest . . .

This is by way of reminding you if you haven't yet entered our honey of a contest on page 82, you'd better reach for a pencil right quick. Or are you one of those sissies who's scared of entering a contest 'cause you're sure you'd never win? Because if you are, you just don't know MODERN SCREEN. We've a positive fear of geniuses, and we'd never in the world run a contest for their benefit. Matter of fact, we've been racking our brains for months trying to arrive at the kind of contests ANYBODY can win. And, chum, have we got it! Everybody and her Sister Susy's been entering. We're positively deluged by returns. And after studying the entries carefully, we're solidly convinced that everyone has an equal chance. To quote page 82 of this issue, the prizes add up to $4000 in war bonds and luscious things to wear. And the only real brain work required of you is to be able to read and follow directions accurately. Losing out in the first contest you enter, doesn't, by any means, mean you're doomed. And note that you can enter without tearing off the top of anything. Our sponsors are delighted by returns so far. And if you keep the number of entries mounting in the coming contests, they'll certainly be dishing us more and more dough for prizes.

TAXES AND WAR BONDS—It Takes Both!

Eminent Visitor:

If you have an opportunity to hear Sister Elizabeth Kenny of Australia speak, by all means, don't miss it. "Sister" is an Australian honorary title given to nurses, and Kenny is the name to which one of the most remarkable women of our time was born. She has developed, as you may know, a new medical conception of the disease called infantile paralysis, and a successful means of treating that ailment. She is in Hollywood at present, working with RKO writers who will bring her story to the screen. Roz Russell is going to portray Sister Kenny.

TAXES AND WAR BONDS—It Takes Both!

Quotables from Notables:

Bette Davis. "I'm patriotic, but I'll have to admit that I'm heartsick about Gig Young's being taken into the Coast Guard. He's so good in 'Old Acquaintance' that I'd like to have him with me in lots of subsequent pictures."

* * *

Jane Wyman (whose hair, after years of being blonde, is now brownette): "I caught sight of myself unexpectedly in the mirror the other night, and started to introduce me to Jane."

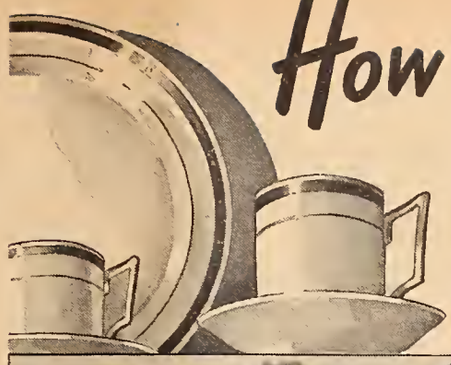
* * *

Fred Astaire: "Joan Leslie is the most intelligent girl with whom I have ever danced. She learns routines like lightning. She's gifted. She's headed for a brilliant career."

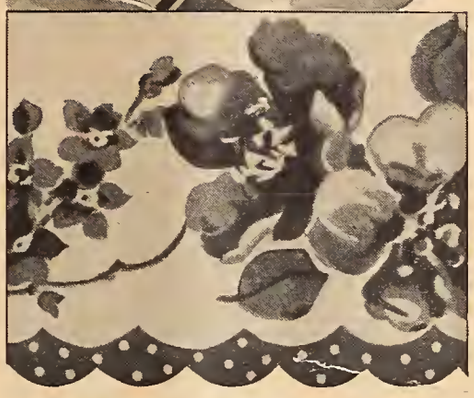
TAXES AND WAR BONDS—It Takes Both!

We Never Blush:

This month we'll be making our screen début before some 50,000,000 people! Thank heavens, we're not shy. We want to forewarn you because we wouldn't want you nudging a perfect stranger out of sheer surprise and exploding into something like, "Why look! My pet magazine. What's it doing in a coming attraction?" The April cover of MODERN SCREEN, together with Zachary Gold's review of "The Immortal Sergeant," will be flashed across the screen during the "coming attractions" (trailer) advertising that picture. We've always known Zach was one of the keenest guys around, but naturally we're feeling pretty glowy that 20th-Fox chose his review. Trouble is, unlike us, Zach blushes easily.



How YOU CAN MAKE YOUR KITCHEN MORE Colorful!



This pattern is shown ¾ actual depth

One of many new period or modern designs, available in your preferred color combination. Use *Royledge* in clothes closets, kitchen, pantry, nursery shelves. Made by Roylace, Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sold at 5-&-10, neighborhood, department stores.

It's so easy to decorate all bare or drab shelves! Go to any 5 and 10¢, neighborhood or department store. Buy 9 whole feet of gaily patterned Royledge shelving, for 6¢.

Easy to put up. Simply lay down the flat surface and fold over the colorful "doubl-edge." Holds without tacks . . . won't curl in steam or heat.

Easy to keep clean. No laundering necessary. Wipes with damp cloth.

Easy to change, whenever you please. It's fun to choose a crisp new pattern—a bright new color scheme.

New *under-arm*
Cream Deodorant
safely
Stops Perspiration

1. Does not harm dresses, or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering, for being harmless to fabrics.

ARRID IS THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT

ARRID

39¢ a jar
(Also in 10¢ and 59¢ jars)
Buy a jar of ARRID today at any store which sells toilet goods.

NOW! Beautiful NAILS AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE

So natural they even have *half moons.*

NEW! Smart, long tapering nails for everyone! Cover broken, short, thin nails with Nu-Nails. Can be worn any length and polished any desired shade. **Will not harm nor soften natural nails.** Defies detection. Waterproof. Easily applied; remains firm. No effect on nail growth or cuticle. Removed at will. Set of Ten, 20c. All 5c and 10c stores.

To protect your nails against injury — splitting, breaking, or discoloration, always wear NU-NAILS! Marvelous protection for defense workers, housewives — women everywhere.

NU-NAILS ARTIFICIAL FINGERNAILS
5251 W. Harrison St., Dept. 15-D, Chicago

CO-ED

(*Continued from page 16*)

girl who over-indulge, and I have an idea you'll do all right."

All of which made Carol seem very wise indeed, but it developed that she too had a problem. "Practically every USO dance I go to," she told us, "finds me accepting a date with a nice clean-cut looking lad who turns out to be a first-class wolf. How can you tell a heel from a good guy?"

"Right up my alley, Carol," grinned Beth, who was an R.N. at the Ford Hospital. "I fought 'em off for years when I was student-nursing. . . . Let's pretend this stunning sergeant asks you out. If you live at home, say that you'd like very much to see him again, and could he come to dinner at your house. Dinner with the family is the bona fide wolf's idea of a darned repulsive evening, so if he quails, don't trust him. If you're away from home, say, why yes, Wednesday would be swell, and how about ringing in John and Kay and Anne and Dick. If he's a nice boy, he'll probably say okay. If his face falls miles, he may be a nice boy or a heel."

Marion, who assembled instruments at the Chrysler plant, stopped downing Royal Crown Cola long enough to go into her troubles. "You'd think the last word had been said about necking, but I'm still all mixed up. It's gotten so now that every time Jim gets home from camp, all we do is smootch. It seemed so wonderful at first, but lately it bores me stiff, and I don't know what to do about it. You can't just suddenly get prudish, and anyway I keep thinking each time I see him may be the last, and wouldn't I be mean to give him a frost."

Mary of all people was the necking authority. "Out of the mouths of babes, and all that," she said, "but I'm really an oracle on the subject. In the first place Marion, you can't be too crazy about Jim or necking wouldn't bore you. Maybe you once were very much in love, and then you concentrated so much on smootching you never had a chance to talk, and your whole relationship stopped growing. Presto—boredom. As it stands now, you certainly oughtn't keep right on dishing it out when your heart's not in it. It seems to me you should tell him frankly the woo-bouts pall a trifle, and

QUIZ CLUES

(*Continued from page 79*)

Set 3

1. Road shows
2. Blonde and beautiful
3. In the Dark
4. Fancy-free
5. Desperado
6. Sweetest Swede
7. Starred by Lamarr
8. Janny
9. Mrs. R.R.
10. Top-salaried at 20th-Fox
11. Siren
12. Army wife
13. Mature-d
14. Killer-diller
15. The "Major"
16. Dreamy-eyed
17. Mercury Player
18. "The Desert Song"
19. Gets the joint jivin'
20. "Maisie"

(*Answers on page 96*)

NO DULL DRAB HAIR

When You Use This Amazing
4 Purpose Rinse

In one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all of these 4 important things for your hair.

1. Gives lustrous highlights.
2. Rinses away shampoo film.
3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
4. Helps keep hair neatly in place.

LOVALON does not permanently dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON.

At stores which sell toilet goods
25¢ for 5 rinses
10¢ for 2 rinses

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

DOCTORS WARN CONSTIPATED FOLKS ABOUT LAZY LIVER

IT IS SAID constipation causes many human discomforts—headaches, lack of energy and mental dullness being but a few. BUT DON'T WORRY—For years a noted Ohio Doctor, Dr. F. M. Edwards, successfully treated scores of patients for constipation with his famous Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets.

Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable*, are wonderful! They not only gently yet thoroughly cleanse the bowels but ALSO pep up liver bile secretion to help digest fatty foods. Test their goodness TONIGHT! Follow label directions.

2 Enlargements GIVEN!

ROLLS developed and printed. Two beautiful professional "Life-time" enlargements *given* with 8 prints. Or 16 sharp, clear prints. Or 8 large over-size prints, (deckle-edge if desired). Only 25c. Credit for unprintable negatives. **Reprints 3c each.** Fast 1 day service. Satisfaction guaranteed. **35MM Prices:** Ultra-fine grain developed and vaporated—3x4 inch prints—36 exposures $1; 18 exposures 60c.

FREE MAILERS — MAY'S PHOTO Dept. M-13 LaCrosse, Wis. — WORK GUARANTEED

PINS RINGS — FOR CLUBS, CLASSES—LOW PRICES

The smart styling, craftsmanship that has made Bastian the quality leader for 48 years! YET INEXPENSIVE PRICES! Catalog shows over 300 designs in sterling silver, and gold plate on sterling.

WRITE FOR Free CATALOG

BASTIAN BROS. Dept. 57 Rochester, N. Y.

Brush Away **GRAY HAIR** *. . and Look* 10 *Years Younger*

● Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 30 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60c and $1.65 (5 times as much) at drug or toilet counters on a money-backguarantee. Get BROWNATONE today.

how's for taking a walk or something. If you're bored walking and talking with him, too, I'd say the stuff was no longer there, and the sooner he knows the better." Marion said she thought Mary had something, and then the smootching topic went on and on. Everyone agreed that necking is definitely here to stay, but that 1) you didn't have to neck to be popular. (In fact, the greatest smooch artists rarely get asked to anything really festive like the big game or the junior prom.) And 2) you don't neck with anyone you don't love. (Maybe a good-night kiss or two for poor Bob who takes you to such elegant places but nary a neck.)

A torchy-voiced girl named Barbara, who did little theater work and radio skits, brought up the subject of smoking. She asked if any of us had trouble with family vs. weed. A blond gal in an AWVS uniform said, "You ain't kidding, Babs. It's a major issue at our house." Her name was Ruth, and her parents believed that the road to hell was paved with cigarette butts. "Mine used to be, too," how's for taking a walk or something. said Barbara, "till I educated 'em." Seems she finally discovered that their attitude was a hangover from their youth, when only the shadiest of ladies smoked. They'd never gotten over associating cigarettes with lewd women. "So I kept showing them pictures of dames they considered only slightly less than the angels, complete with cigarettes. Greer Garson and people like that. One day I jollied Mom into trying one with me, and now our house is blue with smoke most of the time. Not really, of course, but blue enough."

There was a lot of general talk after that; the gist of which was that men are fiends, men are angels and war is hell. On which note we departed feeling infinitely more worldly-wise.

We're telling you all this because very likely you too have "dilemmas," and maybe some of the foregoing will help.

And we've got some incredibly sound advice for you, too! It's practically spring, and here we all are with our wintry wardrobes and our same old faces and no idea what to do about 'em. MODERN SCREEN has. Take a gander at that super-coupon on page 100 and take heart. Ever see a more lush list of charts? The fashion one is crammed with hints to help you look chic on a shoestring; the beauty one's filled with ideas for making you Lamarr-ish. Practically our pet is the horoscope (worked out by Grant Lewi, editor of "Horoscope," the world's most widely circulated astrology magazine).

More advice! Turn to page 82 and go to work on our brand new contest. All you need to win is a spark of imagination and about 20 spare minutes. You haven't a thing to lose and terrific things to gain—like a $1,000 war bond and a honey of a new spring coat and a stag-staggering dress. We can't begin to tell you about the $4000 worth of mouth-watering prizes, but give the contest a whirl, and betcha'll be seeing one of them for yourself. If you're feeling lady bountiful-ish, why not have a MODERN SCREEN contest party? Have some of the girls in of an evening. Equip them with pencils, paper, MODERN SCREENS and envelopes stamped and addressed to MODERN SCREEN. Give 'em a half hour or so to ponder, then pop their brainchildren into the mail and dash back to your house for Royal Crowns, cookies and small talk. That's our idea of a pretty de luxe ladies' night.

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Captivating
GLAMOROUS...

MINER'S
Liquid MAKE-UP

MINER'S Foundation
CREAM with LANOLIN

MINER'S Patti-Pac
CAKE MAKE-UP

... that's the way you will look if you use a MINER'S make-up base. LIQUID, CAKE or CREAM ... choose the type you prefer. MINER'S makes all three. Any one of them will keep your complexion fascinatingly smooth, captivatingly flawless and glamorously fresh — all day long. Try your favorite today ... in one of six skin-glorifying shades — 10¢ to $1.00.

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Masters of Make-Up Since 1864

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OF YOUR FAVORITE SNAPSHOT, PHOTO OR NEGATIVE
★
From Famous HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS

VISIT HIM WITH PICTURES FROM HOME

VISIT HOME WITH PICTURES FROM CAMP

5" x 7" ENLARGEMENT ABSOLUTELY FREE!

Just to get acquainted, we will make and send you FREE a *portrait-quality*, 5 x 7 inch enlargement of your favorite picture! Just send us your most cherished snapshot or photo (either the actual picture or the negative) and you will receive FREE a beautiful PROFESSIONAL Hollywood Studio Enlargement! Send a picture to that boy in service—send a picture to the home folks! This offer is open to everyone *for a limited time!* IMPORTANT: Please include color of hair, eyes and clothing for prompt information on a beautiful, life-like, colored enlargement, hand-tinted in natural, lasting *oil* colors, in a handsome FREE frame! Your original returned with your FREE PROFESSIONAL ENLARGEMENT. Please enclose 10c for return mailing. Act now! Offer limited to United States.

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Please make me a FREE 5" x 7" enlargement of the enclosed snapshot.
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ADDRESS..... COLOR EYES.....
CITY..... STATE..... COLOR CLOTHING.....

New—Hair Rinse
safely
Gives a Tiny Tint

1. Does not harm, permanently tint or bleach the hair
2. Used after shampooing—your hair is never dry, or unruly
3. Instantly gives the soft, lovely effect obtained from hours of vigorous brushing...**plus a tiny tint—in these 12 shades.**

1. Black	7. Titian Blonde
2. Dark Copper	8. Golden Blonde
3. Sable Brown	9. Topaz Blonde
4. Golden Brown	10. Dark Auburn
5. Nut Brown	11. Light Auburn
6. Silver	12. Lustre Glint

4. Golden Glint contains only safe certified colors and pure Radien, all new, approved ingredients.

Try Golden Glint...Over 40 million packages have been sold...Choose your shade at any cosmetic dealer. Price 10 and 25¢—or send for a

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Please send color No._____as listed above.
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Address

GOLDEN GLINT

Painful home-paring may leave core in your toe!

• It's just good common sense to realize that the core of a corn left in your toe may act as a focal point for *renewed development.* Medicated Blue-Jay, on the other hand, not only helps relieve the pain, but gets after the *core*—helps remove the corn. And it *works while you walk in comfort!* Blue-Jay costs only a few cents for each corn. Get it today at any drug or toilet goods counter.

Home-paring or "whittling" corns usually removes only the top, leaves core behind.

Blue-Jay medication gently *loosens* the corn so it may be easily removed.*

**Stubborn cases may require more than one application.*

BLUE JAY
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
CORN PLASTERS
BAUER & BLACK

SMILE, PLEASE

(*Continued from page 55*)

no spot is neglected, mark off your entire mouth into small areas of two or three teeth each. The place to start brushing is on the inner surfaces of the lower teeth. This area is the most difficult to reach and the most important to clean thoroughly. Brushing it first, the bristles are firmest, and you will not be so apt to hurry the job.

Stained teeth may sometimes be remedied by this simple device. Put a little paste or powder on a piece of clean gauze, and rub the stained area with it. Never use anything harsher or you may injure the enamel. But don't fret if your teeth aren't white as sea foam. Could be that that isn't their natural color. Long as your biters are healthy and gleaming, they may be any normal shade which varies among those with an ivory, blue, pink or creamy cast.

Call upon your dental floss as an auxiliary to your toothbrush. Floss is important because it penetrates crevices that can't be reached in any other way. Pull the floss gently between the teeth, but be careful not to jerk it over tender gums. Easy does it!

Gums with a pale, whitish cast are not only unattractive but unhealthy. The easiest way to tone them is to brush 'em at the same time you're scrubbing your teeth. Lightly at first, more vigorously when the gums become firmer and regain a natural red color. If they are particularly lazy, massage dentifrice into them every night, using your finger wrapped in clean gauze. Firmly and evenly, draw little circles all over your gums . . . you'll be enthusiastic about the fresh, healthy feeling of your mouth.

we're your best friend

Even the most enchanting smile can't excuse a tainted breath! Does yours make you a gal to be admired on the side lines, but never whirled around a dance floor? Are you a composite picture of all the unhappy girls in the mouthwash ads? We are one to take a common-sense attitude and refuse to cloud the subject in hush-hush.

Halitosis does exist . . . but since there's no way of knowing whether or not you're guilty, the only solution is to get ahead of it, like the fastidious Hollywood beauties, by using a good mouthwash after every meal and frequently during the day. Don't just taste it; take a good mouthful and swirl it until your mouth tingles with freshness. Also, a good, strong mouthwash is particularly helpful in deodorizing breath after you've been smoking, drinking or eating volatile foods, such as onions or garlic.

your beautician, the dentist!

Your dentist isn't only the stern, white-coated man who says "this is going to hurt," and who goes ahead to prove it. He's a true beauty worker who can keep your smile bright and gleaming by removing stubborn stains and tartar deposits. He can plug tiny cavities before they grow to Grand Canyon proportions and, if you visit him regularly every six months, he can stop all inroads of decay. If you want a Hollywood-caliber smile, remember to keep your date with the dentist twice a year.

Since you will never have another set of pearly teeth, you can't take too much trouble to save what you have. If you must lose teeth, have your dentist replace them with bridges. Otherwise, the gaps

Beautify Your
FORM Contour

Don't be embarrassed by a flat, undeveloped or sagging bust. Do as thousands of other women just like yourself are doing. They have learned how to bring out the loveliest contours of their figures, whatever their bust faults. Now you, too, can do the same . . . safely, easily and positively.

HIGHLY ENDORSED BY MANY DOCTORS

Your flat bustline can be miraculously beautified into full and alluring contours. Or, if you are the pendulous type, it can be rounded into high and youthful loveliness. All you have to do is follow the easy directions on exercise, massage, brassieres, diet, etc., given in the great medically-endorsed book, "The Complete Guide to Bust Culture." Adopt these simple, self-help measures at once and your bust will positively appear full, firm and shapely . . . the proud glamorous curves which make you more desirable than ever.

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You can now obtain this unique book by A. F. Niemoeller, A.B., M.A., B.S., at a remarkable price reduction. Formerly $3.50. Now only $1.98. Guaranteed harmless. Amazing lifetime results. SEND NO MONEY. Just mail coupon now.

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Send the COMPLETE GUIDE TO BUST CULTURE in plain package. On delivery I will pay postman $1.98 plus few cents postage. If not satisfied I may return it within ten days and my $1.98 will be refunded.
Name .....
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☐ CHECK HERE if you want to save postage. Enclose $1.98 with coupon and we ship prepaid.

KIDNEYS MUST REMOVE EXCESS ACIDS

Help 15 Miles of Kidney Tubes Flush Out Poisonous Waste

If you have an excess of acids in your blood, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may be over-worked. These tiny filters and tubes are working day and night to help Nature rid your system of excess acids and poisonous waste.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Before and After

Read this new book about Facial Reconstruction. Tells how easy it is for noses to be reshaped—protruding ears, thick lips, wrinkles and pouches corrected. Plastic Science explained. Elaborate illustrations.

125 Pages. Only 25c — mail coin or stamp to Glennville Publishers, 313 Madison Ave., (Dept. B.L.) N.Y.C.

NEVER SCRATCH
Externally Caused
ECZEMA

Do you want to relieve that fiery redness? Soothe the painful soreness? Soften the scaly skin? Curb that tantalizing itch? Then get a jar of Sayman Salve from your druggist NOW. Apply this grand medicated ointment directly on the affected areas. See if it doesn't bring the QUICK relief you want. Used successfully for more than fifty years. Only 25c at any good drug store. But be sure you get the genuine

SAYMAN SALVE

may cause shifting of the remaining teeth, change the contours of your face and cause wrinkles and hollows.

food for beauty

An exclusive diet of chocolate sundaes will not only blur your silhouette, it will dim your smile. 'Sfact. What you eat is vitally important to the health of your teeth. At meal times, you can particularly help or hinder your own precious pearls. For strong, healthy molars, star these foods on your menus: milk, eggs, butter, cheese, meats, whole-grained cereals and green vegetables. For a wonderful chin-firmer, chew a pack of chewing gum a day. It's a grand old American habit, but mind your manners! Don't chew with your mouth opened, please, and no gum-snapping.

stick to the rules

It's a small jump from teeth to lips so to make the lure of your lipstick last let's glance at a few of the simple rules. First wipe off all that old make-up with a dab of cold cream and a cleansing tissue. If some of the color has gone over the edge and persists in staying smeared, use a little astringent or peroxide on a pad of cotton. A thorough soap and water cleansing is a good suggestion.

Now outline both lips with either your lipstick, lip brush or pencil, working from the center of the mouth outward to the edges. If you want a deft professional touch, use a lipstick brush to paint your glamour on as the Hollywood stars do. It helps smooth the red out evenly to the corners of that pretty mouth. Then fill the outline in with your lipstick. Pat a little face powder over this make-up job and wet the lips to dissolve the powdery surface. A second application of lipstick is then in order (this insures it staying on). Lastly, press your lips against a tissue. The results, you may be happy to note, are no red stains on your hostess' glassware!

match-mates

Keep in tune with the times and match your lipstick to your rouge, powder and most important, your nail polish. The cosmetic counters offer you lip-rouge and nail enamel in harmonizing shades. Of course your lipstick should be in complete harmony with your skin-tones, your eyes and hair. And while you're about it, it's fun to match the color of your costume and new Easter bonnet to your lipstick. Although there are no absolute rules about what shades to wear with what, it's still a good idea to follow the basic color principles. Beware of contrasts and strive for harmony. For instance, if your spring print has rust or yellow tones in it, concentrate on the orange shades. If you favor the sky-blue to navy range, it will be a red-letter day for you when you saunter forth in one of the new fascinating blue-red lipsticks, the kind that has no purplish tint. The matching blue-red nail polish is pretty tricky, too.

match your smile

If friends say "you look like a picture," we hope they mean a talking picture! Nothing will blur the total effect of your pearl-white teeth and scarlet lips quicker than a "dese, dose and dem" vocabulary . . . for beauty's sake, watch your grammar! Drag down a dictionary to check pronunciations, when in doubt.

And with your lips and teeth so beautiful, please don't be stingy with smiles! You'll be merry if you follow the beauty rules for pearl-bright teeth.

Give your face and throat this thrilling "BEAUTY-LIFT"

Helps Produce More Baby-Fresh, Smooth Firm Skin For Any Woman!

Here's one of the most beautifying creams in existence—famous Edna Wallace Hopper's *Homogenized* Facial Cream. You can actually feel and notice a remarkable difference even after the *first* applications.

JUST DO THIS: Briskly pat Hopper's Facial Cream over face, throat—always using upward and outward strokes. Press an extra amount of cream gently on any lines or wrinkles. Leave on 8 minutes. Wipe off.

Just see how marble-smooth your skin appears. Hopper's Facial Cream is far more ACTIVE — it lubricates dry, rough and faded skin better because it's *homogenized.* At any price—you simply can't beat Hopper's Facial Cream to help maintain exquisite lovely face and throat beauty throughout the years. Marvelous powder base, too! All drug, dept. and 10¢ stores.

HOPPER'S WHITE CLAY PACK

Marvelous as a "quick beauty pick up"—helps you look ravishingly lovely on short notice. Wonderful for blackheads and enlarged pore openings. Also effectively clears off faded, unlovely "top-skin" debris which makes any girl look so much older!

Edna Wallace **HOPPER'S** HOMOGENIZED FACIAL CREAM

AREN'T YOU WILLING TO "DYE" FOR YOUR COUNTRY?

Nowadays, saving clothes is easy—thanks to RIT.. and the results are g-r-a-n-d

• Yes, you're supposed to wear old clothes, but honey, they don't have to look old. Tint or dye last year's dress with good old RIT and you'll have this year's beau-catcher. You'll save handsomely for Uncle Sam—and look mighty handsome doing it.

• Just be *sure* you get RIT. No boiling needed. Colors "take" beautifully. Perfect results.

28 Colors. Use White Rit to take color OUT!

NEVER SAY DYE...SAY RIT TINTS & DYES

It's All So Easy — your materials are picked up at your door by Freight or Express at our expense — and a week later you can have deep-textured, new Broadloom rugs, woven Reversible for *Double Wear*. ANY SIZE to 16 feet seamless by Any Length. Mail coupon or 1c Postal for —

FREE Beautiful, Big RUG BOOK in COLORS, 26 Model Rooms.

Shows 61 Early American, Oriental, 18th Century and Leaf designs — Solid Colors, Tweed blends — Ovals. Tells how we shred, merge, reclaim the valuable materials, picker, bleach, card, spin, redye and reweave. *You Risk Nothing by a Trial — Our 69th year — 2 million customers.*

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Mail to 2800 N. Crawford, Chicago, C-57 for Big FREE Book in Colors.

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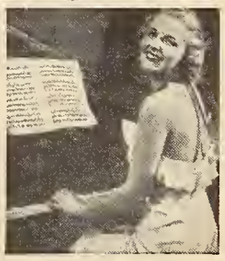
It May Cause Infection

Relieve itching caused by eczema, athlete's foot, pimples—other itching troubles. Use cooling, medicated **D.D.D. Prescription.** Greaseless, stainless. Calms itching fast. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist for **D. D. D. Prescription.**

Be Your Own MUSIC Teacher



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Please send me Free Booklet and Print and Picture Sample. I would like to play (Name Instrument)

Instrument..... Have you Instr.?.....

Name .....
(PLEASE PRINT)
Address .....

RONALD REAGAN

(*Continued from page 37*)

for rush week, omitting to say he was taking his hoard along.

He helped lure some likely prospects into the frat. He unfolded his plans to some cronies.

"How do they hire announcers?"

"Search me. Give you stuff to read and hard words to pronounce."

"Say, Ronnie, wouldn't it be swell if they let you do that he's-up-he's-down routine—" This was a gag description of a game, worked out by Ronnie and put on to divert the gang.

"Not a chance," said he.

right tackle . . .

He lit out for Davenport, home of WHO. The program director was Peter MacArthur, pal of Harry Lauder's, prince among men. This Ronnie was to discover later. Now he saw a little Scotsman who walked with a cane and growled, "Where were you yesterday? We held an audition yesterday and hired a man."

Ronnie got mad. "How the hell do you get to be a sports announcer if nobody gives you a chance to announce?"

Halfway down the hall he heard Pete after him. "Did you say *sports?*"

"That's what I said."

"Do you know football?"

"Played it for eight years."

"Come on back here. Now look, can you tell me all about a game and make me *see* it? Okay, plank yourself down in front of that mike. I'll listen from the control room."

Ronnie's mind flashed back. Wouldn't it be swell if they'd let you do that he's-up-he's-down routine? Not a chance. Well, here was the chance.

For 15 minutes he stood there, broadcasting the final quarter of a game they'd played last year, with a touchdown in the last 30 seconds. He had that cold wind whipping through the stadium, long black shadows settling over the field, people beginning to drift toward the exits. Then, "He's down, he's *up*, he's got the ball on the 38-yard line—he eludes the tacklers and he's off—at the 15—at the 10—at the 5—the safety man makes a lunge to stop him—by some uncanny twist of the hip, he's clear—and he's *made* it!"

Mr. Reagan had given his all. A cold chill went whipping through him as he dropped into the nearest chair.

Enter Pete. "Can you get down here a week from Saturday? You'll broadcast the Iowa-Minnesota game. We can't pay much. Five dollars."

He spent the next 10 days at high school football practice, mumbling to himself up in the stands, describing play after play to thrilled, if non-existent, crowds. Between times, he'd prowl. Where was the catch? There had to be a catch somewhere. No one was picking a green guy out of the air and handing him an important game.

They weren't either. They were handing half a game. Maybe a quarter. "You'll alternate with So-and-so here," said Pete. So-and-so was an experienced man. Let the kid take the first quarter. Then if he's lousy, we can throw him out.

Pete sat behind him, so he could listen and watch at the same time. Ronnie stuck to facts. If a guy was tackled on the field, he was being tackled at the mike within a split second. Ronnie didn't have to invent. This was his empire. He didn't have to be nervous. This was his very meat and drink.

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LET'S look at it this way, mister. You're doing all right, now. You still have your home life. You still have your job. Chances are you are making more money than you ever have before. Sure, you have a lot of worry. Taxes are terrific. Prices are high. Rationing is a nuisance. But so what? You're *still* well off. Better off than any average man in the world, outside of the U. S. A. Better off than a lot of your countrymen, too. How about those eager youngsters, giving up their futures? How about the older men with wives and children, now far from home? Mister, they are giving everything. But you, you're lucky—luckier than you know.

BUT, it's your war, too. Your money, your property, your savings, your insurance won't be worth a hoot—IF we lose. Ever think of that? Your money is awfully important now, though, to help win. Your government needs it, urgently. So how about it? Buy those war bonds—buy them regularly, every pay day. Ten per cent should be your minimum—and a little extra now and then. After all, war bonds are the *best* investments you can make—an investment in your country's future. And don't forget, mister, it's your future, too.

forward pass . . .

As he listened to So-and-so through the second quarter, an exultant thrill swept him. So this guy was an expert. So he knew radio and he knew how to talk. But in order to describe football, you've got to know the game, and this guy didn't know the game.

Fifteen minutes of between-halves color. Among his little stack of notes So-and-so was fumbling for fillers, playing for time. Ronnie plucked up courage. "If you're stuck, I've got some stuff I can fill with."

"Go ahead." Nice guy.

He'd worked it out beforehand, just in case. People wanted a clear picture.

Pete gave him the nod for the third quarter. This time he really tore into it. This was a pipe. He'd weighed himself in the balance and was not wanting. The ham in him loved it. He hated the thought of turning the mike over. As the quarter neared its end, a note came sliding down under So-and-so's nose. Ronnie's eyes slithered over and caught the message. "Let the kid finish."

He did three more games at 10 bucks a throw, and that was all the games the station had contracted for. There might be a permanent opening in the spring. If there was, said Pete, he could have it.

Nothing else turned up. A couple of times he went down to see Lois. To cheer their hearts, he and another unemployed undertook a winter camping trip, and all but succeeded in freezing themselves to death. This gave them something to talk about, but failed to lift their spirits appreciably.

Then—it was like a corny scene in the movies—he'd taken his last five-dollar bill from his wallet to see whether maybe it wasn't a 10 by mistake, when the phone rang.

"Come on over," said Pete.

Now he was to thank Heaven that the Chicago audition had never come off. Ad libbing held no terrors for him. A commercial in his fist paralyzed his vocal cords. He read like a wooden Indian. "Fire him," said the boss. Pete tried to talk him out of it. "I said, fire him. He's okay for sports, but nothing else."

out of bounds . . .

So Reagan's world crashed and lay in ruins—for a week. Happily, they couldn't find another announcer. While they hunted, he was kept on. Once the pressure of making good was relaxed, he relaxed with it. From the time he started not giving a damn, he improved. Pretty soon they quit talking about a replacement. He was back on the payroll at 100 a month. Good money, too. You could buy a suit for 18.

The first thing he bought was a ring for Lois. Before the year reached its end, she had sent it back. Ronnie couldn't take it in, though there'd been hints and alarms which he'd refused to notice.

For eight years they'd shared a common background, common friends, common interests. Suddenly they found themselves in different worlds, one teaching school, the other caught up in the rush of a heady new life. They saw little of each other. Ronnie's job precluded even a two-weeks' vacation.

But why should that matter, he argued, having snatched enough time to run down and get things ironed out. They were still Lois and Ronnie. Once they were married—and pretty soon he'd be making enough for marriage—the bond which had always been there would recreate itself.

Lois didn't agree. On that note they parted, Ronnie still trying to persuade himself that things would work out.

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For eight years this girl had been his girl. It couldn't just be over.

Then he got her wedding announcement, and it hit him hard. She'd been woven into all his dreams of the future. Wrenching her out made the dreams look pretty sick for a while. But the fact was there. The door was closed.

Gradually, into her place, slipped the figure of an unknown girl. She might show up any time—tomorrow—next year—. For reasons obscure to himself, he built up the notion that he'd spot her on sight. He fell into the habit of scanning faces. That wasn't the girl—maybe the next one would be.

A miracle at the studio helped distract his mind from his woes. Unknown to Ronnie, WHO had been taking a flyer, building a 50,000-watt transmitter, the biggest allowed. In the spring they moved to Des Moines. Overnight, it seemed, Ronnie found himself sports announcer and in complete charge of sports on one of the most powerful stations in the country.

front page stuff . . .

Life became an exhilarating kaleidoscope of movement and color. He was on the inside, getting a glorious bang out of it all—broadcasting big league football and baseball, traveling back and forth to cover front-page sports events, meeting celebrities, sitting with great newspaper names in the press box, walking into dressing rooms where you first-named the coach and he first-named you and told you what he was afraid of in the other team. The raises kept coming. All of a sudden Dutch Reagan had a public. (He'd reached back into his fat babyhood for Dutch. Ronnie, he'd always thought, was a sissy name.) Des Moines and all the Middle West took him to its heart, and he returned the compliment. They paid him 50 bucks a throw to eat a club steak and talk about football at a high school banquet. He realized such ambitions as his own apartment, a Cadillac convertible, custom-made clothes.

Ft. Des Moines was the home of the 14th Cavalry. With a yen for horses, Ronnie'd never had much chance to cultivate their acquaintance. A reserve officer took him out to the Fort. The only way you could ride the horses was to enter as candidate for a commission. So he did, and got his lieutenancy three years later.

That was by the way. What he liked was the outdoors, the sense of comrade-

QUIZ ANSWERS

(*Continued from page* 90)

1. Bing Crosby
2. Betty Grable
3. Ginger Rogers
4. John Payne
5. Glenn Ford
6. Sonja Henie
7. George Montgomery
8. Janet Blair
9. Jane Wyman
10. Tyrone Power
11. Marlene Dietrich
12. Kathryn Grayson
13. Rita Hayworth
14. Alan Ladd
15. Ray Milland
16. Charles Boyer
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ship—and he loved that horse. Sunday mornings. Riding out of the woods into the sunlight—the signal—the feel of your animal under you, belly to the ground, quivering with excitement—charge!—and over the hills you'd go. Carefree Sunday mornings—taking the jumps, 25 men abreast. (And three of them dead now in the Philippines.)

Ronnie, who'd never been west of the Mississippi, propositioned the studio. Let them pay his expenses, and he'd skip his vacation and go with the Cubs on their training trip to Catalina. It was a deal. He did his job, had a swell time in the process, fell in love with California and met Joy Hodges.

Joy was a Des Moines girl who started her career at WHO. Now she was singing with Jimmy Grier's orchestra at the Biltmore Bowl. "Be sure to look her up," the radio gang had told Ronnie. "She'll be crazy to see anyone from the home town." Oddly enough, she was. Or, anyway, Ronnie. They had dinner together and were old friends before they'd started on the soup.

He returned the following season. A hillbilly band from WHO had been brought out by Republic for an Autry picture. Ronnie dropped in at the studio to chin with them, and an old itch began to stir in his blood. Hollywood, even on Catalina, had been a chimera, but here were fellows he knew, making a picture. He spoke to their manager, who thought he could arrange a test. Ronnie went back to Catalina and forgot it—till a message came. When he got back to the mainland, he was to see a certain man at Republic.

He never got past the man's efficient secretary. "Why don't you give him a ring, say next week?"

"I won't be here next week."

"Well, you could check tomorrow if you care to."

He told Joy about it, more as a gag than anything.

"I didn't know you were interested."

"Neither did I."

She gave his face the once-over. "Take off your glasses. Say, that does make a difference." (He never gave his glasses a thought. Wearing them was second nature, like wearing pants. He'd discarded them only for football where, so long as you could make the guy's body out, his face didn't matter.) "Would you see an agent," Joy was asking, "if I made a date?"

"What can I lose?"

Next day she sent him to Bill Meiklejohn and George Ward. "They're swell eggs. They'll tell you straight if you're crazy or not."

These gentlemen listened while he sketched his history and financial status—doubling his salary, to be on the safe side. When he'd finished, Bill picked up the phone, called Max Arnow at Warners'.

"I've got a fellow here you should see—"

"Bring him in Monday." (This was Friday.)

"He's leaving for Des Moines Monday night."

"I'm leaving for Palm Springs this afternoon."

The persuasive Bill talked him into staying over. Next morning they went out to Warners'.

"Stand up," said Max. Ronnie stood up. "Is that your own face?"

"Only one I brought along."

"Turn around." He turned around. "Okay, we'll test Monday morning."

They took him to make-up and stood him in various lights, to hairdressing and insulted his college cut. They gave

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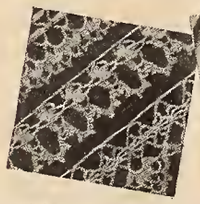

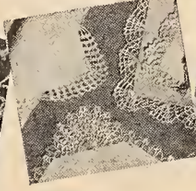

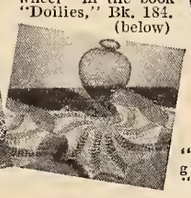

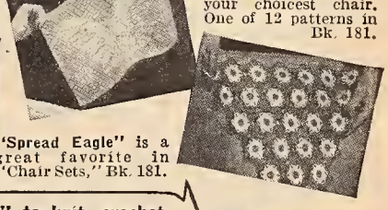

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him the script of a scene from "Holiday." They tested him Monday and said they'd let him know Wednesday.

"Imagine you can stay over?"

"The train leaves at eight, and I'll be on it." To Bill he said: "I'm trusting you. You know that my future's safe where I am. Don't get me out here unless you believe yourself there's a future for me here."

hollywood bound . . .

The wire came Friday morning. Warners' offered a contract, at slightly more than the fictitious figure he'd palmed off on Bill. Bill and George had seen the test. It was their considered judgment that he ought to accept.

"Sign the contract," he wired, "before they change their minds."

And one May morning he was climbing into his car, and two days after reporting to Warners', he was playing a radio announcer in a Brynie Foy quickie. Which was followed by a quick succession of quickies. Ronnie didn't know an A from a B. All he knew, he was leading man, and that suited him fine. (His B's, by the way, outgrossed "Zola" in the Middle West, where he continues to be billed as Dutch Reagan.)

Nell and Jack came out a couple of months later. Jack's heart had gone bad on him. Between doctors and family, he'd been bullied into quitting work. Ronnie got them an apartment near his. His contact with picture people was confined to the studio. He shared his social life with Little Man, Peewee, Will and Butch.

In Des Moines this quartette of young hopefuls had hearkened to his tales of the land of milk and honey, pooled their negligible resources and taken Horace Greeley's advice. They hadn't much more than a dime among them, and the milk and honey failed to flow their way. The five spent their evenings together. Ronnie sang bass in their barber-shop harmonies. He paid the grocer for their groceries, knowing better than to hand them the dough.

Came the day when Ronnie found himself in "Brother Rat," playing opposite a cute number named Wyman. "That's not bad," said he to himself and reported to the boys.

"Bring her around. We'll look her over."

His first romantically worded invitation ran something like, "I've got a date with the boys tonight. Want to come along?"

crowding out love . . .

Greater love hath no girl. For almost a year she dated quintuplets. They frequented joints with juke-boxes, where they could harmonize. They went to the beach and lay in the sun and swam. Sometimes Butch or Peewee would bring another girl along. But it never occurred to Ronnie to omit a couple or all of the boys.

Honest Jane makes no bones about having fallen in love first. Ronnie quibbles, says she just *knew* it first. Himself, he wore blinders, having lived so long with the conviction that, when he ran into the girl, thunderclaps would follow. Short of thunder it didn't count.

Jane has what is known as a spastic stomach. The wrong kind of food makes it act up. So do nerves. Ronnie's male imperviousness was getting her down. If he loved her, why didn't the lunkhead say so? If not, why didn't he quit dating her? She worked herself into such a state that the doctor shipped her to the hospital. No visitors. But Ronnie, of course, would come. Ronnie would know that no orders excluded him.

Ronnie didn't come. Ronnie sent flowers. The card read: "Speedy recovery. Ronald." Ronald! She shoved them off the bed before burying her head in the pillow. At that point she'd have sold him for a load of apples.

When he did show up, she gave him a wan hello. She looked very small in the hospital bed, and her brown eyes looked even bigger than usual—not to say more reproachful. He tiptoed over. "I wanted to come, but they said no."

This was more, in her weakened condition, than she could bear. Between hope delayed and wrath and hope revived—"I didn't know you were one of those legitimate guys," she wailed.

It was then that the thunder clapped. When he left the hospital, they were engaged.

Louella Parsons announced it on the personal appearance tour they took with her. And Ronnie's probably the only guy who went on a honeymoon to recuperate from pneumonia. The tour lasted three months, during the last five days of which he staggered out to the stage from a bed in his dressing room. His refusal to go to a hospital sent one medico stalking off the case. It wasn't so much that he felt the show must go on. But if he was going to be sick and maybe die, he wanted to be sick and maybe die in California. They put him to bed on the train, and he shoved his blind up at four in the morning, waiting for the skies to gray, waiting for his first glimpse of an orange tree.

At the Wee Kirk o' the Heather, he married the cute number three days after getting out of bed. She wore ice-blue satin. A long blue veil hung from her sable hat, and she carried a muff to match. Contrary to tradition, the bride was nervous, the groom wasn't. For one thing, he was busy holding Will up. Will was best man. He shook so, that the minister had to grab and steady him before he could get the ring out.

They drove to Palm Springs. After 60 miles, Jane piped up: "I don't feel any different."

If he could keep her from thinking, Ronnie had said on more than one occasion, theirs would be a cloudless life. This he discovered before their marriage re-discovered on the honeymoon.

They'd gone to see "The Great Victor Herbert." On the way home, Jane was suspiciously quiet.

"What's the matter, honey?"

"Nothing, nothing at all. Such a sad picture. That man's career was ruined

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(If your dealer cannot supply you, send 25¢ for each title wanted to Dell Publishing Co., 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.)

because he got married."

This still didn't seem sufficient to account for a bride unnaturally subdued. "Look, Janey," this was before they went to sleep—"you're thinking, and that means trouble. Might as well tell."

No, there was nothing; truly there wasn't. She was tired maybe. She'd be fine in the morning.

At three A.M. he was wakened by a voice, tremulous but insistent. "Ronnie—Ronnie, darling—d'you think being married'll ruin your career?"

ronnie the gipper . . .

Had Ronnie been asked what part, of all parts in the world, he'd like to play, he'd have answered, The Gipper to Pat O'Brien's Rockne. For diverse reasons, he hero-worshipped all three.

He likes to remember that Jack went along to the premiere at South Bend—that he had a whale of a time on the train with that other grand Irishman, O'Brien—that for Jack, who kept his emotions well guarded, the whole trip proved such an emotional binge that he kept talking about it right down to the end. He saw Ronnie come into his own.

The elder Reagans lived in a small house, deeded over to them by Jane and Ronnie at the time of their marriage. The family was together again. Moon, having made a good start in the Middle West, went on with his radio career in California.

cloudy days . . .

Knowing how idleness irked his father, how he fretted against financial assistance, even from his sons, Ronnie turned his affairs over to Jack for handling. Nor was this a mere sop to his independence. As time went on, it grew to be a hefty job and kept him busy. That, and his garden and his granddaughter. Susabelle he called her. Meantime Jane and Ronnie were planning their own house. Soon Jack would have another garden to play with.

He died before the house or garden

EDITOR'S NOTE: Just to show you what kind of a girl Janie Wyman is, here's a little note from her that unexpectedly landed on our desk, thanking us for that gorgeous January issue cover:

My Dear Mr Delacorte—

It was a beautiful story, written only as Ida can write. I suppose you have guessed by now that she is our favorite. When I saw myself on the cover, and may I add very tasty cover I was never so happy—I have waited quite a long time for that day to come—

You have been very kind to Maureen, Ronald and myself—we do appreciate it very much—

If at any time you feel that you need us just say the word—We would be very happy to be of any assistance we could—

Sincerely
Jane W. Reagan

P.S. Maureen, too—

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DON'T let tormenting corns slow you up in your war-time efforts! Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads speedily relieve your misery from corns and gently remove them—*while you carry on!*

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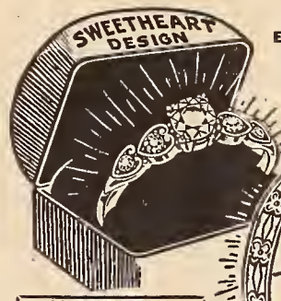

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FREE SALES KIT

MODERN SCREEN'S SUPER COUPON

● Last month we promised you that before long our Super Coupon would be staggering under its own weight, we've so many fresh ideas for it. We told you, too, that the purpose of the coupon was to enlarge our services so that MODERN SCREEN would become a fashion guide, beauty guide and veritable Man Friday. This month, like last, we've set down our offerings Indian file to make the checking simple . . . but we've added a perfectly priceless horoscope edited by Grant Lewi, also editor of "Horoscope," the world's best-selling astrology magazine. This we've priced at 10c; the others are 5c each, with the exception of the address list, which is free. Now let's say you check the boxes opposite the beauty chart and the fashion chart. That would mean a dime in either stamps or coin. When you've safely tucked the money and coupon into an envelope, address it to MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Co-ed Beauty Chart No. 1 ..... ☐
An A to Z beauty guide designed to snag the guys on furlough.

Co-ed Fashion Chart No. 2 ..... ☐
How to wrestle with a midget fashion budget . . . what to wear and where to buy. Much bigger than our first chart and bursting with new fashion ideas.

Address List ..... ☐
A blessedly accurate listing of brand new studio addresses of all your movie favorites. (No charge for this one. Just send in large stamped and self-addressed envelope.)

Star Data ..... ☐
Last-second dope on the stars . . . marriages, ages, heights and just about all the other important facts you've been dying to know.

Western Chart ..... ☐
Real inside stuff on your "Western" heroes . . . all the way from birthdays to the color of their eyes.

Horoscope ..... ☐
The famous Grant Lewi burrows into the mystery of astrology, comes up with personalized predictions for the coming year.

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City _____ State _____

were ready. Had he lived as the doctors advised him, he might have lived longer—and more wearily. He wouldn't sit and twiddle his thumbs, not for any doctor. He'd rather rush than rust to death. So he worked at his desk that last day and dug in his garden and went up to call on Susabelle, whose parents had left her reluctantly for a personal appearance in Atlantic City.

He died in the night with Nell and Moon beside him. He went as he'd have chosen to go.

For a while Nell wanted to be alone in the house. Now her sister lives with her.

Then came "King's Row." The kid who'd told a bunch of scoffing frat buddies that some day he'd be making 5000 a year, was a top star in Hollywood, salary according.

Then a morning in December. The phone rang. Moon, calling from the news room of the radio station. "Get your gun," said Moon. "They've bombed Pearl Harbor."

As an officer in the Cavalry Reserve, Ronnie was ordered to March Field for a physical. Without his glasses, he couldn't meet combat standards. They sent him home. But there must be some spot, he persisted, for a guy with military training. In April they found it. He was to report for active duty, limited service.

If you've read MODERN SCREEN like good children, you know the rest and all that's been left out as a twice-told tale—how the baby came and the house was built, how Ronnie left two weeks after they moved in. How Jane readjusted her life. If you don't know it, let this be a lesson to you.

Because the story of Ronald Reagan, civilian, must end where the story of the soldier begins. He's stepped out of the limelight and into khaki for Uncle Sam. They used to call him "Ronnie" and "Dutch" and "Hi, Slug." Now they call him "Lieutenant" and "Sir." They used to call him "that swell guy Reagan." I suspect they still do.

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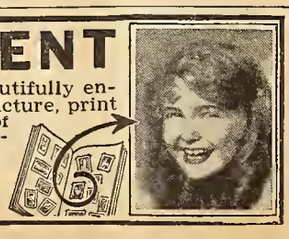

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Charm-Kurl

PERMANENT WAVE

COMPLETE HOME KIT *Only* 59¢

JUNE LANG Glamorous movie star, praises Charm-Kurl. This actual photograph shows her gorgeous Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave.

SO EASY EVEN A CHILD CAN DO IT

Charm-Kurl is easy and safe to use; no experience required; contains no harmful chemicals or ammonia; requires no machines or dryers, heat or electricity. Desirable for both women and children.

USERS *Praise* IT

Here are excerpts from just a few of the many letters of praise received from Charm-Kurl users:

GIVES NATURAL WAVE

"I've been a user of Charm-Kurl for some time. I like it very much. It gives me a nice, natural wave." Mrs. B. Malna, Ill.

LASTED 9 MONTHS

"I have used Charm-Kurl before and it is really wonderful. My last Charm-Kurl permanent lasted nine months and my hair is still very curly. I wouldn't change a Charm-Kurl permanent for a ten dollar permanent." Miss Ruth Henry, Ohio.

MAKES HAIR LOOK NATURAL CURLY

"I would ten times rather have a Charm-Kurl permanent because it makes your hair look like natural curly, and soft." Carolyn Fleet, Penn.

CHARM-KURL IS WONDERFUL

"I am sending for my Charm-Kurl kit. I have already bought one and I think Charm-Kurl is wonderful." Miss Betty Johnson, Ohio.

PERMANENT FAR ABOVE EXPECTATIONS

"The permanent which I gave my little girl was far above expectations and her hair which is soft and fine was not harmed in the least but looked like a natural wave." Mrs. W. E. Williams, Maryland.

THRILLED WITH CHARM-KURL

"I have tried the Charm-Kurl and was greatly thrilled with its results." Phyllis Schwensen, Neb.

DELIGHTED WITH RESULTS

"I am more than delighted with the results of my Charm-Kurl permanent. It is soft and fluffy, and it was the most 'painless' permanent I ever had." Mrs. W. J. Stites, Utah.

PRETTIEST PERMANENT I EVER HAD

"I was delighted with my Charm-Kurl permanent. It left my hair soft and lovely and gave me the prettiest permanent I've ever had regardless of the cost." Miss Betty Moultrop, Washington.

FAY McKENZIE starring in "Remember Pearl Harbor," a Republic Production, is delighted with her lovely Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave pictured above.

EACH KIT CONTAINS 40 CURLERS SHAMPOO & WAVE SET also included

There is nothing else to buy. Shampoo and wave set are included in each Charm-Kurl Kit. With Charm-Kurl it is easy to give yourself a thrilling, machineless permanent wave in the privacy of your own home that should last as long as any professional permanent wave. You do not have to have any experience in waving hair. Just follow the simple instructions.

MAKE THIS NO-RISK TEST

Prove to yourself as thousands of others have done, without risking one penny, that you, too, can give yourself a thrilling permanent at home the Charm-Kurl way. Just follow the simple, easy directions and after your permanent wave is in, let your mirror and your friends be the judge. If you do not honestly feel that your Charm-Kurl permanent is the equal of any permanent you may have paid up to $5.00 for, you get your money back.

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Day-by-day shows results! Be brisk with your morning Camay cleansing—and see your skin glow! Follow this routine twice daily. Day-by-day gives you the full benefits of Camay's greater mildness.

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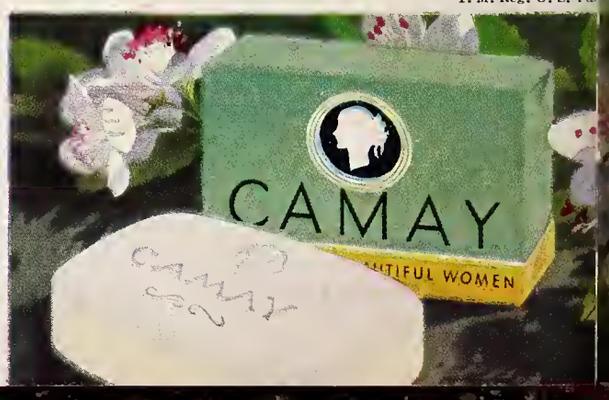
Skin specialists say that you now—even without kn
ing it—may be cleansing your skin improperly. Or
may be using a soap not mild enough for your skin

These same specialists advise—*regular cleansing u*
a fine mild soap. And Camay is milder than dozens
other beauty soaps. That's why we say, "Start the Ca
Mild-Soap Diet tonight." Do this and soon your mi
will likely tell you—a thrilling story of new lovelin

T. M. Reg. U. S. Pa



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MAY

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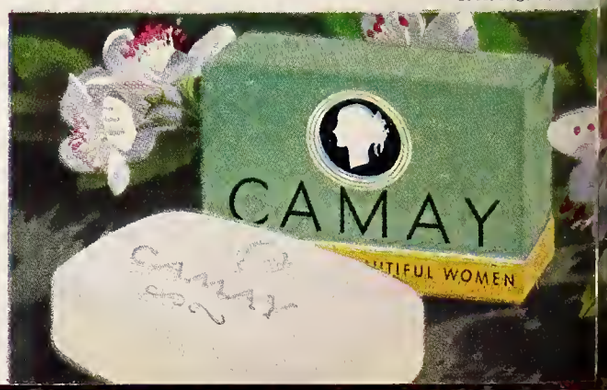

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Masters of Make-Up Since 1864

Smile, Plain Girl, Smile..

...the Crowd will follow a Lovely Smile!

Let your smile win you friends and happiness. Help keep it sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

TAKE HEART, plain girl—and *smile!* The popular girl isn't always the best-looking one. Charm and personality take as many bouquets as beauty—and a bright, flashing, heart-winning smile can be your talisman to charm.

So *smile, plain girl, smile!* Not a shy, timid smile—that fades almost before it's born. But a big, appealing smile that turns heads, captures hearts—that's an invitation to romance!

For that kind of a smile you need bright, sparkling teeth that you are proud to show. But remember, sparkling teeth depend largely on *firm, healthy gums.*

Don't ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If there's ever a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, *see your dentist!* He may say your gums have become tender and sensitive, robbed of exercise by creamy foods. And, like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana not only cleans your teeth but, with massage, it is designed to help the health of your gums.

Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation increases in the gums, helps them to new firmness.

Let Ipana and massage help keep your teeth brighter, your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling and attractive.

A hit attraction—that's the girl with a sparkling smile! Let Ipana and massage help keep your smile lovely!

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The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

Playing at the Astor Theatre, the motion picture showcase of Broadway, is a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film that—even as we go to press—is shaking the grapes on the vine with tremulous excitement.

★ ★ ★ ★

It has a big title—"The Human Comedy"—and it is a big picture.

★ ★ ★ ★

No—it isn't a "Gone With The Wind". It's physically smaller but humanly larger. It isn't about who kissed who or who stole the papers.

★ ★ ★ ★

It's about people—real people—human people—American people—all people.

★ ★ ★ ★

Involved are adventure, romance, feeling, beauty, decency, understanding and all the words like that in the thesaurus.

★ ★ ★ ★

This leads us to that curious phenomenon of the arts—William Saroyan who wrote "The Human Comedy".

★ ★ ★ ★

He is the man who baffled and entertained Broadway with such unusual plays as "My Heart's in the Highlands", "The Beautiful People" and "The Time of Your Life". "The Human Comedy" is better than all his plays, better than all the Saroyan stories.

★ ★ ★ ★

Clarence Brown produced and directed the film with loving care. He says that the picture is inherently his best. Clarence doesn't boast. He meant that the picture's content inspired him.

Mickey Rooney gives an artist's performance as Homer Macauley, the messenger boy. Frank Morgan as Willie Grogan, the telegraph operator, is perfection itself.

★ ★ ★ ★

One could tell about the entire cast; tell about every single episode in the film. It's that interesting and true

★ ★ ★ ★

May we suggest that you write this column a letter after you've seen the film. We hope it is playing in your town today so that we'll hear from you soon.

★ ★ ★ ★

Someone once criticized the films for not giving the true picture of the best side of American life. We'd like to hear from that chap after he sees "The Human Comedy".

★ ★ ★ ★

We laughed—we cried—we cheered.

★ ★ ★ ★

Even a lion is human.

—Leo

MODERN SCREEN

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Dangerous Curves Ahead!
Lana TURNER
"Cinderella came out from behind her soda counter! She'll look adorable in satins and sables!"
Robert YOUNG
Slightly DANGEROUS
WITH
WALTER BRENNAN
DAME MAY WHITTY · EUGENE PALLETTE · ALAN MOWBRAY
Screen Play by Charles Lederer and George Oppenheimer
Based Upon a Story by Ian McLellan Hunter and Aileen Hamilton
Directed by WESLEY RUGGLES · Produced by PANDRO S. BERMAN
OF COURSE — IT'S
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

MOVIE REVIEWS

Tap stripper Dixie Daisy (Barbara Stanwyck) and grinning Biff Brannigan (Michael O'Shea) go into a mild clinch between acts. But Dixie's mind, at this point, is strictly on business.

Dixie opens door of her dressingroom closet and torch-singer rolls out dead. She and Biff notice she's been strangled by her own G-string. Attempts have already been made on Dixie's life.

During Biff Brannigan's act, he hears piercing scream from sarcophagus used as stage prop, finds the show's dancer similarly strangled. (That's famed Pinky Lee between Stany and Michael.)

LADY OF BURLESQUE

Certainly one of the strangest professions is the one practiced by what Broadway calls the *stripeuse*. These are the generously endowed ladies of burlesque who mince and prance across stage and—in time to slow, dreamy music—disrobe artistically before a pop-eyed audience. Gypsy Rose Lee, Queen of the Strippers, helped develop this fine art into Big Business—making it pay off at the rate of $3,000 a week—which isn't hay even to the hayseed from Seattle. Nobody knows the backstage burlesque routine better than Gypsy, and it is to be expected, therefore, that her first book should set its locale in a Broadway burlesque house.

The story begins in Columbus, Ohio, where Dixie (Barbara Stanwyck) is playing the Gaiety theater. A telegram arrives from the famous "Belasco of Bumps," producer S. B. Foss (J. Edward Bromberg), inviting her to come to New York. Though Foss asks only for her, the loyal Dixie insists on taking along her fellow performer, Gee Gee Graham (Iris Adrian), and arrives prepared to tell Foss, "No Gee Gee, no Dixie." But Foss likes her, likes Gee Gee and engages them both. Dixie's sensational act sets the Main Stem steaming; she gets the star spot in the show. The cast is divided between admiration and envy.

Boss Foss is delighted (*Continued on page 9*)

"I HAVE A HUNCH I'VE STARTED SOMETHING"

says Hunt Stromberg

THE first few pages of Gypsy Rose Lee's "THE G STRING MURDERS" convinced me that here was something new in screen material. The farther I read, the more excited I became. The story had pace, excitement, and a robust humor. Above all, it had colorful characters that were made to live on the screen. The burlesque background was different, intriguing, and lustily alive.

Newcomer to watch **MICHAEL O'SHEA as the Burlesque Comedian**

SO I've made the picture and you'll be seeing it soon under the title "LADY OF BURLESQUE".

THE mystery murder plot has something of the quality that made Nick and Nora Charles your favorite people in "The Thin Man." When I produced that picture I had a hunch you'd want more "Thin Man" pictures—and you did. And now when you see Barbara Stanwyck as Dixie Daisy I think you'll want more of the same. Also there's a newcomer named Michael O'Shea who looks like a find to me. As a matter of fact, there are three or four who'll bear watching.

OF course every producer gets enthusiastic about his latest picture—but please take my word for it—"I have a hunch I've started something".

Wait till you hear her sing "Take it off the E-string, play it on the G-string".

MURDERER'S ROW?

THEY'RE COMING SOON TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE!

HUNT STROMBERG presents

BARBARA STANWYCK

in

Lady OF BURLESQUE

with **MICHAEL O'SHEA** and

J. EDWARD BROMBERG · CHARLES DINGLE · FRANK CONROY
GLORIA DICKSON · MARION MARTIN · IRIS ADRIAN · VICTORIA FAUST
PINKY LEE · FRANK FENTON · JANIS CARTER · EDDIE GORDON

Directed by WILLIAM A. WELLMAN

A HUNT STROMBERG PRODUCTION · Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

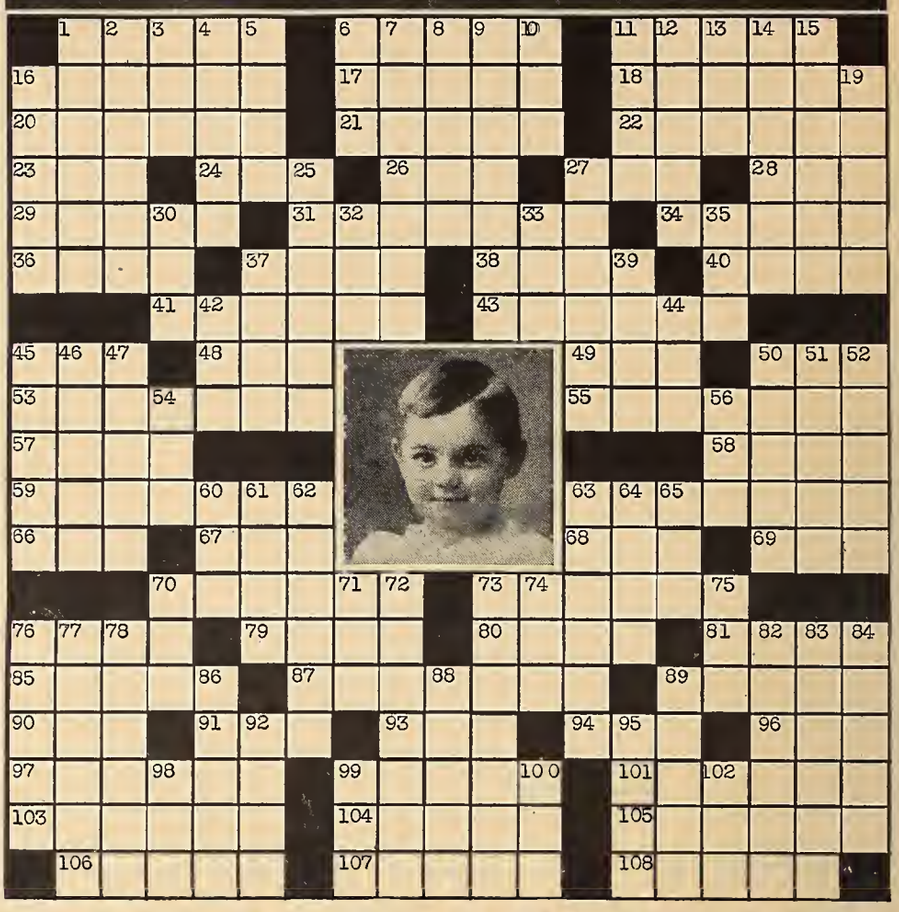
TIME MAGAZINE RAVES ABOUT GYPSY ROSE LEE'S BOOK:
"..lurid, witty..rich show business vocabulary and stage door gags..builds up to a hair-raising climax."

MUSIC...MYSTERY...MURDER!

It's a
BIG PICTURE

It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE

OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 92

ACROSS

1 & 6. Popular star in Uncle Sam's service
11. Star of "Sherlock Holmes and The Secret Weapon"
16. "Princess O'Rourke"
17. Mohammedan official
18. Placed in a row
20. Learned man
21. Huge pieces of ice
22. A Western star
23. 102: Rom. num.
24. Wife of Joel McCrea
26. Portuguese coin
27. Facial twitching
28. Before
29. Binnie B - - - - -
31. What every star is "All Out" for
34. Sea Eagles
36. Ginger's ranch is in O - - - - n
37. "China Girl"
38. Myrna's role in "Thin Man" series
40. Sums up
41. Stems
43. Republic studio starlet
45. "Maisie"
48. English cathedral city
49. Bo - - - a Granville
50. Eddie - - - ert
53. Heroine in "The Black Swan"
55. M-G-M dancing star
57. Light
58. "P - - - - Of The Yankees"
59. Hanging ornaments
63. Subdue
66. "They All Kissed The Br - - -"
67. College yell
68. Swiss river
69. Craft
70. Popular character actor
73. Tunesmith for "Holiday Inn"
76. "Lucky Jordan"
79. Range
80. Absent without leave: abbr.
81. State where 1 Across was born
85. Mountain nymph
87. Tambourine
89. Begin
90. Wine chalice
91. Life in the abstract
93. Weep
94. Consume
96. A studio's grounds
97. Closing scene of an opera
99. Belonging to Priscilla's sis
101. Re-cover the inside of
103. Pertaining to old age
104. Inactive
105. Click beetle
106. Vegetable dish
107. Theme
108. Stitched

DOWN

1. Miss Trevor
2. "Among The - - - - - -"
3. Mrs. Mickey Rooney
4. Peels
5. Hepburn's nickname
6. Chatter
7. Punishes by fines
8. A Hollywood director's headgear
9. Multitudes
10. Jane With - - -
11. Captain Fifi in "China Girl"
12. 20th Century-Fox singing star
13. Pose for a picture
14. To purpose
15. Ogled
16. Our star won this for "It Happened One Night"
19. An Orry Kelly specialty
25. Heroine in "The Desperadoes"
27. Hero of "Crash Dive"
30. Dawn goddess
32. Writing fluid
33. Spoil
35. Male lead in "Crystal Ball"
37. Actress Sondergaard
39. Seed covering
42. Small mound
44. "Summer" to Michele Morgan
45. Violin maker
46. Sea nymph
47. One who cares for the sick
50. Mrs. Buddy Adler
51. An English actor
52. Lead in "Silver Queen"
54. Railways: abbr.
56. M-G-M's by-line: - - - Gratia Artis
60. Blunder
61. With our star in "Somewhere I'll Find You"
62. Newsreels, cartoons, etc.
63. Beloved deceased wife of our star
64. Hero in "Arabian Nights"
65. M - - - s Wrixon
70. Girl's name
71. Hawaiian wreath
72. Plums
73. Star of "Ball Of Fire"
74. Female sheep
75. "They Dare - - - Love"
76. Wastes time
77. Divisions of soldiers
78. Star of "Forever Yours"
82. Rock salt
83. Pressed
84. Valuable fur-bearing animal
86. Feminine name
88. He was in "Between Us Girls"
89. A milestone
92. Require
95. God of war
98. Be sick
99. "The Great - - -"
100. Pen
102. Edict

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 6)

with the act; Moey (Lou Lubin) the Candy Butcher ("Get your candy now, folks, and chew while you view!"), is excited about the prospective increase in his business. Sixty feet above the stage level, high up in the shadows of the flies and ropes, "The Hermit" (Lew Kelly), a strange, morose old man, peers down like an ominous bat at the performers below. Over by the stage door, the doorman Stacchi, (Frank Conroy), an elderly ex-opera singer, sits at his post, smoking silently, eyes gleaming.

As Dixie goes through her act, she watches the other performers in the wings. There is pathetic Dolly Baxter (Gloria Dixon), who has long since seen her best days; Sandra Slade (Claire Carleton), a tough and hardened performer; across the stage Lolita La Verne (Victoria Faust), a fading beauty, is coyly whispering to a comic named Rogers (Frank Fenton). Poor Dolly, who is "gone" on Rogers, is obviously burning up with jealousy—and if looks could kill, Lolita would be dead right now. Meanwhile, a good-natured comic named Biff Brannigan (Michael O'Shea), is kidding Dixie from the wings as she goes through her act. He is making her laugh off-cue, and is she furious! But he is delighted.

There is a strange and ominous air in the theater that day. When the girls get together in the common dressing room, they squabble and quarrel and fight.

That night, someone tips off the police, and they raid the show while Dixie is on stage. A signal lamp, supposed to warn the cast backstage, fails to light up. Someone douses the house lights, and, amid screams of terror, everybody races for the exits. As Dixie passes a door in the dark, long, thin, powerful hands reach out, grab her by the throat and begin to strangle her. She manages to get out one loud, piercing scream. A policeman rushes up, flashlight swinging, as the hands let go, and Dixie falls unconscious to the floor.

That night producer Foss takes them all to dinner in a fancy night club, and here they meet Louie the Grin (Gerald Mohr), gangster and killer. Louie picks a quarrel with Lolita and Rogers. He warns them both that Lolita is his girl, and she'd better watch her step—or else.

Next day Dixie goes upstairs to the women's dressing room. As she opens the door, Lolita tumbles out dead. She has been strangled by her own G-string. At least half a dozen persons had every reason to wish her dead. The police question everybody and get nowhere. Meanwhile, Princess Nirvena (Stephanie Bachelor), a newcomer, is suddenly

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Then don't look at page 74 because MODERN SCREEN is offering an irresistibly luscious I. J. Fox white Russian Wolf fur coat. It's a tempting bundle of soft, furry glamour, and some pretty lass is going to be mighty proud wearing it in the Easter Parade.

The name of their love was Mary Ann!

HOW THEY LOVED HER AND HOW PROUD OF THEIR LOVE THEY WERE —THE NINE MEN OF THE FLYING FORTRESS CALLED 'MARY ANN'...

"As whopping a story as ever you're likely to see!" —NEW YORK TIMES

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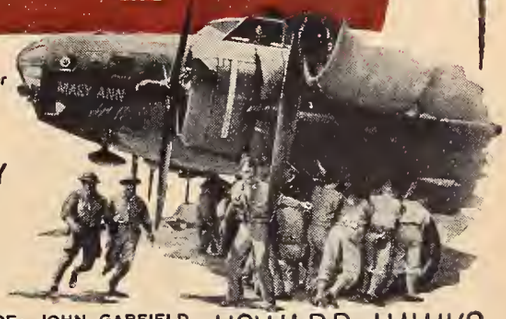
"WILL BE ONE OF THE YEAR'S TEN BEST!" LIFE MAGAZINE

JACK L. WARNER Executive Producer



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PRODUCED BY HAL B. WALLIS

THE PLAYERS INCLUDE: JOHN GARFIELD GIG YOUNG • HARRY CAREY • GEO. TOBIAS ARTHUR KENNEDY • JAS. BROWN • JOHN RIDGELY • SCREEN PLAY: DUDLEY NICHOLS

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AS HE DESIRES YOU

THAT IRRESISTIBLE SOMETHING
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PERFUME

So the man of your dreams may find you even more enchanting, wear Irresistible Perfume . . . a heart-catching, head-spinning fragrance, as lasting as it is lovely. Spicy, stimulating, it brilliantly blends the sauciness of youth with exciting sophistication. In SCENT-imental Mother's Day package.

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Brilliant new reds and ruby tones. The lipstick that's WHIP-TEXT to stay on longer . . . s-m-o-o-t-h-e-r . . . 10c

given Dixie's star spot in the show.

As the second number curtain rises Biff Brannigan is revealed against an Egyptian backdrop with a huge sarcophagus in front. As Biff begins his spiel, a terrifying scream comes from inside the big box. Biff leaps to open it, and the body of the Princess tumbles out. She is still clad in the costume she wore a few minutes before in her act—and she, too, has been strangled by her own G-string . . .

But, my frightened friends, that isn't the end of the G-String murders. When you go to see it, be sure to sit deep in your seat, for there's a m-u-r-d-e-r-e-r abroad—and you'd better shiver out of sight. . . . Of course, there's beauty and romance, too, and plenty of snappy gags and hilarious comedy. Don't miss it.—*U.A.*

P. S.

The words "strip," "strip-tease" and "stripper" were taken right out of the script before production began. Not because of the Hays Office. A six-city survey proved that less than 29% of all the men and women queried knew what such words meant. And to most of them, a G-String was something on a violin! . . . The picture runs for 1 hour, 30 minutes, takes up 8,532 feet of film . . . Producer Hunt Stromberg chose Gypsy Rose Lee's book because it afforded a new background for a murder mystery, had the added advantage of unusual language, the lingo of burlycue houses . . . He picked his cast carefully, introduces some brand new faces: Leading man Michael O'Shea has had stage and radio experience. Victoria Faust is well known in Hollywood for her beauty and lovely singing voice. Pinky Lee, the guy with the wistful lisp, is head clown at Earl Carroll's Theater Restaurant between pictures . . . Star Stanwyck had to be in good condition for the strenuous dancing she does. Got her voice in warbling shape to introduce "Take It Off the E String, Play It On the G-String" . . . All the Hollywood wolves were on the prowl for the six six-foot show girls Stromberg rounded up: Elinor Troy, Virginia Gardner, Mary Gail, Barbara Slater, Claire Carleton and Dallas Worth . . . Watch Janis Carter, who plays Janine, a showgirl. Stromberg has big plans for her, will launch a concentrated campaign when he finds a good role that will showcase all her talents . . . The only changes in the script were made to give the picture a wider appeal. Twenty-two-year-old scripter James Gunn had a tough job retaining the spice and, at the same time, making it digestible for moppets.

THE HUMAN COMEDY

People are wonderful. People are good. Nobody is really bad at heart. If you'll just extend a friendly hand, they'll go more than half way to meet you. So says William Saroyan.

The Macauley family is very like the people down the block. They are simple, nice, friendly. Mr. Macauley (Ray Collins) is dead, but from up in heaven he watches over his widow (Fay Bainter) and their four children. It's through his voice that the story is told.

The eldest son, Marcus (Van Johnson), is away in the Army. The eldest daughter, Bess (Donna Reed), is going to college. The second son, Homer (Mickey Rooney), is going to high school, and now that Marcus is away, Homer is the man of the family. After school he works in the telegraph office. Ulysses (Jack Jenkins), aged 5, is the baby of the family, and Ulysses, as the story commences, is just beginning to find out about the world.

Homer's the messenger in the telegraph office, and Mr. Grogan (Frank Morgan), the old telegrapher, loves him like a son. Homer rides his bicycle, bringing happiness and sorrow in the little yellow envelopes he delivers. This afternoon he carries a telegram to Mrs. Sandoval (Ann Ayars), the poor Mexican woman whose boy is fighting with the Americans in Manila. The telegram begins: "The War Department regrets to inform you that your son, Juan—" Mrs. Sandoval cannot read English, so Homer must tell her that her son has been killed in action. It is not an easy task for a 16-year-old, and that night when Homer gets home, he feels years older. He left home a boy and returns a man.

Far away in camp, Marcus is writing a letter to his mother, sister, brothers and his sweetheart. He loves them all. He wants to know the news in Ithaca. Is his mother well? How is his sister doing in school? Homer must be feeling the burden, and Ulysses is probably discovering the world. Marcus sits and chats quietly with his buddy, Tobey (John Craven); tells him all about his family until Tobey feels he's a part of them. Tobey is an orphan, never knew who his mother or father was. He is hungry for a family. Marcus says: "When this war is over, you're coming home with me." That makes Tobey feel grand.

And so the picture continues, telling of the small, real things, the long-remembered things that make up most of our lives: The kids playing baseball in empty corner lots, Homer falling into puppy love with the girl in his class, and Spangler (James Craig), the manager of the telegraph office, courting and being courted by that nice Diana Steed (Marsha Hunt).

One night when Grogan is taking a message over the telegraph "bug," he collapses. Homer runs to him, tries to revive him, cannot. He looks at the telegram the old man was typing. It is addressed to Homer's mother. It reads: "The War Department regrets to inform you that your son Marcus—" and there it has stopped. Homer knows now that Grogan who loved him and knew a lot about Marcus and the family, died of a heart attack when that shocking news came over the wires to him.

Spangler, his pal, as well as boss, walks home with Homer. The boy doesn't know how to break the news to his mother. They pass a soldier limping along. Homer seems to know him though they've never seen each other before. Finally Homer nears his house. The door is open, and the soldier is limping up the steps. He speaks to Bess. It is Tobey whom Marcus wrote about in his letters. Tobey has come to tell the family that they have lost one son, but if they will let him, he will be a new son to them. For Tobey is already in love with Bess, and it looks as if she will be with him. Homer, whose heart was bitter, feels strangely soothed. Marcus has just gone to join his father. The music rises and swells around the Macauley family circle. Father and son, reunited in another life, watch and smile. For life is here and must go on. This is another day to be lived. And people are good.—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

Between scenes, Lionel Barrymore studied his lessons in Mandarin Chinese. Learned them from Keye Luke. Wants to be able to read Chinese music, so he can arrange some of the themes for

orchestration . . . 30 of Ann Ayar's 145 pounds are by courtesy of the wardrobe and make-up depts. Usually a portrayer of glamour girls, Ann asked for a "weighty character role" and got it . . . Five-year-old Butch Dudley is the son of Actress Doris Dudley and Captain Jack Jenkins of the U. S. Ferry Command . . . Quote by Clarence Brown, producer and director: "It's like a jigsaw puzzle. Piece by piece the picture gradually fits together into a whole. But not until the last piece is in place is the entire picture seen or understood. With addition of the final piece, the deep thoughtfulness of the entire story becomes clear" . . . Metro is reported to have paid close to $100,000 to Wm. Saroyan for his script, but if true, that figure probably included his salary while working on the lot. Saroyan later turned out the story in book form, left the studio in a huff when they wouldn't let him direct the picture according to his own ideas, which were too costly from the time angle . . . The musical score is original, written especially for the film by Herbert Stothart . . A mention in print of Donna Reed's moving from the Studio Club to an unfurnished apartment yielded a harvest of gifts from service men all over the world: Grass skirt from Hawaii, sealskin blanket from Alaska, leopard skin rug from Africa, set of walrus-tusk needles from Iceland. The soldiers and sailors didn't know it, but they were sending wedding pres-

MODERN SCREEN QUIZ

Remember the way it goes? Below there are 20 clues. On pgs. 73 and 94 there are two more sets of clues, and on pg. 101 are the answers. If you can guess, after mulling over the first clue, the name of the actor or actress to whom it refers, score yourself 5 points. If you must turn to the second set of clues before you get the answer, score yourself 4 points. And if you guess on the third try, the question's worth 3. For a perfect score you'd have to guess all 20 questions on the first set of clues. 20 questions . . . at 5 points each . . . adds up to 100, and a shiny gold star for you. Simple, no? Go ahead, you quiz-ical brighties, and no cheating! 50's normal, 60's good, 78 or so is in our class this month, and anything over is strictly genius.

QUIZ CLUES

Set 1

1. Daffy over Detlie
2. Heady over Hayworth
3. Benny's Man Friday
4. Tarzana
5. All Ty-ed up
6. Zany duo
7. "The Maltese Falcon"
8. Ya feet's too big
9. At random
10. Off-Tone
11. O, Oli!
12. A Jinx
13. Possible daughter-in-law: Livvie de Havilland
14. Mr. Bell
15. "How Green"
16. Cried in "Camille"
17. "My Gal"
18. Champion
19. Fringed hair-do
20. The ghoul of Transylvania

(*Next set of clues on pg. 73*)

"If I waited for a dinner date—I'd starve!"

Joan: The only dates in my life are those on the calendar... but the fellows stand in line to take *you* out! What's missing in my bag of tricks?

Alice: You *should* have plenty of come-hither, Joan darling. You have looks and personality, but one thing dims your lucky star—and you don't even know what it is!

Alice: That's the way underarm odor fools you, Joan—you can offend and *never know it!* Even with a daily bath, you can't be *sure*—that's why I use Mum!

(Later) Alice is right—and I'm through taking chances! From now on—it's a bath to remove past perspiration, and Mum to prevent risk of future underarm odor.

Play safe with daintiness—every day, after every bath, use Mum! You'll like Mum for—

Speed—Takes only 30 seconds to smooth on Mum! Can be used even *after* you're dressed.

Safety—Gentle Mum won't irritate underarms, even after shaving. Mum won't injure fabrics, says the American Institute of Laundering.

Sureness—Mum guards charm all during your business day or evening date. Get Mum today!

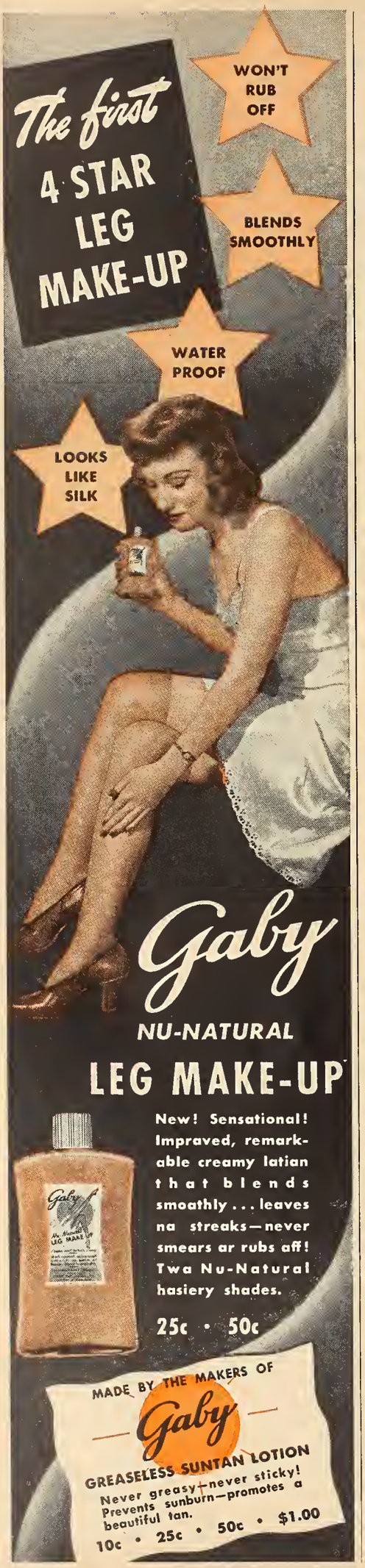
• • •

For Sanitary Napkins—*Mum is so gentle, so safe that thousands of women use it this important way, too.*

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Product of Bristol-Myers



ents. Donna married make-up man Bill Tuttle the day she finished "Human Comedy" and moved into the now-furnished apartment.

DESTROYER

The ship a sailor loves must be a *lady. Jonesy was* a lady, and "Destroyer" is the tale of Jonesey's adventures from the day of her launching until she settled down to the serious business of blasting Japanese submarines out of the water.

And since a ship is no better than its crew, this is also the tale of Chief Bo'sun's Mate Boleslavski (Edward G. Robinson) and of the sizzling romance between Boleslavski's daughter Mary (Marguerite Chapman) and that likable sailor lad, Mickey Donohue (Glenn Ford).

Boleslavski, or Boley, as his mates in the Navy called him, helped build the destroyer, *U.S.S. John Paul Jones II,* (*Jonesy* for short). He had served on the first *Jones* in the first World War, but had long since retired to civil life. Now that another *Jones* was going to be built, Boley got a shipyard's job as welder and was busy seeing that the *Jonesy* got the best of attention from every worker in the docks. Later on, Boley got himself shipped aboard the ship he helped to build, under command of his old friend and shipmate, Lieut. Comdr. Clark (Regis Toomey).

Aboard the *Jonesy,* Boley runs afoul of trouble. He supplants young Mickey Donohue, and Mickey doesn't like it, because Boley is Old Navy and doesn't know the ropes, and Mickey is New Navy and does.

The *Jonesy* sets sail out of San Francisco for a shake-down cruise. Everything goes wrong, and most of it is Boley's fault. He means well, but Old Navy methods just don't work in the new U. S. streamlined warships. Mickey tries to help, but Boley won't accept it. Meanwhile, Mary and Mickey try to straighten things out, but love and seamanship find it hard getting together. A second cruise is set, this time northward toward the Aleutian Islands. In the middle of the cruise, the *Jonesy* is signaled to be on the alert for subs and enemy bombers.

But she has sprung a leak and is taking a terrific pounding from the heavy seas. Suddenly, a Japanese submarine surfaces and starts firing. A lucky hit followed by a torpedo smashes amidships, and an explosion rocks the ship. The order is given to abandon, and the men take to the lifeboats. But Boley is positive he can repair the ship. It is already listing dangerously, and the submarine, having seen the lifeboats take off, has gone hunting another victim. Boley persuades his commander to let him have four men back aboard. They descend into the bowels of the ship, burn out a piece of steel and patch up the hole in its belly. The ship can't make speed, but it can limp home under its own power. Cheering wildly, the men return.

Jap planes, circling in reconnaissance, spy the ship making headway and fly in for the kill. They do considerable damage, but the sailors man their ack-ack with enthusiasm and yell with delight when they bring down one, two, three, four, five enemy planes. Now the submarine has returned. The *Jonesy* is disabled, its heavy guns are out of action, and as the sub comes closer, Lieut. Comdr. Clark decides to ram her. The crew throw themselves flat on deck to lessen the shock, and the *Jonesy* heads for the partially submerged sub, full speed ahead. It hits the iron fish, tears through the shell, and there is an explosion that lifts and splits the back of the *Jonesy*. . . .

Back in Frisco, the destroyer limps painfully into port. She has upheld the Navy tradition. But Boley has gone back regretfully to shore duty. He will teach the youngsters to fight. But the youngsters will have to do the fighting. Fine young lads like Mickey Donohue. Mickey who is certainly going to marry Mary. A pair of fine kids. Deserving of the best in the world, guarded and protected by the finest Navy in the world . . . the U. S. Navy—*Col.*

P. S.

100 enlistees in the United States Navy had their arrival at the Training Station recorded on celluloid as part of the picture. Two busloads were chosen at random, and as the men piled out and went through the preliminary receiving formalities, Edgar Buchanan, Leo Gorcey and Craig Woods mingled with them and were photographed for actual scenes in the film . . . Regis Toomey, in uniform as Lieutenant Commander Clark, got saluted right and left by all Navy men visiting Columbia Studios. Regis decided it would be less complicated returning the salutes than explaining, and got a big kick out of the men's reactions when they recognized him and realized why he looked so familiar . . . There were seven Eddies in the cast, so Director Bill Seiter numbered them. Eddie One was Edw. G. Robinson, Eddie Two was Edgar Buchanan, etc. . . . The oldest and youngest member of the troupe enlisted for service two days after production halted. Sixty-year-old William Kahn, who has already served 20 years aboard freighters, entered the Merchant Marine; 16-year-old David Holt enlisted in the Naval Cadet School under sponsorship of Lt. Comdr. Donald Smith, who was technical adviser on the picture . . . To get some of the men to volunteer for skin-short Navy hair-cuts, Director Seiter offered extra money. Eight University of Southern California boys submitted to the barber's shears, collected their bonus, then told their fellow cast members they were going into the real Navy the following week anyway . . . Last day of work, Eddie Robinson balked at having greasepaint applied until he was allowed to make up the make-up man, Bob Cowan. Cowan emerged from the ordeal looking like a cross between Rochester and Charlie McCarthy.

DU BARRY WAS A LADY

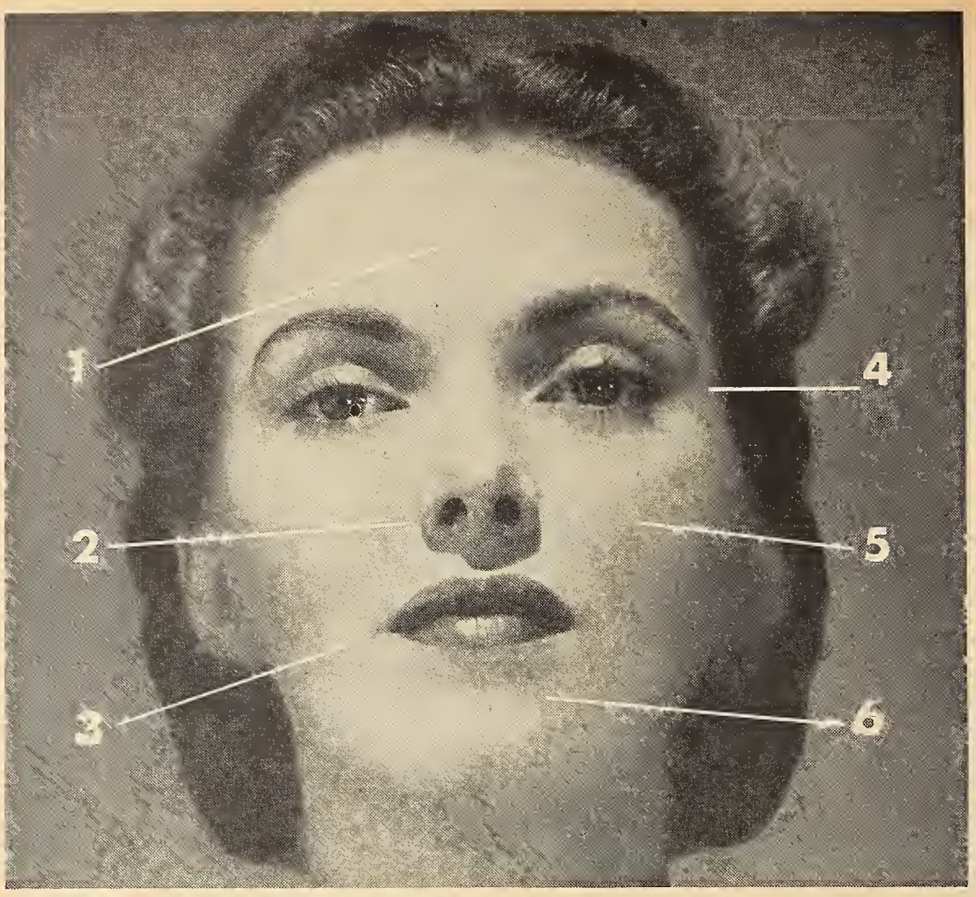
What would *you* do if you had two offers of marriage—one from a very rich man whom you did not love and one from a very poor man whom you did

(*Continued on page 14*)

WRITE OR YOU'RE WRONG

Sorry we can't hand out halos. Certainly you deserve them, the way you've been tossing off those slews of letters each week to guys in the service. We love you for it . . . and so do they. Some of you brighties have sent in this inspiration: Throw a letter-writing orgy and get the mob to write 'em as they munch peanuts and sip pepsis. That way you'll have a riotous time writing your own letters to service beaux, and you'll be getting the other gals to scribble off the notes they might otherwise neglect.

AMERICA'S BEST LOVED NAIL ENAMEL AND LIPSTICK.
IT'S THE SUPERB STAY-ON QUALITY
BEHIND WINDSOR, MRS. MINIVER ROSE, ROSY FUTURE, CHERRY COKE
AND OTHER THRILLING REVLON COLORS THAT MAKES
AMERICA'S BEST LOVED NAIL ENAMEL AND LIPSTICK
Revlon
Revlon
MRS. MINIVER ROSE
NAIL ENAMEL
Revlon
nail enamel 60¢
stick 60¢ also $1 size
PR. 1943. REVLON PROD. CORP.



Who else wants to say "Goodbye" to these 6 Face Powder Troubles?

1 *Does the face powder you use fail to give a smooth, even finish?*

2 *Does the face powder you use fail to stay on?*

3 *Does the face powder you use fail to stay fresh and fragrant?*

4 *Does the face powder you use fail to hide little tired lines?*

5 *Does the face powder you use fail to hide tiny freckles?*

6 *Does the face powder you use fail to hide tiny blemishes?*

Women say this new-texture powder makes their skin look years younger!

THERE's a thrilling *new-texture* powder that helps end the 6 "face powder troubles" listed at left.

It's Lady Esther Face Powder—and it's different because it's *made* differently! It isn't just mixed in the usual way—it's blown by *TWIN HURRICANES.* And this hurricane method makes the texture much smoother and finer than ordinary powder—makes the shades richer. Lady Esther Face Powder helps hide little lines and blemishes, even tiny freckles. *Try it!* See how it gives instant new freshness to your skin—makes it look younger and lovelier.

How to find your Lucky Shade

Send for the 7 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Try them one after another—and find the *one* shade that's most flattering to your skin.

Lady Esther
FACE POWDER

LADY ESTHER, 7110 W. 65th St., Chicago, Ill. (85)
Send me by return mail the 7 new shades of face powder, and a tube of your 4-Purpose Face Cream. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packing and mailing.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

(Government regulations do not permit this offer in Canada)

LET'S HEAR FROM YOU

Fans, be a MODERN SCREEN REPORTER! See your name in print and win $1!

All you have to do is write us an entertaining *true* story about some Hollywood star whom you've known or made faces at or met—a story which we in Movietown will never hear unless you tell it to us. Send as many as you like, and FOR EVERY ANECDOTE WE USE, WE WILL MAIL YOU ONE DOLLAR.

Of course, we reserve the right to edit and revise all stories we use, and no contribution will be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Mail your inside story TODAY to MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

(*Continued from page 12*)

love? The rich lug has dough, but the empty-pocket lad has that certain something that makes your heart do a beat-me-daddy-eight-to-the-bar.

Well, what *would* you do? But, perhaps, on second thought, you'd better not answer. Because *we know!* . . .

Louie, the Hat Check Boy (Red Skelton), is employed to gather up the skimmers in a high class Broadway clip joint. Louie is the dream-love of Dead Pan Ginny (Virginia O'Brien), the cigarette girl who peddles cigars and cigarettes at $20 the pack, but Louie has pop-eyes only for the splendiferous May Daly (Lucille Ball), who is queen of the bistro and scintillating star in the club's musical revue, "Du Barry Was a Lady." Now Love is a strange thing—and though May likes Louie (he's *such* a lot of fun), she's really ga-ga-gone on Alec Howe (Gene Kelly) who dances fast and fancy in the show. And Alec is pitching woo to her, too.

Alec, alas, can't make with the check book—and there's a fellow hanging around May who can, and how! That's Willie the Playboy (Douglass Dumbrille), known up and down the Gay White Way as Broadway's Wolf in a Dress Suit. Alec knows about this plush-lined playboy, and he gets discouraged because May won't say "yes," even though she sizzes him kisses that seem to mean "yes." Alec's pal, Rami the Swami (Zero Mostel), gives out with advice. He peers into his crystal ball, shuffles his marked cards and prognosticates that, "Never mind, Alec, you'll get the girl of your heart—some day." That's the cue for the slow music, professor, and Tommy Dorsey and his band make jive—sweet, sizzling and scrumptious.

So that's the set-up. Louie has eyes for May, not for Dead Pan Ginny; Alec has eyes for May, too, and she for him, but she's tired of hoofing in smoke-filled dives and wants a man with a mint—that's Willie. Or it might be any other chap with a check. Even Louie. And that's not funny, because Louie wins a sweepstakes, proposes to May who has just had a quarrel with Alec, and, believe it or not, May accepts. Of course, it's more in anger at Alec than in love with Louie, but the nuptials are ready to be tied, nevertheless. Louie, now a big shot, decides to throw an engagement party in the swanky Club Petite. At the party Alec kicks up such a row that Louie fixes it with his pal Charlie, the Messenger Boy (Rags Ragland), to slip Alec a Mickey Finn powerful enough

to put that unhappy lover to sleep for a long time. But Chump Charlie gets the drinks mixed. Louie swallows the knockout cocktail, and he slips dizzily off into a beautiful, beautiful Dreamland. . . .

You'll hardly believe that dream when you see it, but anyway, it all ends happily enough. May gets Alec (bet you knew all along!); Louie gets Dead Pan; and the audience gets fun! . . . The sweepstakes money? Well, Uncle Sam's taxes took good care of that!—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

Lucille Ball got to use Norma Shearer's dressing room, because her hoop skirt costumes kept her out of average-size trailers. Miss Shearer's portable has triple width doors (15 x 19 feet) . . . Under the glam-glam gowns, Lucille wears 30c bobby socks, saves her nylons for use when they'll be seen . . . The concerto written especially for Tommy Dorsey has one note in it only Tommy can play. It's a combination musical tone, with Tommy playing the first note and humming the second . . . Signs of the times: 95 out of the 220 male extras were definitely grey around the temples . . . Lana Turner spent two hours getting a complete change of hairdress, make-up and costume for one scene—lasting exactly one minute, 20 seconds. When it was over, she had to change all over again and go back to work on "Slightly Dangerous" . . . After preview of pic, M-G-M executives decided they were wasting half of Red Skelton's talents, confining him to comedy roles. From here on, he gets a chance to do romantic and serious parts . . . Varga was transported from the East Coast to sketch the composite American Beauty, using the DuBarry girls as models . . . Inez Cooper modeled the hands . . . Hazel Brooks won in the leg department . . . 5-foot-8-inch Eve Whitney had the most beau-

WE'LL MATCH YOU, $10 for 10%

The letters we've been getting have been brimming with such spritely schemes, we've had a heck of a time deciding which one to award this month's prize to. Have you sent us your soulful confession, yet? . . . and if not, shame, 'cause the prize, you know, is $10 in war stamps. First, we want to know how you're managing to give 10% of your weekly stipend to war bonds. Is it by one swinging sacrifice each week or by dozens of midget economies? Second, we want to know exactly why you're knocking yourself out to buy these stamps and bonds. Got a brother in boot camp? A lieutenant for a beau? Or is it something altogether different that's shoving you onward?

I belong to a Sunday school class of about 80 members. We conceived the idea of paying our dues for each meeting in 10c war stamps. We meet twice a month, and each member must pay whether he's present or not. So you see, it quickly mounts up to a tidy sum. When we have enough stamps, we convert them into bonds and give them to the church.

This plan seems to have stimulated so much interest that the attendance at our meetings is larger than ever.

Mrs. J. K. Swiger,
430 North 8 Street,
Martins Ferry, Ohio

6 easy rules to help keep colds away

1. Stay out of drafts

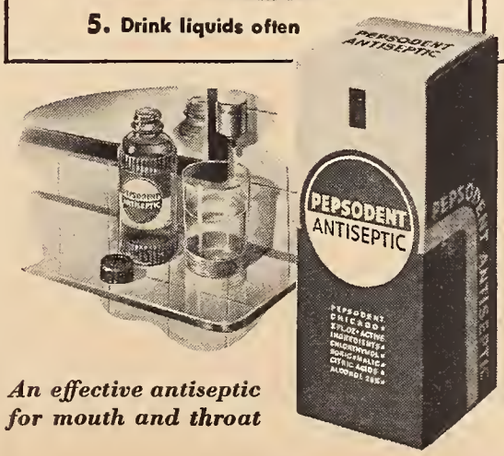
2. Get plenty of rest—eat the right foods

3. Avoid people with colds

4. Dress warmly

5. Drink liquids often

6. Guard your throat



An effective antiseptic for mouth and throat

Gargle frequently with Pepsodent Antiseptic. It is effective even way back in your throat where illness often strikes first. Pepsodent Antiseptic kills germs quickly—millions of the very type of germs that increase the misery of colds. Get a bottle of protection today.

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

tiful waist, a mere 21-inch span . . . Other anatomy "bests": Kay Williams' arms, Georgia Carroll's eyes, Natalie Draper's lips, Mary Jane French's hair, Eileen Haley's bust, Ruth Owenby's hips, Marilyn Maxwell's ankles, Theo Coffman's feet . . . Varga said the most perfect model of all was Kay Aldridge. He says, "She has everything. She not only is beautiful but has poise, lithesomeness, health, perfect features, joy of life and, most important of all, intelligence" . . . Kay turned down his offer of any amount of money if she would model for him exclusively.

IDAHO

Roy's latest picture, "Idaho," is different from most of the Westerns you'll run across. The story is based upon newspaper headlines in recent months, and you may have seen them yourself. A man commits a crime in his youth. He goes to prison, pays his debt to society and, years later, when he has proved by exemplary conduct that he can be a fine and honorable citizen, someone crawls out of the shadow of his past and threatens to reveal his true identity —unless.

When Judge Grey (Harry J. Shannon), who has lived down his prison past, is faced with that dilemma, he calls upon his young friend Roy (Roy Rogers) for help. He tells his story, and Roy believes it. Not merely because Roy is in love with the Judge's beautiful daughter Terry (Virginia Grey), but because when you know a man all your life, you know he's not going to give up the rewards of hard labor and decency at the behest of a couple of cheap thugs.

But the hard-boiled Belle Bonner (Ona Munson) who ran the biggest dive in that part of the state, had other ideas. The Judge had told her to get out of town and stay out. Belle was tough, and when bribes and threats failed to move the Judge, she resorted to blackmail. Two thugs (Dick Purcell and Arthur Hohl) who knew the Judge in the old days had fixed evidence to show that he was at the bank the night it was robbed and the watchman killed. Then Belle wrote the papers suggesting they dig up information on the notorious Tom Alison, famous bank robber of three decades ago, knowing this would expose the Judge's past.

But Roy, like the knights of old, was not easily daunted. He had a trick or two up his sleeve, too. Together with good old Frog Millhouse (Smiley Burnette), Roy saw that the two bandits learned about the payroll coming through the valley the next night. He got his friend the sheriff (Onslow Stevens) to send a posse down by Hairpin Canyon.

Just as Roy expected, the rats nibbled at the bait. But just as they stopped the stage and laid hands on the money bags, out step Roy, the Sheriff and the posse and catch the bandits red-handed. That busted up the gang and Belle Bonner's gambling joint as well. That part of Idaho was a better and more decent place to live in from then on—to get married in and raise a family, for instance.

Because you know who got Terry. We should have liked to, but drat it all, Roy got there first!—*Rep.*

INSPIRATION DEPT.

I read your story "Woman in White" a while back and, as the result, have joined the Nurse's Aides. Joan Fontaine's words on how desperately Aides were needed in our hospitals because of trained nurses being drafted were an inspiration. I realized that staying at home saving kitchen fats and tin cans while my husband was away in the Air Corps just wasn't enough. I will finish my training soon and want to thank you for printing Joan's story and making me feel a lot more useful to my country.

Mrs. William Dillman,
1622 South Argyle Ave.,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

P. S.

Republic Studios bought "Idaho" when it was on the Hit Parade, built a movie around the song . . . Plans were made down to the last cowboy for a location trek to the state of the same name, but Government regulations on travel stiffened about that time, and the studio had to settle for the scenery around Kern County . . . Roy Rogers, Ona Munson, Virginia Grey and the rest of the gang arrived there to find plenty of meat and coffee, but no water! You can't have everything, they decided, and gorged themselves against the time they would have to return to meat-less, coffee-less Los Angeles . . . Roy hit the jackpot on the meat situation. The day he finished work and started home, a friend of his from Texas sent him a whole side of beef! . . . Ona Munson's character name is "Belle" as in "Gone With The Wind," but she's respectable, almost, in this one. Plays the owner of a gambling house and balked at only one part of

GOODBYE DANDRUFF

Don't let dandruff spoil your beauty! Keep your hair shining with natural life and color, antiseptically clean, AND COMPLETELY FREE OF DANDRUFF by using Fitch Shampoo regularly each week. Fitch Shampoo is sold under a money-back guarantee to remove dandruff with the first application, and it is the ONLY shampoo whose guarantee is backed by one of the world's largest insurance firms.

Results Are Different—Because Fitch Shampoo Is Different!

And you apply it differently, too—right to the DRY hair and scalp. That's when it dissolves the dandruff. Next add hard or soft water. Fitch Shampoo foams into a rich abundant lather that carries away all dirt and dandruff without the aid of an after-rinse, leaving your hair soft, manageable and lustrous. Good for all colors and textures of hair—so mild that it's recommended for even a baby's tender scalp. Economical—no wonder Fitch Shampoo is the largest selling shampoo in the world! Barbers and beauticians testify that it reconditions as it cleanses.

After and between Fitch Shampoos you can keep your hair shining and manageable by using a few drops of Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic every day.

THE TRUTH ABOUT SOAP SHAMPOOS

Soap Shampoo

1. This photograph shows germs and dandruff scattered, but not removed, by ordinary soap shampoo.

Soap Shampoo

3. Microphoto shows hair shampooed with ordinary soap and rinsed twice. Note dandruff and curd deposit left by soap to mar natural luster of hair.

Fitch Shampoo

2. All germs, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by Fitch Shampoo.

Fitch Shampoo

4. Microphoto after Fitch Shampoo and hair rinsed twice. Note Fitch Shampoo removes all dandruff and undissolved deposit, and brings out the natural luster of the hair.

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Fitch's DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO

Des Moines, Iowa • Bayonne, N. J. • Los Angeles, Calif.

Copr. 1943 F. W. Fitch Co.

the script. Refused to shoot Roy, 'cause she knew the kids would never forgive her . . . Smiley Burnette, formerly teamed with Gene Autry, plays Roy's side-kick now. He never reads the script before starting a picture, so when his wife found him scanning it carefully after three days of shooting, she wanted to know how come. "I want to find out," replied Smiley, "why they kept pushing me in the river all day today" . . . A prankster (there's one on every trip) set Virginia Grey's alarm clock two hours ahead one night, which set the bell to ringing in the cold, ashy dawn. Virginia, unaware of the rib, began to worry because everyone else was late, went around pulling off blankets to wake up the rest of the troupe.

MR. LUCKY

Can you imagine the charming, irresistible Cary Grant as a ruthless racketeer and creating gambler? And to top that, a draft evader? Well, listen . . .

Joe the Greek (Cary Grant) and a fellow named Zepp (Paul Stewart) are owners of a gambling ship, *Fortuna*. Uncle Sam at the moment has the ship padlocked. Joe raises $10,000 to lift the ban, and he's all ready now to sail the ship to Cuba where gambling's wide open. But—there's always a but—two things are holding him back. One: Joe Bascopolous, member of his crew, is dying; and two, Joe the Greek needs a fat bank roll to get the games started when he is ready to operate. What to do?

Joe figures he can raise the money in town, and he's just about to go over the gangplank when the mail man arrives with three *billet-doux* from Uncle Sam. It's the draft board sure enough. Joe and Zepp are classed 1-A and are ordered to report; and Joe Bascopolous, dying over there in his bunk, gets a lucky 4-F. Now, Zepp and Joe the Greek get the same idea at the same time. Why waste 4-F on a guy who can't use it? Poor Joe B. breathes his last in a little while, and Joe the Greek and Zepp gamble for the deceased's draft card. Lucky Joe wins it. Zepp goes off to the Army, and Joe goes ashore now to try to raise enough money to get his gambling business going again. With him goes his dumb, but hilariously

(*Continued on page 20*)

I SAW IT HAPPEN

The naturalness of Helen Hayes has been highly publicized. But my experience will lend credulity to her publicity. Last year, when Miss Hayes was appearing in "Candle in the Wind," she gave me a splendid interview for my local paper. On the surface she was a lovely, poised person receiving a member of the press.

Backstage, at the same time, was a local stock actress who'd been visiting with Miss Hayes before I got there. According to her, Helen Hayes had been seated at a small table having toast and coffee. When the secretary announced me, her face was sticky with jelly and buttered toast. "Just a minute, 'til I get a little more presentable," she cautioned the secretary. Then she did a quick repair job, smiled and winked at my friend, the stock company actress, and turned to greet me.

June Streibig,
1055 Sunset Ave.,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

In this jar . . . .

A POSITIVE POWER

TO BENEFIT AND BEAUTIFY

through *Special Ingredients*

TODAY women want a cream that will *do* something for their skin . . . something constructive, transforming. It's not enough for it to be just a lovely, luxurious cosmetic. It must contain ingredients that do needed work.

That's why so many women are turning to Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Skin Cream. It contains *special* beneficial ingredients that *do* something . . . like controlling oiliness, dulling shine . . . helping to ease out blackheads and prevent enlarged pore openings . . . keeping dry flaky skin supplied with needed moisture and oils.

Phillips' Skin Cream contains an ingredient no other cream contains—fine genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. It contains moisture-holding cholesterol. And it contains softening, suppling oils.

***Let it Work at Night!* Give these ingredients a chance to do their beneficial beautifying work at night—to soften, to neutralize any acid accumulations found in the external pore openings, to supply moisture and oils.**

***Use it as a Foundation!* Phillips' Skin Cream acts in its own remarkable way as a base for make-up that women find almost perfect. Powder and rouge go on so evenly and keep that freshly-applied look for hours!**

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Skin Cream is helping many thousands of women to achieve and keep a fresh, dewy, delicate skin. Its power to benefit and beautify is ready at hand to help *your* skin.

PHILLIPS'

Milk of Magnesia Skin Cream

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA CLEANSING CREAM
Cleanses and softens the skin. Not only loosens surface dirt but penetrates outer pore openings and floats away accumulations. Makes the skin feel so soft and fresh!

The third in our series on

THE FOODS OF OUR ALLIES

By Marjorie Deen

Susan Peters adds Burgundy to Chicken à la Bourguignanne.

As directed, bastes it frequently while it bakes in the oven.

Meanwhile she fixes a vegetable salad, to serve along with it.

And now everything is ready for a fine French style dinner.

French cooking—always a favorite subject with gourmets the world over—came in for considerable discussion on and around the sets of "Assignment in Brittany." Which was quite to be expected since France is the locale of this film's exciting story and Pierre Aumont its male star.

Pierre, as you doubtless already know—or will certainly wish to know after seeing him in this exciting dual role—is as French as they come. Holder of the Croix de Guerre, demobilized when France fell, he managed to escape over here. But he intends to return abroad soon, to join the forces of the Fighting French who are dedicated to the purpose of bringing about the "Jour de Gloire" when their beloved country once more will be *free!*

In this, his first starring part in America, Mr. Aumont plays a Frenchman "assigned" by the British Intelligence Office to an important secret mission in conquered France. At the completion of the picture, Susan Peters—who stars opposite him—gave an all-French dinner in his honor. She also invited other members of the cast who, by now, subscribed with her to the belief that the French must indeed excel in the culinary arts, to hear Pierre wax so eloquent on the subject at the slightest excuse!

Before trying to swing a special dinner party such as this, Susan decided she had to do some "boning up." In the process, Susan informed me, she discovered some worthwhile food facts and recipes that should be of interest to us all in times like these when we must make the best use of every scrap of food we buy.

To begin with, the French, proverbially thrifty, would be horrified at the waste that is still taken for granted in the average American home. They have been known to claim that a French family could live comfortably on what we throw away!

They excel in the preparation of egg and poultry dishes, know countless ways to cook them, serve them constantly—in which we would do well to copy them, these meat-scarce days!

The sauces for which they are famous are the product of loving care and imagination as well as of the things that go into them. French cooks would not dream of using salt and pepper as the only seasoning, even in the simplest sort of sauce. Instead they make judicious use of wine and wine vinegar, of lemon juice, capers and mushrooms, of onions or their stronger cousin, garlic (which they employ with far more discretion than do the Italians) or shallots (which have a mild onion flavor and may therefore be used with a freer hand). They use meat, fish and poultry stock extensively in sauce making—or, lacking these, add a bouillon cube or a beef-flavored extract. Their devotion of long standing to herbs makes it apparent that our recent excess of enthusiasm on this subject, should be encouraged.

But above all, we should bear in mind that fine sauces, such as those for which the French are famous, are prize *extenders* of flavor—which make it possible to purchase and serve smaller amounts of scarce or higher cost items in combination with other filling foods that are more plentiful. And who's to say, these days, that we shouldn't also copy the French in taking up, with a crust of bread, every last vestige of flavorful gravy that remains on the plate! But be sure to note that important word,

"flavorful"—which you'll find exemplified in the Chicken Bourguignonne, given here as prepared by Susan Peters in honor of her co-star, Pierre Aumont.

CHICKEN BOURGUIGNONNE

1 young chicken
flour, salt, pepper
4 tablespoons melted fat
½ pound mushrooms, sliced
¾ cup Burgundy wine
8 mild white onions, parboiled

Have chicken cut in pieces as for frying. Use only the "meaty" ones—legs, second joints, breast and lower part of wings. (Reserve other parts of bird for use in making soup stock.) Singe chicken and wipe with damp cloth. Sprinkle lightly with flour, seasoned with salt and pepper. Brown chicken pieces in the melted fat (preferably chicken fat) in a heavy skillet. Remove chicken when brown and sauté sliced mushrooms in the same skillet, adding more fat or butter, if necessary, to prevent burning. Add the wine and cook down until liquid is reduced by one half. Return chicken pieces to skillet, add onions which have been parboiled 10 minutes and thoroughly drained. Cover tightly and continue cooking in moderately hot oven (375°F.) until chicken is tender, basting frequently with juices in skillet. Serve on heated platter, accompanied by French Style green peas and a big bowl of salad. Follow with a simple dessert—such as a "compôte" of fresh fruit.

PETITS POIS À LA FRANCAISE
(French Style Peas)

2 tablespoons butter
6 small white onions
2 cups shelled peas
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon sugar
6 outside leaves of lettuce
2 tablespoons water or chicken broth

Melt butter in a heavy waterless cooker or Dutch oven. Add onions, whole, and cook until slightly browned. Add peas, sprinkle with combined salt and sugar, cover with lettuce leaves. Add water or broth, cover tightly and simmer gently until peas are tender. French cooks like to add a little minced parsley and chervil, also, or a pinch of mixed herbs. They also much prefer to use broth instead of water. The liquid remaining in the pan, after cooking, may be slightly thickened with a very little flour moistened to a smooth paste with a little cold water. Thickened or not thickened, this liquor should be served with the peas as its flavor will be found to be delicious.

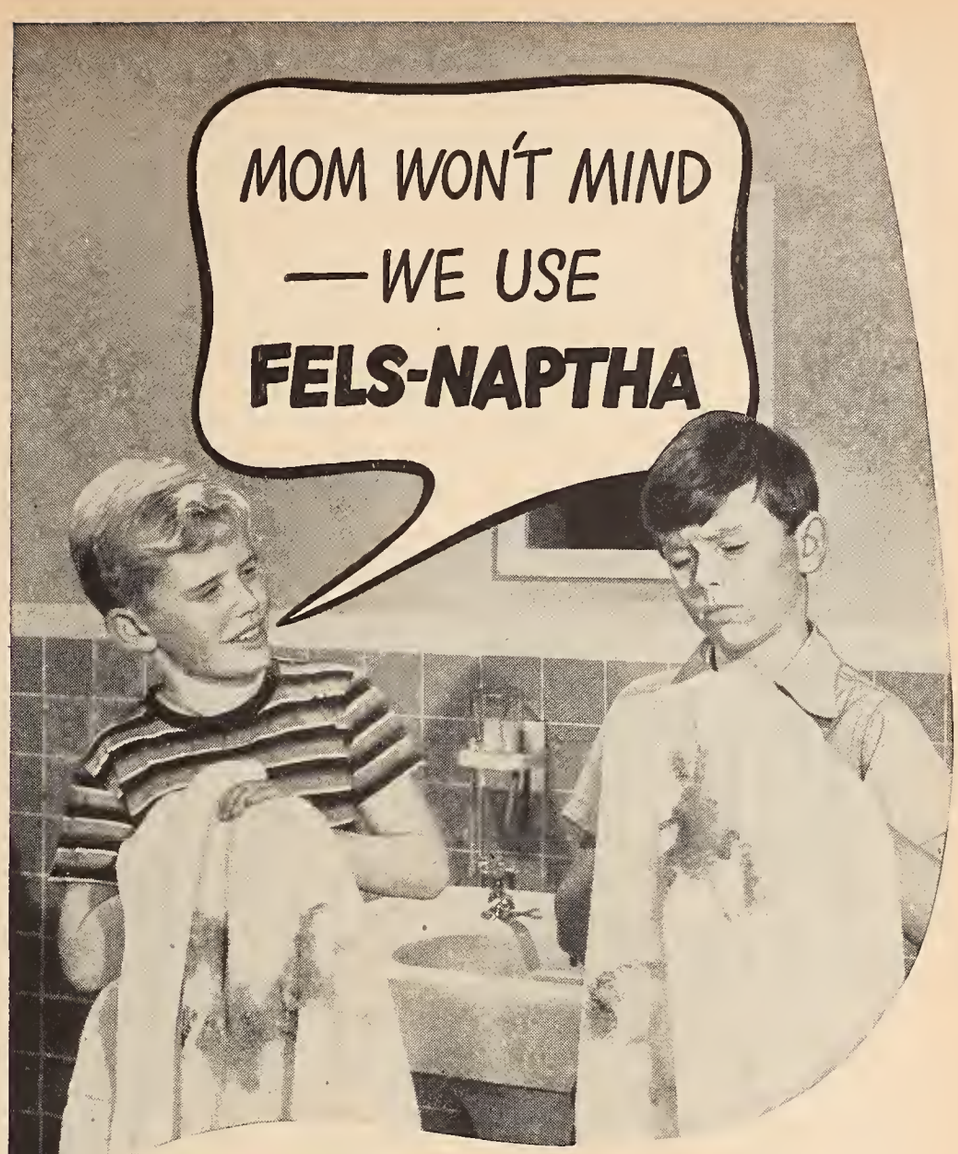
MIXED SALAD BOWL, VINAIGRETTE

Into a large salad bowl, which has been lightly rubbed with a cut clove of garlic, place green pepper rings, tomatoes cut in eighths, quartered hard-cooked eggs and radish roses. Add crisp salad greens—preferably of two or more varieties, with escarolle and watercress ranking high among possible choices. Just before serving add enough of the following dressing to moisten salad, without however "drenching" it. Toss together lightly. Serve from the same bowl, at the table, onto well-chilled salad plates.

Vinaigrette Dressing:

1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon paprika
a dash of pepper
6 tablespoons oil
3 tablespoons tarragon or wine vinegar
1 teaspoon minced parsley
1 teaspoon minced chives or shallot
1 teaspoon finely minced gherkins

Combine dry ingredients, beat in the oil and vinegar with a fork—or place in a bottle, as does Susan Peters, and shake well. Add remaining ingredients just before you are ready to add the dressing to the salad.



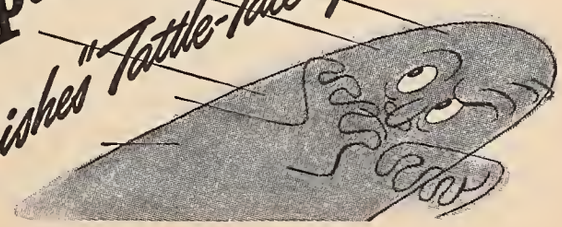
Junior is a little optimistic, we're afraid . . . though it's true the ever-present evidence of dirt is less menacing to Mothers who have Fels-Naptha handy.

Take those two Turkish towels, for example—the Pride of the Linen Closet—to tell the awful truth. In some homes they'd cause a first-class 'conniption'. But not here.

This Mother knows that no youngster can grind dirt in too deep for Fels-Naptha Soap to reach it. She'll soak those towels in rich Fels-Naptha suds. She'll let this grand, mild soap and gentle naptha go to work. Then, a light rub, a quick swish—and out they'll come, as fresh and white as the day they went in her hope chest.

Mother—have you a little 'Junior' in your home? Then you need a *lot* of Fels-Naptha, too!

Fels-Naptha Soap
Banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



"I won a Victory over DRY SKIN"

SAYS PATRICIA MORISON

"I use LANDER'S COLD CREAM with OLIVE OIL—a rich *special formula* accepted for advertising by AMERICAN MEDICAL ASS'N"

You may *think* you have trouble with dry sensitive skin but movie stars who work under hot drying lights, have a *real* battle!

So why don't you take a tip from beautiful Patricia Morison and other famous stars of stage and screen who use and endorse Lander's Cold Cream with Olive Oil?

It's a wonderful rich *special formula* that has been awarded professional approval. Read how the American Medical Association regards it. Then you'll *trust* its quality.

You're thrilled by the soft, fluffy texture of this dainty, white cream. It melts at once and spreads gently on your thirsty dry skin.

It's an all-purpose marvel! Cleans exquisitely. Smooths away dry lines. Grand overnight! Leaves skin soft and satiny with that tempting peaches and cream look. Big jar only 10c at your 10c store. Ask for other fine Lander beauty aids.

★THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASS'N accepts this cream for advertising in their Journal because it is fine and pure . . . and because our advertising tells the truth.

LANDER'S COLD CREAM WITH Olive Oil ONLY 10¢

FOR VICTORY
Buy War Bonds and Stamps

(*Continued from page 17*)

funny bodyguard, the Crunk (Alan Carney).

On Park Avenue, Joe meets pretty Lieut. Dorothy Bryant (Laraine Day), selling tickets for a Greek War Relief bazaar. After trying to flirt with the lady lieutenant and getting just nowhere, Joe goes to the organization's headquarters. He informs the astounded Capt. Steadman (Gladys Cooper) that he would like to contribute $70,000 or so if they will permit him to run the gambling concession at the bazaar. He is positive he can collect that much, and will turn in the full amount. The plight of the refugees, says Joe, touches him deeply. Of course, Lucky Joe really plans to skip with the dough. They agree.

Meanwhile, Joe visits the headquarters regularly. His real purpose is to try to get through the icy exterior of Laraine Day. But he meets with a discouraging response. He gets shunted over to the nice ladies of the organization who teach him to knit socks, hemstitch and model for nightgowns. Joe has fallen solidly for Lieut. Dorothy, and she likes him more than she should. He gives his blood to the blood bank; he risks his life to get a relief ship off to Greece with supplies, and he is getting to be a little uncomfortable, too. Joe is beginning to wonder if he ought to go through with it.

Complications ensue. Dorothy's grandfather (Henry Stephenson), who is a banker, has long been suspicious of Joe. And Zepp, turned down by the draft board, has come back to town. He demands his share of the prospective haul. Joe tries to talk his way out of these jams, but it's none too easy.

Right up until the day of the bazaar, Joe expected to go through with his plans and steal that relief money. But on that day, something happened. Zepp hands him a letter that came to the dead Joe Bascopolous from his native, war-torn Greece. Joe reads it. It tells about the massacre of Joe's two brothers by the Germans. It tells of the terrible, heart-rending misery of those left alive—to starve, to die like animals.

That does it. That shakes Joe to the bottom of his soul. Joe sees in his mind's eye the flaming ruins of one of the great nations of history, and he is filled with a blind fury. Now he really gets to work. He throws every ounce of his energy into making the "take" at the bazaar as big as he can, determined, too, to turn over every cent to the Relief Fund.

But Joe has Zepp to reckon with.

MODERN SCREEN'S SUPER COUPON

● There they are, proudly thumb-tacked to the wall above our desk . . . and all day long our eyes keeps straying toward them. FOUR simply lush NEW CHARTS on beauty, on manners, on snagging a war job or keeping a beau in tow. A couple of months ago, we blithely stated that MODERN SCREEN meant to enlarge its services to become a buying guide, fashion bible and general "can't-do-without." And our writers are doing a perfectly swish job of following through. What's more, you can get any one of these charts for practically buttons. Beauty Chart No. 2, Fashion Chart No. 2, "How to get a War Job" and "Mind Your Manners," are a nickel each. Your Individually Compiled Horoscope and the Super Star Information Chart are a dime each. Just check the boxes indicating the charts you'd like, write your name and address clearly and pop the coupon into an envelope with the correct amount of money in stamps or coins. Easy, huh? Address the envelope MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York City.

Co-ed Beauty Chart No. 2 (5c) . . . . . ☐
Beauty primer . . . Spring tonic for face and figure . . . sure-fire ammunition for lassoing the lads on leave.

Co-Ed Fashion Chart No. 2 (5c) . . . . . ☐
How to wrestle with a midget fashion budget . . . what to wear and where to buy. Stacks of Springy new fashion ideas.

Your Individually Compiled Horoscope (10c) . . . . . ☐
Would you like both your future and your personality analyzed. Fill in your birthdate here. Year..... Month..... Day.....

How to Get a War Job (5c) . . . . . ☐
What a chance to help Uncle Sam and carve out a new career! Here's how to hunt a new job or climb up from the one you have.

Mind Your Manners (5c) . . . . . ☐
Wanna do the proper thing, don't you? This snappy etiquette guide ranges all the way from Canteen-meetings to altar-trekking.

Super-Star Information Chart (10c) . . . . . ☐
Vital statistics and last-second dope on 500 most popular stars . . . i. e. marriages, likes, dislikes, sh! sh! stuff by the yard.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

I SAW IT HAPPEN

When I was hiking with a friend along the Champlain Bridges connecting Ontario and Quebec, we saw the cutest little baby boy being wheeled by a lovely girl in slacks and kerchief. I couldn't resist going over to play with him. His vocabulary consisted of one word, "Bath," which, I gathered from his excited gestures, meant the river. After walking a few blocks chatting, I found that the baby's name was Michael Damien, and the mother was Maureen O'Sullivan.

Later, I dazedly accepted when Maureen offered me a lift into Ottawa as far as the grocery store. I hounded her place for an autographed picture of her and found her not only amazingly unaffected but twice as lovely off screen as on.

Shirley H. Pickthorne,
402 O'Connor St.,
Ottawa, Canada.

P. S.—Maureen O'Sullivan was in Ottawa to be with her husband stationed near here.

Zepp tries to rob the till that night, and Joe fights to defend it. Joe is shot, but he manages to grab the money. To save himself from exposure, he escapes through a window, planning to send the money back. But Dorothy is disgraced, and he is meanwhile stamped as a thief.

It all comes right, of course, in the end. The relief fund gets its money and the ship to send supplies across to war-stricken Greece. Joe joins the Merchant Marine and gets a couple of U-boats. Dorothy waits down by the pier, day after day, and finally gets her reward.

You know what that would be. The initials are C. G.—*R.K.O.*

P. S.

Milton Holmes, author of the original story, is a tennis pro turned writer. Interested Grant in the plot of his yarn between sets at the Westside Tennis Club, sold it to RKO for $35,000 . . . Al Rhein, professional gambler-about-town, acted as technical adviser, taught members of the cast fancy card riffles and shuffles . . . One sequence features Australian rhyming slang (a wife is a storm-and-strife, feet are plates-of-meat). Not new, the slang started over 100 years ago in England; was brought to Australia via the penal colonies, came into the U. S. by way of the Barbary Coast . . . Picture has had two previous titles—"Bundles for Freedom" was its tag the first day of shooting, then it was switched to "From Here To Victory" . . . Cary had to have a special wardrobe made. His own clothes were too conservative. And the ties were so wild, he automatically covered the one he was wearing whenever visitors appeared on the set . . . Larraine Day gets her first chance away from Nice-nelly clothes, plays a debutante and wears slick Creations . . . Barbara Hutton Grant's little son Lance paid his first visit to Papa Cary's set during the third week of production. Stayed for half an hour and completely charmed everyone he met . . . Asked why he was so anxious to play the part of a distinctly inferior (at first) person, Cary said: "The story shows the reaction of a man with a lot of personal failings to the great thing that's in the air. I think people will be interested in that. Joe's no cut-and-dried figure, but a man so darned human I look on him as real."

and I promised Mom —

WHO would have thought you'd be a deserter from a dustmop . . . when Mom's counting on you? When your *country's* counting on you? . . .

As Mom explained—it's girls like you taking on "homework" who release *a whole army of mothers* for rolling bandages and selling war bonds and driving drill presses.

That's how important you are . . . but look at you now! Wondering why *you're* different from other girls who manage to do their part *every* day of the month.

Because if *they* can whisk through dusting and dishes . . . then dash out for a late "skate-date" . . . so can you!

How? . . . well, why not learn their secret? See for yourself how many girls simply shrug their shoulders and say it's no secret at all . . . it's just that Kotex sanitary napkins give more comfort!

Keep your promises — and your dates!

Actually, it's because Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing . . . a far cry from pads that only feel soft at first touch. None of that snowball sort of softness that packs hard under pressure.

And when you're truly comfortable, your confidence goes zooming! You'll see pesky little worries vanish because Kotex has flat, pressed ends! And remember—no other leading brand offers this patented feature—ends that don't show because they're not stubby.

Then, for your *added* protection, Kotex has a 4-ply safety center. And—no wrong side to cause accidents!

So now you know how to join the Keep-Going Corps. And why more women choose Kotex than all other brands of pads put together!

Keep going in comfort — with Kotex★!

TIPS FOR TEENS! What every girl should know about what to do and not to do on trying days is contained in the bright little booklet "As One Girl To Another". Write today to P.O. Box 3434, Dept. MM-5, Chicago, for a copy FREE!

For Certain Days . . . if you suffer from cramps, try KURB tablets, a Kotex product compounded expressly for relief of periodic discomfort. It merits your confidence. Take only as directed on the package and see how KURBS can help you!

(★T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Co-ed

By JEAN KINKEAD

Didja ever realize *you* can save a doughboy's life just staying in your own backyard? A pint of blood to the Red Cross will do it!

● Guess all of us have somebody in the war. A brother in the tank corps in Africa, a cousin bombardier-ing in Australia, a beau on a PT boat in the Solomons. We brag about him and worry about him, and let it go at that. Would you stop there if you knew it was in your power to save his life? If you're between the ages of 18 and 60 and in good health, you can send your blood to war, and it might be the very pint of blood you give that will mean the difference between life and death to your soldier.

We know you'd give if you realized how great is the need. If you'd seen some of the wounded . . . The young Marine officer at Guadalcanal. They brought him in gray as ashes, cold. There was a wound big as your hand in his chest, and his blond hair was matted with blood and sweat. In the black-out tent, the doctor injected some blood plasma. The first pint brought him out of his coma. By the time the second one was in, he could speak. Next morning, he was able to stand the jeep-ride to the hospital. When you read this, he'll be in action again. Somebody, somewhere, took an hour off one day and gave the blood that saved him. Wouldn't you be proud if it were you? There was another boy. He was a chief boatswain's mate on a destroyer, and one morning a German torpedo ripped its side. A lifeboat came loose and crashed into him. When they picked him up, he was almost pulseless. His brown eyes had the varnished-over look of the mortally hurt. In World War I, he'd have been given up for lost. But—he lived. It took three pints of blood to restore him to consciousness. Three pints before the slow smile spread over the tanned face. Before he could whisper, "Hi, doc. Got a cigarette?" Somewhere, three people had made appointments to give their blood. They had kidded about it. Boasted a little afterwards. And because of them, a lean, iron-jawed gob is at sea again.

We know you'd give if you'd seen the kids stumbling back to camp out of the jungles in New Guinea, some with their arms in makeshift slings, with bloody scraps of cloth covering their wounds. Some dragging a wounded pal. And the same line of talk everywhere. "I'm okay, Doc. Do something for Joe." You'd give if you'd seen the sergeant in Libya die because there was no plasma. Heard his funny little-boy last words. "I'd sure like a piece of apple pie." Somewhere, someone had been too busy one afternoon to give blood when the gang went. And in an African hospital there wasn't enough to go round. You're not too busy, are you?

Here's how to go about giving your blood for victory. Chances are the main department store or your local movie house is recruiting donors. (In New York City, the War Activities Committee of the Motion Picture Industry campaigned with wonderful results for donors in theater lobbies, and it's planned to take this method all over the country.) If nothing like this goes on where you live, call your local Red Cross chapter and see if you are living in one of the 31 zones in (*Continued on page 26*)

To win his heart, campaign with care
Arm yourself with shining hair!

No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous ... and yet so easy to manage!*

DAY OR NIGHT, for work or play, you'll love this adorable but practical new hair-do! The braids (made from back hair, parted in center) are two parts hair and one velvet ribbon. Bow is separate. Hair washed with Special Drene.

For glamorous hair, use Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added . . . the only shampoo that reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap, yet leaves hair so easy to arrange!

If you want his eyes to linger lovingly on your hair . . . If you want his fingers to smooth it tenderly . . . then keep it alluringly shining, lustrous! Don't let soaps or soap shampoos rob your hair of glamour!

Instead, use Special Drene! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo . . . how gloriously it reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to arrange . . . right after shampooing. Easier to comb into smooth, shining neatness. If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

You'll be thrilled, too, by Special Drene's super-cleansing action. For it even removes all embarrassing, flaky dandruff the first time you use it . . . and the film left by previous soapings.

So, before you wash your hair again, get a bottle of Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added. Or ask your beauty shop to use it. Let the beauty magic of this amazing improved shampoo glorify your hair!

*PROCTER & GAMBLE, after careful tests of all types of shampoos, found no other which leaves hair so lustrous and yet so easy to manage as Special Drene.

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY ★ Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Soap film dulls lustre—robs hair of glamour!

Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Special Drene! It never leaves any dulling film, as soaps and soap shampoos always do.

•

That's why Special Drene Shampoo reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Special Drene with *Hair Conditioner*

A STORY FROM THE HEART OF AMERICA ...TO THRILL AMERICA'S HEART!

America's best loved best-seller comes to the screen! The mighty story of fierce dreams, proud courage, fighting love in today's West! Great as the red-blooded, warm-hearted people who inspired it!

with

RODDY McDOWALL · PRESTON FOSTER · RITA JOHNSON

Directed by HAROLD SCHUSTER · Produced by RALPH DIETRICH

Screen Play by Lillie Hayward · Adaptation by Francis Edwards Faragoh

A 20th CENTURY FOX PICTURE

Donna Reed laughingly echoed Lionel Barrymore's furious snort! "I can too milk a cow," she said . . . and promptly proved it! Donna's also proven that a girl can bowl and skate and go to bed nightly at nine without losing a smitch of glamour. Anyway glamour's of little interest to Donna. What does interest her is copping an Oscar, getting married and buying the best darn farm in Iowa. Current business, M-G-M's "The Human Comedy."

(Continued from page 22)

the country which has the facilities to take blood donations. If you live in an outlying area (northwest of Portland, Oregon, for instance, or south of Savannah, Georgia),* don't brood about it. Continue doing your regular war work, and make up your mind you'll look into blood-donating when you visit a town with proper facilities.

If you learn there are facilities right in your city, make an appointment and—if you are under 21—ask them to send you the form which your parents must sign before you can be a donor. About that appointment, make one you know you can keep. Don't just pull one out of the blue and have to call it off because you're in a swimming meet or something. A broken appointment can never be made up.

Perhaps you'll be told that your town hasn't the necessary equipment to take blood donations, but that it is served by a "mobile blood unit." "Well, swell," you'll say and make an appointment—meanwhile wondering what the heck *that* is. It sounds dangerous. It's not a bit. A mobile unit is a miniature hospital ward on wheels. It looks like an ambulance and is big enough to hold folding cots, tables, medical equipment, all of which is set up in some convenient building—the high school, hospital or church recreation hall.

Having made your appointment, a million gremlins begin to put scarey ideas in your head. "I suppose it'll hurt something awful. What if I faint. Maybe it's bad for you . . . " Five minutes of that, and you'll feel that you could use a transfusion yourself. Nicely. So we'll set you straight.

It's painless. The spot on your arm that is pricked by the transfusion needle is numbed with novocaine. If you're the fainting kind, you're not expected to give blood, and if you're not, this won't bring on an attack. Anyway, there's a nurse hovering with smelling salts and spirits of ammonia, should anyone get the least bit woozy. Nope—it's not bad for you. Preliminary precautions are taken to be sure that no one in impaired physical condition gives blood. They ask you a million questions, take your temperature, pulse and blood pressure, give you a hemoglobin test. There's never a speck of risk. Some doctors even claim it does you good. The small loss of blood tunes up all the blood-making machinery, and in a few days you feel better than ever. Don't let squeamishness keep you away. You don't have to see a thing. If you keep your eyes closed, you won't even know anything's happening to you, except the slight discomfort of the tourniquet. It takes only about five minutes to draw the blood, and afterwards you rest on your cot a while and then drink coffee and eat sandwiches supplied by the Red Cross. You feel kind of uplifted and queen beeish, and when they give you your bronze pin, you're so proud of yourself you can hardly stand it. And you should be. You've just saved a man's life. Maybe your man's.

Having once given, don't rest on your laurels. Make an appointment to give again in two months, and meanwhile spread the gospel. Get as many people as you can interested in giving. Start on your own family and talk them into going en masse next time you go. Plan a spree after your session—a steak dinner if you can find one, a movie. Make it a standing date every two months. Talk your club into giving as a group just as often as the Red Cross will let them (that's every eight weeks, but not more often than five times a year). If you're in an office, propagandize the whole gang into going together. If you're in a war plant, try to get the Red Cross to send over a mobile unit so that the entire personnel may be canvassed. Talk it up everywhere, everywhere. The need is desperate.

In case you're curious about what happens to your blood after they've got it, here's the story. It is sent in a refrigerated box to the nearest laboratory where a small amount of it is Wasserman-tested. If it is found to be all right (and only 3% of all blood taken has to be rejected), it is put into a machine with quantities of other blood and whirled at a tremendous speed. The red and white corpuscles settle to the bottom, leaving a clear liquid on top, called plasma. This is siphoned into pint bottles where it is frozen and then dehydrated into a golden flaky substance like soap chips. This is packaged and put in a tin kit with a pint of sterile water, a transfusion needle and some rubber tubing. Months from now the plasma will still work like magic. When mixed with the sterile water and injected into a soldier's arm, it will bring the color pouring into his cheeks, the glint back in his eyes. It'll bring back his wide, slow smile and his gruff, good-natured voice. "How're you fixed for butts, Doc?" . . . Recognize him? Maybe it's your guy we're talking about.

How're you fixed for blood?

*There are no large pharmaceutical laboratories in these districts, hence no place close enough at hand where the whole blood can be processed into its usable form—blood plasma.

FREE OFFER!

Want a nice, fat copy of Dell's SCREEN ROMANCES—packed to the hilt with fascinating fictionizations of the best current movies? Well, just fill out the questionnaire below and mail it in no later than April 15. We've got copies of SCREEN ROMANCES just waiting for those first 500 replies!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our May issue? Write 1, 2, 3, at right of the titles of your 1st, 2nd, 3rd choices.

The Strange Case of Lana Turner . . ☐
So Long, Johnny (Johnny Payne) . . ☐
"Slightly Dangerous" . . . . . ☐
Modern Screen Goes Easter Shopping (Tierney-Joyce) . . . . . ☐
"To Laddie with Love" (Alan Ladd) ☐
Bringing Up Mother (Jane Wyman) ☐
"Mamatchka's" Boy (George Montgomery) . . . . . ☐
Tall, Thin and Terrific (Gig Young) ☐
Her Heart Wears Khaki (Ty and Annabella) . . . . . ☐
Meet the Baron (Paul Henreid) . . . . ☐
Good News . . . . . ☐

Which one of the above did you like LEAST? . . . . . .
What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference . . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

My name is . . . . . .
My address . . . . . City . . . . . State . . . . . .
I am . . . . . years of age.

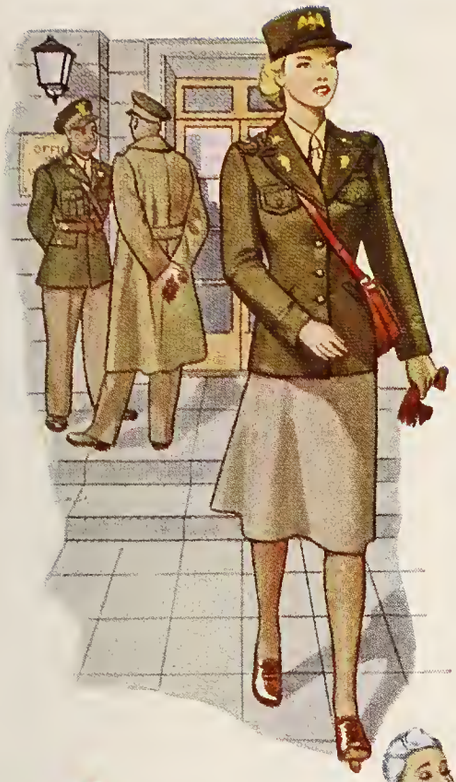
ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN
149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Co-Ed Bulletin Board

MODERN SCREEN has just whipped you up four elegant new charts. If you've ever fumbled an introduction or groped for the right words in a thank-you note, Mind Your Manners Chart No. 1 is your baby. The second chart does everything but hand you a war job. Tells where to apply, qualifications needed, dough involved. Another new chart makes you gorgeous for the Easter Parade. You and Hedy, kids! The fourth's a wonderful gossipy little item re lives, loves, etc., of 500 Hollywood stars. They're all a nickel a throw, except The Star Chart which is a dime. Can you lose? Just check the coupon on page 20, mail it in with the small change, and whee! You learn manners, get employed, flash a new face and shimmy your flicker I. Q. way up to there!

Have you tried our new contest on page 74? It's an awful lot of fun, and it's not hard, x our hearts. Some 511 people are going to be incredibly lucky this month. Ever see a more lush list of prizes? Stop drooling and get busy. Maybe one of 'em'll be you!

Busy?—Stay lovely, too!



Here's how . . . 3 Ivory beauty recipes . . . for 3 complexion types

WAAC OFFICER . . . *TYPE: Height, 5′ 7″; weight, 129; eyes, blue; hair, honey-blonde; SKIN, fine-textured, tending to be DRY.*

"I have precious little time to fuss with my face these days. Yet I know my skin has never been lovelier.

"Goodness knows my new routine is *simple* enough. Just gentle *Ivory* lather, a *soft* washcloth, and *lukewarm* water. Then I pat on a little cold cream, for my skin is *naturally* dry.

"It's *sensitive*, too. That's why I love pure, mild Ivory. It obviously contains no coloring or medication or strong perfume that might irritate my skin.

" 'Velvet-suds' Ivory *certainly* has helped give me a glorious new complexion!"

HAT DESIGNER . . . *TYPE: Height, 5′ 5″; weight, 118; eyes, gray-green; hair, titian; SKIN, creamy, with both DRY and OILY tendencies.*

"My face is oily down the middle; dry on the sides. No soap seemed right for *both* areas . . . until I tried Ivory.

"The *dry, sensitive* areas that used to balk at strongly scented soaps, respond beautifully to Ivory's 'babying.'

"And with lots of mild Ivory lather, I can safely concentrate on the *oilier areas* like hairline, forehead, nose, and chin.

"Now my complexion looks *so* marvelously fresh and smooth.

"I think too many women judge a soap by its price. For *my* money, Ivory could be worth a dollar a cake!"

99 44/100 % pure . . . It floats.

HOMEMAKER . . . *TYPE: Height, 5′ 3″; weight, 112; eyes, brown; hair, chestnut; SKIN, olive, tending to be OILY.*

"I was *afraid* to give my oily skin vigorous soap-and-water cleansing.

"But when Doctor advised Ivory Soap for bathing the baby, I thought, 'If Ivory's *that* mild, *I'll* try it!'

"It's *perfect!* A fingertip massage with lots of Ivory's safe, mild lather makes me feel as if I'd had a *facial.*

"I don't hesitate to give my face a thorough Ivory cleansing as often as 3 times a day. And my complexion's getting *lovelier* all the time!"

Look lovelier . . . use pure, mild IVORY . . . the soap advised by more doctors than all other brands together!

TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. • PROCTER & GAMBLE

Dura-Gloss picks you up . . .

10¢ PLUS TAX

Do your nails with Dura-Gloss. It picks you up. Puts you on the bright side. It goes on so nicely, each firm stroke makes you feel better. When you're finished, you can see you've accomplished something! For Dura-Gloss achieves a beauty and radiance that's in a class by itself. It has a special ingredient that brings this about — Chrystallyne. And this ingredient makes it stay on your nails better, too — a big help these busy days. So get DURA-GLOSS now.

DURA-GLOSS *nail polish*

Cuticle Lotion
Polish Remover
Duro-Coat

Copr. 1943, Lorr Laboratories • Paterson, N. J.
Founded by E. T. Reynolds

● IT HAPPENED six months ago. Without too much warning, MODERN SCREEN'S circulation climbed to a million. In the whole, wide world, there aren't two dozen other magazines with a million circulation. So Henry Malmgreen and I reached for the sleeping pills. We were sure it was a dream. And we didn't want to wake up—ever!

But month after month—the same old success story. Today, what with government paper restrictions, there are hardly enough MODERN SCREENS to go around!

I suppose it's high time we took our feet off the desk and started fretting about our sacred duty to "the great army of MODERN SCREEN readers." But you can't fret and beam all at once. And sisters, we're beaming!

Right in the middle of a beam, let me explain how we're working off our excess gratitude for all this good fortune. If you haven't yet noticed our monthly contest or our bright new service dept., turn to pages 74 and 20.

Look like Christmas to you? Well it's always Christmas in MODERN SCREEN! Twelve contests every year. Thousands of dollars in war bonds. Six perfectly lovely fur coats. At least 600 dreamy fashion match-mates. And each contest so simple, it's harder to lose than to win!

Or, if you're afraid of getting rich—there's our growing service dept. Want to know *anything* about *anything?* Then the dept.'s Super-Coupon (p. 20) is your ticket. Want to start or join a fan club? Write a love letter? Make yourself twice as kissable? Dress like a Powers model on a war-bobbed budget? Cook like his mother? Our staff of experts is working like mad to help you do all this and more. Just keep your eye on the Super-Coupon!

Al Delacorte

EDITOR

THE STRANGE CASE OF LANA TURNER!

Modern Screen's scoop of the year! The inside story of what happened to Lana's marriage, as told by Steve Crane's first wife!

By Nancy Winslow Squire

Above, Carol Crane, Steve's Spouse No. 1! Second wife, Lana Turner, hopped off to Palm Springs after annulment, hennaed hair so nobody'd know her.

On day's furlough from shooting of "Slightly Dangerous," Lana took over for USO, played guide for Army and Navy. First stop, M-G-M's fabulous zoo!

Picnic, on the house, was a Pvt.'s dream, with Lana dishing up 7 different kinds of mouth-watering salads. Later, guys turned tables and waited on Lana.

On Valentine's Day, just ten days after their annulment, Steve and Lana baby-talked at Mocambo. (Young 'un's due this summer.) Both still wore wedding rings.

In the mail box of many Hollywood writers, on a recent morning, there was a copy of a song titled "The Lana Turner Blues," written by Billy Hayes and Charles Gunther. The chorus:

I get the morning papers bright and early—
I gotta know where I can see that girlie—
'Cause since that night at the corner movie,
I've got those
LANA TURNER BLUES.

I waste no time to find the movie section,
And it isn't hard to pick out my selection—
'Cause since that night at the corner movie,
I've got those
LANA TURNER BLUES.

She's a revelation, she's a big sensation
When she appears upon the screen.
Her hair, her lips and eyes are like the sweetest of dreams
That you see on every motion picture magazine.
I think I'll write and ask her for her picture,

(Continued on following page)

After lunch, Lana sprinted from one end of studio commissary to other, helping boys collect autographs. Just a few days before this, Lana was spending her 23rd birthday tossing in bed.

Blue and khaki-clad men kibitzed as Lana repaired smudged puss. Navy men thanked her for lion cub gifted Navy as mascot after smashing $1000 worth of Lana's furniture. Steve Crane had given it to her for Xmas.

For in my heart she'll always be a fixture,
'Cause since that night at the corner movie, I've got those

LANA TURNER BLUES.

The writers of this pleasantly corny little ditty probably didn't know how truly they were singing; Hollywood, at present, is full of people with the Lana Turner blues, and chief among them is undoubtedly the lovely Lana herself.

As practically everyone knows, Lana was born Julia Jean Turner in Wallace, Idaho, 23 years ago. Her first public appearance occurred at the age of three. She had accompanied her mother to a fashion show and had watched avidly while the manikins strutted across a platform, paused, wheeled and slowly peacocked past a velvet curtain.

Miss Julia Jean sidled from her seat and inconspicuously took a position at the foot of the small flight of stairs leading to the stage. Her timing perfect, she selected a moment between parading models and tripped out into the limelight. Drawing her diminutive coat about her small figure in a perfect pantomime of the manikins' studied grace, she strolled across the boards, paused to spread her coat and so reveal her dress, and—head up, smile gentle and fixed—withdrew into the wings. When an astounded Mrs. Turner reached her ingenious daughter, Julia was standing in the wings listening to the audience's laughter and applause with a gratified gleam in her eyes.

When one currently picks up a night edition and finds the name *Lana Turner* headlined, it is not difficult to remember that three-year-old getting her first heady whiff of a living, breathing, fascinated audience.

Her first motion picture role was a bit part in "They Won't Forget" when she was 15. At that time she was a plump little character who made a sweater look like something Cleopatra was saving for the next visiting Caesar. Her hair was brown, rather long and not-too-well kept. But her eyes were the Turner eyes of today—electric with blueness, round with a wry sense of humor, quick to squint shut with laughter.

Her most recent picture has been causing M-G-M several super-aspirin headaches. At first it was titled "Nothing Ventured." Then, pink of ears, Metro changed it to "Careless." After thinking that one over for a split second, they decided "Slightly Dangerous" would be a safer label. Further title changes are entirely possible.

Between "They Won't Forget" and "Slightly Dangerous," a good many things have happened to the Turner kid. First, she was dieted and massaged into even more luscious curves than she started with; then she was blondined into the most fabulous beauty seen since the original Petty girl.

Inevitably, a likeness was (*Continued on page 75*)

Before day was over, boys had trudged around to half-dozen different sets to watch the shooting—reluctantly scrambled into camp bus, hung over sides saying good-by.

George Montgomery still clings to his kid dreams of a Montana cattle ranch with buckskin pigeons in droves and a laugh-loving wife like Mom!

"Mamatchka's" Boy

By Cynthia Miller

This, now, character was tall for his years—which were nine; his hair was an uncharted bramble the approximate color of taffy pulled with dirty fingers, and his eyes were sharply blue as those of a young eagle. His cheek bones were high and Slavic of slant, and his hands on the .22 were broad to bespeak the landsman's heritage.

As he strode along, a pair of well-worn corduroys flapped around his skinny legs, and a brisk wind played pranks with the billowing back of his red sweater. On this gay spring morning, he was a Wednesday truant from third grade, a fact that was submerged in the very depths of conscience by the important business at hand.

For Mr. George Montgomery, from the age of six (three years before) had been constantly involved in one money-making pursuit or another.

On this particular day, he ascended high in a grain elevator and lay in wait for the pigeons who lived there. As they returned occasionally to their cote, George smacked them just hard enough to stun them, then stored them in a gunny sack provided for this purpose.

He had his eye on one particular bird, a sleek buckskin number who had outwitted him in all previous forays. The blonde pigeon was the only one George had ever seen, and he coveted it with all the tooth-gritting intensity of age nine. He snared greys, he caught whites, he trapped mixtures, but that buckskin lovely was too (*Continued on page 91*)

George and Sis Lydo fling themselves into mutual como, come out with screen ploy. Brother Mourice come to help Mom and Pop stuff belongings into trunks, will take them back to Mont. with him.

George (currently in "Coney Island"), is shipping books, clothes, etc., to Montana to be distributed by Mom and Pop . . . or comphored. Cadillac roadster will be sold; new station wagon may be kept.

CANDIDLY YOURS

Two big H'wood benefit premieres—"This is the Army" and "In Which We Serve"—reap fabulous funds for war charity!

Since her split with Dave Rose, Judy Garland's put their hame an the market, set up housekeeping in an apartment. Above, with sailar crany and air cadet Bab Sterling.

Shirley Temple (with dad) besieged for autographs at "In Which We Serve" premiere. Sponsored by United Nations War Relief, proceeds went to 7 war-torn Allied nations.

Despite those rumors, there's no romance between Errol Flynn and Annie Sheridan. They're strictly buddies. More in the heart line is Linda Christians (above, at Mocambo). He and Warners' are talking comeback.

Mrs. Basil Rathbone (with the Paul Henreids) chairmaned sellout "In Which We Serve" opening, and Mr. R. em-ceed program. Supper followed screening.

Radio announcer Vanderveer aired the celebration when Dottie Lamaur and Bob Hope imprinted their hand and hoof marks in Grauman's Chinese Theater cement. Bob's nose was added to the immortalized great profiles.

Following "This is the Army" stoge show opening, for benefit of Army Emergency Fund, Geo. Raft and Betty Grable Macamboed.

Until their 5-months-old daughter Kerry can shift for herself, Mrs. Gene Kelly's nixing all movie offers. Gene's convinced she's a second Bernhordt.

By Kirtley Baskette

"To Laddie—with love"

Far an haur before Alan's farewell party given by the Ladds, he and Sue jittered far fear na ane wauld shaw, but every saul came at 7:30 sharp, stayed till 3:30 A. M.!

After cocktails by fireside, party shifted to playhouse for supper and games. Alan solicitously fed guests, almost forgot self. Marj Reynolds' hubby Jack gave him last-minute Army do's and don't's.

Bassinette, originally for Sue's daughter, Carole, housed 4 Crosby kids, is now refurbished for Ladd heir. Shy Ginny Simms, dateless, came with roommate, had to be coaxed to sing for gang.

He left the farewell gifts behind . . . the pop guns and red flannels . . . all but the memories. You can't stuff memories into an attic trunk!

WACS Canteen worker Fay Holden, Alan and neighbor Bill Bendix, who threatens to string clothesline from his roof to Ladds' with banner, "See WM. BENDIX in 'Lucky Jordan,' with alan ladd."

● The street was blocked with crowds in the dusk outside the Lux Radio Theater in Hollywood that Monday night. And Alan Ladd was getting one of the biggest kicks of his life signing autographs and shaking hands of the hundreds of people who crowded up to say good-by and wish him the best.

All in all, it had been a swell evening—that last Hollywood performance of his—in fact, perfect. Everything sort of added up. The show he did was "This Gun For Hire," the one that made him a star and brought a lot of wonderful things into his life. He'd done a good job—he felt it—without a muffed line or a slow pick-up. The cast was packed with actors who'd known him in the old hunger days when he was a nobody around Radio Row—and Alan could tell they were glad to work in his show. And when the red light had snapped off, the band gave him a nice little "Auld Lang Syne" tribute and a spotlight played on an American flag which rippled in a breeze from a wind machine that a grip friend of his had rigged up unknown to Alan.

Then Cecil B. DeMille had stepped to the footlights and announced, "Tomorrow night at this time the star of our show, Alan Ladd, will be Private Alan Ladd of the United States Army," and the big crowd had roared and clapped, and a kid had yelled, "You'll be sor-r-r-r-y!" for a laugh. And there was a lump in Alan's throat when he took it all in, and he couldn't see for a while—because if he never lived another day, this was it.

And so he was outside, crushed in the mob that cracked his knuckles and pounded his back—this kid who had come up the hard way—and then he heard a jarring yell:

"Hey—Blondie! Oh, Blon-d-i-e!"

Out of the corner of his eye Alan glimpsed a fellow in uniform out in the crowd, a soldier, in a group of doughboys.

"Oh, Blondie!" The yell wasn't complimentary. It carried a mocking tone. Above the clamor of voices, Alan heard, "Who's Blondie, anyway?"

Another soldier (*Continued on following page*)

During "Isn't He Sweet" game, Louise Currie (one of Sue's clients; starlet at RKO), Marjorie and Betty Huttan plastered Alan's face with lipstick. Betty, nervous and upset since split with Perc Westmore, was ill and had to leave early.

answered him, "Alan Ladd — he's a movie star."

"So what?" barked the soldier. "So *what?*"

"Aw—pipe down," growled a soldier. "The guy's in the Army. He's leaving for camp tomorrow."

The crowd seemed to part, and in a second the scoffing soldier was in front of Alan. His jaw had dropped into a grin, and he stuck out a knobby hand. "Hiyah *Buddy!*" he croaked. "Put 'er there. And say—scribble your name for me, will you?"

The past year has packed plenty of wonderful thrills for Alan Ladd. From a Hollywood nobody he shot like a rocket to first-rank fame as a star. At the same time, every dream he ever dreamed came true. He found fame and success and friends and a future in his chosen career. He had love and happiness, a perfect wife and a family to be. A lot of things suddenly made him pinch himself to see if it wasn't all a dream. But the biggest kick of all came the day, a few weeks back, that he raised his right hand and solemnly repeated:

". . . I promise to do my best for God and my country . . ."

That oath made him a soldier for Uncle Sam.

And the minute he became Private Alan Ladd of the U. S. Army Air Corps, that minute Hollywood's prize Cinderella Man heaved a happy sigh and knew that for the first time he could look Lady Luck right in the face. He felt square with himself and the world. And what's more, although people had been telling him for months that he was somebody important—that was the first time he felt he really belonged . . . when the hostile soldier cracked a grin and pressed his paw, not from curiosity—from comradeship.

"Hiyah, *Buddy!*"

Alan couldn't make his voice answer back. All he could do was grin and scrawl his name.

December 7, 1941, was a sunny Sunday in Holly-

wood, but that day Alan Ladd was tossing in a hospital bed choked up with pneumonia and hot with fever. They'd carted him, protesting, off the set of a funny little cops-and-robbers picture called "This Gun For Hire," which was just another picture at Paramount then—but was the biggest thing yet in the life of Alan Ladd.

He had a week more to go, and he wanted to stick it out. But the fever got up to 104, and the doctor wouldn't take back talk.

Then, in his delirium, he noticed a commotion in the quiet, antiseptic halls of the place. "What's the matter?" he kept asking the nurse, and she wouldn't tell him at first. Then she took his temperature; it was lower.

"The Japs," she said. "They've bombed Pearl Harbor. We're in the war."

"I got to get out of here," said Alan. "They'll be wanting guys like me."

"Lie back there," snapped the nurse severely. "You want to die before you ever see a Jap?"

But they didn't want guys like Alan—not then. When he'd finished the picture, weak and shaky, he took a trip to New York with Sue, his wife. The studio sent him; they saw what they had in "This Gun For Hire," and they knew Alan Ladd would be a boy people would want to know a lot about. So he was busy, meeting the New York press and making appearances and seeing the Big Town for the first time in his life. But right in the middle of his stay he suddenly woke up one morning at the Waldorf-Astoria and said to a startled Sue:

"We've got to start back—today. Right now, hon!"

"What in the world for, Laddie?"

"Maybe," said Alan, "the draft board can use me. Anyway, I want to go back and see. There's a war on."

So they broke it up—the pleasure trip—right that day. And when Alan got back to Hollywood, he reported. "No reason why I should be deferred," he said. "My wife's self-supporting. And I'm okay."

The doctors said, "Let's see about that." And five of them told him he was wrong. There was an old strain from a diving accident, for one thing, and the pneumonia had left him with pleurisy at the drop of a sneeze. "You aren't 1A, Ladd," they said. "You're 4F." And they indicated that was that. It looked like for keeps, for the duration.

So Alan went back to work—and there was plenty to do. Audiences all over the land were yelling for him, and there was hardly enough time to get some sun on his face for the next ten months. He made "The Glass Key" and "Lucky Jordan" and "China." And it was a funny thing.

He was having happen to him what he had struggled for and starved and yearned for. He was turning into one of the most popular stars in Hollywood. His fan mail ran up to fourth, then second, and finally it topped every star at Paramount—even Dottie Lamour—a thousand letters a day. Producers lined up to beg him for pictures. Newspapers interviewed him, and he got dizzy facing flash bulbs. His checks ballooned, too. He was getting his teeth (*Continued on page 95*)

Ginny, Fay, Bill, Laird, Louise, Mischa and Marjorie overwhelmed him with gag gifts from red flannels to pop guns. Most of the Ladds' cronies are older, acquired since their marriage. They're so jealous of each other's pasts, they've dropped almost all premarital chums!

Below: Pencil sketch of Alan, by Laird Cregar went up on playroom wall. Cregar knifed his name in bar top along with Bette Davis', Bing Crosby's monickers. Next day entered hospital to lose weight, miraculously dropped 14 lbs. in 12 days!

"Slightly Dangerous"

STORY

The new manager of the Hotchkiss Falls branch of the Small Change Marts stood looking over his domain. It was a large store, rambling. The counters ran in even rows down its length; there was a hum of activity through the store. Bob Stuart cocked a satisfied ear at the undertone of cash register bells plinking merrily. It was a sweet sound. His eyes closed, he listened.

He heard applause.

He started to bow and then sharply opened his eyes. Applause? At the Small Change Mart? He looked around hurriedly. At one end of the store a knot of people was gathered about a counter. Bob Stuart hurriedly ran over the floor plan in his mind. Northeast corner, front—the soda fountain. Applause!

He started down the aisle and pushed through the people crowding against the counter. And then he saw the girl. She was in the regulation uniform, her identification pin properly conspicuous on her blouse. But over her eyes was a blindfold. She was working

(*Continued on opposite page*)

1. Short-order girl Peggy (Lana Turner) breaks monotony by jerking sodas blindfolded. Boss (Bob Young) scolds and she quits. Next day police find suicide note.

2. Fellow-workers strike, and Bob's fired. Meanwhile, Peggy, "blood-soaked" with paint, feigns amnesia, convinces publisher (Eugene Pallette) she's long-lost heiress.

3. No sooner does tycoon Burden (Walt Brennan) accept her as his "daughter" than Bob appears with phony marriage certificate and drags her off as his wife!

4. Peggy's furious but helpless to deny his story in view of her own amnesia fib! After checking Bob and marriage credentials, Burden discovers the ruse!

5. By time he finds them, Peg and Bob are wildly in love, no longer interested in his millions. Burden thereupon wants Peggy for a daughter, bona fide or not!

6. But Peggy is conscience-stricken and wants to prove Bob's innocence to ex-boss. Finis finds her in full possession of Bob and Pop's green-backed blessings!

By Maris MacCullers and Kay Hardy

Lana Turner started out jerking sodas blindfolded and wound up dishing herself a lush concoction of Bob Young and a gilt-edged pop!

behind the counter with dexterous ease. She moved forward a step, lifted a dish from its nest, reached back and plucked a banana from the bowl, scooped the ice cream, ladled the fudge, sprinkled the nuts, popped a cherry into the center and still blindfolded, slid the complete banana split across the counter.

Applause!

"Miss!" said Bob Stuart.

"Go away," said the girl. "I'm busy."

"Blindfolded?" said Bob Stuart.

"Sure. What difference does it make?"

"The management might think it makes a difference."

"I'm doing my job," the girl said heatedly. "What more do they want?"

"They want you," said Bob Stuart, "to come to the manager's office immediately.

The girl's name was Peggy Evans. And her hair was the color of a strawberry sundae; and her skin had the delicate texture of a vanilla malted milk. Bob Stuart stared at her, waved vaguely at a chair and smiled.

"Peggy (*Continued on page 85*)

By Jeanne Karr

When gardener left, Ty did all dirt work. At time of $25,000 ceiling rumor, patriotic Power said, "Anything the President says or does is fine with me!"

In old days, Ty always firmly nixed Annabella's pleas to career. This year he jam-packed her dressing room with roses her first day back at 20th-Fox!

Her Heart Wears KHAKI

At camp, has to do his washing during free hours in evening, after marching and cramming all day. At registration, revealed middle name—Edmund!

Annabella's just like a million other soldiers' sweethearts—dreaming of her first meeting with Ty, the funny, tender things he did, and furloughs to come!

Had their pictures taken just before he left for camp and she returned to work. Everyone on "Bomber's Moon" set claims she looks yummier in wardrobe of boy's dusty togs than in dresses. Remember, she snagged Ty when she wore shorts in "Suez"?

When a girl's sweetheart or husband goes to war, she has to learn to live her life in two directions at once: forward in hope and secret planning, backward for comfort and dear remembering.

Annabella is like any other girl whose heart wears khaki: she looks ahead in anticipation of furloughs and final victory; she reflects on the glorious four years she has known Tyrone Power.

Occasionally, she learns something about their romance that she didn't know before. For instance: on the set for "Bomber's Moon" at 20th, recently, Annabella was wearing a devastating grey suit, trimmed with red and white blouse and red-piped buttonholes. When Ann Power Hardenbergh (Tyrone's sister, who was visiting the set) admitted that she was swooning with envy, Annabella chirped, "I love it, too. This was designed for me by Rene Hubert—who also did my clothes for 'Wings Of The Morning.' That was one of the very last pictures I made in France before coming to this country. (*Continued on page 106*)

Johnny (being smacked good-by by Betty Grable) phoned Jane Russell from camp, tied her up for first free Saturday night. Kid brother Patch, in Army 4 yrs. is 1st Lieut.! Payne's last pic, "Hello, Frisco."

Parting gift to Mom: Chromium-shiny bike to pedal to market with; wire basket on handle bars for trundling victuals home. J.'s pet A.M. food: Oatmeal.

Ancestor John Payne was family's 1st actor-composer, wrote "Home, Sweet, Home." Johnny thinks latest dilly, "Half a Heart," has half a chance.

SO LONG, JOHNNY!

By Kaaren Pieck

In Part II of Johnny's farewell story, H'wood hides its heart under a bushel of gags, finds a dozen crazy, tender ways to say good-by!

● John had stopped off to eat. Now he was purring along again in a haze of well-being, compounded of food and sunlight and the swift, easy motion of his bike and the changing face of the landscape and that sense of hanging in a carefree vacuum between the responsibilities of yesterday and tomorrow.

He patted the bike's handle bar. "Got to stash you, old girl—for the eight weeks of basic training anyhow. Then? Depends on Uncle Sam. Might do worse in the end than turn you over to your Uncle Sam. You'll like the old bird. A hundred and sixty-seven, come fourth of July. Good for as many centuries, and don't let anyone tell you different."

Two hundred miles to Williams Field. His mind leaped ahead to the unknown—a new environment, new activities, new companions. What would they be like? Nuts to speculating. Six years ago Hollywood had been the unknown and how different from his fancies!

Now the six years lay behind him, like a relief map whose peaks he'd been touching. What had he called it? "A Ham Remembers." Or, "Six Years in Glamourville." Funny word, glamour. Funny place, Hollywood. All glitter and glow from the outside. From the inside, just people living their lives like other people.

* * *

He'd stayed on for a while at the beach house after Jerry left. A few more weeks of the sea. A few more Sundays with the baby. He didn't really have to carry snapshots around. His memory was chock-full of 'em. Julie trotting out of the house, for instance, head lost in an outsize bathing cap, towel draped over her arm. "Do I look like the other ladies, Daddy?"

He stayed on till the time for his bond tour with Janie Wyman. That was when he got rid of most of his stuff, storing it, selling it, giving it away. Kind of fun, finding people who really craved this item or that among the lot he'd accumulated. Three or four of his pals fighting over the (*Continued on page 88*)

Modern Screen Goes

1. Brendo and Gene fortify themselves at Brown Derby. Gene, down to 112 lbs., fottens up on milk with creom. Brendo, ot 120, slims down on solods ond skim milk!

2. At Beverly Hills Saks 5th, Gene tries on a beloved big brim. Usually pays gobs, then has 'em remodeled. Gets furious at designer hubby Oleg, who rarely notices her togs, dreams up sketches only on threot.

3. On other hand, Brenda's mister is fussy. Won't shop with her but makes her return anything that doesn't flatter her figger. She caters to him by wearing big hats, ribbons, feathers ond posies in her hair!

Easter Shopping...

With Gene Tierney and Brenda Joyce. Here's a movie star's spring wardrobe on a war-conscious budget—from straw bonnet to swim suit!

6. Gene bumps into Cobina Wright, Jr., last-minute shopping before hopping a plane East to visit husband, Corp. Palmer Beaudette. Since Cobina, Sr., has taken him in to her camp, all's serene in the Wright menage!

5. Elegant tho it is, Gene isn't buying maribou bed-jacket. Adores lacy, frilly undies, but has sworn off for duration because real lace is too expensive. If she can't have real McCoy, prefers straight tailoring.

4. Gene sports knee-length socks to save nylons (seamless 'cause they twist on her). Brenda was given nylons last Fall, has pre-served 'em in an air-tight chamber!

7. Both gals try to save hose by having runs mended at dime store. Give total losses to scrap drive for parachutes. Domestic Gene economically knits sweaters for family, sews, embroiders!

CONTINUED ON FOLLOWING PAGE

8. Brendo's spouse, Owen Ward, in Army over a year, insists she weor feminine suits ond gowns, loves variety in her hair-do, perfume, colors, dresses. Keeps her busy thinking up new coiffures to pleose his nibs! She believes in frilly neckwear to refurbish old togs.

12. Footsore ond weary, gols agle glad rogs in Gene's bedroom, employ her French maid to turn up hems. Both ore ecstatic over Gene's pink and green, vegetoble-loden bonnet!

9. Momma Brendo looks ot dresses tho' it'll be ages before Pamelo outgrows rompers. In preporing layette, bought both pink and blue porophernalio just in cose! Neither she nor Owen breothed o word of preference for o boy or girl, so other one wouldn't be disoppointed!

11. Poor Gene foces o trek to Army-Navy store with Olie to help him pick out wool socks when she gets home. She ond B. hove been fost friends ever since their mutuol ogent introduced them 3 yeors ago.

10. Gene, o 6A, loves flot-heeled moccosins or ony shoe thot slips on ond off eosily. At home, poddles oround borefoot most of time. Hotes to throw out shoes, occumuloted obout 20 poir over yeors, periodicolly sends oll but one out to shoemoker for revitolizing job.

13. Altho they're both confirmed landlubbers, they bought Jontzen's for beach-lolling. When Gene requested o brown suit, houghty clerk told her they were in abominoble taste, mode her feel *so* high!

14. Mongrel purps bear high-falutin' French nomes, Toto ond Lola. When Brenda got home, she found a wire from Owen saying he'd be in town next day, from Camp Ord! When he doesn't see boby doughter far long stretches, he has to get used to her oll over agoin.

15. Gene's "Cassini" was sent home for 3 weeks to recoop from serious pneumonia, left 2 days later for Kansas. In current pic, "Heaven Can Wait," she plays a hick who yearns to get out of Kansas. Ironically, she's trying to finish sa she can rush there to be with him! Prefers mustache to his Army clean-shorn puss!

Gig and wife agree his greatest social errors so far have been shooting spit balls in school and charging candy at grocery store without Dad knowing. Used to line pants with cardboard before spanking.

Gig (above in War.'s "Air Force") splurged first paycheck ($8) on girl. Bought splashy tie, appeared with huge heart-shaped box of candy, took her to movie.

Even hunger wasn't too much to pay for a dream! If the struggle were always as bitter as Gig Young's, there'd be fewer stars in Hollywood.

● In "The Man Who Came to Dinner" there was a skating scene. A young man, whizzing past Bette Davis, called: "How's the ice?"

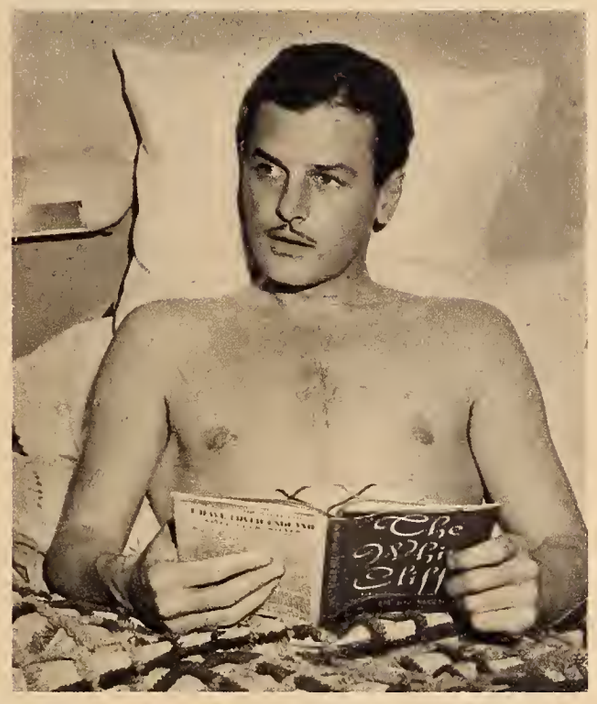
"Hard," answered Bette.

He went home and told his wife all about it. "Pooh!" said she. "Some day you'll really work with Bette Davis."

On December 30th last, Gig Young and Bette did their first scene together for "Old Acquaintance." It was a kissing scene, and he was scared blue, but he did all right both by the kiss and the scene. Meantime, of

The seven dwarfs moved in before Gig did, were landlady's inspiration, not his. Loving cups are Sheila's, won in Philippines. She's had no word from family there for a year.

Gig clicks on home recording set, catches pals off-guard, then plays records back to them. Asked whom he'd like to look like, he says, "Like the best acting bet in town!"



TALL, THIN and TERRIFIC!

By Rosemary Layng

course, there had been "The Gay Sisters" and a sneak preview and a torrent of preview cards screaming for Gig Young because that was the only name they knew him by. And a young man who'd been Byron Barr for most of his life and, fleetingly, Bryant Fleming, became Gig Young by public acclaim.

He's something of a paradox—a dreamer in a family of hardheaded realists, yet with enough iron in his make-up to stick to the dream—a sensitive guy who's tussled with a tough world and remained oddly gentle—a diffident fellow, not given to pushing himself, who has nevertheless landed high on the Hollywood heap. He continues diffident—gets it from his father, he says, who still blushes to the roots of his bald pate. His favorite stories are those about movie top-notchers who started their careers by failing. "Tell me who else got thrown out of a studio. It helps my morale."

Emerging from anonymity is a pleasurable thing. Recently he was introduced to Olivia de Havilland. "I know Miss de Havilland," he grinned. "We were in the same picture."

Livvy looked abashed. "It sounds awful, but I honestly don't remember. What picture was it?"

"I did a scene with your double in 'They Died With Their Boots On.'"

For Gig life began at eighteen, when he stopped eating regularly. Behind him lay an uneventful boyhood, lived in the lap of comfort. His mother named him Byron, not through any affection for the picturesque poet, but because it sounded well with Barr. His father owned a canning factory in St. Cloud, Minnesota. They lived in a large house, whose lawns were too broad when it came to mowing, and its sidewalks too wide when it came to shoveling (*Continued on page 70*)

Jane Wyman

By Ann Follett

Bringing up Mother

That Reagan tyke's got Janie dressing like her double . . . spouting nursery rhymes like a John Kieran expert!

If little "Murmur" takes after Janie, she'll be handy with tennis racket, sloop and typewriter. (Jane's had two mag. stories published.)

With "Princess O'Rourke" finished, Jane'll be batting a golf stick around more often. Obeys club's wartime rules by shouldering own sticks.

● Perhaps *you* have a soldier husband—like Jane Wyman. Perhaps *you* have a tow-headed, blue-eyed moppet—like Maureen Reagan. Perhaps *you*, in a perfect dither of young motherhood, are trying to bring up your daughter with a firm but affectionate hand. And right in the midst of your most scientific behavior, your most solid session of wise but gentle training, your eyes pop wide open and you realize that *you*, Mrs. Stuff, are the one who is being taught. *Your* Bright Idea is bringing up Mother.

Doff your snood, then, to Mrs. Ronald Reagan, who has just made the same discovery.

Take, for instance, that affair which Jane calls "The Case of the New Red Dress." While Jane was out on her bond tour, just after she had finished "Princess O'Rourke," Maureen and Nana (her delightful Scottish nurse) went shopping. Maureen had long been promised a red dress, but at first she didn't know the names of different colors. When she was told she could wear her red dress, she was as likely as not to pull a blue pinafore from her wardrobe . . . or a yellow. But one day she got the idea. She looked over the array of Lilliputian frocks and abruptly stated, "No new red dress." A situation, naturally, which needed correction.

Once in the shop, she knew exactly which red dress she wanted. It was a quarter-pint model with a smocked yoke, a nipped-in waist and a tiny white design against its red background. Nana, who—in character—has an admiration for plaid, selected another dress and recommended it highly to her charge. She said it was a pretty dress. She said it was a cute dress—see, it had a pleated skirt! Miss Reagan shook her Veronica Lake hairdo, and her mouth puckered mutinously. "No!" she said. Then she pointed to her choice. "My dress," she observed with finality.

You've got to admire a lady who knows her own mind.

When Jane returned from her bond tour and heard the story, she hurried upstairs to check on her daughter's taste. She held the frock at arm's length and turned it around slowly. Closing one eye, she did a spontaneous mental enlargement of the garment. "Y'know," she confided to (*Continued on page 79*)

Paul Henreid

By Ida Zeitlin

MEET THE BARON!

Paul Henreid's new American coat of arms would be a pair of sizzling hot dogs rampant on a field of Victory Garden lettuce!

On his last birthday Paul Henreid got a letter from his uncle Rudolf, late of Vienna, now of San Francisco. "Do you remember—?" Uncle Rudi wrote.

He himself had been bred to the traditions of the Austrian cavalry. In the family councils, all violently opposed to Paul's strange insistence on a stage career, Uncle Rudi had been most violently articulate.

"What is the future?" he'd stormed. "Where will it bring you?"

"It will bring me," young Paul had retorted, less in faith than bravado, "as a star to Hollywood."

At the time Uncle Rudi had snorted "Tchah!" Now, chastened, he penned an acknowledgment of error.

You could hardly blame him for failing to envision "Now, Voyager," "Casablanca" and "Devotion" at the end of a road which was to mount and dip through turmoil and Anschluss and war, from Vienna through London and New York, with a Berlin interlude. Except where the shadows of Nazidom fall across it, Henreid reviews the road with balance and humor. He has one hate—Hitler and all he stands for—a fine, rousing hate that darkens his gray-green eyes, turns his mouth grim and affects the hearer like a hypo.

He and Lisl, his wife, escaped the worst of the horrors and helped others escape them. Lisl's parents have found sanctuary in a Santa Monica cottage. Lutzi, her childhood nurse, lives with the Henreids, fraternizes with Willie May Lee from Texas and, though unmarried, prefers to be introduced as Mrs.—it sounds more suitable. Maxi, the Skye terrier, inhabits a peaceful early American cradle.

Paul's mother stayed behind. The Nazis might temporarily defile her beloved Vienna. She would outsit them. One day a magnificent car rolled up. Two SS automata craved speech with the mistress of the house. They were most deferential. Popping open the lid of a leather case, they revealed a (*Continued on page 81*)

Spouse Lisl adores hamburgers; Paul wan't tauch 'em. Ditto far card games and horsebackriding. He likes tennis; Lisl won't play. Hause averflaws with books. Bette Davis drops in at lunchtime, stays way past midnight perusing them.

The Henreids filled new hause with secand-hand finds. Pamper the Victary and flawer garden started by Fandas. (Above, Paul and Liv de Havilland in "Devotian.")

Alice Faye

MARTHA MONTGOMERY, popular daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Robert Montgomery of Clarksdale, Miss., is engaged to Lieutenant Herbert Slatery, Jr., of Knoxville, Tenn., now in the Army.

There's an enchanting sparkle about Martha's winsome face. Her blue eyes are so wide-awake, her complexion so fresh, so smooth. "Pond's Cold Cream is my one and only when it comes to complexion care," she says. "Nothing else seems to give my skin such a waked-up look, or to make it feel so clean and so soft."

HER RING is exquisite. The beautiful solitaire is a family stone, with perfect smaller diamonds set two on either side. Inside the platinum band is engraved: H.H.S.Jr. to M.L.M.—1942.

MARTHA'S COMPLEXION-CARE is delightfully simple. She smooths Pond's Cold Cream over her face and throat . . . pats with little, swift pats to soften and release dirt and make-up—then tissues off well. She "*rinses*" with *more* Pond's for *extra cleansing* and *softening*. Tissues it off again.

Do this *every* night, and for daytime clean-ups. You'll see why Martha loves Pond's—why war-busy society beauties like Mrs. W. Forbes Morgan and Mrs. Geraldine Spreckels use it—why more women and girls in America use it than any other face cream.

A LETTER FROM HER SOLDIER FIANCÉ, now "somewhere overseas," lights Martha's charming face with a happy remembering look

She's Engaged!

SHE'S LOVELY! SHE USES POND'S

GETTING READY FOR A "CROCODILE" LINE—Martha rounds up a little group for practice evacuation drill. An accredited first-aider, Martha is especially interested in wartime care of small children.

"The busier I am," Martha says, "the more I depend on Pond's to help whisk away any tired look and make my face spic and span." You'll find Pond's Cold Cream at *your* favorite beauty counter. All sizes are popular in price. Ask for the larger sizes—you get even more for your money. *It's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's!*

Thomas Mitchell and Maureen O'Hara with Henry Fonda who did "The Immortal Sergeant" for Philip Morris program. Before leaving for Navy, Hank turned over all his togs, dinner jackets included, to Lynn Bari for Navy Aid Auxiliary to be made over for service men's kids.

GOOD NEWS

By Fredda Dudley

Bob Taylor Navy Air Corps j.g. . . . Lake shears locks for defense!

Brass Buttons Department:

Most gratified three service men in Hollywood this month were Sergeant B. L. Duckett (who recently returned from duty with the Marine Corps in the South Seas), J. O. Buchanan, gunner's mate, third class (who has fought all over the Pacific) and Sergeant Albert Moss of the army.

Occasion for their grins of utter delight was the planting in cement of the outlines of Miss Betty Grable's gams. Early one morning, a fresh slab was poured in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese, and Betty was conducted from the studio to the theater to impress—for posterity no doubt—the memory of her "perfect legs" into a square near the skate marks of Sonja Henie, the knee dimples of Al Jolson, the ski-slide nose of Bob Hope and the profile of John Barrymore.

Technique called for the three service men to hoist Betty into the air, lower her shoeless, stockingless limbs to the cement, then lift her away from the seductive prints. A huge crowd gathered during the preparatory stage, among which were several service men with cameras. What those cameras almost caught was a juicy shot of Miss Grable being dropped in such a position as to make a memorial in the forecourt that would not have been okayed by the Hays office. As she was being lifted away,

one boy lost his grip, and tragedy was averted only by the strong arm of the Marines.

Gunner's mate Buchanan was on the Cruiser Vincennes when she was lost in the Solomons, and he spent five hours in the water before he was rescued . . . five hours between Japs, sharks and the bottom drawer of Davy Jones' locker. Looking about him at the comfortable, curious crowds on the sunlit Boulevard, at the studio photographers and at Glorious Grable, Buchanan of the Navy shook his head. "Gosh," he chuckled, "the things that can happen to a guy!"

* * *

If you've been wondering about Bob Preston, here is some grand gab: he was graduated from Officer's Candidate School in Miami on February 24. From two studio visitors who had been graduated from the same school in January, your reporter learned that Bob had made a great many staunch friends in Miami. "He went into the school just like an ordinary guy," our informant said. "There was nothing Hollywood about him at all. He was really rugged. He was made Wing Commander of his group, which is the second highest honor that can be bestowed by a class, and everybody felt that he really deserved it."

This is no surprise to those of us who knew him here. Being in pictures never changed Bob's status of being one of the most regular guys on earth.

* * *

Poor Freddie Bartholomew! While he was peeling potatoes at the Army Air Force's ground personnel Basic Training Center at Fresno, he was being dragged through the California courts again. The ramifications of the case are so involved that a legal innccent—like you and me—could never understand them, but the trouble seems to be that Freddie's father and mother want part of the money Freddie allegedly has made. He was reared by his Aunt Millicent, who is popular and to whom much partisan sympathy is being extended.

* * *

Town Gowns:

Ida Lupino, who once bragged that she never paid more than $16.95 for a dress, and whose wardrobe for pictures has consisted mainly of discarded bits of old gunny sacks, has blossomed forth. In the Green Room the other day, Miss Ida appeared in (beginning from heels and reading vertically): burlesque slippers with three-inch heels and bright cardinal bows, a pair of black wide-net stockings, a can-can skirt, a fitted taffeta plaid blouse, a mass of ringlets toppled by a huge cardinal hairbow. For her part in "Thank Your Lucky Stars."

* * *

Dolores Moran's card table has a new shirt—beg pardon—cover. To celebrate Dolores' seventeenth birthday, which event happened during the filming of "Old Acquaintance," Gig Young gave a set party featuring red and white checked tablecloths, spaghetti and ravioli, coffee and apple pie with cheese. When the party was over, Dolores had each guest autograph one of the tablecloths. Then she featherstitched these names—don't you wish you had one?

* * *

Bonita Granville's sentimental adventures haven't been going very smoothly (Jackie Cooper and Tim Holt having dated other girls, and Jackie Briggs having signed a long-termer), but she remembered Valentine's Day in a highly sentimental manner. She gave her mother an exquisite, old-fashioned heart-shaped pin set with diamonds. Originally, the pin was given to Mrs. Granville by Bonita's father, but time had dimmed its gold and scattered its stones, so Bonita had it rejuvenated and presented it anew.

* * *

Gold Braid:

Robert Taylor was a happy, happy chappy when he was sworn in as a lieutenant, junior grade, in the Naval Air Force. To

The very Newest Make-up!

JERGENS "TWIN MAKE-UP"

In one box, now . . . 2 make-up aids to give that young, "Velvet-Skin" Look

A LOVELIER new complexion in 2 jiffies!

1. Sponge on Jergens new Velvet Make-up Cake. Instantly your complexion looks more flawless—smoother!

2. Fluff on Jergens new Face Powder in the flattering shade styled for you. Suddenly, you look young, "alive". And you needn't repowder for ages longer.

For the first time—in this new Jergens "Twin Make-up"—your right shade of make-up cake is *in the same box* with your powder shade. Just $1.00 for both.

$2.00 Value for $1.00

Jergens new Velvet Make-up Cake with matching Face Powder

Twin Shades . . . in one box. Both for less than many girls pay for a make-up cake alone! Ask for Jergens "Twin Make-up" today. Select the powder shade that "does things" for you; your twin shade of make-up cake is in the same box. 5 sets of shades. (Jergens Powder, introductory sizes, 25¢, 10¢.)

★ BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★

Alice Foye ond Cesor Romero broved torrent on opening night of "This Is the Army." Stor performer, Irving Berlin, hod loryngitis, song through mike in hoorse whisper. Show cost: 350 Army men; no gols.

Jinx Folkenburg ond Pot Morison doted two of the 12 Novol heroes brought from hospitol os honored guests ot premiere of "In Which We Serve." Style note: Mom Folkenburg whipped up the number Jinx weors.

Hedy Lomorr ond John Loder trekked to premiere of "In Which We Serve," filmed in Eng. in just 12 wks. Plenty of gold broid dotted orchestro, service men sent by Hollywood Conteen sordined into bolcony.

attain this rank, one must have at least 50 solo flying hours, and Bob had 103. He also passed his mental and mechanical aptitude tests with the highest scores recorded in recent months. After a brief brush-up training period, he will either be assigned to ferry work or an instructor's job. Once a man is in the service, he doesn't *say* what he would like to do, but it is no local secret that Bob is frantic to get into the Ferry Command.

* * *

Friends of Victor Mature who have received recent letters from him can scarcely believe that the pen-pusher can actually be Vic. There has long been a rumor in Hollywood that Vic was transferred from the West Coast to the North Atlantic because discipline of the energetic Mature was a problem as long as he remained within hooting distance of Hollywood.

No matter how much you like Victor—and everyone does who really knows him—you have to admit that the arrogant, cynical, brash character he created in "My Gal Sal" was just a splinter off the Mature Bombast. But all that seems to be over, if one is to judge from his letters. At the time of writing he described his position as "From Parts Too Covered with Sleet To Be Identified." He continued with a brief description of hardships easily imagined on the bitter, relentless North Atlantic in the sepulcher of winter. But—and here is the crucial fact—he added that every freezing, blinding minute of it was worthwhile; that he liked what he was doing, but that even if he had hated it to perdition, it would still be the job for him. And he added one tender, sentimental touch, which is a far cry from ex-hotcha "The Genius."

"Rita's letters," he wrote levelly, "keep me going."

* * *

Gig Young, who was born Byron Barr and was later called Bryant Fleming before he took the name of the character he played in "The Gay Sisters," has left for Coast Guard boot camp. Ever since the fall of Manila, at which time his wife's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James B. Stapler, and his wife's sister, Miss Jody Stapler, became prisoners of the Japanese, Gig has been frantic to get into the scrap.

Yet he was so good, he had done such a terrific job in "Air Force" and was turning in such a brilliant performance in "Old Acquaintance," that Warners' hated to let him go. You should hear Bette Davis talk about him. She says that if it weren't for the war, he would be headed toward one of the most brilliant of careers.

When he came into the Green Room with his hair cropped, she shrieked with horror. Then she changed her mind and decided she

Rita Hayworth and Richard Haydn did overseas broadcast, Command Performance, together. Haydn and Maria Manton, Dietrich's 18-year-old, will marry soon . . . with Mamma's heartiest blessings.

At "This Is the Army," Janey Withers snatched 'twixt-scene moments for autographs. Show's been sold out for entire Los Angeles stay. Will gross $10,000,000 for Army Emergency Relief when movie is made.

HOW GREETING CARDS HELP SAY THE WORDS IN MY HEART

WHEN I think of my friends on their birthdays, anniversaries and other important occasions, I find it hard to put into words the sincere friendly feelings that are in my heart. At these times, I turn to greeting cards — because they express so beautifully the thoughts I find so difficult to write.

As a woman, there's nothing that brings the same glow to my heart, or speaks so eloquently of thoughtfulness and genuine affection, as receiving a greeting card from a dear friend.

Joan Bennett

20th CENTURY-FOX STAR
in "MARGIN FOR ERROR"

ALWAYS IN GOOD TASTE

Golden Bell

GREETING CARDS

Don't hesitate for words! On every occasion you are both gracious and correct when you select a smart Golden Bell Greeting Card. Keep hearts happy — overseas and at home — with the joy of being remembered often.

Send V-Mail Greetings to those overseas

GARTNER & BENDER, INC., CHICAGO, ILL.

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

AT YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD FIVE & DIME STORES
at department and gift shops everywhere

Raised Eyebrow Dept.: Anne Shirley and Jean Aumont together at "In Which We Serve" premiere. Anne sheared hair, wears it short and beribboned. It's reported that Aumont will join Free French forces.

Brooklyn's red-headed Susan Hayward will scrap Hollyw'd and John Carroll for N. Y. and theater. Above, she and Margaret Lindsay team up for Screen Guild Theater broadcast of "Hold Back the Dawn."

Often as possible, the James Craigs feed chickens, tuck Jimmy, Jr. (aged 2) in bed, lock up ranch house and whiz in from valley for whirl at Mocambo. Craig sells basket of eggs daily at studio.

liked it. "When you get back, let it grow out a little longer and never comb it—you'll be a character," she said. Gig had her rub the sheared pate for luck.

Originally he was ordered to appear for induction and transfer to base on one Wednesday afternoon. On Tuesday he went around the studio and told all his friends good-by. When he reached home, he had a wire from his family, telling of his mother's serious illness and her removal to a hospital; he telephoned to get what information he could, but there was little he could do.

He told Sheila, his pretty, petite wife, good-by—a bleak business because they are desperately in love. He made arrangements to have a friend take care of his dog "on a farm where he'll have work to do and where he'll be happy."

Bright and early Wednesday, he reported. He was told to wait. He waited. An hour; two hours; three hours; four hours; finally someone explained that there had been a mistake. He wasn't to report until Saturday morning.

The temptation to take a room at a hotel and vanish for two days was almost more than Gig could resist. He felt like the Cluck from Anti-Climax in the state of Chaos. Then he remembered his lucky hat and his lucky shoes. They were still at home in his closet; he had forgotten to award them to some friend.

So he rushed back to the house, ruined Sheila's joyous conclusion that the war was already over, and took the shoes and hat over to Warners'. History of the Top and Toe items: Gig has managed to wear both in every picture he has ever made. The shoes were so tight that he could scarcely walk in them (that's what California does to feet in Eastern shoes), so he slipped them on in a seated scene for "Old Acquaintance."

In "Air Force" the shoe problem was easily solved, but he was in uniform throughout, so he could find no way of wearing the hat. Charles Drake, who played the navigator, supplied the solution. In one of the scenes in which Gig was seated so that only his upper body and face showed in the camera frame, he was actually twirling his lucky hat on the toe of his boot.

Such ingenious planning should be rewarded, so Gig gave his lucky hat and shoes to Charles Drake, with the stipulation that when Drake goes into service, he is to award them to some other rising young player for whom they might perform major magic.

You've Done Your Bit—Now Do Your Best!

Change Partners and Dance:

Karen Morley has filed suit for divorce from Charles Vidor, and Hollywood wisenheimers say that as soon as he is free, Mr. Vidor will ask

the $64.00 question of luscious Evelyn Keyes. Karen Morley, in turn, will probably give the same answer to Lloyd Gough, ex-actor now in khaki.

**You've Done Your Bit—
Now Do Your Best!**

Luff Stuff:

Donna Reed and Bill Tuttle, make-up man, took out their marriage license before Christmas. They weren't recognized at the license bureau, so no word of the impending marriage seeped out. However, Donna was busy working in "The Human Comedy," so they decided to wait until February. And isn't this a note fit-to-be-copied: One of the wedding party took 16 millimeter film of the entire ceremony. Won't that be something with which to celebrate anniversaries and to show the kiddies!

* * *

Susan Peters, who made such a hit in "Random Harvest," announced her engagement to Richard Quine, but the marriage can't occur until October because Dick won't be entirely divorced until that time. His first wife's name was Susan Paley, so he won't have any trouble adjusting to the name in his new marital set-up. Nor will he have to memorize a new set of initials for Christmas or other gift engraving. Efficient is the word for Richard.

* * *

Rumor has it that Frances Langford and Jon Hall have rifted.

* * *

And quite beyond the rumor stage went the romance of Judy Garland and David Rose. Judy moved into an apartment and called Finis, which is the language Dave best understands. This one, if you ask the gold band dopesters at Mocambo, was doomed from the beginning. Judy had to overcome enormous opposition to get to the altar in the first place, and once she was married she found that few houses are big enough for two public careers. She worked at the studio all day, whereas Dave's music made it necessary for him to work most of the night. Trying to live according to one another's schedule was too much of a strain. Actually, they are two swell people, so—in typical California fashion—everyone hopes that the divorce will be entirely friendly. Civilization, keeds, moves on.

**You've Done Your Bit—
Now Do Your Best!**

The Perambulator Set:

(RAW RECRUITS DEPARTMENT:) Trudy Ellison checked in—all six pounds ten ounces of her—in time to sign up for a No. 2 ration book with the help of her beaming father, James Ellison.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Nolan announced the signing up of a second little income tax exemption. It's a long term deal without options, and the contract was handled by A. Stork & Company.

* * *

Certainly one of the happiest men in town this month was Brian Donlevy when he announced the birth of his eight-pound daughter to himself and Mrs. Donlevy who was Marjorie Lane before her marriage nearly eight years ago. If Brian sticks to his early decision, he won't name the baby for a year. Mrs. Donlevy rather wanted to call her Jennifer Ann, but Brian said he "was fighting it every inch of the way." And he said one other thing that a baby would like to know about its dad, "No matter whether this child turns out to be a boy or a girl, I'm going to raise it to be a man."

* * *

Incoherent with delight was Ye Ed of this magazine, Albert Delacorte, when priorities granted him one small user of rubber panties—a boy to be named Al, Jr. This reporter received from Albert—who was doing as well as could be expected—three conflicting editorial instructions by wire within a three-hour period. Sylvia Wallace's telephone call arrived in time to restrain your columnist from securing 1) a detailed report on how he brought up Julie, from John Payne; 2) a detailed report on how he managed to train three children, from Dennis Morgan; 3) life stories anent their experiences, from Messrs. Bing Crosby and Don Ameche.

**You've Done Your Bit—
Now Do Your Best!**

(*Continued on page 102*)

Whenever the call has come, you have responded—with your donations, with your scrap, with your Bond-purchases ——with your heart!

...and Now this Most Important Call of All...

THE MOTION PICTURE INDUSTRY'S
RED CROSS WAR FUND
(APRIL 1-7)

If you have given—try to give again! Dig deep for a cause deep in every American heart!

WAR ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE OF THE MOTION PICTURE INDUSTRY

Mary Lowell **HAND CREAM**

They will not use anything else. Hands can toil and yet be beautiful. Mary Lowell keeps them satin-soft-smooth-lovely. Mary Lowell has none of the disadvantages of ordinary hand creams. Never sticky or greasy. Never smudges clothing. Just try it! Only 55c for large 3-oz. jar at your beauty shop or cosmetic counter.

Also Try Mary Lowell Perfumed Deodorant, **50c**

Send 10c (coin or stamps) for TRIAL SIZE.

FREE BOOKLET: "YOUR HANDS and how to keep them lovely."

HOUSE OF LOWELL, INC., TIPP CITY, OHIO

Hair -

"Bun" Granville has golden flecked, honey colored hair . . . quite a glamour combination with her gardenia-smooth complexion. Bonita, the ex-hellion who was once Hollywood's favorite brat, has blossomed into a but-beautiful twenty, slim, poised and pretty. And to hear Bun speak about it, when your Beauty Ed. cornered her in the Granville suite at the Waldorf-Astoria, "A girl's best friend is her crowning glory!"

"Her hair is the first thing noticed in a girl's appearance," claims Bun, and 'tis true, say we. Ask any man to describe the new belle in town. "Well, she's a smooth blonde," or "She's a ginger-top with kinda cute freckles." Such being the case, a beauty-wise girl is going to look to her locks. No other single feature can do as much to create the impression of beauty as can shining, healthy, trimly-coiffed ringlets. Then, too, hair responds brilliantly to even the tiniest attention, happy thought!

Bonita Granville of the blonde and beautiful tresses chats with the Beauty Dept. about shampoos and such. Yesterday this charmer was playing brats!

The gallant Navy gives "Bun" a whirl whenever she visits New York. She war-works in her free time and does a grand acting job in "Hitler's Children."

by Carol Carter

do Beauty Aids . . .

TO THE CLEANERS

Bonita is a gal who likes once-a-week tubbings for her curls. Thinks this business of shampooing every two weeks is as prehistoric as Saturday-night-only for the bath. If you, my pet, are a bright girl who wants tresses glamorous à la Bonita, you'll see that your locks are sudsed regularly. How frequently your hair needs a bath depends on its condition. Oily hair should be dumped in the basin once a week or oftener; dry hair, at least once every two weeks. Take normal hair to the cleaners every ten days or so.

If, perchance, you think correct shampooing is a bit too tricky for the amateur, why don't you trade shampoos with a chum? It's a Hollywood idea. F'example, a Friday night or a Saturday morning date is fun. Then you gals can help one another to thorough hair polishing jobs.

Before plunging into a shampoo routine, brush your hair briskly in all directions. To quote Bonita, "A good ten-minute brushing is not one second too long!" It exercises the scalp, makes it "alive" and tingling, removes tangles, loose dust and dandruff flakes. Next step: Moisten your hair thoroughly, apply shampoo. Let it be a tailor-made one for your type. If your tresses are dry, pick one with an oil base. An oily-locked lass will vote for a special shampoo with brisker, more persuasive ways. And if dandruff is speckling your shoulders with unwelcome snow, be sure your shampoo is one with dandruff-removing ways.

Knead your scalp energetically to achieve a rich, creamy lather. Work the billowy, clean-making stuff into every strand of hair. Rinse with clean water and repeat the sudsing process for a complete job. Bonita says that if she's been in soot-laden city air, she often repeats the soaping a third time. She tells us that many film beauties do this. (*Continued on page 100*)

NEW! Pond's Dreamflower Powder

NEW "Natural" Powder makes Blondes look Blonder...Prettier

Pond's rose-dusted new Dreamflower "Natural" makes you look so divinely different! Blonder . . . fresher . . . more enchantingly fair-skinned—but never pale or chalky. And the new texture of Dreamflower powder is so unbelievably smooth that it makes your skin look finer and smoother, too! *"Pond's new Dreamflower 'Natural' is ever so flattering to delicate blonde skin like mine," says Miss Cynthia McAdoo.*

Stays on and ON

Pond's "LIPS"

Of course you love Pond's "Lips"—who doesn't? Now you'll love its new matching compact rouge—Pond's "Cheeks"!

Actual 10c Size

TODAY! See all 6 New Dreamflower Powder Shades

NATURAL—for pink and white blondes
ROSE CREAM—peach tone for golden blondes
BRUNETTE—rosy-beige for medium brunettes
RACHEL—for cream-ivory skin
DUSK ROSE—for rich, rosy-tan skin
DARK RACHEL—for dark brunettes

At Beauty Counters Everywhere
49¢, 25¢, 10¢,

"Highlights for Your halo"

Witchery in Veronica Lake's bright locks. She's in "So Proudly We Hail."

"She Has What It Takes" is Alma Carroll's pix. Her hair has oomph!

Sparkling red-blonde for Lucille Ball! See her in "Du Barry Was a Lady."

Ann Rutherford's gleaming curls. Her pix: "I Escaped from Hong Kong."

by Carol Carter

● "Make-up is definitely magic," you tell yourself as you brighten your lips with a pert red. Next you flatter your eyes with a deep brown mascara and delicately tint your cheeks with a rose-pink rouge. Then your glance travels to your hair-do. Neat but how dull! Your "smudged" brunette or faded blonde hair may be clean and freshly brushed, but it misses glamour by a flick of color. The solution, my pet, is evident. You need a "make-up" for your locks.

Color-bright Curls

To bring a flattering glow to those dejected tresses, treat yourself to a package of rinses! They'll add sparkle and zest to the old topknot as quickly and as easily as a lipstick brightens your lips . . . and as harmlessly. These rinses (not dyes, remember) make only a small change in hair coloring. They can make blonde hair a more golden blonde or gray hair a bluer gray, which is very pretty indeed. But they most decidedly won't change red hair to black or blonde to brown. Fact is, a rinse is applied and washed off as easily as your finest face powder. After your regular shampoo, dissolve the delicately tinted rinse in warm water and brush it through your hair . . . you'll be thrilled at the result. All trace of soap-film has disappeared. Your hair is magically alive—color bright again! You're sure to dazzle your furloughing beau.

Eeny-Meeny-Miney-Mo

"Which shade is the right shade for me?" From a wide range of twelve rinses, (*Continued on page 99*)

Marguerite Chapman

IN COLUMBIA'S
"DESTROYER"

Max Factor ★ Hollywood Face Powder!

1...it imparts a lovely color to the skin
2...it creates a satin-smooth make-up
3...it clings perfectly...really stays on

ARE you blonde?..or brunette?..or brownette?..or redhead?..whatever your type, there's a Color Harmony shade of this famous face powder created by *Max Factor Hollywood* to accent all the natural beauty of your type.

So, make this Hollywood secret yours now...discover how perfect a face powder can be. See what an attractive, youthful-looking color tone it gives to your skin...how satin-smooth your make-up appears...and note how the unusual clinging quality keeps your make-up beautiful for extra hours. Try *Max Factor Hollywood* face powder today...$1.00.

MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP
... FACE POWDER, ROUGE AND TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK

Making Yourself Over is FUN!

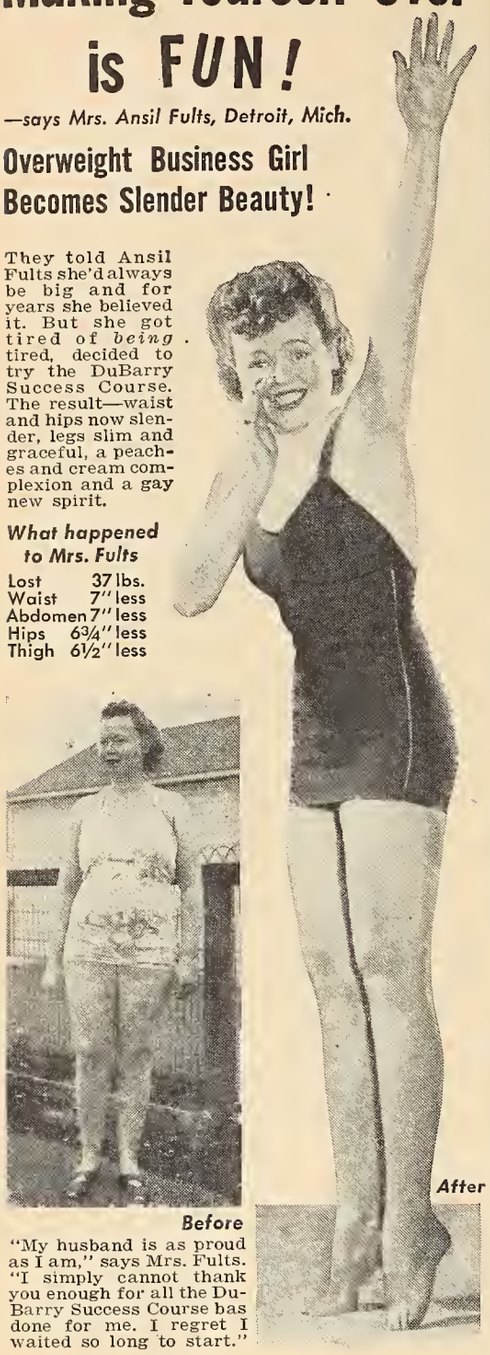
—says Mrs. Ansil Fults, Detroit, Mich.

Overweight Business Girl Becomes Slender Beauty!

They told Ansil Fults she'd always be big and for years she believed it. But she got tired of *being* tired, decided to try the DuBarry Success Course. The result—waist and hips now slender, legs slim and graceful, a peaches and cream complexion and a gay new spirit.

What happened to Mrs. Fults

Lost	37 lbs.
Waist	7" less
Abdomen	7" less
Hips	6¾" less
Thigh	6½" less



After

Before

"My husband is as proud as I am," says Mrs. Fults. "I simply cannot thank you enough for all the DuBarry Success Course has done for me. I regret I waited so long to start."

Be Fit and Fair from Top to Toe

Ansil Fults is just one of more than 75,000 women and girls who have found the DuBarry Success Course a way to be fit and fair. It shows you how to lose or gain weight, achieve a smooth, glowing skin, acquire increased energy —at home. You get an analysis of your needs—then follow the methods taught by Ann Delafield at the Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.

Get the Full Story—In these days it's important to be at your best—ready for war work, for personal and business success. So send at once for the new book telling all about the DuBarry Success Course and what it can do for you.

DuBarry Success Course

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TALL, THIN AND TERRIFIC

(Continued from page 53)

snow. Gig inherited a modicum of business sense. He got the kid across the street to mow and shovel for half the price his father paid him. The outstanding adventure of those years was a trip to relatives in Iowa, thumbing his way. The most hospitable town was Rochester, where they let him sleep in the county jail and gave him an egg sandwich for breakfast.

head start . . .

He was the youngest of three. His sister Genevieve dragged him to dancing school, where he stood on one foot and blushed. His brother Donald was his hero. Don's scholastic record fired him with the liveliest admiration but fell short of spurring his ambition. So long as he made the track team, Don was welcome to the A's. At 16 he fell in love with a girl of 20 and contemplated matrimony. In the end, he decided you couldn't get married and be an actor, too.

The notion of being an actor had been born with him and thrived without encouragement. He refrained from mentioning it to his family. He was turned down for declamation, as his knocking knees drowned out his voice.

His purpose was no more affected by these setbacks than an oak by a breeze. 1930 swept his father's business into limbo. Gig and his parents moved to Washington, D. C. Donald had copped a two-year contract to establish canning factories in Russia. Genevieve was teaching school. In Washington, Gig finished high school and went to work in an office at 18 per. When his father got a job with TVA, Gig elected to stay behind with his 18 bucks.

Waiting only for the family to turn its back, he enrolled with the Philip Haydon Players—dancing and dramatics. The latter he got free, in exchange for his services as dancing partner once a week. Finishing at midnight, he'd walk the four miles home because the busses had stopped, and he couldn't afford a taxi. This schedule he followed for two years, working hard, eating light and saving for that trip to Hollywood.

The hoard he'd put away, dollar by dollar, went to pay hospital bills. Planning to leave that summer, he fell ill in the spring but left just the same, heart as light as his pocket, which held 20 bucks. Before leaving, he wrote conscientious letters to his family, disclosing his plans but not his financial status.

Back from Russia, Donald now held an important job with a food company in New York. "I'm flying down," he wired. "Don't leave till I see you."

Gig awaited him with foreboding. He proposed to stand his ground but didn't relish the prospect of a clash with his big brother. Donald reasoned, pleaded, offered a job with the food company, wore himself out. All the sense was on his side. Gig's only weapon was stubbornness and determination.

It took him two weeks to hitchhike to California. He slept in barns, found the farm folk generous with handouts and stopped for a day's work here and there to repair his fortunes.

His last lift took him into Culver City. He had five dollars, mistook Culver City —hangout of Leo the Lion—for Hollywood, registered at a small hotel, went forth in search of a job and landed one at a filling station. It paid a hundred a month—which was affluence—but devoured his daylight hours, so he dropped it for the night clerkship at his hotel.

An actor who lived at the hotel wangled him an interview with Bill Grady, M-G-M's casting director. Mr. Grady took in the suit which had outgrown its owner, the tense young face, the nervous hands, listened kindly to the lies he stammered about his experience and suggested that he do some plays.

"I can't afford dramatic school—"

"Go to Ben Bard's. Tell him what you've told me. Maybe he'll let you study for nothing."

bumpy road . . .

Gig all but went down on his knees to Mr. Bard, the burden of his refrain being that he could paint scenery. He said it hopefully, tentatively, despairingly; at each pause in his story, out it would pop like a cuckoo: "I can paint scenery." Bard told him to come in on Monday.

He'd moved into a little joint that used to be Fatty Arbuckle's studio. He'd bought a $35 Chevvy that had to be pushed for blocks before it would start. He worked at the hotel from five to five, slept till eight, studied till three, painted till four-thirty, then pushed his car back to the hotel.

This went on for a year and a half. He kept getting skinnier. When he sat still and put his head back, things began to swim. He thought that was curious. He wondered what would happen if he kept his head back, so he tried it and passed out. It wasn't, however, till he fainted at school one day that the idea began to penetrate, and he made concessions to his health by shifting from night clerk to waiter at a night club. He and Bill Hamner, another student, had become close friends. Bill got him a bow tie and the job. Gig got himself the gate, because he couldn't keep the drinks straight. By that time Bill was counter man at a drive-in. Gig would sneak in, hide behind a paper on the end stool and feed off whatever his friend could hook. Till the manager drawled: "How's about coming to work tomorrow? Cheaper for me in the end."

The next act takes place in Pasadena and runs for 18 months. Bill uncovered the miracle. You could go to the Pasadena Playhouse and read on Sunday nights, and if you were any good, they'd give you a part. Gig and Bill both got parts. Gig played a hill-billy, who had to whistle for his girl. He couldn't whistle, so a laughing little brunette named Sheila Stapler stood in the wings and did it for him.

shades of lohengrin . . .

He and Bill set up bachelor quarters in a dwelling that boasted a kitchen, bedroom and bed in the living room. They took turns at the bedroom, alternate weeks, mowed lawns, etc., to earn the essential minimum, and lived on beef stews—of which they cooked enough Sundays to last a week.

Gig even managed to save enough out of his share of the beef stew fund to buy Sheila a hammered silver bracelet for Christmas. He was beginning to feel that the line about "you can't get married and be an actor, too" could be overdone. A few months later they were married in Las Vegas at 4 A.M.

He had the shakes for a week. They were both pretty scared. Sheila's folks were in the Philippines—still are, as prisoners of war. They'd have wanted her home on a visit—a big wedding—

might even have tried to persuade the two to wait.

By now Gig couldn't eat. Having stood enough nonsense, his stomach went on strike. This was the moment chosen by one of the talent scouts who haunt the Pasadena Playhouse, to offer him a test. Suspecting what he'd look like on the screen, he begged them to put it off a couple of weeks while he tried to gain a couple of pounds. Dr. Richard Watt, whom he consulted, told him he'd gain nothing till his appendix had been yanked, and did the job on credit. Three weeks later, fearing to jeopardize the studio's slender interest by further postponements, he took his test. They ran it twice, so entranced were they with his Adam's apple—then decided they didn't need a thin man.

As one hope faded, another dawned. He got his first professional job playing Abie in "Abie's Irish Rose." On the strength of 20 solid simoleons a week, he and Sheila announced their marriage and took a little apartment. One night they were entertaining the Bill Hamners and an English friend who knew how to stir up a curry. The dish was just about ready when the phone rang. Gig's agent. "Look, I just ran the Adam's apple test for Warners'. One of their scouts liked your Abie. You're to call the casting director right away."

The casting director told him to come in next morning prepared to sign a contract and depart on location. No curry was eaten that night. Even Gig's friends were too transported for food. He went on location with "Here Comes the Cavalry," which gave him two lines—in his estimation, the finest two lines ever set down by a Hollywood brain.

Several months later—in his Bryant Fleming phase—he was assisting Alexis Smith in her test for "The Constant Nymph." Though the test was for her, Gig gave of his best, because you never can tell. While Eddie Goulding directed, Henry Blanke, the producer, came in. That afternoon Goulding told Gig that Blanke was considering him for the part of Gig Young in "The Gay Sisters." He couldn't believe it. He still couldn't believe it when Goulding told him Mr. Warner had liked the test.

As you know, he did—thanks, Gig says, to the patience of Director Irving Rapper. Mr. Rapper's patience was rewarded at the sneak preview. These sneaks are conducted for audience reaction. Only the executives know when and where they'll be held. The following morning Gig was in make-up, preparing to assist at another test. Rapper called his home. "We had the sneak last night," he told Sheila. "Where's Bryant?"

"In make-up," she said, and went back to weep among the breakfast dishes, because this could only mean that Gig had been awful, and they'd have to reshoot. Meantime Gig had been summoned to Rapper's office. Bette Davis was there. A confused and incredulous young man had his hand pumped, his back thumped and a tale of triumph poured into his ear.

happy days . . .

Through the turmoil that followed, a few items stand out.—The champagne he and Sheila bought to celebrate.—His official change of name to Gig Young. (He likes it.)—The state of distraction in which he moved.—The pleasure of recognition and the agonizing embarrassment of not knowing what to say. (Introduced to one big shot, he blurted "How's everything?" cursed himself for a jerk, backed

(*Continued on page 73*)

"Want him to adore you? Try my*W.B.N.C."

DOROTHY LAMOUR, STARRING IN "DIXIE", A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

Says Dorothy Lamour:

"Men hover 'round the girl whose complexion is lush velvet. So take my W.B.N.C. That means...

***Woodbury Beauty Night Cap.**

"All you need is Woodbury Cold Cream. And what grand things it does. It's my nightly beauty care."

Cleanse with Woodbury Cold Cream. How fresh, clean, your skin feels! Pat on more cream—wipe again, leaving a trace of the fine oils all night—for new, morning glamour.

Four special ingredients in Woodbury make your skin softer, smoother. Another exclusive ingredient acts constantly to keep the cream in the jar pure to the last.

Tonight take the W.B.N.C.—he'll adore you more tomorrow.

WOODBURY COLD CREAM

Beauty Night Cap of the Stars

A Grand Surprise! You get so much for your money. Big economy jars $1.25, 75¢. Also sizes at 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

FOR THE MODERN MISS

By Elizabeth Willguss

Now in 20th-Fox's "Hello, Frisco, Hello," Lynn Bari adds crisp white gilet, gloves, to her soft beige.

Tailored to a T but frilled to the cuffs! That's your Easter fashion tip from Loroine Day, heroine of M-G-M's "Journey for Margaret." The handsome guy with her is hubby Ray Hendricks, U.S. flying instructor.

Every suit needs a Ship 'n Shore blouse. Ann Savage of Col.'s "The More the Merrier" prefers stripes.

Investing? You'll be wearing it next Easter, too. So choose a Jeanne Barrie pastel, shown on Ann.

SUIT YOURSELF FOR EASTER . . .

"I just live in suits," Lynn Bari said when she came to New York recently. "You can do so much with them." Aren't you right, Lynn! "And I think you'll see more lapel ornaments now that we're buying so few clothes," she continued. "Real conversation pieces, I mean. Like the huge silver pins I found in New Mexico. A bird of paradise —this big—with amethyst eyes. And a pair of lovebirds. They sound gaudy but aren't, and they *make* my suits!" That's how she varies the jacket and skirt parade.

"Oh, I admit it. I'm a perfect fiend about fit," answered Loretta Young, star of Par.'s "China," when I commented on that custom-made Young look. "When I do this," lifting her shoulders, "I want my suits to fit so they just slip back into place without any hitching." How about blouses? "No, I prefer a scarf or chiffon jabot, because I don't think a girl ever looks well dressed if she goes jacketless anyway. So why the blouse?" And why *not* initial your scarf?

You keep right on asking every Hollywood gal who comes to town these days, and the answer is always SUITS. But with personal feelings on froth. That's what makes them look so different on each of you. You won't suffer a bunch of red carnations on your lapel, but your closest co-ed thinks it solid stuff. When you ponder the clothes in your closet, what goes more places, changes its face more easily than your precious suit? Nothing, unless it's another, maybe with an Eton jacket. And if your old *or* new one needs any altering, see it gets done, hmm?

away before he could open his trap again, and went sprawling over a hedge.)

Sheila's abandoned her acting ambitions, says she'd rather dream she might have been a great actress. She's learned to cook instead, and Gig's learning to eat. He still can't gain weight, though.

She calls him Gig, to get used to it, and he's got a nickname for her that he won't tell. He used to scoff at superstitions, till Sheila infected him with hers. Even now he won't blanch at walking under a ladder. He just won't walk under it. The hat he wore in "Gay Sisters" is his lucky hat. He sneaked it into "Air Force" and is trying, under difficulties, to do the same in "Old Acquaintance."

He's provokingly absent-minded. They'll have a date to go out. Gig: "Why don't you tell me these things?" Sheila: "I told you yesterday and the day before, but you just don't listen."—If he says he'll be home at six, he gets there at eight.

They both like to read in bed. Gig falls asleep first. Their attitude toward money is identical. They'll save like mad, then go on a spending jag, which leaves them where they started. Their major extravagance is a combination radio-victrola-recording machine.

sad-eyed schnauzer . . .

When his first option was picked up, they moved from the apartment to a house. In honor of the second, they moved to a larger house. The larger house has five rooms. Sheila does her own housework. In an emergency, Gig might dry a couple of dishes but prefers to regard himself as an outside man. He trims hedges, chases gophers and is handy with a short circuit. Between them, they take care of his fan mail. They get along without help, so they'll have money in the bank when Gig's mustered out. "Old Acquaintance" will be his last picture, for time being. On Dec. 7th he was sworn into the Coast Guard.

Not long ago he made a flying trip to Phoenix to see his brother Donald, who was there on business. Obviously, Donald was pleased by his success. Pleased, yet somehow uneasy.

"Look, kid, don't get me wrong. I know you're doing fine. But in this game, they tell me a guy can be up today and down tomorrow. I'd just like to say, if you ever want another job, it's yours."

Gig whooped. Come hell or high water, he'll be an actor when the war's over and an actor till he dies. Meantime, the Army's okay. You eat in the Army.

QUIZ CLUES

(*Continued from pg. 11*)

Set 2

1. Undersized siren
2. Genius
3. "Tales of Manhattan"
4. Johnny and Mike
5. Tired of retirement
6. The long and short of it
7. Sinister snarl
8. Rib-tickler
9. British
10. Tagged by Terry
11. Slant-eyed and sultry
12. Tex McCrary
13. Stage and screen
14. Ipana smile
15. Irish
16. Laughed in "Ninotchka"
17. Thriller-diller
18. Yodeler
19. Skylarking
20. Boogily-woogily

(*Next set of clues on pg. 94*)

Ever see a Blue Blonde?

1 Well, she was blue . . . and lonely, too . . . for men thought she looked older than a glamour girl should . . . and stayed away! But 'twas all because her face powder didn't give her natural youth and beauty a chance. It added years to her age . . . 'cause the colors were dead and lifeless . . . so her skin looked old. Poor girl!

2 Then she got wise . . . tried Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder . . . in the glamourous new shades that are scientifically matched to the vibrant, glowing skin tones of youth! What a thrill . . . because there's an alluring new Cashmere Bouquet shade to enhance the natural, youthful beauty of your complexion, too, no matter what your age!

3 Classie little lassie . . . now her date-book's always full . . . thanks to that smooth, downy, youthful look Cashmere Bouquet Powder gives her! And this new Cashmere Bouquet is always color-true, never streaky . . . color-harmonized to suit your skin-type . . . goes on smoothly, stays on smoothly, for hours on end!

4 Discover what a glamourous complexion *you* can win with these new youthful shades of Cashmere Bouquet! See how fresh and innocent they make you look! There's a shade to suit you perfectly . . . in 10¢ size or larger, at all cosmetic counters!

CASHMERE BOUQUET
FACE POWDER
In the New Youthful Shades

MODERN SCREEN'S CONTEST SERIES:

NO. 4: "SO LONG, JOHNNY!"

● So Johnny Payne's gone, and all we have left of the big guy is "Hello, Frisco, Hello." Just because they think he's great, his studio has given $2,000 in War Bonds for a giant farewell contest. Okay! And if you ask us, here's one send-off that will really tickle Johnny silly. GO SEE "FRISCO"!

500

VALUABLE PRIZES!

1ST PRIZE ..... **I. J. Fox Russian Wolf Fur Coat**
2nd-6th Prizes ..... **$200 each in War Bonds***
7th-11th Prizes ..... **$100 each in War Bonds**
*Try, and try again prizes***
12th-511th Prizes ..... **$1.00 each in War Stamps**

HERE'S HOW:—Read the story "So Long, Johnny," beginning on page 46 of this issue. Read it carefully, then select the passage (not more than ½ a page) that you consider the best. Clip out the passage or copy it if you'd rather. Then, on the blank below, fill in your name and address *plus* the signatures of *two* persons whom you have asked to see "Hello, Frisco, Hello." Send in this blank and the signatures with your selection.

RULES:

1. Read the story "So Long, Johnny," beginning on page 46 of this issue of MODERN SCREEN. Select the one passage (not more than ½ a page) that you consider the best. Your choice will speak for itself, so you don't have to bother writing why you chose it.

2. Tell two other persons about the contest and John Payne's last picture for the duration, "Hello, Frisco, Hello." Then ask them to fill in their names on the blank. Be sure and send it along with your selection.

3. Submit only one entry. More than one will disqualify you.

4. Anyone may enter the contest except employees of the Dell Publishing Company and members of their family.

5. Entries to be eligible must be postmarked not later than May 10th.

6. Neatness and accuracy will count, though elaborate entries will receive no preference.

7. Prizes will be awarded each month to different persons. No one can win more than one big prize in the entire contest series. If you haven't already won one of the first ten prizes in past contests, you are still eligible for this one.

8. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

9. The contest will be judged by the editorial staff of MODERN SCREEN. Decision of the judges will be final.

First prize: Dazzling full-length fur coat in lynx-dyed Russian wolf for day or evening. Modeled in Hollywood by Lynn Bari.

MODERN SCREEN'S CONTEST SERIES
No. 4—"So Long, Johnny"

Please Print or Type

Your name _____

Street _____ City _____ State _____

Coat size _____

Signature of *TWO* other persons you have told about "HELLO, FRISCO, HELLO."

_____

_____

Mail this coupon with your selection to Contest Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City

**All bonds donated by 20th Century-Fox.*

***If you win one of these prizes, you are still eligible to compete in future contests.*

STRANGE CASE OF LANA TURNER

(*Continued from page 33*)

drawn between Lana and Jean Harlow. Lana didn't relish the comparison; she said, shaking her head, "Who would wish that poor girl's bad breaks on anyone? For myself—no thanks."

Yet . . .

Lana's first marriage, about which you have read in great detail, had Artie Shaw as the other half of the "I Do" routine. It lasted five months. That mistake dissolved, Lana went into bigger screen parts. She semed to have matured mentally as well as emotionally.

One July afternoon in 1942, she talked to MODERN SCREEN's Ida Zeitlin, telling of her plans for the future. They included practically everything except marriage. Lana said she was going to work hard on her career; she was going to have fun. Nothing was going to be serious—everything strictly for laughs. She mentioned several boys with whom she had been having dates, including one Stephen Crane.

The next day the papers were turning handsprings from griddle to consumer, hot with news that Miss Turner was now Mrs. Stephen Crane by grace of a plane ride and a Las Vegas J.P. And Miss Zeitlin got a second interview on the spontaneous character of love.

In January, 1943, Lana announced that she was to become a mother. Two weeks later, she announced that she was seeking an annulment because she had innocently contracted a bigamous marriage. The reason, according to attorneys, that Lana had to secure an annulment was this: By having the marriage dissolved, Lana secured the court's recognition that a marriage DID exist until date of annulment, which PROTECTS THE LEGITIMACY OF HER CHILD.

The reason the July, 1942, marriage was technically bigamous was that Stephen Crane's divorce to his first wife, Carol Kurtz Crane, did not become final until January, 1943.

However, once that decree was handed down, Hollywood dopesters presumed that Lana would rewed the father of her child-to-be. Miss Turner promptly scotched that rumor by announcing with finality that she had no such intention.

Those are the facts of the case, which you may or may not have read in your own daily newspaper. But, in the last analysis, who is content with unadorned fact? Who wants to accept the cold statistics, unmodified by the warm rush of human foible?

It seemed to the MODERN SCREEN staff that—as most people appeared to believe—this was not the story of two persons, but of three. Not the complicated history of Lana Turner and Stephen Crane alone, but that of Carol Crane, as well.

source material . . .

Carol Crane, as Steve's first wife, probably knows him as well as anyone on earth. And it is only through the testimony of someone who knows Stephen Crane, that one can understand this latest installment in the Legend of Lana. Actually, therefore, the story that broke in the papers in January and February, 1943, began on December 31, 1937, at four o'clock one bitter, winter afternoon.

Carol Kurtz, in white satin, was married that day to Stephen Crane. She had attended Indiana University where she was a member of Alpha Chi Omega.

Portrait by Maria de Kammerer

GOING "*all out*" ALL DAY?

You Should Use a Satin-Finish Lipstick!

Says Constance Luft Huhn, Head of the House of Tangee

Now that wartime duties are added to your day-to-day activities...now that you're on the go all day every day...many of you must often wish fervently for a lipstick that ONCE ON, STAYS ON! If that is *your* wish, I sincerely recommend that you use one of our new Tangee SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks...Tangee's exclusive SATIN-FINISH makes each Tangee Lipstick so smooth it literally applies itself...creating a soft and glossy sheen, an exquisite long-lasting grooming, which every woman hopes to achieve...And remember: There is a matching rouge to every Tangee shade; a matching shade of Tangee's UN-powdery face powder for every complexion!

TANGEE SATIN-FINISH *Lipsticks*

***NEW* TANGEE MEDIUM-RED**

...a warm, clear shade. Not too dark, not too light...just right.

TANGEE RED-RED ..."Rarest, Loveliest Red of Them All," harmonizes perfectly with all fashion colors.

TANGEE THEATRICAL RED ..."The Brilliant Scarlet Lipstick Shade"...Is always most flattering.

TANGEE NATURAL..."Beauty for Duty"—conservative make-up for women in uniform. Orange in the stick, it changes to produce your own most becoming shade of blush rose.

BEAUTY—*glory of woman...*
LIBERTY—*glory of nations...*
Protect them both...

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

EYES RIGHT

FOR FLAVOR!

On land and sea, America's men in uniform are enjoying the distinctive flavor of refreshing Beech-Nut Gum. And with us, as with you, the privilege of serving the needs of our armed forces comes first of all.

So please don't blame your dealer if his stock of Beech-Nut Gum is short at times.

Remember, the Beech-Nut Gum he *can't* supply is going to our fighting men.

Beech-Nut Gum

The yellow package... with the red oval

Steve had his Bachelor of Arts degree from Wabash University, where he had been graduated *magna cum laude*—which is to say he had won the D.S.C. of scholarship. He was a member of Sigma Chi, social fraternity, and Phi Beta Kappa.

Carol was a beauty, with masses of blue-black wavy hair, eloquent brown eyes and a flashing smile. Stephen was a handsome character, dark-haired, dark of eye, six feet two inches of height, and a scales depression of 185 pounds.

After the ceremony, the newly-wed Cranes started to drive to Cincinnati in a blinding blizzard. They had a minor car accident, complicated by the furious weather, but finally arrived at the hotel in which Steve had reserved the bridal suite. Imagine their consternation at learning that another bridal couple had arrived about an hour earlier and claimed *they* had reserved the suite.

Carol and Stephen went from room to room, trying to find a comfortable, romantic spot in which to spend their honeymoon. The suite selected, Stephen—romanticist and dramatizer at heart—lifted Carol and carried her over the threshold. Once inside, they discovered that the room wouldn't do at all; twin beds. They moved to another suite.

"This has certainly been a stormy beginning," Carol told her new husband. "I hope it doesn't mean anything."

In Hollywood, a blonde starlet was winning the undying love of wardrobe department employees at her studio. When she emerged from a scene at luncheon time, she went to her dressing room and changed from screen attire to a long robe, which she wore to the commissary. This saved innumerable pressings and cleanings and made many a wardrobe girl's day easier.

After their honeymoon, the Cranes returned to Crawfordsville, Indiana, where Stephen worked in the only cigar store which had been retained from the original state-wide chain the family had owned before the elder Crane's death.

Crawfordsville is a quiet, pleasant town of ten or twelve thousand; the young Cranes were members of the country club set. They lived the usual golfing, bridging, dancing suburban life.

wild oating . . .

At the end of two years, Carol—who has great talent for clothes design—decided it would be fun to go to Chicago for a few weeks to see if she could sell some of her sketches and clothes ideas. She could and did. Stephen sold the store and moved up to Chicago, too. While Carol worked all day and sometimes in the evening as well, Stephen was finding out what money could buy. During his college days and his early married life, he had regarded money as a comfortable thing, of minor importance. Now, according to Carol, he learned that a checkbook was a plow, a planter and a cultivator with which one could grow a rampant crop of wild oats.

When friends told Carol, she refused at first to believe it. What had happened to the idealistic man she had married?

Carol, heartsick, had a long talk with Stephen's mother who explained that sometimes men have a certain amount of hell-raising that they have to get out of their systems before they can settle down. Give Steve time and patient devotion, and he'd come out of this glitter phase a solid citizen. Just wait and see!

The young Cranes conferred and hit upon a sensible plan to save their marriage: They would separate for four months, then meet for a 1940 reunion.

In Hollywood, a blonde girl at M-G-M was getting her first star's dressing room. She was also being periodically scolded for being too impetuously generous. She had been wearing an expensive bracelet one day when a studio employee—looking at it—caught her breath and cried, "That's the loveliest thing I have ever seen. Golly, I hope the time comes when I can buy things like that!" The next day the bracelet arrived by messenger—a gift from Lana. It sounds corny, but it's true. The word went around, "Don't rave over anything Lana owns or she's likely to give it to you willy-nilly."

face lifting . . .

Carol Crane, a sheltered girl who had never dreamed that a marriage with a boy who came from such a fine family and who had enjoyed such opportunities, could become so *rugged*, went to Nassau. Stephen went to Hollywood.

At Christmas time, Carol and Stephen's younger brother went to the airport in answer to a wire from Stephen. He was coming home. Despite the December wind, Carol's cheeks were warm with expectancy; perhaps the man she was meeting after four month's separation would—by some precious alchemy—have become the boy she knew when they were both in college. A diffident, quiet boy who had read a great deal and who was almost bookishly sincere.

She watched the passengers leave the plane; she glanced past this man and that. Stephen wasn't among them, she thought. Only strange faces moved toward the pavilion. And then the walk of one of the men caught her attention He was within 20 feet, before Carol, flabbergasted, recognized her husband.

His face was so badly swollen that he looked as if he weighed about 250, at least a fourth of that from the chin up. Chuckling, he explained that he had never liked his general appearance so he had undergone plastic surgery. His nose, simultaneously with certain sinus surgery, had been altered, and bone grafts had been performed successfully on his lower jaw—because he had fretted over what he considered a receding chin.

The operation had been performed just two weeks earlier. "But why?"

Sheepishly, Steve said, "Well, with a few improvements, I thought I might get a break in pictures."

The holidays weren't a panic of delight by any means. There were the usual parties, the gaiety, the presents, but Carol was haunted by the feeling that this man who had come back to her was just an old friend whose life had traveled along a divergent channel.

In Hollywood, a slim girl with a shock of wheat-colored hair bought herself a lipstick red convertible coupe and charged from one end of town to the other, a cardinal streak of delight. Here and there someone said something unkind about "that wild kid." Yet several wise tongues were quick to recall Lana's age—then barely 20—and the delight of any ingenue in a bright red wagon. Eventually she traded the chili-pepper zipper for a more conservative model.

Mrs. Crane, senior, persuaded Carol to go to California with Steve. Mrs. Crane, herself, accompanied these two whose marriage she wanted to direct into the happy pattern she had known.

They returned to the apartment Steve had occupied; probably this was one of the final mistakes. The telephone rang, Carol now recalls, the second night they were there. Steve had gone to the corner for a paper, so Carol answered. A voice with a trill said, "Is Stevie there?"

"He'll be back in a moment. Could I take a message for him?" Carol asked.

"Who is this?" the caller asked.

"I'm *Mrs.* Crane," Carol explained helpfully.

There was a gasp and the quick click of a telephone. Carol told her mother-in-law, "One of Steve's *boy* friends—a little tight, I suppose."

But, according to Carol, she wasn't able to spare the mother's feelings for long, because Mrs. Crane, senior, answered the telephone at three one morning and had the same experience.

Miss Turner, by this time one of the town's top glamour girls, took her stand-in shopping. She had never heard of Steve or Carol Crane, much less met them. As they left Bullock's Wilshire one afternoon, she and Alice May were just arriving.

Lana, when buying her personal wardrobe, won't try on garments. Instead, she has Miss May—who is exactly the same size—model the clothes. Their tastes differ slightly, so Lana always buys two dresses: Her first choice for herself, and Miss May's first choice for Miss May. This generous purchase plan includes similar mink coats.

The Cranes separated. Carol's sister came West, and the two girls took an apartment together.

In January, 1941—NOTICE THAT DATE BECAUSE IT IS IMPORTANT—Steve and Carol entered into an agreement whereby Carol waived all property rights. She wanted nothing from Steve except a small allowance until she could find steady work. She had appeared in several pictures at Monogram, but this was too insecure to be trusted without some other source of income. Her friends, Carol says, assured her that Steve had plenty of money, so she felt justified in accepting a small monthly sum from him.

And she discussed the problem of divorce. IN CALIFORNIA ONE HAS TO BE A RESIDENT FOR A YEAR BEFORE YOU CAN APPLY FOR AN INTERLOCUTORY DECREE. In January, 1941, Carol told Steve, "I don't want to go to Reno or Las Vegas, so if it's all right with you, I'll wait the year until my residence is legal. I'll apply for divorce in January, 1942, and we'll both be free in January, 1943, if that's okay with you."

Steve said it was fine with him. He was in no hurry. At that time he hadn't met Lana.

The Cranes were entirely friendly in all their negotiations. They met for luncheon and dinner and talked personalities about people "back home." Carol learned through friends that Steve had been offered an opportunity to go into the agency business, but had turned it down. He had also been offered an acting contract at a major studio, but had turned that down also hoping a higher salary might be arranged.

One night Carol was having a group of friends in for bridge, when Steve called to ask if he could bring Lana. He had had several dates with her, he said, and

I SAW IT HAPPEN

After a personal appearance in New York, Bela Lugosi was swamped by autograph hounds who barred his way to a cab. Suddenly he clenched his teeth, opened his eyes wildly and turned on them with a horrible look. In a split second, the crowd scattered, and Mr. Lugosi stepped smilingly into his cab.

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she was a swell kid. Carol said, "Certainly—I'd like to meet her."

During the evening something was said about Carol and Steve being divorced yet so friendly; it didn't occur to Carol to sing out, "interlocutory decree only." That sort of thing isn't discussed before casual acquaintances.

fresh start . . .

In May, 1942, Steve and Carol had another of their periodic conferences. He said that he was flat broke; moreover, that he had been mulling over the world's madness and had decided that he belonged in the Army.

Carol, hoping—no longer for her own sake—but entirely for Steve's, that the Army would give him a new chance, said that she would be patriotic, too. She would set him free, forever, of any financial responsibility to herself. She executed legal documents, releasing him from his previous monthly payment agreement; she wished him luck.

Steve has been described repeatedly as a boyish, naive, terribly sincere lad from the hinterland. It was this shy, sweet-mannered air that first endeared him to Lana Turner. Carol says of him, "Steve isn't just one man; he's a thousand different men. You couldn't know them all in a lifetime."

She thought, as a matter of fact, that it must have been one of these other men who married Lana Turner in Las Vegas in July—just two months after the financial agreement was signed. Carol couldn't figure it out—in which respect she was part of a national chorus.

Her bewilderment increased when she read the announcement of Lana's imminent motherhood.

On the set, someone had taught Lana to knit. She wasn't very good at it, but, oh, she was determined! She told questioners that she was going to make an afghan for her own baby, so there. The yarn was palest blue. Lana worked with clean fingers, medium fingers and mechanics paws. She knitted between each take from morning until night and the delicate yarn took on sand tones, then became cafe-au-lait.

When she had a free day from the picture, "Slightly Dangerous," she made a tour of every baby shop in Beverly Hills and ordered bonnets, blankets, a bassinet and all the rest of the small things that make up junior equipment.

What happened next in the private lives of Lana and Steve is anyone's guess. Did some friend of Steve's—thinking of that coming child—tell Lana the truth about his marital status? Did some reporter, remembering a certain interlocutory decree in January, 1942, scent a story and get in touch with her in order to secure a statement? Or did Steve, himself, become nervous and try to explain—belatedly?

When Lana was a spindly girl of 14, she traveled alone from California to Missouri to visit her grandmother. When she reached Indianapolis, she discovered to her chagrin that she had lost her purse containing her ticket and all her money. Without wasting a moment in panic or tears, she analyzed the situation and decided what had to be done: She located the Travelers' Aid Society and calmly told them the story.

Her mother, laughing about it afterward, said, "Lana makes up her mind about a situation, then acts. She can take pretty good care of herself."

Steve telephoned Carol one night. He told his ex-first wife that his second wife had walked out on him. There had been, he insisted, no harsh words, no quarrel of any sort. She had simply gone.

Carol said coldly, "You must have had some sort of warning. A girl just doesn't walk out on her husband without a word of explanation. That is, unless the man has done something so shameful that he knows his transgression without being accused."

Steve insisted that he was entirely bewildered and crushed to the core.

Meanwhile, Lana was consigned to the hospital. Steve was allowed to see her regularly, and when she was permitted to get up to celebrate Valentine's Day, it was Steve who took her to Mocambo. A penitent Steve who had just one driving demand: Lana must marry him again. She didn't say yes; she didn't say no. She said, give me time.

Steve began to hang around a famous Hollywood drug store and to complain that he couldn't sleep. He'd be all right, he said, if he could only get some rest. How about some sleeping tablets? He was ignored or kidded. Certainly no one complied with his request.

no retakes . . .

But he must have secured a sedative from some other source because—drayma piled on drayma, kids—the newspapers next day announced that he tried to commit suicide by swallowing a sleeping powder. Someone notified Lana, and she rushed down to the hospital, where Steve had undergone a stomach wash and was resting comfortably. It had been a foolishly gallant trip on Lana's part, because she had not been and is not now a robust girl; she collapsed on the spot and had to be returned to her own home and transferred from there to the hospital again.

Two days later she made this official announcement to the fascinated press: "I had hoped it would not be necessary for me to make a statement at this time. However, because of recent events and speculation, I can only say that I have no intention of remarrying."

When Lana Turner was an energetic character of 4, she was assigned to a dancing spot in an Idaho school entertainment. The program was presented in an old auditorium whose stage had endured many an acrobat's thumping; it was rickety, draughty, betrayed by age and termites. To little Miss Turner, however, it was THEATER.

She emerged upon the stage wearing the traditional net ballet dress, but she was dancing in pink stocking feet. She pirouetted across the stage, went into a tour j'ete, and then did splits. As she straightened from this accomplishment, she stared thoughtfully at her feet for a moment. The music thumped on for a few beats, then Lana—having reached some conclusion—went on with her dance.

When she bowed into the wings, pursued by vociferous applause, her mother asked, "Why did you stop in the middle of the dance, dear? What was wrong?"

Biting her lips to control their trembling, Lana sat down hard in the nearest chair and held up her feet for inspection. The soles were simply serrated with splinters. As she had slid down for the splits, she had driven hundreds of spikes of rotten timber through her stockings into the flesh of her feet.

From splinters in the feet at four, to splinters in the heart at 23, is not perhaps so unusual a cycle for an actress. But quiet acceptance of the pain and the iron-jawed determination to go on about her business, are unusual enough to merit approval.

One must congratulate Stephen Crane upon this: he has selected, thus far, two exceptionally beautiful and gallant women as wives.

BRINGING UP MOTHER

(*Continued from page 55*)

Nana, "sometimes I think I go for large designs and checks too much. I wonder if I couldn't wear . . ."

The next day she went down to the same shop and bought an identical model for herself—to her daughter's boundless admiration. Ronnie gets a big boot out of seeing his two girls dressed alike. "You're sharp kids," he says, "even if there isn't an entire nose between you."

Another boon that Miss Maureen has provided for her mother is a tousled character named Soda. But, to begin at the beginning: At Christmas time, the Reagans decided that one of Maureen's gifts should be a dog. Any likeness between this decision and the fact that Jane had always wanted a dog since she was a tiny girl, is purely coincidental, understand.

the reagans three . . .

At any rate, the Reagans Three went downtown to a pet store and asked to see cocker spaniels. The owner of the shop talked them out of considering a long-haired dog, and he added that a cocker is rather a delicate animal, not designed for rough and tumble affection.

Ronnie and Jane set their daughter down amid a pen full of puppies, and in a few minutes—with the well-known spontaneous attraction that springs up between a youngster and the dog designed for it—one of the Scotties had fallen head over tail for Maureen.

Christmas morning, Maureen was seated in the living room before her packages and told to cut the strings, pull off the paper, and examine the boxes in a hurry. "Why?" she wanted to know.

Because, she was told, there was a big secret coming up. When she had finished the last routine gift, she looked up to find her father standing in the hallway holding a leash on which Maureen's doggie choice was tugging.

Her small mouth fell open; her chubby hands clasped in a perfect projection of astonished delight. ("She's a born ham," Jane chuckled to her husband.)

She murmured softly, "Oh, 'Cotty!" and ran to gather him in her arms.

Jane watched the scene—her own eyes wistful. "A dog is such a nice pet," she sighed. The more she thought about it, the more she agreed with that sentiment. A week later she couldn't stand it another moment; she returned to the pet shop and used Maureen's method of personal magnetism to attract a pup that would be peculiarly her own.

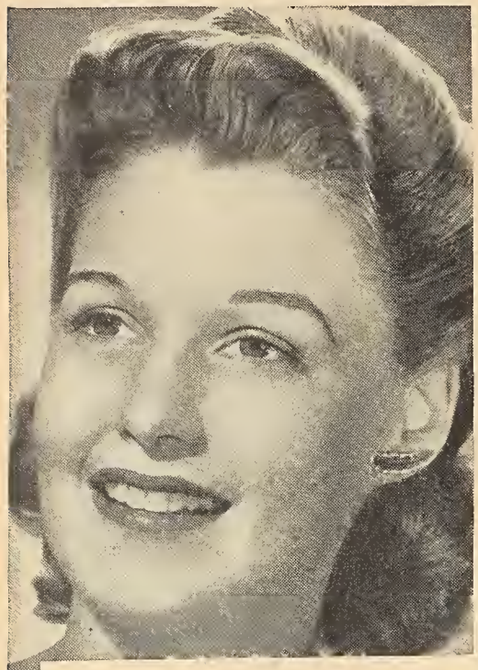
She placed Scotty No. 2 in the backyard pen with Scotty No. 1, better known as Cotty. She waited uncertainly for Ronnie to come home, as he happened to be on a brief leave from camp.

During dinner she tried to carry on a spritely conversation about studio news and Army doings, but she kept hearing the yelping of *two* cavorting canines. She didn't know at what minute Ronnie was going to say, "What on earth ails that pup? I'd better dash out and see."

She couldn't eat. She couldn't even drink her tea—and ordinarily she can consume four or five cups. She knew that if Ronnie thought the whole thing foolish, she'd take the surplus dog back.

At last she couldn't stand it another moment. She excused herself and went outside to gather both squirming blackies in her arms and return with them to the living room. Maureen saw them first. Drawing herself to full height, she shouted, "TWO Cotties!"

NEW KNOWLEDGE



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Her own dog came bounding over, followed by his playmate. Maureen studied the newcomer, then she looked up and gave her mother an indulgent, patronizing smile. She pointed to Scotty No. 1. "Murmur's Cotty," she diagnosed, using the name she has given herself. Then she pointed to Scotty No. 2. "Mommy's Cotty," she said.

Ronnie roared. "You girls!" he said. "In your plaid skirts, followed by Scotch and Soda, you're going to be a sight."

So that settled that. Jane looked down suddenly and bit her lips. Why is it that it hurts so much to have a dream come true?

To this day, there is no one in the Reagan house who can tell the two dogs apart except Maureen. But she knows.

She is also getting phenomenally good at singing nursery songs. Not that she can pronounce all the words, but those that baffle her, she simply leaves out and supplies a series of Reagan riffs.

For a time, her mother sang the songs in much the same way. Jane knew some of the salient words and lines, but the bulk of the childish lore that she had memorized so well in kindergarten days had slipped from memory.

"Jack and Jill went up a hill
To fetch a pail of water.
Jack fell down and broke his crown
And Jill came tumbling after."

That was simple enough. But what was the second verse? "Tell some more, Mommy," Maureen always urged.

No self-respecting mother can admit that she doesn't remember the last reels of some juvenile "Desperate Journey." She cudgeled her brain; she did some research. Finally she emerged with:

"Up Jack got and home did trot
As fast as he could caper.
His mother wrapped his damaged pate
In vinegar and brown paper."

Now she is easily the Beverly Hills expert on junior songs and jingles—sort of a kindergarten John Kieran.

mush stuff . . .

Another important lesson that Reagan, Juniorette, has taught her mother, deals with food values. Nearly every hopeful parent, preparing some of those strained vegetables that sound so pretty and look so discouraging, has taken a furtive sip of same. Usually the taste is so bland that a normal adult stomach, having become acclimated to chili con carne, red cabbage and pineapple ice cream sodas, revolts at this baby mixture.

The same holds true of an infant's meat ration. Maureen smacks happily over a lavish portion of calves liver, and her delight in a lamb chop would even cause George Bernard Shaw to wonder if he weren't missing something.

If there were two things that Jane could live without, they were liver and lamb chops.

Came now the celebrated Southern California meat shortage. The Reagan table boasted chicken, shrimps, turkey, souffles, omelets, chicken, shrimps . . . well, you get the idea. After a few weeks of this, the menu was a masterpiece of monotony.

The maid suggested one day that liver and lamb chops were still available. "Well, if Maureen can thrive on them, I suppose I can try a few bites," Jane agreed. Gingerly she tried one small taste, then a second. The third was definitely not bad, and the fourth had a flavor halfway between ambrosia and Chanel No. 5. Jane hesitated with fork poised in midair. "Baby, I think you have something here," she announced.

This tableau took place, not in the main dining room, but in Maureen's nursery. In the dining room there is a beautiful gray rug that Jane has been cherishing and protecting because there simply won't be anything of that sort for the duration. An accident that stained the rug would mean a rugless dining room thereafter, so Miss Maureen—with her dubious baby habits—was excluded from a place at the table.

the duchess comes to tea . . .

Yet, with Ronnie gone, dinner was a lonely meal for Jane. Finally she decided to invite her daughter to have a final cup of tea in state each evening.

The first night, Miss Maureen strode in haughtily and was seated on a chair built up for the occasion. "Doily, please," she said to the maid.

A demi tasse cup was placed on the runner that had been supplied. Maureen, in social tones, said, "Wee cup of tea, please." When this was supplied—with dead pan composure being the rule for adult faces lest the pipsqueak should get the idea that she was very, very cute indeed—Miss Maureen carefully lifted her cup and carefully drank. When she replaced the cup, it was set meticulously in the very center of her saucer. Between sips, she clasped her hands in her lap and sat as still as time passing.

Since that incident, she has been allowed to join Jane for breakfast in bed in Jane's room each morning. She handles her toast with the same care she applied to the tea; she has never had even a slight orange juice accident.

And from this behavior, Jane is learning something of the intent seriousness of the young. Learning, too, how gradually the dignity of personality develops.

Maureen's infinite patience is a constant source of wonder to Jane. When the baby's meager vocabulary suddenly sprouts a new word which appears to be a cross between Zulu and Esperanto, she tries to put across the meaning to her mother very slowly.

"Wunnie noth," she confided one morning.

"I don't understand you, darling. Say it more slowly."

Maureen shrugged. From her minuscule pocket she pulled a handkerchief which she applied to her nose. "Noth," she said. Then she sniffed repeatedly. "Wunnie," she explained.

"Wunnie noth" turned out to be Maureen-ese for a cold in the head.

Jane, when exasperated, has a habit of going through the house, cleaning like mad. When things go wrong, she doesn't count to a hundred; she empties ash trays. Or she polishes silver with a demon rub. Or she dusts tables with so much friction that they shine like a buck private's buttons on inspection morning. Sometimes, in moments of dire stress, she connects the vacuum sweeper and goes through the house—eyes asparkle and lips compressed—like a frustrated Kansas cyclone.

One day recently, Maureen was a naughty girl. She was scolded and sent to her room as punishment. In a few moments, Jane heard a highly interesting sound from the upper floor. Tiptoeing up the stairs, she checked the cause.

Miss Reagan, her outraged head held high, her short legs churning swiftly, was propelling her miniature carpet sweeper back and forth across her bedroom floor in a magnificent miniature of the Wyman wrath.

"Well," said Janie, "in this world we live and learn. But I'm learning a lot faster than I expected to—what with my daughter bringing me up right!"

MEET THE BARON

(*Continued from page 57*)

medal lying in its luxurious satin nest.

"From our Fuehrer. As a reward for producing three sons."

Her eldest had died in babyhood. Paul was in London, Robert in South Africa. No harm could come to them, and she was a lady who liked to speak her mind.

"You will take your medal and go. I produced my sons, not for the Fuehrer's, but for my own good pleasure."

Henreid first made good in his home town, playing a cab driver, thus fusing an earlier with a later ambition. Paul's father was a successful banker and a frustrated scholar. He had dreamed of retiring to study philosophy.

His father died suddenly a year later. The family fortunes collapsed with the collapse of the Central Powers, when the value of a thousand kronen shrank to a nickel. To keep the boys at school, his mother went to work as hostess in a perfume shop, loathing it and smiling.

raised eyebrows . . .

At 17, having finished school, Paul loosed his bomb on mother and uncles, in conclave assembled. What would he like to do? He'd like to be an actor. The storm burst. Had he, in heaven's name, gone mad? Because he'd appeared in school productions didn't mean he had talent. He had, in fact, none.

Paul's inclination at the time was a budding sprout, too tender to brave the elements. "Since you ask me, I tell you. If you say no, very well, I won't die."

He loved books. An uncle offered to pay his tuition at the Graphic Academy, where he could study printing and binding. He completed the three-year course in two and got a job with the publishing house of Strobel. For a while the work fascinated, then began to bore him. His boredom increased in direct proportion to his growing independence and his closer acquaintance with the theater and those who worked in it. In brief, the sprout grew to sturdy maturity. Disregarding the frowns of his elders, he enrolled for courses in dramatic school.

The normal routine would have been two years of training, followed—with luck—by an apprenticeship in the Austrian equivalent of what we call the sticks. In Paul's case, Otto Preminger intervened. He was running a theater for Max Reinhardt. Paul had been working a year, when one night Preminger appeared in the common dressing room and offered him a contract. The money was small, the glory great. And the money didn't matter. He could continue to work at Strobel's.

In honor of this contract, one of his friends threw a party—attended, among others, by a gorgeous blonde, then studying with Reinhardt, now on the screen, to be known hereinafter as B. for blonde. Paul found himself dazzled. The room held himself, B. and extraneous shadows. She flirted enchantingly. He was no slouch. When the party broke up at three, they left together. He looked forward to seeing her home in a cab.

On the street he called cab! cab! and there was no cab. A car stood at the curb. It belonged to a girl who was leaving the party with her escort. He recognized her vaguely as someone to whom he'd said how-d'you-do. Could she give them a lift, she asked. Paul's tete-a-tete went glimmering. Regretfully he noted that B. would have to be dropped first.

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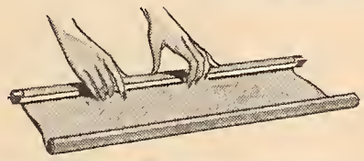

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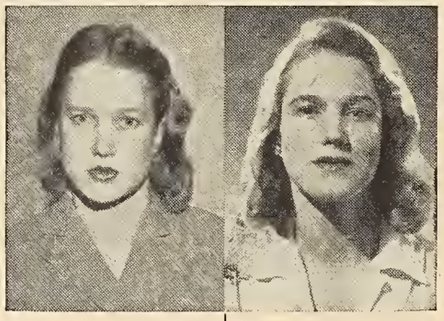

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enchanted night . . .

But his spirits still glowed, and home was the last place he wanted to take them to. The escort was dropped. He took his first good look at the girl in the driver's seat. With the sun out of his eyes, he perceived her to be lovely.

"How about going to the Cobenzl for a couple of drinks?"

The Cobenzl is a Strauss waltz in stone—concentrated romance of Vienna—a converted castle where you sit on the terrace, look down at the lights of the Prater and the dreaming Danube, drink champagne and draughts from another pair of eyes. Time passed unheeded. Waiters stacked chairs around them, till only an island for two was left. Paul felt glorious—in love with the night and the world and the Cobenzl and a blonde who wasn't there—or a brunette who was.

They stayed till six. Then Lisl remembered that she must work that day. She was a designer of women's clothes for stage and screen. In the car Paul said, "If I weren't unshaved by now, I'd kiss you good night."

That broke the spell. A delayed reaction set in. He who devotes the shank of his evening to a blonde needn't expect to wind up kissing a brunette. There was no kiss. When could he see her again? Tonight? She was engaged. Tomorrow night? She really couldn't say, she was very busy—

At noon he showed up in her shop. "I have brought you a herring," he said with ceremony. (The accepted Viennese antidote for a hangover combines herring with a glass of milk.)

Just the same, he had to wait a week for a date. And a year went by before she'd take him seriously enough to marry him. But marry him she did. And Lutzi came to keep house for them.

Meantime it looked as if mother knew best. The career was stymied. Under Preminger he was shoved around. At the Scala, to which he was transferred, he played good-looking boys in good-looking suits and got nowhere. At length opportunity, in the shape of an ex-tenor, knocked. The ex-tenor hankered to be a producer. He owned one ewe lamb of a play called "Cab 39." Established stars came too high for his pocket. He offered Paul the lead.

Somewhat testily, the Scala producer released him. "You're making a mistake. The fellow has no standing. Besides, you're the drawing room type. You can't play a cab driver."

He was wrong. Paul's cab driver delighted critics, audiences and the ex-tenor. But the producers got sore. He'd worked for an outsider. When he came round again at the end of a run, they turned up their noses.

The films were less touchy. After months of no work, Sascha-Tobis offered him a part in "Sunrise," a submarine picture. He played the boy who goes out for the first time and gives way to hysteria in one of those scenes God sometimes grants an actor. To use his own words, "That broke the gate." Producers who had brushed him off now smiled their most blandishing. He returned to the Scala.

Shortly after Hitler's rise to power, UFA made him an offer. Though they were neighbors, most Austrians knew little about Mr. Hitler, and to the European actor a star contract with UFA is achievement's crown of crowns. Paul journeyed happily to Berlin with Lisl and his lawyer.

Preliminary agreements were made. Back at the hotel, Paul called his close friend, Otto Walburg, a distinguished

comedian with whom he had played in Vienna. "We just got in. Can we see you tonight?"

Over the phone Otto's manner was strange. No welcoming words. Hesitation. Constraint. "Don't come here. I will come to you."

hitler's step-children . . .

Paul went down to the lobby while Lisl changed. He'd have a drink with Otto before dinner. His friend walked through the door, looked straight into his face, strode by without a sign of recognition and entered the nearest elevator. Paul ran after him, calling. The door slid closed. He took the next car up and found Walburg at his door. "What goes on here?"

"Let's go in quickly. You mustn't be seen with a Jew."

That night is burned as with fire into the minds of the Henreids. Today horror has been piled on horror. You hear that 5,000 Jews have been gassed in Poland, and it makes less impression—unhappily—than that first appalling recital made on two young people who didn't know much about Hitler's program.

In self-defense they resisted belief at first. Otto must be exaggerating. These things could *not* be true.

If they were sure they didn't mind being seen with him, he'd show them. They drove past smashed windows and obscene signs and befouled synagogues. Returning to the hotel, Paul phoned the Scala. Otto couldn't work in Berlin any longer. Could they give him a job. They could.

"To hell with UFA," said Paul when their friend had left. "We'll go back tomorrow."

His political eyes had been opened. He read and listened and inquired and made up his mind that Austria would be taken. One feeling obsessed him. They must all get out as quickly as possible. He proposed to Lisl that they go to Cannes; he'd brush up his French, start again in Paris and send for the others.

But Lisl refused to believe that the Germans would come. She loved Vienna—more passionately than did Paul. She loved her work. She could neither uproot nor desert her parents. Her father, Gustav Gluck, was head of the art museum. What would he, absorbed in his Breughels and Van Dycks, do in a strange country?

Into this impasse walked Henry Shereck, the English producer, offering Paul the lead in his London production of "Café Chantant." Mr. Shereck commands an excellent German and enjoys airing it. They spoke German that night. But Mr. Henreid spoke English, of course? Of course.

Terms were arranged. Would Mr. Shereck be kind enough to send the script over, so that Mr. Henreid could make himself letter-perfect.

quick trick . . .

With sweat and toil and an English tutor, he learned the part by rote.

Both the play and the player caught on. The Prince of Wales, arbiter of show business, came backstage on opening night to offer his compliments. Henry took Lisl and Paul to supper. With no further need for concealment, Paul assaulted the boss in what passed with him for English. It took Henry weeks to recover from the shock of having presented triumphantly in an English play a man who knew no English.

He learned it rapidly. "Café Chantant" was followed by Gilbert Miller's "Victoria Regina." His Albert reconciled his mother to her son's career.

Just then, the news that Hitler had

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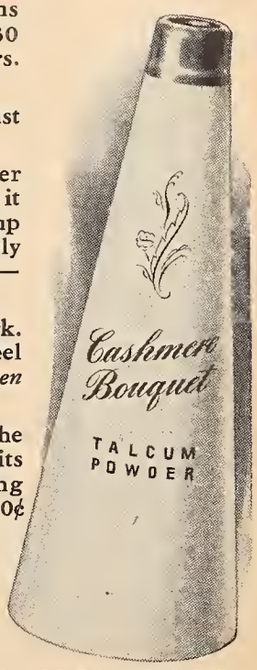

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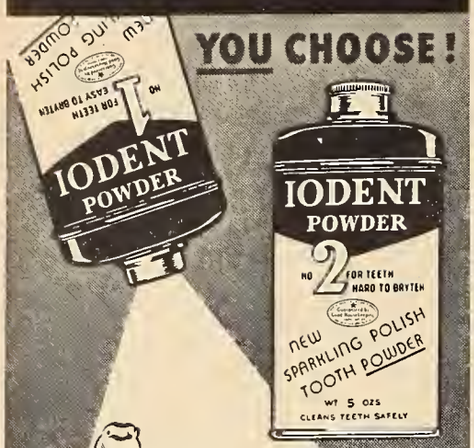

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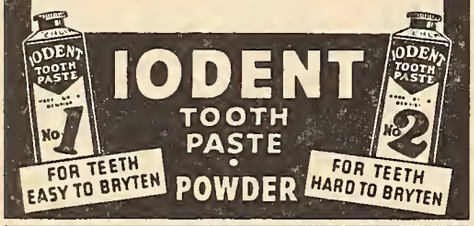

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taken Austria. Lisl's father was in imminent danger. She managed to get her parents and Lutzi out. Disguised in a walrus mustache, Paul played the German professor in "Mr. Chips." England went to war. Paul had the lead in "Jersey Lily," another Miller production. He applied to the Pioneer Corps and, being over 30, was rejected. Stomach ulcers kept him out of the Officers Emergency Reserve. He became an air raid warden, but there were no air raids. Not yet. He made "Night Train." Then there was no more work.

America seemed the only solution. Gilbert Miller had been cabling. Kit Cornell was interested in "Jersey Lily." If she decided to do it, would Paul come over?

Unwittingly, Paul's mother had done him a favor by spending the winter of his birth in Trieste. He could enter on the Italian quota. So could Lisl as his wife. There hadn't been much emigration from Italy. They could go at once. True, Lutzi and the parents would have to wait their turn on the Austrian quota. But in England, Paul was helpless. In America, he could make some money and send for them when the time came.

Hopes based on "Jersey Lily" went boom. Katharine Cornell was no longer interested. Paul got back from his first meeting with Gilbert Miller to find a homesick Lisl sobbing into her pillow. "Have you got a job?" she gulped.

"Yes."

Up came the head. "Really?"

"Yes. I'm going to do Albert in 'Victoria Regina.' After the war."

Their single windfall did come through Mr. Miller. He told Helen Hayes of Henreid's arrival, and she asked him to play Albert on the radio to her Victoria. Followed weeks of seeking and not finding, of asking and not being given, of polite indifference and empty promises. Dreary weeks, brightened only by their discovery of the hot dog. They acquired a passion for hot dogs. They'd sit on stools at counters, figuring their combined assets to determine whether or not they could afford another hot dog.

henreid, inc. . . .

Came the day when Paul announced that he was going to sell himself. Prizefighters did, why not actors? He knew a few wealthy people. For so much a week they could buy shares in Paul Henreid and collect when the market turned bullish.

Lisl eyed him thoughtfully. "Yes, you must really be desperate to cook up such a dish. All right, I'll buy you. I'm going to work."

It transpired that her name was well known in fashion circles. She got a job that brought them enough to live on.

Paul's agent showed him a play by Elmer Rice—"Flight to the West," featuring a Nazi villain. "I'd like to play it."

"You'd need a bull neck and no hair. However, talk to Elmer."

He found little trouble in convincing Elmer. You expect a repulsive object, he argued, to *be* repulsive. There's no dramatic surprise. But take a guy who looks human, let it gradually appear that he's the symbol of inhumanity, and you get an effect at once more insidious and striking.

He read the part for Rice as he wanted to play it. They made a deal. The play proved a moderate hit, Henreid a smash. "Night Train" opened in New York. That broke the gate. Now he's under contract to Warners' for three a year, to RKO for one.

Lutzi arrived a year ago, pitching across on a little Greek steamer, the only passage available at the time. Lutzi is a lady of ample proportions. From the train platform she spied her children, threw them each a Ho! then turned to kiss the porter on both cheeks!

Great preparations were made for the coming of Lisl's folks two months later. Their household goods had preceded them. Paul and Lisl bought them a charming little house in Santa Monica. On the night before their arrival all was in order—furniture installed, a maid engaged, the refrigerator stocked, flowers in the vases. To make things perfect, Lisl decided, this should be a surprise.

From the station next morning Paul had to return to the studio. Lisl drove her parents home. "We didn't want to make plans for you," she chattered, "so we took this place just for a month."

sad gag . . .

So she threw the door open, and there were the chairs and tables and carpets and all the treasured accumulation of a lifetime—and suddenly the gag went sour. Even the professor lost control for a minute or two. As for mother, she dropped into the nearest chair and wept. For two days she wept. Not until Lisl cried in despair, "Let's forget the whole house and move to a hotel," did she succeed in stemming the flood.

Five months ago they took incredulous possession of the Hank Fondas' house in Brentwood. The Fondas were so impatient to sell, and to sell to the Henreids, that they based their terms not on market values but on what the Henreids could afford. There they live —with Lutzi and Willie May and Maxi and Vicki, the new cocker spaniel. Since Lutzi can't possibly learn English, she's set out to teach Willie May German. Willie May, saying *apfelstrudel* in a Texas-Viennese accent, is something to hear. Maxi-the-pooch's cradle stands in the entrance hall, where he can woof-woof whenever the bell rings. Vicki's on the make for him, but he can't be bothered.

Paul's shelves are piled high with books, which some day he hopes to read. Right now the outlook is poor. There's a gate to be mended or the dogs will get in and trample Lutzi's flowers. There's a table to paint or radishes to plant in the Victory garden or grapefruit to be picked before it spoils. If he so much as sits down to read a script, his womenfolk yell blue murder. They're glad to help, though. They stand around and admire him while he works.

After brushing enough hair from his trousers to stuff a sofa, Paul finally won the battle of dogs-in-chairs.

"Oh, let them," pleads Lisl, "it makes them so happy."

"They're just as happy on the floor," says he, settling himself in hairless comfort. 'And *this* dog is much happier when they're there."

She won the battle of breakfast-in-bed. Paul wakes up grouchy. He yearns to rise, shave, shower and breakfast at a table, clothed and in his right mind. Lisl likes breakfast in bed, her husband beside her. She wakes up cheerful, laughs, talks her head off, telephones her friends. He can't stand noise at that hour.

"You have breakfast in bed, Lisl."

"No, it's too lonely—"

So, coffee on chest, he suffers.

Unlike most of us, they don't take this freedom for granted, but savor it gratefully with each new day. Five days after landing, they applied for their first papers. They smile at themselves when they say "we Americans." But you know by the tone they love saying it.

"SLIGHTLY DANGEROUS" STORY

(*Continued from page 43*)

Evans," he said. "That's a pretty name."

"It is not," the girl said. "It's a number in letters. I'm just a cog, a little wheel turning in a larger wheel, and it all comes out in the audit sheets of the Small Change Mart."

"Are you unhappy here, Miss Evans?"

"Unhappy?" Peggy said. "Oh, no. I love it. Coming to my little job every little morning and watching all the little years crawl by while I get a little older little by little."

"Miss Evans!" said Bob Stuart.

grand finale . . .

But she was gone.

All they found the next day was a note and some of her clothes under a pier near the Hudson River. But they never found any trace of Peggy Evans. She was gone, gone completely, and the tides of the Hudson ripped viciously past Poughkeepsie on the way to New York.

The people at Gravet's, New York's most famous beauty salon, never had a customer quite like the girl who walked in one day unannounced. She wanted to be completely done over. She wanted everything new. A new hair style, new clothes, new make-up. She left orders that all her old clothes were to be thrown away or burned. She left no name, no address.

Peggy Evans started on an aimless stroll through the streets of New York. She wandered down one and up another. She eyed the tall buildings, paused at every glistening window, caught a reflection of herself in the glass, smiled and walked on again. Her path led her past the offices of the New York *Star*. On a scaffolding, a little above the entrance, a painter was at work brushing in a new sign over the door. He looked down, saw Peggy and whistled. Peggy looked up, smiling. The painter leaned over a bit, his foot edged against the scaffolding and hit against a large can of paint that stood on the edge. The can spiraled neatly downward pouring out its contents like red rain. It landed with a little blurp on the whistle-provoking figure of Peggy Evans.

* * *

Durstin, the publisher of the New York *Star*, leaned anxiously over Peggy Evans. She was lying comfortably on one of the sofas that dotted his room as oases dot the desert.

"She's coming to," Durstin said. "Get a release ready. Get her to sign it. The Doctor says she's okay. There's nothing wrong with her. Get her to sign before she can sue."

On the sofa, Peggy groaned.

Durstin leaned over her: "It's nothing," he said. "Don't fight it. You'll be all right."

"My dress," Peggy moaned. "It's ruined."

"We'll get you a new one. Just relax," Durstin said.

"My hat—"

"Don't worry about trifles!"

Peggy moaned.

"Look, my dear," Durstin said. "We'll take care of everything. Can we call anybody for you? What's your name?"

"My name?" said Peggy Evans. "My name? It's Peg— No. It's—No—I don't know—I don't know—"

"Your name," said Durstin. "What do they call you. Everybody has one."

"I haven't got one," Peggy said.

"Amnesia!" Durstin groaned. "Amnesia! Everything happens to me."

"I was a good wife... *or was I?*"

YOUNG WIFE REVEALS HOW SHE OVERCAME THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT SPOILS SO MANY MARRIAGES

1. At housekeeping and cooking, yes, I was A-1. And at first, John and I were blissfully happy. But slowly, John grew moody, neglected me. I grew jumpy, tearful.

2. One day, at the movies with my chum, I began to cry, and couldn't stop. She was wonderful! She got me alone, wangled it all out of me, then she opened my eyes. "Most men can't forgive one neglect, darling. A wife can't be careless of feminine hygiene (*intimate personal daintiness*)." Then she explained . . .

3. "Today, many thousands of women use Lysol disinfectant for feminine hygiene. My doctor advises Lysol." And she told how it won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues. "Just follow the easy directions," she advised. "Lysol deodorizes, cleanses thoroughly. No wonder this famous germicide is so widely used!"

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"Amnesia," said Peggy slowly. "Yes."

"Now look," Durstin said. "Don't do anything. Don't see any lawyers. We'll take care of you. We'll find out who you are. Just don't see any lawyers."

* * *

And so Peggy Evans decided to have amnesia. It was quite simple. It was merely a case of remembering not to remember anything. And it was exciting. As Durstin said, it had possibilities; she might be anyone, an heiress, a countess, a jungle princess.

But since she had to be someone, eventually, Peggy Evans did a little research, and she found what she was looking for in an old newspaper dated 1925. It told the story of the kidnapping of Carol Burden, the Millionaire Baby. Peggy read through the accounts avidly. And then one day she wandered into Durstin's office.

"I remember something," she said. "Ba-ba."

"Baba," Durstin said. "What is it?"

"I don't know," Peggy said. "That's all I remember. No, wait—I remember a circus."

"Baba—a circus," Durstin said. "What do you want me to do about it. It sounds like any kid's memory."

"I thought it might be a clue to who I am," Peggy said.

"Baba," said Durstin. He shrugged. He flipped on the inter-office phone. "Hiller, see what we have in the morgue under Baba. That's right. Baba—."

They did have something. Baba was the nurse of young Carol Burden; and Carol had been lost at the circus grounds. Durstin read through the files, growing more and more excited.

"You're the right age," he said. "Baba—circus. It all fits in."

"You know who I am?" Peggy said.

"Carol Burden!" said Durstin.

That was the way Peggy Evans of Hotchkiss Falls became Carol Burden, the millionaire heiress. There was more to it, of course, for Cornelius Burden was a suspicious man, and he tested Peggy. But with luck and a little shrewdness, she convinced everyone that she was, indeed, Carol Burden.

on the trail . . .

Her picture was flashed to every newspaper in the country. Her story was headlined in every sheet. CAROL BURDEN FOUND. And even in Hotchkiss Falls the news seeped through; and young Bob Stuart came on her picture, paused and passed his hands over his eyes. Carol Burden? The girl looked like—Peggy Evans. Bob Stuart stared at the picture and then crossed determinedly to his closet.

He tried to see her at the Burden mansion, but he was thrown out before he had passed the first gateman's house.

The Burden mansion blazed with lights the night that Cornelius Burden gave a party for his new-found daughter. For the first time in many years there was the sound of music through the halls and the ballrooms. And outside in the garden there was the sound of a man climbing over a wall.

"Peggy Evans," Bob Stuart said, grunting. "Peggy Evans, I swear."

Bob Stuart walked through the knots of people that covered the ballroom floor. He smiled and nodded. They nodded back in return; a little puzzled, perhaps, but they nodded. The music picked up once more, and the dance began. Bob threaded his way through the figures deftly. He was looking for one girl in particular. He tapped the padded shoulder of the man who was dancing with her.

"Mind if I cut in?" he said pleasantly. The man turned, bowed.

double crosser . . .

"Hello, Peggy," Bob Stuart said.

Peggy screamed.

Bob turned easily to the others in the ballroom: "She always screams," he said. "It's a habit. Annoying."

Cornelius Burden came hustling toward Peggy. "Carol," he said anxiously. "Are you all right?"

Peggy said faintly: "This man . . . he frightened me . . ."

Burden said harshly: "Get out!"

"Certainly," Bob Stuart said. "I never stay where I'm not wanted. Are you coming, dear?"

"Coming," Peggy said. "Me?"

"Get out of here," said Cornelius Burden.

"Not unless I leave with my wife," said Bob Stuart.

"Your wife!"

"My wife," said Bob pleasantly. "I miss her screaming. It soothes me."

"Carol," Cornelius Burden said heavily, "you didn't tell me you were married . . ."

"Married!" Peggy shouted. "To this—"

Bob smiled pleasantly: "She wouldn't remember." He tapped his head. "Amnesia."

Cornelius Burden shuddered: "It might be true," he said. And then briskly: "Where did all this take place?"

"Hotchkiss Falls," said Bob Stuart, "a hovel on the Hudson."

"Then there's nothing to do," said Cornelius Burden, "except to go up there and clear all this up."

Alone with Cornelius Burden, Peggy said desperately: "You must let me go alone, Father."

"But this man may be an impostor!"

"That's just it. And if he is, I'll be able to trick him into a confession on the way up."

"Well, perhaps—"

"Please."

"You'll be careful."

"Of course, Father."

* * *

The car sped smoothly up the highway that cut through the pleasant Hudson Valley toward Hotchkiss Falls. At the wheel Bob Stuart turned from time to time, looking at the girl who sat next to him in the car.

"Well," he said briskly, "which shall it be? Shall I call you Carol or Peggy?"

"You ought to know," Peggy said demurely. "You're my husband."

"Let's cut out all this stuff," Bob Stuart said. "You've no more got amnesia than my Aunt Sophronia has 18 children. And she's a spinster. I'm talking to Peggy Evans."

"Yes, dear," said Peggy.

"It doesn't mean anything to you that you went off and left everyone thinking you committed suicide—"

"Did they really think that?"

"And I couldn't sleep for two weeks because I thought I drove you to it—"

"Two weeks? Really?"

"And that I lost my job because the district manager said I drove the girls too hard—"

"I'm sorry," Peggy said. "Are you getting unemployment insurance?"

"So I'm taking you back to Hotchkiss Falls. And you're Peggy Evans. And I get my job back—"

"Then the story you told about our marriage was all a lie?"

Bob Stuart looked at her silently for a moment; he whistled softly. "Why, of course not, dear," he said sweetly. "If you're still Carol Burden . . ."

They were still 84 miles from Hotchkiss Falls when they reached Swade's All

Night Restaurant that evening. Bob pulled the car into the driveway and stopped at the door.

"Hungry?" he said amiably to Peggy.

"Oh," said Peggy, "do I get something besides wolf?"

It was quiet and deserted in Swade's. A juke box stood forlornly in one corner. Bob dropped in some coins, and the music jarred out loudly in the silent room. They ordered sandwiches.

"Tired?" Bob said.

"A little."

"You know," Bob said, "we were very happy when we were married. I guess we were the happiest couple in Hotchkiss Falls."

"Were we?"

"We used to dance a lot."

He stood up and held out his arms; the juke box lilted in the room.

"Evidently it was a pleasant marriage," Peggy said.

"Definitely," Bob said.

"Were we very much in love?"

"Terribly," Bob said.

change of tune . . .

They danced out onto the small terrace that flanked the restaurant. And suddenly it was all fun to Peggy. It felt comfortable and natural in Bob Stuart's arms; it felt like home-coming. She laughed freely, throwing back her head gayly.

"I'm having fun," she said.

"It was always fun," Bob said.

And perhaps it was because she was tired; or perhaps it was because the man with her was Bob Stuart. She didn't stop to reason it. But suddenly they weren't dancing any more, and she was waiting for him, for the kiss she knew was coming. She didn't move away. He kissed her lightly, and then as she still stood waiting, he kissed her again.

"You're not faking," he said softly. "You couldn't be faking. You're too honest and decent and sweet. You really are Carol Burden."

She didn't answer him.

He rubbed his hands together nervously. "I'm sorry," he said. "I don't know what got into me. There's no reason why I should have thought you were Peggy Evans. She's not like you at all." He turned and started toward the door. "I'll call your father. He can come and pick you up."

"Bob," she said.

"Yes?"

"I don't want to go back."

"But you must."

"I want to go on to Hotchkiss Falls with you."

"But there's no sense to it any more."

"I'm in love."

"Carol—" he said.

"Peggy! Peggy Evans!"

He wavered.

"I'm Peggy Evans," she said again.

He stood there for a moment, and then he shook his head. He reached for her and took her in his arms. "Peggy—Carol—it doesn't make any difference—I love you—"

Peggy said softly: "I'm glad you came for me, Bob. I couldn't stay there any longer anyway."

"Mr. Burden?" said Bob.

She nodded: "I couldn't lie to him anymore."

"Lie!" said a voice.

They turned.

Cornelius Burden stood at the edge of the terrace. "Lie," he said. "How could you lie to me? I know my own daughter, don't I?"

"But—"

"No buts at all. Maybe you were Peggy Evans. Maybe you were Jane Doe. You're my daughter now. You didn't think I'd let this fool take you to Hotchkiss Falls."

"But I want to go there."

"No daughter of mine goes to holes like Hotchkiss Falls."

"But Bob—" said Peggy.

"And no son-in-law of mine works in a dead beat like that."

Cornelius Burden smiled.

And so with Hotchkiss Falls 84 miles away, a car crept out of Swade's that night. And coming to the end of the driveway it turned right onto the parkway—toward New York City. Of the three people in the car, at least two of them seemed to be in love. And the third—a tall spare man at the wheel—kept his eyes carefully on the road ahead. Still he must have seen other things. For, from time to time, he nodded his head as if in emphatic approval.

CAST

PEGGY EVANS.....*Lana Turner*
BOB STUART.....*Robert Young*
CORNELIUS BURDEN *Walter Brennan*
BABA .....*Dame May Whitty*
DURSTIN .....*Eugene Pallette*
ENGLISH GENTLEMAN *Alan Mowbray*
MRS. ROANOKE-BROOKE *Florence Bates*
MR. QUILL.....*Howard Freeman*
BALDWIN.....*Millard Mitchell*
JIMMY .....*Ward Bond*
MITZI .....*Pamela Blake*
SNODGRASS .....*Ray Collins*
STANHOPE .....*Paul Stanton*

(*Continued on page 90*)

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MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

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SO LONG, JOHNNY

(*Continued from page 47*)

surfboard, so they finally tossed for it. June Havoc complained that she needed strength in her arms, so he toted his dumbbells over and showed her how to use 'em. Scientifically. His steambath went to one of the publicity boys with rheumatics. Got a real bang out of turning his radio combination over to a grip who was crazy for music—used to sit down and talk music every chance he got—there's a guy ought to have a good machine, he'd often thought—there's a guy ought to have my machine, he decided when the time came. Wouldn't take it as a gift, so they haggled about price with the usual roles reversed—buyer bidding up, seller down.

* * *

The bond tour was a whirl of making trains and speeches. No time for laundry, so he'd wash out his shirts . . . sew his own buttons. Old hand at that kind of thing. Used to do it in New York when time was all he had and dough what he had everything but. That was one branch of Army training he wouldn't have to learn.

Janie was a ball of fire and a swell partner. When the bidding fell off, she'd give it the needle. Auction off her earrings. His neckties. Songs by either and/or both.

He'd taken his physical at Phoenix on the way East. No trouble passing that. He'd also snatched a day at home with Mom and Rosie. Funny thing about Rosie. No blood relation—his uncle's sister-in-law—but he felt closer to her than to most of his own kin. Minute he walks in, she starts taking measurements. "I'll keep you in sweaters, John. Pity they have to be khaki. Such an ugly color. Think the general'd let you wear white—maybe just for Sundays?"

Whatever Mom felt, she kept to herself. Not the kind, praise heaven, to pull long faces. They'd had a fine day—good food, good company, good laughs. They both hated weepy farewells. Said good-by as they always said it.

"See you soon, Mom."

"See you soon, Son."

* * *

The physical had been nothing. Over the I.Q. he suffered plenty. Sat down to it scared because he was tired. Left the bond tour in Augusta on Sunday, flew to Los Angeles, caught a nap, flew back to Phoenix and took the written Monday afternoon. Four hours it lasted. When the name of John Howard Payne was called, two hands went up. There was another guy in the group—identical name, identical spelling. They were tagged Payne I and Payne II.

Army procedure notifies you if you flunk. Unless you receive that notification within a specified period, you can take it for granted you've passed. But he couldn't wait. He phoned Phoenix.

"My name's John Howard Payne. Did I pass?"

"Wait a minute. One Payne passed, one didn't. Which are you?"

Was he I or II?

"Age, height and weight," snapped the voice. He could hardly remember those. Time out while they checked, and he sweated.

The voice came back grinning. "You're the one that passed."

* * *

He was inducted, but the studio had him deferred for "Hello, Frisco," Alice Faye's first picture since the birth of Alice, Junior, John's last till the war should be over.

* * *

Dumb thing, going back to that apartment. He hated apartments anyway, cold, soulless places. But he had to live somewhere, and that was the only one he knew. Lived there his first year in Hollywood. Seemed sort of friendly then. He might feel more at home there.

He stuck it out five weeks. Lord, how the place depressed him. Taught him one thing, though. Don't try to recapture the past. The past is dead. The self you were six years ago is dead. You can't revive it. Wouldn't know what to do with it if you could. When he finally closed the door behind him, it was like moving out of a cave.

Plenty of light at the Chateau Marmont. Jack Oakie lived on the floor above. When Jack and Venita split up, Venita's mother came to keep house for Jack. Before he knew it, John was adopted. He hated eating in restaurants. "Move in and have your meals with us," said Evie. Marvelous arrangement. Marvelous woman, Evie. Never bawled them out when they turned up late. He gave her his ration book, loved to watch her face when he produced a hunk of butter for which he'd scoured the neighborhood.

* * *

His other home was with Walter and Fieldsie Lang. Fieldsie had been Carole Lombard's best friend. They were his kind of people. No starch, no fuss, no constraint. Huge living room, inviting your soul to loaf. Huge avocado trees, Walter's pride and joy.

He came and went as he pleased. If Fieldsie was in, so much better. If not, he'd raid the icebox, throw a sandwich together, kill a quart of milk, take a nap in front of the fireplace. Or he'd bring Julie down from Anne's, round the corner, to play with Richard, the Langs' three-year-old. That little roughneck of his had to be watched. Always ready with a wallop. Richard started with three strikes against him, having been taught that he mustn't hit a girl. "Not even Julie?"

Used to barbecue the dinner steaks when you could get steaks to barbecue. Brought his own seasonings along. They'd rib him. Prima donna chef, they called him. Let 'em rib, so long as they let him do the cooking and licked their fingers after it. Cooking, as he'd learned it in his mother's Virginia kitchen, was an art, not to be profaned. Mom sent a ham up once. He'd taken it to Fieldsie's and cooked it himself. Butch Romero came over. And Carmen Miranda with a couple of the boys from her band.

They'd play poker or guggenheim. He couldn't take games seriously. More fun to sneak up on 'em with something phoney—if he couldn't get a D, a B would do—"I pronounce it Bickens. Got a speech impediment." Fieldsie was the one who raked in the cash at poker. Original pokerpuss. Holding nothing, she'd serenely bid 5,000 chips or so. He and Walter, the dopes, fell for it every time.

Fun at the Langs. It was always fun at the Langs. Firelight. Music. Talk. Warm easy friendliness. People who took you as you were. Part of Hollywood, yet apart from it. Walter spending all his spare time on the grounds, raising his precious avocados, building rabbit-hutches. Fieldsie, large-hearted,

tolerant, who'd lost a sister in Carole, but you never heard her whine. Always ready to listen to what the other guy had on his mind, yet never probing.

* * *

Girls. Sure he'd gone out with girls. What was he, a hermit? Sheila Ryan. Jane Russell. June Havoc. Swell kids, all of 'em. He'd known what would happen. No movie guy, unattached, could be seen with the same girl twice and not have the press brothers yelling, when's the wedding? No sense getting sore. News was their racket. Always gave him a start to remember he was news.

Tell 'em the truth, and they wouldn't believe you. Been clipped too often, maybe. The truth could be summed up in two simple sentences. Like any normal guy, he enjoyed feminine society. Since his break-up with Anne, he'd never contemplated marriage.

There'd been a time when he liked to dance. Conceivably, he'd like it again some day. Not now.

* * *

Christmas. He gave Julie a bunch of toys and a little gold locket that would hold two pictures. She was nuts about jewelry. Funny combination. Wild little tomboy, but loved all the feminine frills at two and a half. Lingerie. Perfume. Anne put some water in a perfume bottle for her, but she wasn't having any. "The pretty smell ran away."

Wished Bob Sterling could have seen her that day. Bob had shopped for all his friends' kids before going down to boot camp at Santa Ana. Sent Julie a pair of panties with a flower on 'em. She kept lifting her skirt to show everybody the flower.

Not exactly pretty, his daughter, but she certainly had plenty of flair.

* * *

They made the final recording for "Hello, Frisco" on New Year's Eve. Stage One, where all his recordings had been made for the past three years. Same musicians, same crew—kind of a family feeling about it all. This would be his last recording for a while. He couldn't help being conscious that they were all conscious of it.

They drank a toast to 1943 and victory. Another toast to John. They played "Auld Lang Syne." His throat caught. Hey, Payne, don't make an ass of yourself. He was glad when they eased off the sentiment with "A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight."

* * *

His last week in Hollywood. Bills to pay. Accounts to wind up. Clothes to be stored. Still a few scenes in the picture to finish.

Got a hankering to see his little ranch before he left. Drove out on the Malibu road late one afternoon. He'd scrambled round those hills for a year to find the place he wanted. Knew it the minute he spotted it. Fifteen acres on a knoll 300 feet above the ocean. Big oaks and sycamores. A snug little valley where you could build a corral.

Standing there that afternoon, he dreamed a little. Of the open ranch house he'd build one day. A huge room, with a fireplace to match—a bedroom, bath, workroom. Kitchen detached, and quarters for Jerry. Jerry back, having exchanged his machine-gun for a skillet again. Julie coming out. Teaching her to ride as his dad had taught him.

* * *

June Havoc threw a surprise party. Expecting to take her to a picture, he showed up at her place in slacks and sweater. Thought he was in the wrong house when he walked in and there was the mob. Alice and Oakie. Fieldsie and Walter. All togged out in screwy costumes. Lucky Humberstone in something from "Hello, Frisco," high collar rasping his neck. "Now you know what I've been going through for nine weeks, you so-and-so!"

June had a Superman outfit for him. He kicked, but they made him climb into it. Superjerk, he looked like.

The topper came when Clark showed up. Lieutenant Clark Gable, home on furlough, looking like a million in his uniform, looking—for the first time since Carole died—like a guy who had something to live for.

* * *

Last day on the set. Everybody razzing him, that's the way he liked it. A love scene with Alice—only love scene with Alice in the whole picture—and his salad at lunch had been rubbed in garlic.

"It's murder," she wailed when he put his arms around her.

They kept him late. He was taking Anne out to dinner. He had to go home, shave and change, drive out to Brentwood to pick her up. They tried half a dozen eating places. It got to be a gag. "Sorry, the chef's gone home, the kitchen's closed."

So they wound up at Armstrong & Schroeder's with ham and eggs. That was all right, too.

* * *

Thursday evening at Jack's. They'd been waiting for Alice before sitting down to Evie's good food. Alice had been cute. Living in the valley and gas rationing what it was, she really had

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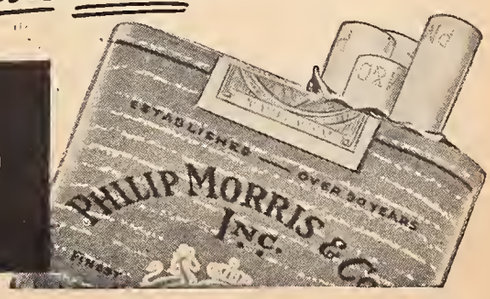

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no right to come to town just for the party. "Tell you what I'll do. I'll do my week-end marketing Thursday instead of Friday, then I won't have to make an extra trip."

So she'd done her marketing, and they were about to sit down when the commotion started. Someone yelled fire! They tore to the window in time to see sparks boring holes through the awning, and the porch furniture beginning to catch. The next half hour was a riot. Racing to the porch with buckets of water and back to the kitchen for Evie to fill 'em again. Seems some cluck on the top floor had dumped oil into the fireplace, sparks flew out the chimney, wind tossed 'em around.

After dinner Charlie Henderson sat down at the piano, and they sang all the songs from "Coney Island" and "Hello, Frisco." Like any high school gang. Hollywood sophisticates, my eye! That was his farewell party, corny and swell. A bunch of people who liked each other, singing round a piano—

Said good-by to the Hendersons and June, Lucky and Alice. Told Walter he'd drop in on Fieldsie next day. She couldn't come, Richard had a cold.

* * *

Spent most of Friday with Julie. Took her down to Fieldsie's with him. Fieldsie made things easy.

"Take care of yourself, slug."

"Yeah. Be sure to write."

"So long, Johnny."

"So long, hon."

Julie piping, "My daddy's going to have a plane." He hoped so. Too old for the combats, but not for the big fellows. Better not count on it, though. He might be washed out. Well, if he was, there was always some other branch.

* * *

He packed that night. None of the usual sling-and-be-hanged. One grip had to hold it all. A suit, shirts, socks, ties, sweaters, underwear, couple of pairs of shoes. All the Army stuff Fieldsie had given him for Christmas—sewing kit, shoeshine kit, shaving kit, comb and file kit, regulation bathrobe.

She'd phoned the day before Christmas. "Will you be over tomorrow?"

"No, I don't think so."

"Then I'm sending your present out to the studio. Ask the prop boy for it."

But the prop boy was gone when he got there. Had to wait till after Christmas to re-discover and bless Fieldsie.

Silver identification tag from Jack. He linked his St. Christopher to it. Address book from Henry Willson. Henry knew his alibis. "Gee, I'd have written, if I'd known the address."

"Brother, this time you're going to know them!" So here was the notebook —names, addresses and phone numbers of all his friends neatly entered.

On top the little silver frame from Julie, holding a picture of the two of them together.

* * *

Saturday morning. Julie's nurse brought her to breakfast. This time he outdid Jerry, let her have all the bacon she could hold.

Good-by to Jack and Evie. Then down to Julie, waiting by the motorbike.

A last hug and kiss. "See you soon, sweetheart."

"See you soon, Daddy."

He waved at the corner. She waved from the nurse's arms.

And that was that.

* * *

And this was Williams Field, looming through the darkness. What he'd been waiting for. So long, Hollywood. Hello, Army. Private Payne reporting!

"SLIGHTLY DANGEROUS" (PRODUCTION)

(*Continued from page 87*)

Sure, that was Lana constructing those banana splits blindfolded. Took lessons an hour a day for one solid month. Coach was Lou Smith, once champion soda jerker, more recently Clark Gable's stand-in, before Mr. G. himself became a stand-in for Uncle Sam. Lana confides the greatest hazard was flipping the cherries through the air so they'd land precisely in the middle of the whipped cream.

First day on the set, Lana found a brand new dressing-room, wrapped in cellophane, tied with blue ribbon, tagged with her name. The room was decorated in shades of blue-grey and cream, and boasted a special built-in radio-phonograph combination complete with a collection of her favorite swing records. Metro takes good care of its darling daughters.

Steve Crane came visiting one day, the first time he'd ever set foot inside the studio. Unhappy timing made him choose the wrong scene to watch. Lana, beautiful in an Irene suit, walks under a ladder the exact moment a bucket of red paint hurtles down from above and makes direct contact with her newly-coiffed noggin. The scene had to be repeated five times before it was okayed, and Lana has laid a trap for the script writer who dreamed up the bit of action. Won't do her a bit of good, though, because he got wise and escaped to the comparative security of the Signal Corps.

Pamela Blake, the sympathetic, blonde chum, found herself in a spot when gas rationing came in. Her Beverly Hills apartment was only 5 miles from M-G-M, but it took three transfers on as many busses to get her to work. If she moved to another apartment, in Hollywood, she was twice as far away but could hop a street car and stay on it all the way to Culver City. Had the whole problem solved for her at a U.S.O. dance, where she met and fell in love with Cadet Michael Stokey of the A.A.F. After their marriage a few weeks later, they moved into a little house near the studio, and Pamela walks to work!

Bob Young gets a physical work-out that makes former pix seem like restful vacations. Little, but muscular, Bobby Blake spent one entire day crushing Young's toes with a hammer.

Two honors came to Lana during production, overwhelming evidence of her popularity with the armed forces everywhere. First was the news that the heated suits Uncle Sam's dare devil fliers wear at high altitudes have been dubbed Lana Turners. "We believe you're beautiful, alluring and the warmest girl in the world," they wrote, "and you go with us on every high flight we make."

Second citation was Lana's 2-to-1 victory over her nearest opponent (Hedy Lamarr) in a popularity poll in which 95,000 service men replied. The letter advising her of her landslide win ended soberly, cryptically, with, "The boys liked Hedy for her face and hair."

MAMATCHKA'S BOY

(*Continued from page 35*)

coy. George waited patiently all morning. He went without luncheon. He waited all afternoon. Finally at dusk, the pigeon (doubtless a little wing-happy by that time) came zooming in for a deadstick landing. A brief flurry of feathers and a yell of sheer delight hereby mark the placing of this chary blonde in George's gunny sack.

bird in the bush . . .

He trudged home in the twilight, smug in the male sense of having done a good day's work. At his prepared pens, he clipped the captured pigeons' wings and installed his birds in their new home. "Now, lay a lot of eggs," he ordered.

The buckskin bird was the last to be clipped, and afterward George held it carefully in a pair of grimy hands, stroking its glossy back. "I'll sure be glad when I have a dozen or so like you," he confided.

He watched that bird as if he had been a Kentucky colonel and the pigeon had been a mare about to present a foal by Man o' War. As the pigeon eggs were hatched, and the fledglings began to look like birds instead of balls of fluff, George checked carefully for signs of incipient blondeness—but none developed. He noticed that his favorite flier was growing serviceable wings again and made a note to clip them.

But when he arrived, after having milked a dozen cows, he found that his pride had taken off on an unauthorized flight. George played hookey from third grade that day, too, and spent the hour in the elevator—all to no avail. The buckskin beauty was there—having returned to familiar surroundings and doubtless an interrupted love affair—but the bird was also wise.

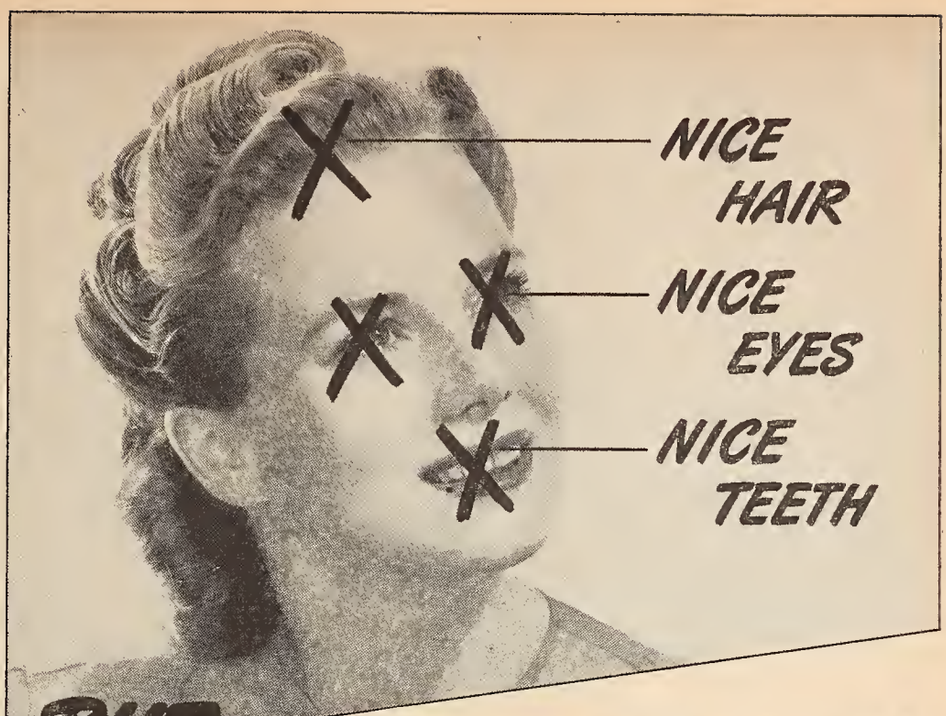
Don't think for a moment, however, that Junior Tycoon Montgomery was going to confine his business ventures to clipping coo-coo-capons. No, indeed! He and Maurice ran a line of traps during the long, bitter Montana winters. They were getting 15c a pelt for muskrats. The price was higher for the occasional coyote or bob cat whose curiosity overcame caution.

In the summer time, George and Maurice used to prowl the huge irrigation channels. When one flume was shut off, and the head of water was diverted to another carrier, the boys went down to the drying ditch bottom and scooped up carp and trout brought down from mountain headwaters.

These, still flopping, were rushed around to housewives—some of whom had placed standing fish orders.

The money was used to buy shoes—which the boys wore out as fast as a ballerina would go through cobwebs—sheepskin coats for winter and blue jeans the year around. During the cold months, the boys also wore thick, knitted wool helmets that left only their eyes, nose and lips uncovered. These had been brought by Father Letz from Russia, and George still has his, folded neatly away with other keepsakes.

It was a good thing that the boys were usually polar-bear warm, because they were held responsible for looking after the cows. One blustery winter night they found that one of the herd had strayed, so Maurice and George set out on horseback to find her. They jogged over snow-clogged meadows until they picked up her trail, but by that time, the sky was a bellows, puffing out moun-



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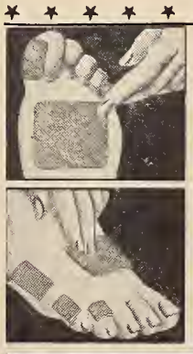

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tains of feathery flakes. The wind lashed out and bore down on them with a scream. Turning around, they headed for home, but after several blinding minutes they realized that it was hopeless.

Nearby there was a deserted cabin, so they urged the horse inside. With some bits of decayed timber they built a small fire, and, with their backs against the horse and their feet toward the fire, they sat the blizzard out. When George was telling the story to a friend, during the filming of "Bomber's Moon," the friend asked, "Did your family send out a searching party? Weren't your parents frantic?"

George shrugged. "Say, in a family as big as ours you learn self-reliance first of all. They just took it for granted that we'd have sense enough to look out for ourselves."

While the kid Montgomery was learning about self-reliance and high finance, he was also learning his first lessons in love. Came now February 14. At school they had a Valentine Box run on the Grab Bag principle; everyone brought a valentine, and then everyone drew one. This democratic principle operated to avoid hurt feelings, but it didn't stop the secret exchange of other missives.

lacy heart . . .

For a week before the 14th, everyone was busy making valentines. They used wall paper, pleated tissue paper, crayola draughtsmanship and cut-out designs to fashion cupids and hearts. George's artistic skill was put to use by his sister and his brother, as well as by several neighborhood children.

When all the greetings were distributed, and everybody had oh-ed and ah-ed over this and that sentiment, lo, George's loot led all the rest, becaused HE had received a CITY valentine! It had real lace around the outside and real printing on the inside. There was an embossed cupid with a golden arrow, and there was an urn, filled with heart-shaped flowers that—lifted by a metal fastener —suddenly became a convex maze of interlocked red tissue paper. George's resistance swooned before such an onslaught of flattery. "Be mine" the valentine begged, and George was more than willing to comply, but the petitioner had neglected to sign her name.

At about this time he changed schools —and heart interests. (Could that, too, have become a Montgomery motif?) This new dilly was his school teacher. For days, George followed her every movement with eyes incredulous before such wonder. Then he noticed that when some member of the class had difficulty with his penmanship, the teacher would seat herself beside the struggling pupil and manipulate a stubborn arm in the intricacies of the Palmer method.

Envy was a taste in George's mouth each time Teacher shared a desk with some boy—whom George must instantly regard as a rival. The first thing he knew, his writing was becoming almost illegible. Teacher sat beside him almost every day and explained the flat wrist theory for free-wheeling penmanship. George inhaled her perfume, felt the warmth of her arm through the thin sleeve and stared at her soft hair.

One day the teacher turned in time to meet his eyes. "Oh, George, I don't think you're paying the least attention to me," she said in exasperation. As she walked away he noted with satisfaction that a film of pink was spreading upward from the modest v of her blouse to the roots of her hair.

It was about this time that George had his first theatrical experience. In the town lived a penurious old man who owned a building that had been used from time to time as an auditorium. George, during the summer, lined up the "Miser," as the children called him, as a carp customer. Whenever he brought over a basket of fish, he and The Miser dickered over price and The Miser always got the better of the deal because George was working up to something bigger. He wanted to rent that auditorium.

It took some time and some maneuvering, but finally the great day arrived, and the burlap curtain parted on the greatest pre-Major Bowes program in history. Prepare for a shock: George was *not* the star. He was: 1, the artist who painted the posters; 2, the box office entrepreneur; and 3, the boy to whom belonged half the total proceeds.

His next dealing with drama took place when George was in high school. They were holding tryouts for the senior play, so George thought he'd take a chance. He had nothing to do just at the moment, so he read lines for the dramatic coach. George doesn't remember what the play was, but—in view of meat rationing—he only wishes he had that performance around now. No matter how thin you sliced the ham, it would still provide many good meals.

As George retreated from the stage, the coach rubbed a rueful chin. "You are more the athletic type, George."

So George went out for track. He had played end on the football team all fall, but he needed something to gainfully employ that heady spring rush of power. He hurled the discus with moderate success, but when he met up with the javelin, he began to wonder if he hadn't been born just a few thousand years too late.

In the big meet of the season, he won a medal by the simple expedient of hurling the javelin 170 feet.

George brought the medal home to his mother. "Very pretty," she said. Then sternly, "What have you done with that new bar of soap?"

"What soap?" said George.

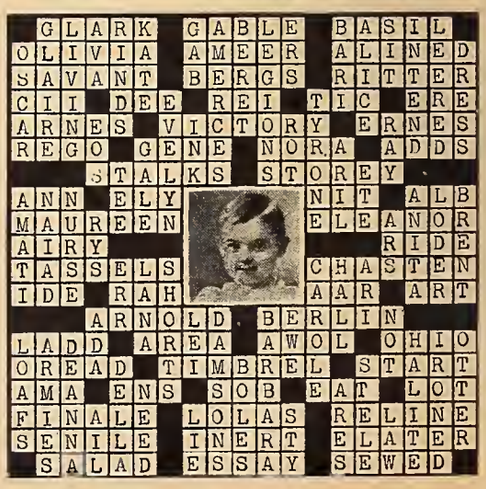
Hands on hips, she scowled up at him, for all the world like a toy Shepherd barking at a Great Dane.

"Oh—THAT soap," said George.

"Same thing. Same thing ever since you were a tiny boy. I buy soap, soap, soap. Then I turn my back. When I look around—what do I have? I have a white horse. I have a white dog. I have a white rabbit. I have a white cow, white goose, white cat. George Montgomery Letz, the next time I catch you carving up my soap . . ."

"Look, Mamatchka—isn't it a pretty medal? I won it in school! Will you keep it in some safe place for me?"

Solution To Puzzle on Page 8



She began to smile, slowly. "Yes . . . and remember, in future, you are a medal-winner, NOT a soap-carver!"

After having snagged his high school sheepskin with honors—and having been elected to the National High School Honor Society—Mr. Montgomery enrolled in the University of Montana's School of Forestry.

To finance his woodsy education, George took a flock of jobs. He created a series of posters for the Red Cross drive and was paid grateful money for them. He also worked in one spot as a hamburger hander-outer, and in another as a dishwasher.

In the meantime, in-between-time he managed to socko himself into the intercollegiate heavyweight championship of Washington, Oregon, Idaho and Montana, but one year of that was enough. He caught sight, one day, of a retired pugilistic gentleman with vegetarian ears and teeth so chipped that they looked like stalactites in the Carlsbad Caverns.

happy cabbage . . .

A year of university was all that George could endure because he began to think of the time as being wasted. He wanted to get back to the good old trapping, fishing, pigeon-raising economic days when he was taking in a lot more happy cabbage.

So George got a job with the WPA. He worked 40 days and saved $90; if he lived on wild roots and boiled field daisies during that time, he has never admitted it. All he cared about was getting to Los Angeles to visit his brother, Michael. And getting some sort of job.

Michael knew a friend who had a friend who hired George as a bartender for the Club Troika, a short-lived Muscovite cafe on Sunset Boulevard. George knew just about as much about bartending as he knew about tatting—it begins by shuttling back and forth rapidly and ends in a loopo. He confided to Michael, "I thought a zombie was a Haitian ghost, a Sidecar was half of a motorcycle, Tom Collins was a man's name, and Manhattan was a nickname for New York."

So he bought a book and memorized dozens of recipes—none of which he has ever tried personally from that day to this. When someone sprung a newie on him, he leaned over and pretended to be performing some very important bit of bartending while he looked up the formula in his drink manual.

ridin' the range . . .

Despite his heroic efforts to gin friends and saturate people, the Troika closed. During its brief run, some of the waitresses had asked George why he wasn't in pictures, so he decided to look into the matter—only because he needed a job. Being a direct sort of soul he went through none of the complicated didos that newcomers usually try.

He simply went out to M-G-M and told them he could ride, rope steers, catch a greased pig (he had done it at the Fairs hundreds of times) and otherwise make himself useful on a picture lot. They suggested that he go out to Republic, which produced hoss operas.

The next thing George knew, he was stashed away behind a black mask, taking the bumps for the Lone Ranger. Did the Lone Ranger leap from horse to horse in the script? Let George do it. Did the Lone Ranger, astride his horse, leap from a 50 ft. cliff? Let George do it. Sometimes the Lone Ranger was supposed to speak a line during a particularly arduous task, so they let George do that, too, rather than go to the trouble of dubbing in the Lone Ranger voice when shooting was over.

I *felt* his stare . . . and felt like screaming

Is Poor Complexion Robbing You of Romance?

• It's awful to feel ashamed of rough, blemished or "broken out" skin. *Do* something about it! Take a tip from nurses and try Noxzema.

Nurses were among the first to discover how effective Noxzema is as a complexion aid. That's because it's *not just a cosmetic cream.* It's a *medicated formula* that does 2 important things: 1—helps smooth and soften rough, dry skin. 2—*helps heal externally-caused skin blemishes.* And it has a mildly astringent action.

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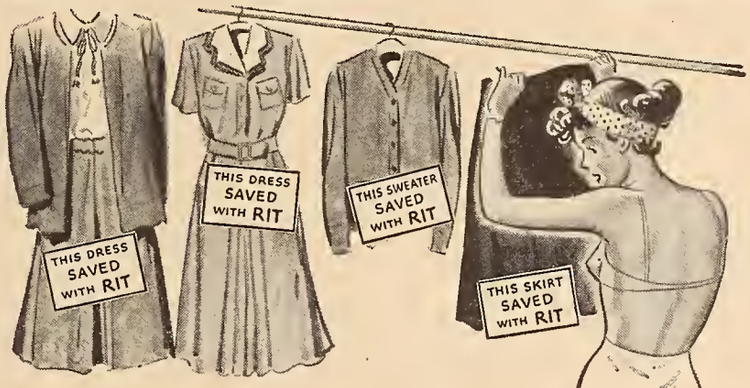

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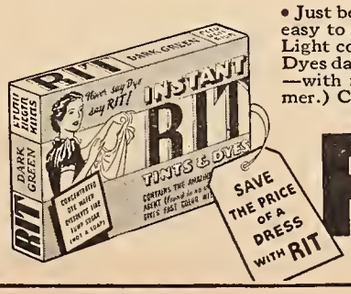

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Away up north in Montana, Mamatchka and Papatchka drove in to town for supplies one Saturday night. The groceries and farm implements purchased and packed in the car, they decided to see a movie. The story, though confusing, dealt with the exploits of a superhuman in a black mask. Just before one of his hairbreadth escapes, the character called out a line.

A small, frantic woman in the audience leapt to her feet. "George!" she cried. "That's my George."

During this period, George also appeared in a Garbo picture although you would never have recognized him. He was decked out as a Cossack with a bearskin hat, a bearskin mustache, beard and wig, and one of those cartridge-bazoomed coats with turned-back sleeves. All he had to do was to plant one foot on the back of one huge white horse, plant the other foot on a second white horse and (keeping body and soul together) drive this team *up a flight of marble stairs.*

If he thought this was going to be the pinnacle of his movie experience, Georgie-Porgie was mistaken. His next astounding costume was awarded to him for "The Cowboy and the Blonde," a leopard skin sarong. And then, gradually reducing his costume to infinity, Director Ray McCarey ordered George to allow the make-up man to shave the Montgomery chest for a pick and shovel scene in "Accent on Love."

By this time, however, 20th Century had decided that Montgomery was the stuff, and he made in rapid succession "Last Of The Duanes," "Riders Of The Purple Sage," "Cadet Girl," "Roxie Hart," "Ten Gentlemen From West Point," "Coney Island," "China Girl" and finally "Bomber's Moon" with Annabella.

And now comes the $64 question: How much different is the motion-picture star, the successful young-man-about-town George Montgomery, from two-fisted, dollar-wise, serious-minded George Letz of Montana?

George has handled his motion picture income carefully enough to enable him to buy a ranch in Montana. He told a studio friend, "I know to the decimal point just exactly how much ground I bought: 5,383.64 acres. The place has one magnificent barn and two smaller barns. The house isn't much—it will have to be torn down some day. But I have plans already drawn up for a ranch house that will be out of this world."

In addition to the 5000 acres, he leased an adjacent 4000 acres, and he is planning to run 1000 head of cattle. He's going to plant alfalfa enough to take care of the stock needs during the winter, and he's also going to raise potatoes because: 1, that's what the government has requested; and 2, it's a good paying crop.

George's brother is running the place, as—by the time you read this—George will be in the Army, which is exactly where he wants to be. He's going in as a buck private, "to learn the ropes, but I won't stay that way long. I'm going to work; I'm going to find something useful to do."

While George was living in Hollywood, he and his parents and his sister occupied a house that George had bought against the advice of practically everyone he knew except his immediate family. "You'll want to live in Bel Air," he was told. "And in the summer you'll want to live at one of the beach colonies. What you should do is rent a place. Then you can move whenever you want to."

home and hearth . . .

George shook his head. "Rent money is just money thrown away," he insisted sagely. "I'll buy. That way, I have an investment." It turned out he was right.

He has now sold this house to Lynn Bari and moved his parents back to Montana where they will be near one of George's married sisters. He's arranged it so that Lynn's monthly payments will entirely cover the needs of Mamatchka and Papatchka while George is in the Army.

Each Sunday, while George's parents were living in Hollywood, he arose early and drove them to church. Sometimes he attended services with them, but usually he returned to the house and worked in the garden until time to pick them up. Quite often, George would have a luncheon engagement, but he always managed to excuse himself from the Sunday afternoon party long enough to go home, collect Mr. and Mrs. Letz and take them to a movie. When the picture was over, they would telephone George and he would call for them.

The girl whom George will some day marry may expect just such a high order of devotion, but she will have to be plenty of woman herself. George doesn't care whether she's tall or short, blonde or brunette. But she should have a terrific sense of humor and a lead toward laughter; George feels that he's inclined to be solemn, so he needs a leavening influence.

She should like outdoors life; she shouldn't flinch from a fishing worm, nor jump at the discharge of a gun. She shouldn't mind living for months on a huge ranch, yet she should be able to walk into the Copacabana in Rio with perfect assurance.

Because George has his plans made for a long time ahead. He wants to come back from service and run his ranch; he'd like to fly down to Hollywood to make one or two pictures a year. Then, between pictures, if the notion struck him he'd like to make flying trips to different global spots about which he has read. And he wants a wife who will fit into that rather hectic, but clearly fascinating, plan.

As for the present? Let us quote Mr. Montgomery's recent remark to his agent, in regard to the Army, "Everything is swell. I'll get along okay in the Army because I'll be drawing about fifty bucks a month, and *I can save money on that.*"

QUIZ CLUES

(*Continued from pg. 73*)

Set 3

1. Forelocked filly
2. Coast Guard
3. Mahogany colored
4. O'S———
5. French
6. No. 1 box office
7. Bogey
8. Quarter century of stardom
9. Veteran
10. Ex-chorine
11. Ex-deb
12. Photo-gorgeous
13. "Dodsworth"
14. My sons! My sons! (4)
15. Prized by Price
16. Gay over Gaylord
17. Judy Gumm
18. Pure 'n' wholesome
19. Navy wife
20. Charles Pratt

(*Answers on pg. 101*)

"TO LADDIE, WITH LOVE"

(*Continued from page 41*)

into some really swell parts.

But it was funny: there wasn't the kick there ought to have been. Something was lacking. Men were leaving the lot and showing up in a week with uniforms. Then they went away, and pretty soon you heard they were in Alaska or England or Iceland or somewhere.

And he never told anybody about looking into almost every service Uncle Sam had, Army, Navy, Marines, Air Corps. But the answer was always the same—Not physically fit. Not acceptable for enlistment at that time. The only way Alan could get in was to wait until the requirements eased up.

And in the meantime every picture he made, it seemed, rubbed it in. There was "Lucky Jordan," the story of a guy who didn't want to be in the Army, as much as Alan did. And Alan wore an Army uniform for costume in that. Then came "China," and it made him a play-acting patriot, pitching against the Japs in the Orient. Everything seemed to gang up to say, "Ladd, you're only acting."

So he waited fretfully for the requirements to relax, and one day, right after "China" was in the can, slipped off and took a voluntary induction. He asked for the Air Corps, and he got it.

time out . . .

Around Paramount they couldn't do enough to say good-by when they heard the news. Alan slipped off to Palm Springs alone with Sue for a few days of sun and solitude. When he came back, his calendar looked like a debutante's coming-out program.

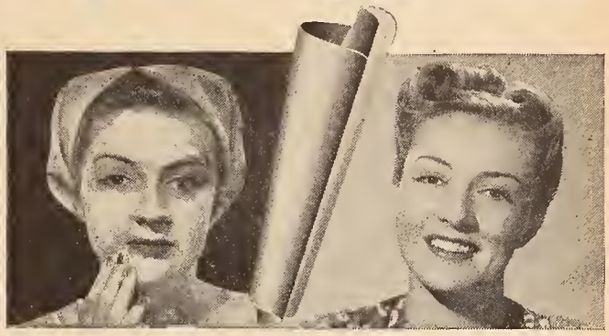
Everybody wanted to give him a dinner or a lunch or a cocktail party or this or that. The whole Hollywood press showed up one day at Paramount and confused Alan so much that he forgot the neat little speech he'd prepared, and all he could do was stutter out, "I want to do a good job." His close friends, the Bill Bendixes, Dave and Alma Shedd, the Dave Clydes and a couple dozen more, kept him running.

Buddy DeSylva, head man at Paramount and Alan's boss, took him aside. "Alan," he said, "you'll never have to worry when you come back. With the start you've got and the talent you've shown, you're in for keeps."

Everybody around the lot was that way—extra swell, it seemed to Alan. That's why his last days there were so tough. He was always having to blow his nose and talk fast so they couldn't see how he felt about it. To ease the good-bys, Alan took a bunch of ties and precious pieces of his civilian wardrobe around to his pals at Paramount, and when he said good-by, he asked them if they could use them. "I got a new wardrobe on order," Alan would crack, and that took the awkwardness out of the good-by business.

It was tougher breaking up his dressing room, with the lamps and furniture, book shelves and gadgets that Sue had dolled it up with for him. His own dressing room had signified Hollywood success to Alan. He hurried through it as fast as he could. Then he made a life mask of his face in case they needed a double for any retakes. He looked longingly over the scripts he was to have done. "Incendiary Blonde," "Sally O'Rourke" and "Minister of Fear" and had a jealous pang or two to think someone else would do them, probably George Raft—and that was funny because when Alan had first come to Paramount, he was always, it

How to help deflake your faded dried-up AGING 'TOP-SKIN'



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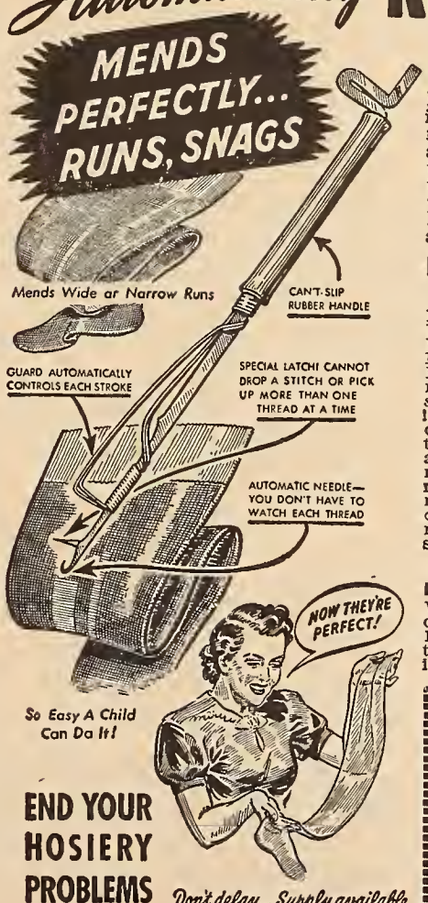

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For relief from "periodic functional distress"

seemed, being put into scripts originally bought for George Raft—and here George might be put into scripts bought for him.

But it was over finally, his studio farewells, and as he rolled out the gate the gateman yelled, "Give 'em Hell, Kid!"

the rains came . . .

It started raining. The rain turned into a downpour, and the flood water poured down the Los Feliz Hills. The basement filled up. A hill caved and avalanched into the back yard. Two nights before Alan left for Ft. MacArthur, he stayed up all night running a water pump and digging trenches to keep the Ladd hillside home from floating away. Then the last night he did the radio show, had a bite and then hit the hay early. The next thing he knew Sue was shaking him. "Everybody's ready except you," she laughed. "And you're the guy who's got a date with the Army."

Alan showed up for his date traveling light. All he carried away from Hollywood was himself, an old $50 suit, a picture of his wife, Sue, a fitted toilet case from his best friend, Bill Bendix, and a gold identification band. Inside it read, "Laddie, God Bless you! All my love. Sue." The number was 39554893.

When he rattled that number off later to a sergeant, the sergeant almost fell over. "You're the first guy I ever met," he marveled, "who ever could remember his identification number. How come?"

"That's easy," Alan grinned. "I got used to calling off my social security number when I was busted."

Alan drove down to Ft. MacArthur, his induction center, with Sue and their close friends, Davy Clyde and his wife, Fay Holden. He made it brief at the gate and walked down hill to the reception center.

"Are you Ladd?" said the sergeant.

Alan said he was.

"You're late!" snapped the sarge. "Fall in!" Alan started to say something back. Because he wasn't late. He'd made certain to be on time. He knew it. "I—" he started, then he caught the tough gleam in the sergeant's eye.

Alan verified this fact further when he started to stamp out his cigarette on the parade grounds. You don't do that in the Army. You open it, scatter the tobacco and roll the paper up into a fine ball which you put in your pocket. You line up for mess, and if it rains—which it did—you still line up and soak up the rain.

Alan had a hunch he'd be in for some sort of hazing, which was okay. He really expected more stand-offishness, though, and resentment because he was a star.

To his surprise, and great relief, Alan was never treated more swell by a gang in his life. Of course, there were gags. For instance, the second night after a hard day, Alan figured he just had time for a quick shave before lights out at 9. All day he'd done a million things, it seemed. He'd had the dread "shots" which keeled a lot of kids over. But they didn't bother Alan, although a hypo needle broke off in his arm. He'd been interviewed and stood in line for this and that, for chow, for a G. I. haircut and later the mental aptitude test. He was dog-tired, and all he could see was two white sheets and a bunk—any bunk, anywhere.

apple-pie order . . .

So he went down to scrape his face and managed to make it back to his bunk with a couple of minutes to spare. He dove in under the pillow—and almost busted his back! The sheet stopped him. His bunk was apple-pied! He was short-sheeted! He knew what had happened at once. Although there wasn't a peep out of the big room. And nobody looked his way.

It meant only one thing. He'd have to perform a miracle and perform it fast. If he didn't get his bed unmade and made up right in two minutes flat, he'd never get it made, because the lights were going off. Besides, Alan knew he was on trial. If he beefed or griped or cussed out the guys, he'd be classified as a spoiled Hollywood softie. The sheets flew, and the blankets billowed. Alan tucked the last one in place just as the barracks plunged into blackness. Then he slipped in the sheets, still not saying a word. That minute the place rang with laughter. Alan's performance, lucky for him, had clicked. "All right, you guys," he yelled in the dark, "I'll get even."

The week Alan went to the Army was the wettest of the year in California. He got wet every day and, of course, hooked himself a lulu of a cold. But he didn't want to admit it because—well—it might shoot him to sick bay and there he'd be—with it all to start over again.

So he toughed it out, but one night when he crawled into bed, he could hardly make it. Anybody could tell he was under the weather, and Alan himself knew he had aches built for a giraffe, and fever. His new buddies came around. Alan's bunk that day was near a night light that glared in his eyes.

"Here!" said a guy he'd barely talked to. "Take my bunk, Kid, and get some rest. That light'll keep you awake."

MODERN SCREEN'S CONTEST WINNERS

CONTEST NO. 1. "The Powers Girl"

First Prize.....Miss Eleanor Hinz, Astoria, L. I.
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Third Prize.....Miss Ruth Splete, Cleveland, Ohio
Fourth Prize.....Mrs. Patrick Hery, Dayton, Ohio
Fifth Prize.....Mrs. R. H. Fletcher, Carrollton, Ga.
Sixth & Seventh Prizes.....Miss June Klipstine, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Edgar Preuss, Mankato, Minn.
Eighth & Ninth Prizes.....Miss Cora Belle Rymer, China Grove, N. C.; Mrs. J. W. Edmundson, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Over 600 other beautiful prizes have been sent to the lucky winners!

CONTEST NO. 2. "Johnny Payne"

First Prize.....Miss E. R. Clark, Philadelphia, Pa.

5,000 second prizes—pictures of John Payne or Alice Faye have been sent to the lucky winners.

Alan shook his head. Some more chorused up with bunk offers. Alan still said no. "Tell the truth, fellows," he confessed, "I couldn't move if I wanted to. I'm bushed."

So there was a consultation, unknown to Alan, who was about out anyway. Next thing he knew, a bunch of huskies were moving him, bed and all, into a dark corner. "Gosh, you're a stubborn guy!" said one. But it touched Alan. And it was that way all the time.

Of course, Alan was super touchy about letting anything look like the slightest favor, simply because he was a celebrity.

He carefully ducked any K P assignment that looked like a soft touch. He drew the warehouse detail which is no pipe, and when he went to the P-X, the only money he flashed was what remained of the five bucks he had taken with him. He bought his own drinks (hot chocolate) and didn't set up the bunch or anything flashy. How could he? All he had left the last day was 50c anyway.

Making a civilian into a soldier, the raw "processing" is always painful to everyone concerned, but it's something that has to be gotten over, like castor oil. To Alan, his week at MacArthur had blessings mixed with the bumps. On the debit side, for the first time in his life he couldn't sleep. Alan has always been able to flop down anywhere and drift off to dreamland without a toss or turn, but at Ft. MacArthur the night lights, the snores, the sleep talkers and unaccustomed bedroom company gave him his first case of insomnia. On the other hand, the Army at last taught him to eat.

slight bite . . .

Since he became a star, Alan Ladd has been living like a bird on practically no food at all, a dismaying fact which his wife, Sue, has tried every way to correct, but in vain. Alan thinks it was because when he used to go hungry in Hollywood he got some kind of a complex about food. For the past year it was all he could do to swallow the stuff. Well, after one day of Army life he lined up in mess hall with soldiers slinging food all around him, shouting hoarsely for this and that and grabbing—not exactly an inviting tea-room atmosphere—but he found himself eating everything in sight! Next morning when usually all Alan can get down is a cup of coffee, he loaded up with eggs, bacon, toast, cinnamon rolls, milk and two kinds of cereal! So he came home on his first leave in the pink —even if it looked for a while as if he'd never make it.

Because on his first trip back to Hollywood about everything went wrong that could go wrong. First of all, there was a wild rumor that leave would be granted one afternoon, so Private Ladd stood in line at the phone booth with a couple hundred other guys—and when he finally got his house number, the line was busy. So he had to stand in line all over again —and the second time it was busy, too! Finally, after a couple of hours, he got his house and—Sue wasn't there!

Then, all set for his first liberty pass, which looks to a rookie something like a million-dollar bill, the sarge announced the passes were all gone. Alan resigned himself to a night in the barracks and slipped into his fatigue clothes. Right after that, the sarge announced there *were* a couple more passes after all. Alan had to dress in five minutes and run all the way to a street car—and when he got on the thing, darned if it didn't run half way up to Hollywood and then start backing back to San Pedro! Anyway, to spare you the suspense, Alan finally arrived in town about 12:30 A.M.

It took a little explaining why he had

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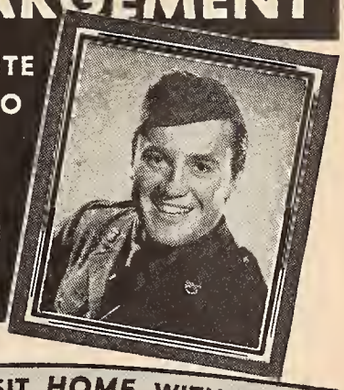

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arrived on leave in the dead of night, but what made Sue want to faint was the news that Alan had to be back again at six o'clock in San Pedro. They stayed up all night talking. Then they called Bill Bendix. Anyway, Alan had only three hours at home on his first leave. But that looked swell to him. And he got a great surprise. It turned out that Bill, his pal, and family had moved in right across the street.

When Alan left, he left with a few natural worries about his family. He leveled off a big Victory Garden Plot in the back so Sue and the baby would be sure to have enough vegetables, and he attended to this and that. But there were a few things he couldn't solve. Who would look after Sue if she got sick? What about the baby when it came? Who'd get the doctor? Who would take Sue to the hospital? What if there'd be an air raid? What would a girl alone in a big house feel like without someone she could depend on within easy reaching distance.

"Leave it to me," said big, bluff Bill Bendix, who incidentally has just won an Academy nomination for his job in "Wake Island." Bill and Alan have been bosom pals since "The Glass Key." But Bill lived clear across town. Alan was still worried. "Okay, okay, I'll move right across the street," Bill promised. Alan thought, of course, he was kidding. He should have known better.

Darned if Bill hadn't moved in right across the street! In fact, he'd bought the house! Done it while Alan was in camp.

Although, grateful as he was, Alan could have bounced a brick off Bill's head that morning as Bendix at the wheel rushed him back to Ft. MacArthur. The big dope ran out of gas halfway there! Luckily Alan got back in the nick of time—a "veteran" now, and in a few days he heard his name boomed out over the mike with his shipping instructions. "Ladd, to Fresno Air base."

Since Alan's been in the Army, he's a changed man. He can make a bed as tight and smooth as a snare drum. He can scrub lovely floors, peel potatoes in artistic style, manipulate the business end of a broom with amazing results, wash clothes without tattle-tale gray, and rise and shine without a grumble anywhere from four A.M. on.

"It's going to be a big help with the baby," sighs Sue. "Now if Laddie could only cook—or at least get handy with a safety pin. But I guess that's one thing the Army doesn't teach 'em!"

10 Years Ago in Modern Screen

April, 1933! U. S. Navy dirigible, Akron, biggest on earth, sank off Barnegat, N. J., during tornado. . . Banks opened doors in first stages of recovery after "crash". . . . 160,000 barrels of beer consumed in New York City in first 24 hours after repeal of Prohibition.

While in MODERN SCREEN, Cary Grant had Hollywood whispering about diamond sparkler gifted to Constance Cummings. . . . Katharine Hepburn was reviving the beret and polo coat fad, while Marlene was launching the trend toward slacks. . . . "My next picture," said Dietrich, "will be my last in America." . . . Claudette Colbert moved into Garbo's house while the latter jaunted over to Sweden to live by herself in a little island house off the Swedish coast. . . . Fans were writing in excitedly to M.S. to ask whether George Raft had ever really been a gangster.

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STANDARD ART STUDIOS
100 East Ohio Street Dept. 1333-E CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

HIGHLIGHTS FOR YOUR HALO

(*Continued from page 68*)

every one of you has her choice of at least four shades that team with your curls as happily as MacDonald teams with Eddy. First you must consider your own natural coloring . . . redhead, brunette, blonde, brownette. Then consider the effect to be produced . . . flashing highlights for your natural color, a warmer reddish tone to be added to it or a cooler, darker sheen. If gray hairs are making a pepper-and-salt appearance, a properly chosen rinse can blend them subtly without "covering" the gray hairs.

Say you're a light blonde like Veronica Lake (nice saying!). If you're that lucky, keep your hair sparkling by regularly using light golden blonde rinse. If you're in the mood for a cooler, darker, silvery sheen, try a gray-blue. Titian blonde rinse gives light hair just a dash of red.

Perhaps your hair is the deep brunette of vivacious Ann Rutherford's. If you prefer a really dark effect, it's produced by a blue-black rinse. You brunettes can emphasize natural reddish highlights with henna rinse. And for the less daring, there's warm chestnut brown to give a slight glow.

Alma Carroll, a new and pretty star, is our model for the typical American type, the brownette. If you're such a one, you'll find that a warm chestnut brown rinse adds a coppery luster to your hair, while auburn gives just a slight warm glow. You can even make your hair a little darker by using blue-black. Redheads are always popular . . . from the flaming Greer Garson tresses to the bright reddish-gold of Lucille Ball. If you belong to the red-headed league, a henna rinse will make your locks even redder. Merely to bring out the natural highlights, auburn is perfect. Or, if you will be contrary and darken your red tresses, blue-black will do the trick.

ways and means

For a blow-by-blow description of how to apply these highlights to your halo, we recommend that you cast your eyes over the directions the manufacturer has thoughtfully provided on the package. You'll find that the whole business is beautifully simple.

First, of course, you'll shampoo your hair thoroughly. Be sure to wash out all traces of suds in clear water, leaving hair clean as a picture passed by the Hays office. Next dissolve the contents of one envelope in a quart of warm water. When rushed for time, you can pour the rinse over your pate in the usual way. But there's a newer method and, if you're an observant lass, you'll notice that it's the method used by professionals in beauty salons. The new idea is to stir the rinse solution with a small hair brush or a wad of cotton and to apply the color-brightening to your hair from the roots, right out to the ends. The longer you continue brushing, the richer the color effect.

curl-cues from Hollywood

Make a habit of swirling one of these inexpensive rinses in your final rinse-water whenever you shampoo your hair. It will aid the health of your tresses by neutralizing any soap-residue. Hollywood beauties have long appreciated the attraction of scintillating, color-sparkling hair. With rinses as easy as A-B-C, you can treat yourself today to Hollywood-bright curls!

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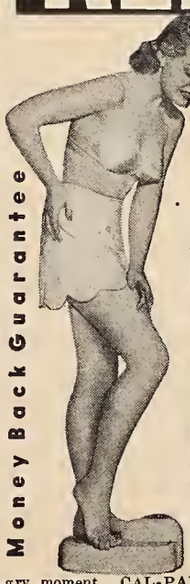

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HAIR-DO BEAUTY AIDS

(*Continued from page 67*)

Now rinse, rinse, rinse thoroughly until there's not a speck of soap-curd in your locks to dim their luster. Be a bright girl and, in your final rinse water, swirl the contents of an envelope of special rinse. La, what highlights you'll be crowned with! For more hints in the hair-glamour division, see "Highlights for Your Halo" on page 68.

oil for troubled waves

The sun shines brightly all the time in California (Bonita is emphatic about this), but cinema belles never suffer from harsh, dry, sunburned ringlets. At the first sign of dry-hair-itis, they pamper their parched locks with an oil treatment. For the benefit of you dry-haired lassies who would be as beauty-wise, here's the method: Preface each shampoo with a hot-oil application (for best results, the night before the sudsing). First brush your tangled locks thoroughly. Then, with cotton or a small brush dipped in warm oil, apply the lubricant to the scalp with a steady scrubbing motion. To simplify matters, part your hair into one-inch square sections and scrub along these parts. Rub oil also into the ends of the hair. Good-by to dry, split ends!

Use some form of heat to intensify the action of the oil . . . hot towels or a sun lamp if you're the fortunate owner of one. Then massage the scalp with your finger tips, kneading and lifting until the entire scalp feels stimulated. In shampooing, first dunk your hair in cold water. Then proceed as per usual, and you'll be surprised how easily the shampoo lathers in spite of the oil.

After every washing, and often in between, spray or smooth on brilliantine —it's perfectly wonderful hair-shining stuff. But if your unruly curls just won't behave or merely to make your locks prettier, you'd do well to investigate the hair-beautifying creams and lotions of a world-famous organization. It was founded by seven sisters, and it's devoted to hair glorifying. Kate Hepburn, for one, swears by their products.

mine's oily

If that's your plaint, and if you would instead have curls as silky textured as Bonita's, learn to use your hairbrush energetically, for brushing is grand at normalizing under or over-active oil glands. But brushing by itself will not do the trick. Not by a long shot. You should invest in a shampoo that has a quieting effect on over-active oil glands. Wash your hair more frequently than your dry-pated sister . . . both to remove excess oil and to keep your tresses spanking clean, for oily locks have a tendency to dull quickly. Between shampoos, you'll find that a lotion with a slightly drying effect is helpful.

doom for dandruff

For dandruff, the remedy is one of those special lotions that help chase it away. And for your washings, use a special dandruff-removing shampoo. There's a dandy one on the market! Apply the special lotion nightly and brush vigorously to remove loose flakes. An average case will clear up in approximately two weeks of regular care.

beau-catchers

Call 'em beau-catchers or lovelocks or what you will . . . curls are pretty essential! Yours may be courtesy of Mother Nature or a permanent-waving

Compare Your Handwriting with

Olivia De Havilland

by Shirley Spencer

The question of whether the graphologist can tell the sex of the writer comes up often. The answer is—it is not possible to be positive about this, all amateurs to the contrary. Why? Simple. Loyalty, sincerity, affection, will power, yes and mentality, too, are applicable to either sex. Right? Of course. Many women have the vitality and driving will that one conventionally thinks belongs to men, while some men have the gentleness we generally attribute to the weaker sex.

Some women's writing is essentially feminine, however, and Olivia de Havilland's writing is this type. There is the daintiness, fastidiousness and gentleness which we generally associate with femininity. Note the light, backhand and gracefully artistic formations. The Greek "e" and "d" are particular signs of culture. Miss de Havilland is shy and diffident about expressing her innermost thoughts and feelings. She is not lacking in determination, however, for note that stroke across the "H." The base line is firm, too. She is persistent, consistent and quietly effective.

The capital "O" is rather involved, which shows that she is definitely an introvert, as does that last in-curve on the "d."

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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

few weeks. Er . . . I bid $15. . . ."

* * *

Marcy Maguire, red-headed hoyden of 17, while visiting the RKO set for "The Sky's the Limit," cast an envious eye upon Joan Leslie. "Look at her," she ordered the ogle-eyed world. "Joan's only six months older than I am, yet think what she has accomplished. She's dancing with Fred Astaire, and she's wearing beautiful clothes. She's poised and pretty and everything. Gosh, look at me: I still have my baby fat. I'm freckled and juvenile . . . and just a kid. It beats me, how two people the same age can be so much younger than each other, if you know what I mean!"

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Its spring-teeth lock every hair in a jiffy . . . your hair-do *can't* come down because GRIP-TUTH *can't* fall out! That's why this *modern* hairtainer is real "coiffure insurance", especially if you're war-busy and must put hair up *swiftly*, keep it up *safely*. Card of two (or one extra-length) 25c at beauty salons, chain and department stores, everywhere.

GRIP-TUTH: Diadem, Inc., Leominster, Mass., Dept. D-1

Nu-Hesive Surgical Dressings, by our affiliated company, are one of our contributions to National Defense

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This ad entitles you to a Beautiful Enlargement mounted in a De Luxe Studio Folder—both free. Just send this ad with photo. Enclose only 10c for mailing. Canada also. One Oil Tinted sent C.O.D. for only 38c plus postage. Negs. 39c. New York Art Service, 200 West 72nd St., N. Y. C.

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Don't allow Hospitalization expense to ruin your life savings. Insure NOW...BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! In case of unexpected sickness or accident you may go to any Hospital in the U. S. or Canada, under any Doctor's care. Your expenses will be paid in strict accordance with Policy provisions. Individual or entire family eligible (to age 70). No agent will call.

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Hospital Expenses for Sickness or Accident up to **$540.00**

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Loss of Time from Work up to **$300.00**

Loss of Life **$1000.00**

War Coverage ...And other valuable benefits.

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NORTH AMERICAN MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.
Dept. MM3-5, Wilmington, Del.

Please send me, without obligation, details about your "3c A Day Hospitalization Insurance Plan".

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Address----------

City----------State----------

Linda Darnell, glamorous 20th Century-Fox star in "Loves of Edgar Allen Poe," uses GLOVER'S.

HOLLYWOOD teaches you to look lovelier with GLOVER'S famous MEDICINAL treatment, with massage, for Dandruff, Itchy Scalp and excessive Falling Hair. You'll *feel* the exhilarating effect, *instantly!* Ask for GLOVER'S at any Drug Store.

Send today for this Complete Trial Application of GLOVER'S famous Mange Medicine and the new GLO-VER Beauty Soap Shampoo, in hermetically-sealed bottles. Test the Glover's Medicinal Treatment, yourself! Complete instructions and booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair," included FREE! Send the Coupon today!

GLOVER'S, with massage, for DANDRUFF, ITCHY SCALP and Excessive FALLING HAIR

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — Replacement or Refund of Money if Defective or Not as Advertised Therein

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GLOVER'S, 101 W. 31st St., Dept. 855, New York City
Send Trial Package, Glover's Mange Medicine and GLO-VER SHAMPOO, in hermetically-sealed bottles, and informative booklet. I enclose 25c.
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Address.....

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Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Course equivalent to resident school work—prepares for college entrance exams. Standard H.S. texts supplied. Diploma. Credit for H. S. subjects already completed. Single subjects if desired. High school education is very important for advancement in business and industry and socially. Don't be handicapped all your life. Be a High School graduate. Start your training now. Free Bulletin on request. No obligation.
American School, Dept. H514, Drexel at 58th, Chicago

'RIGHT-O'

Take a bow, Miss Britain! This "English Tint" you have settled on after three years of war to our one—which I have reproduced for my patrons is *just* the right rouge, I *must* say. Try it girls, it's definitely

BEST FOR WAR TIME

gives you such an alert look in uniform or street dress. Ask for Princess Pat English Tint Rouge, English Tint Lipstick or English Tint Liquid Liptone (the new absolutely smearproof liquid lipstick).

Ask At Any Store for:

ENGLISH TINT Rouge and Lip Color

Exclusively

or, send 2 dimes for samples of Rouge and Lipstick to:

PRINCESS PAT
2709 S. Wells St., Dept. 104, Chicago, Ill.

HAIR-DO BEAUTY AIDS

(*Continued from page 67*)

Now rinse, rinse, rinse thoroughly until there's not a speck of soap-curd in your locks to dim their luster. Be a bright girl and, in your final rinse water, swirl the contents of an envelope of special rinse. La, what highlights you'll be crowned with! For more hints in the hair-glamour division, see "Highlights for Your Halo" on page 68.

oil for troubled waves

The sun shines brightly all the time in California (Bonita is emphatic about this), but cinema belles never suffer from harsh, dry, sunburned ringlets. At the first sign of dry-hair-itis, they pamper their parched locks with an oil treatment. For the benefit of you dry-haired lassies who would be as beauty-wise, here's the method: Preface each shampoo with a hot-oil application (for best results, the night before the sudsing). First brush your tangled locks thoroughly. Then, with cotton or a small brush dipped in warm oil, apply the lubricant to the scalp with a steady scrubbing motion. To simplify matters, part your hair into one-inch square sections and scrub along these parts. Rub oil also into the ends of the hair. Good-by to dry, split ends!

Use some form of heat to intensify the action of the oil . . . hot towels or a sun lamp if you're the fortunate owner of one. Then massage the scalp with your finger tips, kneading and lifting until the entire scalp feels stimulated. In shampooing, first dunk your hair in cold water. Then proceed as per usual, and you'll be surprised how easily the shampoo lathers in spite of the oil.

After every washing, and often in between, spray or smooth on brilliantine—it's perfectly wonderful hair-shining stuff. But if your unruly curls just won't behave or merely to make your locks prettier, you'd do well to investigate the hair-beautifying creams and lotions [illegible] world-famous organization. It [illegible] founded by seven sisters, and it's d[illegible] to hair glorifying. Kate Hepbu[illegible] one, swears by their products.

mine's oily

If that's your plaint, and if you [illegible] instead have curls as silky tex[illegible] Bonita's, learn to use your h[illegible] energetically, for brushing is [illegible] normalizing under or over-a[illegible] glands. But brushing by itself [illegible] do the trick. Not by a long sh[illegible] should invest in a shampoo tha[illegible] quieting effect on over-active oil glands. Wash your hair more frequently than your dry-pated sister . . . both to remove excess oil and to keep your tresses spanking clean, for oily locks have a tendency to dull quickly. Between shampoos, you'll find that a lotion with a slightly drying effect is helpful.

doom for dandruff

For dandruff, the remedy is one of those special lotions that help chase it away. And for your washings, use a special dandruff-removing shampoo. There's a dandy one on the market! Apply the special lotion nightly and brush vigorously to remove loose flakes. An average case will clear up in approximately two weeks of regular care.

beau-catchers

Call 'em beau-catchers or lovelocks or what you will . . . curls are pretty essential! Yours may be courtesy of Mother Nature or a permanent-wavi[illegible]

Compare Your Handwriting with

Olivia de Havilland

by Shirley Spencer

The question of whether the graphologist can tell the sex of the [illegible] comes up often. The answer is—it is not possible to be positive abou[illegible] all amateurs to the contrary. Why? Simple. Loyalty, sincerity, [illegible] tion, will power, yes and mentality, too, are applicable to eit[illegible] Right? Of course. Many women have the vitality and driving [illegible] one conventionally thinks belongs to men, while some men [illegible] gentleness we generally attribute to the weaker sex.

Some women's writing is essentially feminine, however, [illegible] Havilland's writing is this type. There is the daintiness [illegible] and gentleness which we generally associate with femin[illegible] light, backhand and gracefully artistic formations. Th[illegible] "d" are particular signs of culture. Miss de Havillan[illegible] about expressing her innermost thoughts and feelin[illegible] in determination, however, for note that stroke ac[illegible] line is firm, too. She is persistent, consistent a[illegible]

The capital "O" is rather involved, which [illegible] an introvert, as does that last in-curve on [illegible]

[illegible]oo.
[illegible]ting!
[illegible]MIF-
[illegible]al rub-
[illegible] substitute!
[illegible]er, Wintergreen
[illegible]FLIN
[illegible]PYL ALCOHOL
[illegible]NG COMPOUND
[illegible]ARTMENT and 5 & 10c STORES

TEETHING PAINS RELIEVED QUICKLY

WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved promptly.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

Buy it from your druggist today

DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION

Just rub it on the gums

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Is Your Skin Older Than You Are?

Do wrinkles, scrawny neck, crows' feet or baggy eyes make you look old prematurely—rob you of popularity? Use PERMA YOUTHSKIN. Contains real TURTLE OIL, recognized by many doctors as an excellent skin rejuvenant. Guaranteed effective or money back. Liberal supply with full directions, only $1.25 postpaid. (Postage extra if C.O.D.) PERMA, 184 Utica Ave., Dept. MM-5, Brooklyn, N.Y.

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EYELASHGRO

Help beautify your eyes—the reflection of your personality. Now it's easy—thanks to the quick EYELASHGRO method. Watch your eyelashes grow silkier, softer, more appealing. Just rub a little on the eyelids before going to bed. The formula of a successful chemist. Prepared and sold only by us. Get the genuine. Ten months' supply, including full directions, only $1.00 postpaid or C.O.D., plus postage. Money-back guarantee. PERMA, 184 Utica Ave., Dept. MMA-5, Brooklyn, N. Y.

ALMOST LIKE A MIRACLE

—is what women of society, stage, screen, office, and home say about *FaSet*, the new tissue form. You too will be enchanted with the firm beauty it will give to your face and neck. *FaSet* lifts, helps strengthen muscle tissues, remove double chin and heavy face lines. Soft, porous, washable, delightfully comfortable to wear during sleep or leisure hours. Adjustable, on and off in a moment.

Not sold by stores—Obtainable only direct. Send check or M. O. or *pay postman* $1.50 plus small postage. (Plain pkg.) *FaSET* CO., DEPT. S-9, ROCKVILLE CENTRE, L. I., N. Y.

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Follow Noted Ohio Doctor's Advice To Relieve CONSTIPATION!

If liver bile doesn't flow freely *every day* into your intestines—constipation with its headaches and that "half-alive" feeling often result. So pep up your liver bile secretion and see how much better you should feel! Just try Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets used so successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards for his patients with constipation and sluggish liver bile.

Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable*, are wonderful! They not only stimulate bile flow to help digest fatty foods but also help elimination. Get a box TODAY. Follow label directions.

GOOD NEWS (Continued)

few weeks. Er . . . I bid $15. . . ."

* * *

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YOUR HOSPITAL AND DOCTOR BILLS PAID!

SICKNESS or ACCIDENT

Don't allow Hospitalization expense to ruin your life savings. Insure NOW...BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! In case of unexpected sickness or accident you may go to any Hospital in the U. S. or Canada, under any Doctor's care. Your expenses will be paid in strict accordance with Policy provisions. Individual or entire family eligible (to age 70). No agent will call.

POLICY PAYS

Hospital Expenses for Sickness or Accident up to **$540.00**

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War Coverage ...And other valuable benefits.

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Please send me, without obligation, details about your "3c A Day Hospitalization Insurance Plan".

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

CARE FOR YOUR
WOOLENS WITH NONSPI

Protect your irreplaceable dresses and coats against underarm "perspiration rot"

NONSPI is safe, effective... checks flow of perspiration 1 to 3 days WITHOUT INJURING underarm skin tissue.

NONSPI is a clear, clean liquid. Easy and comfortable to apply, it has a *"Gentle* Astringent Action".

NONSPI is certified FABRIC-SAFE by this recognized authority: *"Analysis of NONSPI and applied tests of its use has been completed by the Bureau. No damage can be done to the 'textile' if the user follows your instructions."

(Signed) E. D. Monroe
Chemist

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Buy NONSPI at your favorite drug or department store

NONSPI
A SKIN-SAFE, FABRIC-SAFE DEODORANT AND ANTI-PERSPIRANT

EASY WAY....
Tints Hair
Black, Brown, Auburn or Blonde

This remarkable CAKE discovery, TINTZ Hair Tinting Shampoo, washes out dirt, loose dandruff, grease, as it safely gives hair a real smooth natural appearing tint that fairly glows with life and lustre. Don't put up with faded, dull, burnt, off-color hair a minute longer, for TINTZ Cake works gradual... each shampoo leaves your hair more colorful, lovelier, softer, easier to manage. No dyed look. Won't hurt permanents. Get today in Black, Light, Medium and Dark Brown, Auburn or Blonde. 50c, 2 for $1.00.

TINTZ AS IT WASHES

SEND NO MONEY Just pay postman plus postage on our positive assurance of satisfaction in 7 days or your money back. (We pay postage if remittance comes with the order). Don't wait – get TINTZ today.
TINTZ COMPANY, Dept. 3-P, 215 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.
ALSO ON SALE AT WALGREEN'S AND LEADING DEPARTMENT, DRUG AND 10c STORES

smells as good as fresh gingerbread, hot spiced peaches and roast turkey. It is a delicious spread titled "Heaven Can Wait."

In one sequence (laid in 1887) Signe Hasso—the beautiful Swede—has a long talk with Dickie Jones. Signe is a French governess (it took her 3 days' coaching time to achieve a French accent in lieu of her normal Norse inflections), and Dickie is the son of the family by whom she is employed.

Dickie confesses that he has a secret "that would rock this town to the foundations." It seems that he has KISSED a girl, and believes that—in atoning for such a sin—he has to marry the girl.

Signe is somewhat puzzled by this rigid code. "In France," she explains, "we think of a kiss as a sweet—a bit of candy. Simply something pleasant to be enjoyed for the moment."

Dickie is shaken to the core by such free thinking. "If that is the attitude in 1887," he breathes in awe, "what will things be like in 1890!"

* * *

The whole town is talking about the glorious color stills that photographer Bob Coburn took during the production of "For Whom The Bell Tolls." Not content with catching some of the most beautiful scenes ever recorded on plates, Bob also got some extremely funny sequences.

For instance, the famed sleeping bag episodes were filmed with one eye on love and one on a Hays office. As they will be screened, they unfold a romantic interlude between Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman unequaled since the Garbo-John Gilbert days.

But Bob Coburn's impish camera took in more space than the motion picture frame. The story his plates tell is this: When Gary Cooper first slid into the sleeping bag, it was found that the long Cooper legs simply couldn't be folded into the cramped quarters, so the bottom of the sleeping bag was cut out. Then Mr. Cooper was inserted. This caused the top of the dream sack to fit snugly around Gary's shoulders, but his legs—out of camera view—protruded about a foot beyond the bag.

* * *

Speaking of stills, Bob Coburn has some tips for you girls who are having portraits made to be pinned over some khaki kid's bunk. Don't, warns Bob, have your hair washed and set and then have your picture made immediately afterward. Wait several days until the natural oil has returned to your hair so that your wave will pick up high lights. Don't wear powder base or powder; both hide the natural oils of your skin, spoiling that peach bloom look. Do make up your eyes and eyebrows carefully, and wear heavy lipstick. Be sure to moisten your lips with your tongue just before each pose is snapped.

* * *

James Craig is one of the nicest joes in town, yet somehow he seems to have Lady Bad Luck forever at his elbow, blowing a whistle and calling a penalty. To prove our contention that he's a gentleman of high order, we submit this yarn: Last fall, he was driving from Los Angeles to his old home in Texas. He happened to hit Waco early one Sunday morning. He was low in the mind, tired and hungry, so he stopped at a beanery for some breakfast. On the counter he noticed the Sunday paper already turned to the motion picture section—and there, staring back at him, was a syndicated article about a chap named James Craig.

He read it over carefully, shaking his head with bewilderment. He remembered only vaguely having given the interview, but it was one of the best-written and friendliest articles ever turned out about l'homme Craig. Even before eating the breakfast placed in front of him, Jim went to the telephone booth and called up the writer in Hollywood to thank her for the publicity! That, boys and girls, is gratitude.

As for the bad luck: His career has limped along to date, although those who have seen the rough cut of "The Human Comedy"—William Saroyan's magnificent picture—say that his work will establish him as one of our most brilliant leading men.

* * *

The WPB has finally turned its attention to that national institution, Miss Veronica Lake. It seems that hundreds of lady airplane workers have been copying the "I Wanted Wings" hairdo, thereby running a beautiful risk of getting themselves scalped by moving machinery. The WPB asked Miss Lake to institute a new coiffure—something on the skull cap order, maybe covered by a metal helmet. Miss Lake, who goes around Hollywood in private life wearing her hair braided and fastened close to her head, agreed to create a new hair style in honor of the war effort. We'll keep you posted.

* * *

When Clark Gable was taking tap lessons for his routine in "Idiot's Delight," he skulked from the shadow of one set to the next, being careful to avoid his old pal, Spencer Tracy. Even then, Mr. Gable was repeatedly tripped by the old gag line. Mysterious parcels were delivered anonymously to him; such as an outsize pair of pink satin ballet slippers, a bottle of Absorbine, Jr., a foot tub.

So when Mr. Spencer Tracy had to take waltzing lessons for his assignment in "A Guy Named Joe," he knew that his number was up. The first package arrived at the studio the other day—a classic volume obviously purchased in a rare book shop. Title: "The Art Of Isadora Duncan And You."

You've Done Your Bit—Now Do Your Best!

Sequel:

Frances Farmer is recovering gradually. Miscellaneous victim of the case was blonde, tilt-nosed Virginia Gilmore. When, in her New York newspaper, she read of Miss Farmer's plight and her pitiful question, "Where are my friends now that I need them?" Virginia wired to Frances, in care of the City Hall. Unfortunately, this tele-

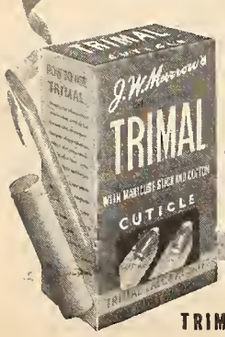
Be Careful!
DON'T CUT CUTICLE!

Remove Cuticle this Simple, Gentle Way with Trimal — the Method Used by Professional Manicurists

NEGLECTED CUTICLE

Complete with Manicure Stick

WRAP cotton around the end of an orangewood stick. Saturate with Trimal and apply to cuticle. *Watch dead cuticle soften.* Wipe it away with a towel. You will be amazed at the results. On sale at drug, department and 10-cent stores.



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AMERICA'S FINEST CUTICLE REMOVER

WELL-MANICURED CUTICLE

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Medicated treatment WORKS WHILE YOU WALK!

"Whittling" at the TOP of a corn may leave the CORE in your toe to act as a focal point for renewed development. Use *medicated* Blue-Jay Corn Plaster instead! It *gets after the core,* helps remove the corn as shown in the diagram.* Works while you walk! Costs so little, only a few cents per corn. At any drug or toilet goods counter.

Home paring or "whittling" corns usually removes only the top, leaves core (A) in toe.

Blue-Jay medication gently *loosens* corn so it may be easily removed.*

**Stubborn cases may require more than one application.*

BLUE JAY CORN PLASTERS
BAUER & BLACK
Division of The Kendall Company
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Weary Feet Perk Up With Ice-Mint Treat

When feet burn, callouses sting and every step is torture, don't just groan and do nothing. Rub on a little Ice-Mint. Frosty white, cream-like, its cooling soothing comfort helps drive the fire and pain right out . . . tired muscles relax in grateful relief. A world of difference in a few minutes. See how Ice-Mint helps soften up corns and callouses too. Get foot happy today, the Ice-Mint way. Your druggist has Ice-Mint.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out about 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. For a free package of Carter's Little Liver Pills, also a free book entitled "How They May Help One Feel Better," address Carter's, Dept. R102, 53 Park Place, New York, N. Y. Or ask your druggist for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

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MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST

Use **DERMOIL**

Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis and Dermoil with amazing, true photographic proof of results sent FREE. Write for it.

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Send 10c (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. Write today for your test bottle. Give Druggist's name and address. Print name plainly. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 547, Northwestern Station, Dept. 4309, Detroit, Mich.

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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

gram was seen by police reporters who misunderstood Virginia's message, "If there is anything I can do, please let me know," and played it up as a publicity stunt. It really wasn't, as Miss Gilmore would never have dispatched the offer, if she'd known Frances would never get it.

You've Done Your Bit— Now Do Your Best!

Ritz Blitzed

The big story from Hollywood this month is that apparently the last of the doggy days has died. The fact that this is not a glamour war, to be hurrahed to a victory in a few short months, has penetrated deep into the consciousness of the most minor of citizens.

For one thing the studios have been entertaining dozens of veterans from Guadalcanal. These men, some of whom are still swathed in head, or arm or leg bandages, strike the tragic truth home by their quiet, forceful, eager-to-be-amused attitude.

* * *

One fine gesture by a Columbia actress is this: On the Monday that shoe sales were frozen, she received a shipment of six pairs of shoes from New York. She had ordered the kicks two months earlier, so the entire transaction was legit. She wears a 4 quadruple A, so few are the friends who can participate in her generosity, but she announced instantly that she would keep only one pair of shoes, and those of her acquaintance who were caught short and could wear her size, might have the other five. We refrain from mentioning her name to spare her from the howling mob. For months before the freeze order went into effect, it was practically impossible to be served in even such swank shops as Bullock's Wilshire, I. Magnin or Saks because of the crush of Mrs. Johnette Q. Public.

Eleanor Powell, who wears out dozens of pairs of fish-food-thin soled shoes while practicing and perfecting her routines, was left with a very small inventory.

Fred Astaire, on the other hand, wears out very few pairs of shoes and had—luckily and without the vaguest dream of rationing—a small supply. A devoted series of fans, moreover, tore the No. 17 coupon from their books and mailed it to Fred. Whenever possible, he returned said coupon BECAUSE THE DETACHED COUPON IS USELESS: IT CANNOT BE HONORED BY SHOE SHOPS. So, fans, retain your coupons and your books.

You've Done Your Bit— Now Do Your Best!

Taps:

For Woody van Dyke, one of the most beloved of Hollywood personalities.

For Lynne Overman, who succumbed in a Santa Monica hospital following a heart attack. He had just finished "Dixie" at Paramount, where he had long been famous as a wit. Lynne worked with Shirley Temple in one of her early features titled "Baby, Take a Bow." As everyone who has ever appeared with a child prodigy will attest, a character actor hasn't a chance in such a situation. The pretty little moppet gets all the lighting, all the timing, all the breaks. Mr. Overman, on this occasion, looked down on Shirley with his professional sourpuss mask well adjusted. "I'll bet you five dollars," he said nasally, "that you will be out of pictures before I am."

This story went the rounds, gathering side bets on the way.

When Shirley retired from pictures, she paid off—to the intense delight of a grinning Mr. Overman. Show business will be much the poorer without him.

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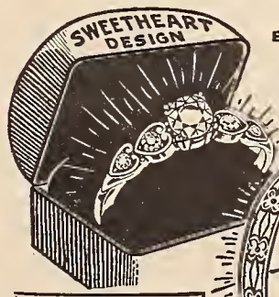

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HER HEART WEARS KHAKI

(*Continued from page 45*)

Did you happen to see it, Ann?"

"Are you kidding?" demanded Annabella's sister-in-law.

Annabella's fascinating golden eyes grew more round than ever. "I keeding? But non! Why do you say eet that way?"

"Do you mean to tell me," Ann Hardenbergh proceeded, "that Ty has never told you about The Power Family and 'Wings Of The Morning'? Fine thing." She launched into the story with zest.

It seems that Tyrone has long made it a point to visit theaters in which foreign pictures are exhibited. He happened to see W.O.T.M. one afternoon when he was "between pictures." He went home and delivered a stirring address to his mother about the acting ability of the girl in the picture; she had such sensitivity! She had such charm! She had the pathos of a Bergner, the gay touch of a Colbert.

After dinner he fetched his mother and his sister willy-nilly to the theater to see this marvel. A day or so later, he suggested that all three of them watch the picture just once more—on the chance that they might discover some new secret of technique.

"By that time," remembered Mrs. Hardenbergh, "if anyone mentioned the word 'Wings' in my presence I was ready to fly into his face."

Shortly after this folding-seat marathon, Mr. Power was cast opposite the object of his eager eyesight when Annabella was brought to this country by 20th to work in "Suez."

Yet, from the day he first met her on the set until Mrs. Hardenbergh told this family secret, Tyrone had never mentioned it to Annabella. You know how men are—they refuse to admit they've been impressed.

at first sight . . .

Yet isn't this a charming thing for Annabella to remember: that her husband looked upon her image and found it fair, long before he met her face to face and was struck by color, fragrance, savoir faire.

And what about "Suez"—their first picture together? What are the things one could remember about it? Their meeting, for one thing.

Both Annabella and Tyrone move—most of the time—as if they'd been shot out of a new cannon. Tyrone, on this particular morning, was going into the make-up department. Annabella, doing a Dagwood, was leaving. Click, click, click; stride, stride, stride—SSSSmash!

Tyrone fell back against the wall,
His head was all awhirl
His eyes and mouth were full of hair,
And his arms were full of girl.

"The young man who has just made such a forcible impression upon you, Annabella," said a wit who had witnessed the collison, "is Mr. Tyrone Power. After that intimate introduction, your love scenes may seem anti-climactic."

They didn't.

However, before the love scenes were shot, Tyrone and Annabella had discovered a second mutual enthusiasm in addition to going through doors like a Notre Dame tackle hitting the U.S.C. line. They found that each loved games of any and all sorts. They began a brain-buster called "What is it?"

First you think of an object; the rest of the contestants ask questions. Is it vegetable? Is it mineral? Is it living? Or dead? Has it figured in the news lately? After 50 or 60 questions, you should be able to guess what the other person has chosen for an object.

Easy, huh? Well, try this one thought up by Tyrone. It is textile; it is white. It figured prominently in the news. It appeared in newsreels. It had to do with a famous man. (At this point someone guessed Gandhi's sarong, but that solution was wrong.)

After two days of steady questioning, Annabella finally thought of the answer: It was the white silk ribbon, cut by the Mayor of New York, when the Washington Bridge was formally opened to traffic!

sentimental journey . . .

But there are other games to remember—with laughter—when Annabella recalls their gay times together. While they were in Italy, they bought a small car and motored from the tip of the boot to the Mediterranean coast of France.

They were enchanted with the odd little villages, the magnificent old churches and the lazy, sunny countryside. Each morning, before they started on the day's journey, they studied the map, struggling to pronounce the liquid Italian names. Some towns through which they were to pass seemed far more exciting than others.

Annabella suggested a game: They were to count the number of towns through which they would pass during that day and divide them equally. If there were 20 towns on the itinerary, each selected ten. Annabella chose her group according to the system you use in a millinery shop or on a racing form: Love at first sight.

Then, as they drove along, they sold one another their towns. Tyrone would say, "The next town on our map is a serene little village nestled among rolling hills. It is noted for the sharpest cheese and the sweetest wine in this county. The river is an added attraction, and the bougainvillea grows wild everywhere. I will sell you this town for 300 points."

When they reached the town, Annabella sampled the cheese and tasted the wine, checked the river and the bougainvillea and decided whether Tyrone had made his 300 points or not. Sometimes she was miserly in her buying habits. "The river is tiny and swampish, and it has an odor," she said. "I have eaten sharper cheese and tasted sweeter wine. You have overrated your town, so I can pay you only 200 points."

"Make it 225. Notice how green the hills are. I forgot to mention that."

"Wee-ll. I will make it 250. Not one point more."

Solemnly, Tyrone would make a note of his points in a notebook.

sold american . . .

After three days of this, Annabella was far ahead. Her towns had proved to be the most dramatic, the most agreeable to her descriptions. She began to feel heady with prophecy. "Perhaps it is second sight. Perhaps I see a correct mirage of the coming town."

Tyrone stared straight ahead at the winding highway, but he made a noise in his throat that observed, "Oh, yeah?"

Annabella went on blissfully, selling him her next town. "Of all the towns, this is the most picturesque," she predicted. "It has a small stone church, and in the courtyard the pigeons coo all day.

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There will be practically no children playing in the road."

She went into detail about her entrancing town. It had a famous spa, she said, and a sacred wood in which miracles had occurred. Oh, it was a TOWN! It would cost Tyrone 500 points.

At about that time, they began to notice a certain acrid tone sharpening the air. The odor grew more persistent as they rounded a wide curve and came in view of the settlement below. It was brown; it was desolate. There were no houses, no small, intriguing shops. It was, in short, a commercial settlement devoted entirely to converting very dead animals into very rich fertilizer.

That broke up the game.

Annabella has never entirely lived it down. Thereafter, when she grew lyrical over some subject, garment, beverage or person that she was trying to "sell" Tyrone, he sometimes lifted an eyebrow at her and queried, "Clarissima?" —the name of that wretched town.

But that isn't the only piquant experience Annabella remembers from those days. There is always *l'affaire lait*, or The Problem Of Milk. Tyrone has always been very fond of dairy products; a tumbler of foaming white completes every meal for him.

Knowing this, Annabella wrote to her French family and asked them to make some sort of arrangements whereby Tyrone could have his glass of milk while he was their guest. It was a request fraught with difficulty.

It seems that milk in France is not the commodity it is in this country. No adult would think of touching the stuff; it is strictly for babes, and then should be imposed only on the young who can not yet protest such questionable food. A person having attained the age of reason drinks what is known as "the wine of the year."

Annabella's father, determined to make the proper impression upon his son-in-law (who must be, after all, a quaint person to drink such a thing as milk), went out into the country and talked to a farmer. It was explained that this milk to be purchased was not for cooking, but for drinking. It could not be the creamless, anemic substance commonly called milk. It must have body; it must have butterfat.

It took a good deal of dignified explaining, and the farmer—shaking his head—agreed to reserve the milk of one particular cow for the visiting son-in-law. Crazy people, these Americans!

wine of the year . . .

Tyrone and Annabella arrived in time for dinner. At Tyrone's place was a glass of golden-white milk, pleasantly chilled. "Ah, milk!" he said, and took an appreciative draught. But——

During that glorious drive up the coast of Italy and to France which lies beyond the Alps, Mr. Power had been introduced to the wine of the year. In each town it was different, as it was compressed from grapes grown only in that vicinity.

So, Tyrone glanced down the long table and noted that each person—himself excepted—had a bottle of the wine of the year at his plate. "Is that . . . ?"

"Yes," Annabella said. "I knew it. I knew it."

For three days, the family dutifully bought the elegant milk ration, but Tyrone neglected it shamefully. He much preferred the wine.

The father of Annabella made an embarrassed trip back to the farmer and explained that he would no longer need the total assistance of the farmer's best cow. The farmer, having had an abashed

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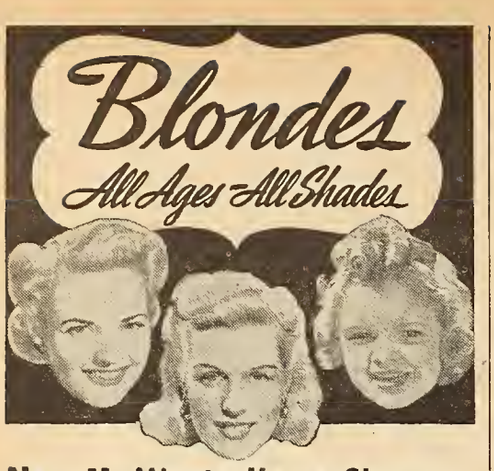

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apology from his ex-customer, simply shrugged. "The American," he agreed, "had probably come to his senses!"

Tyrone had another brush with the Gallic—a circumstance that Annabella recalls with glee.

Tyrone had learned—rapidly and well, but with a super-Power accent—a great deal of French under his wife's tutelage. In Hollywood, they found it pleasant to be able to exchange, swiftly, a few intimate words when they were in a group of other people. In an elevator, it was great fun for Annabella to say in French, "The hat of the lady next to me is very chic." And Tyrone could answer in code, "I could whip up a little number like that with six scrambled eggs, half a gunny sack and a pheasant's tail."

Very useful, you see. Until the Powers were invited to a very swank dinner one evening in Paris. It was strictly white-tie-and-tails, and the conversation soon grew as colorless as the table cloth. Unhappy little conversations—all in English, out of consideration for Mr. Power—languished along the table.

Tyrone leaned forward and said across the table to his wife IN FRENCH, "This is a dreadful bore. Let's make some excuse and get out of here."

Annabella knew his accent, so she heard every syllable as if it had been blared from a loud speaker, but fortunately, the others nearby realized only that Tyrone had spoken French. They asked if everyone in America spoke French; they began to be acutely interested in this man who knew their tongue, even though he spoke it in a fashion beyond understanding. Ty sat wishing somebody'd open the window.

Perhaps there are always two prime things that a girl likes to remember about her man: the gay and amusing things he has done and his thoughtful deeds.

He listened, grinning, whenever Annabella talked about the Grand Canyon. Yes, he said, it was a big ditch. The Technicolor effect was okay. Yes, sometime—when he was between pictures—they would go to Arizona.

When Annabella had first realized that she was coming to The States, she thought of America as a series of settlements on the ramparts of the Grand Canyon. She wanted to see it as badly as the visitor in Egypt wishes to view the Sphinx. But American distances appalled her, so she was content to let the Canyon trip wait until she had a great deal of time.

One Saturday morning Tyrone suggested that she toss a few things into a bag and fly down to Coronado for the week-end. "What will I need?" she asked. He mentioned a bathing suit, shorts, a suit—nothing much, really.

In the plane, he pointed out this and that point of interest. "I thought Coronado was on the sea," she said. He said that it was, but that—by going as he had instructed the pilot—they were cutting across a peninsula. Any moment now the Pacific would gleam through the clouds blue and vast beneath them.

big ditch . . .

You're away ahead of the story, but you're right. They went to Grand Canyon. While they were there, Annabella and Tyrone took the two-day trip to the floor of the canyon and back—a feat notable for the fact that Annabella was probably the first woman ever to make the terrifying donkey ride, clad in tennis blouse, shorts, bobby sox and oxfords.

Another of Tyrone's surprises occurred at Christmas time. Several days before the 24th, a number of quaint things happened. In the first place, Annabella was sent downtown on an errand to Mr. Powers' attorney. Annabella had suggested innocently that the papers—so confidential that Tyrone talked of them in bated breath—could be mailed, special delivery and registered. Her husband looked horrified. No, there wasn't time. This was something VERY SPECIAL. He gave her an impressive manila envelope, closed with massive seals.

Feeling like a conspirator in an Alfred Hitchcock thriller, Annabella drove carefully downtown, waited for a long period in the attorney's reception room, delivered the envelope and secured an official receipt, then went home.

As she drove in, Tyrone met her and suggested that she leave her car out all night. Something, he said, had gone wrong with the electric garage doors, and he was afraid to tamper with them for fear someone would get hurt. He had sent for an electrician, but he wouldn't be able to make repairs for a day or so.

high-powered holiday . . .

On the afternoon of December 24th, guests began to arrive. Tyrone and Annabella had invited several couples to spend the night and to open packages around the Power Christmas tree the next morning. Annabella noticed that Ty was in terrific spirits; whenever a new male guest arrived, he was taken aside and initiated into a riproaring secret.

After the girls had settled for the night—in the upstairs rooms, as the lower floor had been made into a dormitory for the men—miscellaneous rumpus went on downstairs for hours. "It sounds like a man-made earthquake," someone suggested. "Let's go down and find out what on earth they're doing in addition to leading a cavalry charge through the lower hall every 20 minutes," another guest said.

"They are just making noise to attract attention," Annabella decided. "We should only ignore them." The motion was carried unanimously.

Annabella is sometimes sorry that she and her guests didn't investigate. They would have found the lower house filled with amateur Santa Clauses, laughing themselves silly while they transported furniture from the garage to the living room.

Mr. Power surprised his wife by having the living room completely redecorated. For months he had paid close attention to every plan she made about "some day" changing this or that. A print, she had said, belonged on that wall. A print was there Christmas morning. A huge lounge done in beige would look well over there between the windows, she had said in October. It was there Christmas morning. The room was complete to occasional tables and bric-a-brac.

If you've been wondering about those crucial documents that took Annabella down town before the holidays, relax. The envelope contained nothing but blank sheets of stationery. You see, Tyrone had to get her out of the house long enough to see if the furniture looked right in the living room and whether other things were needed. He had workmen move all the furniture out, move in the new equipment, then move it out into the garage and replace the old furniture.

On Christmas Eve the process was reversed by a flock of strong-arm characters having the time of their lives.

It is such things as these that Annabella thinks about, with Tyrone away. Remembering them, and planning for more memories-to-be when he comes back, will make the time pass quickly—until the war is won all over the world.

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THE CASE OF THE MISSING BEAUTY

Jane was a smart stenographer.
One day the boss said, "We need a girl
For the outer office—one with real
CHARM and PERSONALITY—to greet clients."
Jane sighed. She knew she was NEAT.
Her nose was always CAREFULLY powdered,
And she used the right shade of lipstick,
But her EYES were, well—just a BLANK!
That very day she learned about MAYBELLINE
Just as YOU are doing—

P. S. Jane is now a well-paid RECEPTIONIST
But she won't be LONG—
(She is to be MARRIED SOON!)

MORAL: *It's a WISE stenographer who knows how to make the MOST of her own TYPE!*

ne's lashes now appear
ng, dark, and lovely—with
ew simple brush-strokes of
rmless MAYBELLINE
ASCARA (solid or cream
rm — both are water-
sistant and non-smarting).

ne's eyebrows now have
pression and character,
anks to the smooth-mark-
g MAYBELLINE EYE-
ROW PENCIL.

r a subtle touch of added
arm, Jane blends a bit of
eamy MAYBELLINE
YE SHADOW on her lids
her eyes appear more
arkling and colorful!

ve your eyes thrilling beauty . . . be
e you get genuine MAYBELLINE,
e Eye Make-up in Good Taste.

Maybelline

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

ORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

DON'T HIDE YOUR DOLLARS ★ ENLIST THEM WITH UNCLE SAM ★ BUY U. S. WAR BONDS FOR VICTORY

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